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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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July 6, 1928

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

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

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

July; October; January; April

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

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

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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.

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

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JULY, 1928

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SELF-GLORIFICATION OR SELF-CONQUEST

IN the first two Gospels, there is a story of gentle irony at the expense of the non-discerning disciples. The Master had entered into a ship, to sail across the Sea of Galilee. The disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf. And the Master charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees. And the disciples reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread.

One wonders which of them first saw the point of this delightful and yet pathetic incident; to whom do we owe its recording for posterity, to teach us not to be too literal minded? A like problem arises regarding the discourse of the Buddha with which we are concerned, and which also warns against the leaven of the Pharisees: against those who pay tithe of mint and anise and cumin, and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; who love salutations in the marketplaces, and for a pretence make long prayers.

In the story to be narrated, it is not certain to whose excellent memory and fine sense of humour we owe the record of the Buddha's words. Tradition, in this matter wholly to be relied on, tells us that, at the first great Council of his disciples, shortly after his bodily death, the great disciples recalled and recorded his discourses, while on the beloved disciple Ananda was laid the duty of putting each discourse in its proper setting, restoring the circumstances under which it was delivered, with the names and characters of those who were present or took part in the conversation of which the Buddha's teaching was a part. This choice of the beloved Ananda shows that his fellow disciples believed that he possessed a vivid pictorial memory, keen powers of observation, and a loving attention to his great Master's doings, which would be certain to note and retain the image of the persons

and events at each of the Master's discourses; a shrewd insight into character also, and, we are justified by the records in adding, a lively and charming sense of humour.

In the discourse with which we are concerned, it is not recorded that the beloved Ananda is present. The Buddha is depicted as going alone to visit a group of self-mortifying ascetics, who evidently filled a conspicuous place in the India of twenty-five centuries ago; as they do in the India of to-day; the most sensational of these self-tortures, lying on a bed of spikes, was evidently fashionable then, as it is now. But the fine character drawing and the keen humour of this story are exactly those that we find in others, of which Ananda may well have been the recorder, and we may conjecture either that the beloved disciple accompanied his Master, or that the Buddha himself told the story on his return to his disciples, with Ananda as a delighted auditor.

Once upon a time, says the story, the Master was living at Rajagriha, on Vulture Peak. At that time it befell that a certain mendicant pilgrim, Nigrodha by name, that is, Banyan Tree, was residing in the park of the devout Queen Udumbarika, whose name was taken from an Indian fig tree; with him were many mendicant pilgrims, in all three thousand pilgrims. Now it happened that there was in Rajagriha a pious householder, whose name was Sandhana, that is, Bond, who ardently desired to see the Buddha. And this came into the mind of Bond, the householder:

"This is not a fitting time to see the Master, for the Master is in retirement; nor is it a good time to visit his disciples, who are disciplining their minds and hearts, for they also are in retirement. What if I were to go to Queen Fig Tree's park, to visit the pilgrim Banyan, who is dwelling there?"

Thus the narrator finds a motive for his story, and incidentally draws an outline portrait of the householder Bond, who, as he tells us, forthwith set out for the park, to pay his visit to the pilgrim Banyan. Then follows one of those set passages, keenly observed and delightfully framed, whose stately repetition gives a peculiar charm to the Buddhist discourses. We are told that the self-mortifying pilgrims, gathered in the wide rest-house of the Queen's park, were not, as we might expect, engaged in debate concerning righteousness and the law; but, instead, 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 kinships and cars, of villages and towns 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.

It is exactly like the mental medley of things wise and foolish that fill the columns of a modern newspaper, and the list recurs a little later, in identical terms, with the fine rhythmical effect of the orchestral enumeration in the story of the burning fiery furnace, in that compendium of magnificent stories, the Book of Daniel.

The pilgrim Banyan, who seems to have been somewhat better than his mendicant companions, saw Bond, the householder, approaching from afar, and tried to quiet the noisy crew:

"Gentlemen!" he said, "Gentlemen, be less noisy! Make less noise, for here is one of the ascetic Gotama's adherents coming, the householder Bond. White-robed adherents of the ascetic Gotama dwell at Rajagriha, and this householder Bond is one of them. And these worthies delight in freedom from noise, they are well bred in their quietude, they speak in praise of quietude; perhaps, if he saw that our assembly was free from noise, it might occur to him to pay us a visit."

Whether from shame, or merely through curiosity, the mendicant pilgrims consented to be silent.

Then indeed the householder Bond came up to where the pilgrim Banyan was, and, coming up to the pilgrim Banyan, he saluted him with courtesy and politeness, and sat down beside him. Seating himself beside the pilgrim Banyan, the householder Bond spoke thus:

"Far different is the manner in which these sectarian gentlemen comport themselves when they are assembled together, roaring with shrill and mighty noise, relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, robbers and ministers," and so on, through the whole imposing list of themes, "far different is this indeed from the practice of our Master, who abides in the forest, seated in meditation, seeking quietude and silence, pondering wisdom, with heart intent on hidden things, devoted to retirement."

Nettled by this mild reproof, the pilgrim Banyan said:

"Go to, householder! Knowest thou with whom the ascetic Gotama confers? With whom does he hold converse? With whom does he clarify his understanding? The understanding of the ascetic Gotama is injured by this habit of solitude, the ascetic Gotama does not know how to conduct a meeting, he cannot carry on a debate, he is really not in the current of things. Your ascetic Gotama, with his habit of solitude, his ignorance of meetings and debates, his limited outlook, is like a cow going round in circles! Look you, householder, if the ascetic Gotama should come to this assembly, we should shut him up with a single question, we should bowl him over like an empty water-jar!"

So the pilgrim Banyan warmed himself up with intemperate speech. And one may doubt whether in the whole cycle of Buddhist scriptures, there is a finer touch of humour than this. For this passage, like all these records, is to be recited aloud by devoted disciples, whose reverence for the Buddha knows no limits. Consider with what a twinkle of the heart they would describe their august Master walking in circles like a cow, and then consider the fine dramatic irony of the sequel.

For we are told that the Master, through the principle of divine hearing, pure and surpassing that of men, heard this edifying talk of the pilgrim Banyan and the householder Bond, and that, hearing, he straightway descended from Vulture Peak and came to the bank of the lotus pond where the peacocks

were fed, and walked to and fro, taking the air on the lawn of the peacocks. Then the pilgrim Banyan beheld the Master taking the air on the lawn of the peacocks, beside the lotus pond, and, seeing him, thus addressed his company:

"Gentlemen, be less noisy! Gentlemen, make less noise! There is the ascetic Gotama, walking to and fro, taking the air, on the lawn of the peacocks beside the lotus pond. And that worthy delights in freedom from noise, he speaks in praise of quietude; should he see how imbued with quietude is this our assembly, he might think well to come and pay us a visit. And should the ascetic Gotama come to our assembly, we should ask him this question:—What, worthy Master, is the Law of Righteousness which the Master teaches to his adherents, trained in which the Master's adherents win serenity, recognizing this Law as the firm foundation of their spiritual life?"

We are told that the pilgrims became silent; perhaps they cherished a delighted hope of seeing the Buddha walking in circles like a cow, or bowled over like an empty water-jar.

Straightway the Master came over to where the pilgrim Banyan was. And the pilgrim Banyan said this to the Master:

"Let the worthy Master come! Welcome is the worthy Master! The worthy Master has been a long time making up his mind to come to us! Let the worthy Master be seated; this seat is prepared for him!"

The Master seated himself on the seat that was prepared. The pilgrim also seated himself on a low seat beside him. Then the Master said to the pilgrim Banyan, seated by him:

"On what topic, Banyan, were you engaged here? What was the theme that was interrupted?"

The pilgrim Banyan, saying nothing whatever about a cow walking in circles, or a rolling water-jar, thus answered the Master:

"We saw the Master walking to and fro on the lawn of the peacocks beside the lotus pond, taking the air, and, seeing him, we said, Should the Master visit this our assembly, we should ask him this question:—What, worthy Master, is the Law of Righteousness which the Master teaches to his adherents, trained in which the Master's adherents win serenity, recognizing this Law as the firm foundation of their spiritual life? This is the topic that was interrupted when the Master arrived."

"It is difficult, Banyan, for one of other views, for one of other practices, of other purposes, of other mental habits, for one following other teachers, to understand the discipline which I give to my adherents, the discipline through which my adherents are established in serenity, recognizing it as the firm foundation of their spiritual life. But come, Banyan, ask me a question concerning your own teaching of extreme self-mortification: in what conditions is this self-mortification perfected, and in what conditions is it not perfected?"

The Buddha turned aside the question regarding his own teaching by saying that it was difficult to understand. Without doubt he realized that, while there was a spark of genuine spirituality in Banyan, the great mass of

mendicant pilgrims with him were full of cavilling, stony ground on which no precious seed should be sown. But there was a still more definite reason, a rule framed by the Buddha himself, which he formulates in another discourse: "Whoever has been an adherent of another sect, and wishes to enter the discipline of this Law of Righteousness, desiring admission to the first degree, and afterwards to the second degree, must first remain on probation for four months, after which the disciples of strenuous heart will admit him to membership in the first degree, and afterwards to membership in the second degree of the Order of disciples. But even in such a case, the difference between individuals is taken into account." It was not a favourable moment to explain this wise rule to Banyan; but, if his desire for light was genuine and strong, he would presently find it out. So, for the time, the Buddha parried the premature question, and introduced the whole subject of self-mortification, thus finding a motive for the special theme of this discourse.

How unfavourable the occasion was for expounding the Law of Righteousness, the narrative reveals; for when the Buddha had answered Banyan as just recorded, the swarm of mendicant pilgrims began to shout with exceeding great noise, "Marvellous, Sir, wonderful, Sir, is the superhuman gift and power of the ascetic Gotama in holding back any pronouncement regarding his own teaching, and turning the conversation to the teaching of others!"

To the credit of the pilgrim Banyan, we are told that he imposed silence on these ironical mendicants, and spoke thus to the Master:

"We, Sire, are believers in penitential self-mortification, we hold that penitential self-mortification is essential, we practise penitential self-mortification. In what conditions, Sire, is this penitential self-mortification perfected, and in what conditions is it not perfected?"

In reply, the Buddha enumerates a long series of practices, which may with advantage be condensed. There is, first, a certain anarchism in manners, often characteristic of youthful radicals even in our own enlightened age, beginning with curt speech and culminating in a scrupulous abstinence from the use of water, whether internally or externally. It is worth noting that one finds the same abstinence among the hermits of the Egyptian desert, in the third and fourth centuries of our era. Next come scruples regarding food, the refusal to eat cooked food, precise rules as to accepting gifts of food, a punctilious spacing of the times of eating, whether once a day, once in three days, or once a week, and so forth; practices also found, carried to extreme exaggeration among the Egyptian solitaires. Indeed, one may suppose that this drift to meticulous formalism in the Egyptian desert may well have frustrated a spiritual movement originally of the greatest promise, so that it was necessary for Benedict to frame a new rule, on spiritual principles. Then come self-mortifying postures, such as standing bareheaded in burning sunshine, or lying on a bed of thorns or spikes. There is a quaint note on this kind of practice in the records of the Egyptian hermits, exactly in line with the Buddha's teaching: "The brother went to his cell, and fell on his face upon the ground, and for three whole days and nights he wept

before God. And after these things, when his thoughts were saying unto him, 'Thou art now an exalted person, and thou hast become a great man,' he used to contradict them, and set before his eyes his former shortcomings, and say, 'Thus were all my offences.'"

After enumerating many penitential self-mortifications, the Buddha said, "What thinkest thou, Banyan? If they be thus carried out, is penitential self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

Banyan replied that, in his view, self-mortification was in fact perfected by these practices. But the Buddha said:

"Even when these self-mortifications are perfectly carried out, I say that they are subject to certain impurities."

"In what way, Master, when these self-mortifications are perfectly carried out, are they subject to impurities?" The opening of the pilgrim's mind and the softening of his self-righteous heart are indicated by his addressing the Buddha as Master, in contrast to the rather abrupt "ascetic Gotama", used by the other mendicants. The Buddha's reply introduces the essence of the discourse, which is in principle closely akin to the criticism of the Pharisees:

"An ascetic, Banyan, enters on a penitential exercise. Because of this penitential exercise he is delighted with himself, filled full with self-satisfaction. When this so happens, Banyan, it is an impurity. Again, Banyan, an ascetic enters on a penitential exercise. Because of this penitential exercise he exalts himself and despises another. When this so happens, Banyan, it is an impurity. Once again, Banyan, an ascetic enters on a penitential exercise. Because of this penitential exercise he becomes infatuated, he becomes intoxicated and falls into negligence. When this so happens, Banyan, it is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic enters on a penitential exercise. Because of this penitential exercise, he receives gifts and gains honour and fame. And because he receives gifts and gains honour and fame, he becomes greatly pleased with himself. When an ascetic, thus gaining gifts, honour and fame, is greatly pleased with himself, this, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic enters on a penitential exercise. Because of this penitential exercise, he receives gifts and gains honour and fame. And because he receives gifts and honour and fame, he exalts himself and despises another. When this so happens, Banyan, it is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic enters on a penitential exercise. Making a distinction of foods, he says, 'This commends itself to me; this does not commend itself to me.' That which commends itself not to him, he steadily rejects, but that which commends itself to him, he eats greedily, becoming infatuated with it, not recognizing the sin and danger in this gluttony. This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic enters on a penitential exercise, his motive being a desire for gifts, honour and fame, with the thought that kings and courtiers, nobles, priests and householders will pay him honour. This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic grows jealous of some ascetic or Brahman, saying, 'That fellow lives lavishly; he eats every kind of thing, that is, things grown from roots, things grown from shoots,

things grown from fruit, things grown from sprouts, things grown from seeds; he grinds them all together with his thunderous jaws! This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic sees some other ascetic or Brahman honoured, esteemed, highly regarded, respected among those whom he visits for alms. And, seeing this, he thinks, 'People honour, esteem, regard and respect this fellow who lives lavishly; but they do not honour, esteem, regard, nor respect me, a true ascetic, living a life of austerity!' So he nourishes ill-will and resentment against those who give alms. This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic seats himself in some place where he will be seen of men. This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic slinks about among those who give alms, thinking to himself, 'This is a part of my penance! This is a part of my penance!' This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, an ascetic practises secretiveness. Should an ascetic ask him, 'Does this commend itself to thee?'—even though disapproving, he says, 'It does commend itself!' And, even when he approves, he answers, 'It does not commend itself!' Thus he becomes a deliberate liar. This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, when the Tathagata or an adherent of the Tathagata, teaching the Law of Righteousness, follows a method worthy of approval, he does not accept it. This, Banyan, is an impurity. Once more, Banyan, a self-mortifying ascetic may nourish wrath and enmity; he may nourish hypocrisy and deceit; he may nourish avarice and envy; he may be crafty and full of guile; he may be obstinate and conceited; he may entertain sinful wishes and fall under their sway; he may entertain false views, he may become addicted to delusive opinions, he may grow worldly minded, grasping after riches, turning away from renunciation. These, Banyan, are impurities. What thinkest thou, Banyan, are these things impurities, when they exist in him who practises self-mortification, or are they not impurities?"

"They are impurities, Sire; they are not free from impurity. It is indeed the truth, Sire, that one who practises self-mortifying penances may be tainted with all these impurities, and much more, that he may be guilty of any one of them."

"Very good, Banyan. But let there be an ascetic who enters on a penitential exercise. He is not delighted with himself, nor is he full of self-satisfaction because of his penitential exercise. In so far as he is not delighted with himself nor full of self-satisfaction, in that measure is he purified. He exalts not himself, nor despises another. In that measure is he purified. He is not infatuated nor intoxicated. In that measure is he purified. Should he, because of his penitential exercise, receive gifts and honour and fame, he is not delighted with himself, nor filled with self-satisfaction because of this. In that measure is he purified. Nor does he on that account exalt himself and despise another. In that measure is he purified. Nor, should he receive gifts and honour and fame, is he thereby infatuated and intoxicated, falling into negligence. In that measure is he purified. Nor does he fall into making distinctions in foods, saying, 'This commends itself to me; this

does not commend itself to me.' Nor, saying this, does he steadily reject that which does not commend itself to him, nor does he eat greedily that which commends itself to him, becoming infatuated with it, not recognizing the sin and danger in this gluttony. In that measure is he purified. Nor does he enter on a penitential exercise moved by a desire for gifts, honour and fame, with the thought that kings, courtiers, nobles, priests and householders will pay him honour. In that measure is he purified. Nor does he grow jealous of some ascetic or Brahman, saying, 'That fellow lives lavishly; he eats every kind of food, grinding them all together with his thunderous jaws!' In that measure is he purified. Nor, seeing some other ascetic or Brahman honoured, esteemed, highly regarded, respected among those whom he visits for alms, does he think, 'People honour, esteem, regard and respect this fellow who lives lavishly; but they do not honour, esteem, regard, nor respect me, a true ascetic, living a life of austerity!' Nor does he nourish ill-will and resentment against those who give alms. In that measure is he purified. Nor does he seat himself in some place where he will be seen of men, nor slink about among those who give alms, thinking to himself, 'This is a part of my penance!' Nor does he practise secretiveness, dissembling his views, and thus falling into deliberate lying. In that measure is he purified. Nor, when the Tathagata or an adherent of the Tathagata, teaching the Law of Righteousness, follows a method worthy of approval, does he reject it. In that measure is he purified. Nor does he nourish wrath or enmity, hypocrisy or deceit, avarice or envy, craft or guile; nor is he obstinate or conceited; nor does he entertain sinful wishes, falling under their sway; nor does he hold false views, becoming addicted to delusive opinions, nor grow worldly minded, grasping after riches and turning away from renunciation. In that measure is he purified.

"What thinkest thou then, Banyan? If this be so, is self-mortification purified or not purified?"

"Truly, Sire, if this be so, self-mortification is purified, it fails not of purification. It has reached the summit; it has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Not so, Banyan! Not yet has self-mortification reached the summit nor penetrated to the inmost core; rather it has only touched the outermost bark."

"How then, Sire, may self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the inmost core?"

It is a wise question, showing something of the grace of humility. We shall on a future occasion consider the Buddha's wise and gracious answer.

THEOSOPHY¹

PERHAPS it would be an auspicious beginning, if we were to try to make clear what The Theosophical Society is, whose guests we are to-night, and at the same time to say what it is not. The Theosophical Society, which has invited you to this lecture, is the representative, the continuation, of The Theosophical Society founded here in New York by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in November, 1875. It has maintained a continuous life for more than half a century, working for the same ideals, advancing toward the same goal. It is in no way connected with other societies calling themselves Theosophical, which are under the guidance of Mrs. Annie Besant, Mrs. Katherine Tingley, or whoever it may be.

When the subject of this lecture was being considered, the conviction was reached that the most useful and timely theme would be the relation of the Masters of Wisdom to humanity; the relation of those divine powers—divine in wisdom and love—to the life and destiny of the human race; a relation active throughout the ages, active at this moment, active, as we hope and are convinced, throughout the centuries to come; carrying on the same work of beneficence and illumination until its consummation, when all of humanity that is willing has reached the height of spiritual development which the Masters of Wisdom already exemplify and embody.

If we speak of the relation of the Masters of Wisdom to humanity, we suggest a picture of light and shadow strongly contrasted: the light of the Masters, and the heavy shadows of our human life; and, if we look back through centuries of history and consider the cumulative tragedy of the life of mankind, race after race gaining a certain attainment,—intellectual, artistic, spiritual, material,—coming like a wave to its crest, and then, like a wave breaking and disappearing, we may realize how great, how long continued, how complete that tragedy has been. Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians have so completely vanished as nations, that we have to dig their memorials out of the earth. Still older peoples have not even left a name, while it would seem that the most ancient of surviving civilizations, that of the Chinese, is obstinately determined to hack itself to pieces and disappear.

It is already seriously debated whether this Western civilization of ours may not be on the same path; whether we have not reached, or will not soon reach the culmination of our attainment, moral, intellectual, artistic—and it seems to be in the main mental and material; it is questioned whether, having thus reached our culmination, we shall not also disappear, to be covered over by the merciful earth like the Babylonians and Assyrians. This is

¹ From stenographic notes of a lecture by Charles Johnston, on April 28, 1928, on the occasion of the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

one of the problems we may consider: must we inevitably share the fate of these dead nations, or is there something that may be done to ward off destruction, something, perhaps, that we ourselves may help to do?

We have that long panorama of shadows, of vanished and ruined races, going back, not for millenniums only, but for millions of years, each race having its birth, its maturity, its death, and then, for most of them, complete oblivion; and, in contrast with these endless shadows, ceaseless effort by the Masters of Wisdom to enlighten, to redeem, to enkindle this stumbling humanity, for whom every step forward is a fall; the Masters of Wisdom, working, toiling, labouring endlessly, with infinite beneficence and resource, infinite patience, infinite sacrifice. If we thoughtfully study one of the main themes of The Theosophical Society—the great religions of the world—we may interpret them in this sense: namely, the divine expedients used by the Masters of Wisdom, by the Lodge of Masters, in the heavy task of saving humanity which so often seems determined on self-destruction.

We may begin such a survey with ancient Egypt, and the Mystery teaching of the divine Osiris, who is, perhaps, the earliest of the Masters of Wisdom within the period we call historical, to undertake a mission to mankind, endeavouring to impart such wisdom and knowledge and virtue as mankind was ready to receive. His great task culminated in a sacrificial death, and his body was dismembered and scattered through the land of Egypt. This is the history of a great Master; it is at the same time a symbol of the primordial sacrifice of the Logos; of that synthesis of the spiritual consciousness of mankind, which again and again makes the sacrifice of supreme self-giving, in the effort to redeem the human race.

If we come next to those wise scriptures of ancient India, the great Upanishads, we shall find one theme running through them all: namely, the wisdom of the Masters, their eager desire to impart this wisdom, and the path toward them which they would have us seek and follow, so that we too may share their eternal treasure.

In a certain sense, we may say that the message of the Masters of Wisdom is that of a conditional immortality. They do not teach an inevitable immortality, an immortality inherent in, or even to be thrust on, every human being. The Masters of Wisdom teach no such inevitable immortality.

We may easily illustrate this. Take first a sentence from the Upanishads: "Foolish children seek after outward desires, and come to the wide-spread net of Death; but the wise, beholding immortality, seek not for the enduring among unenduring things"; and compare with it a like pronouncement of Jesus: "Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it."

There is no inevitable immortality for those who do not earn it. In truth, mortality is a fate which would overtake us all, were it not for the divine interposition of the Masters of Wisdom, who stretch out to us immortal

hands of help and succour. So the Upanishads are full of the teaching of wisdom which reveals the path whereby we may ascend to their immortal world, passing through the Gates of Gold to the Masters' heritage of immortal life.

The Upanishads teach the wisdom of Atma, the Supreme Self of all beings; the same divine Life which Philo of Alexandria later called the Logos, the Divine Mind, the collective spiritual consciousness of our universe. They tell us that, while each of us may seem to be a wanderer and exile, lonely, desolate in our world of shadow and of sorrow, we are in reality neither alone nor desolate, but undivided, unseparated rays of the Universal Self, the Logos. What is needed to secure our immortality—an immortality which is still conditional, until this victory is won—is the realization of our oneness with the Supreme Self. The Upanishads show how, step by step, we may mount the golden stairs; they tell us what we must leave behind; what we must gain, as we tread the small, old path; what we must achieve; with the promise that we shall in the fulness of time be initiated into the fulness of that eternal, universal Supreme Self of all beings.

In their essence, the Upanishads may date from the same period as the great Osiris,—let us say, twelve or thirteen thousand years ago. In the course of ages, their sublime teaching began to be obscured in the hearts and minds of lesser men, men of smaller spiritual stature, diminished valour, contracted wisdom. About the time of the Buddha, twenty-five centuries since, this ancient teaching was altogether obscured in the general understanding, and its place was taken by a false view concerning the Self. Therefore, we find that superb sage, Siddhartha the Compassionate, known as the Buddha, the Awakened, attacking this false view of the Self. The Awakened One began by awakening in his own splendid soul and spirit the ancient Wisdom, the ancient Power, the ancient Love of the Masters and of the Logos. Then, when he had reached full enlightenment, tradition tells of a dramatic scene. The Buddha, after gaining the Light, had fallen almost into despair over the hopelessness of communicating that Light to mankind, so callous, so full of delusions and false desires. As he sat thus despondent, there appeared to him great Brahma, who may represent the Head of the Lodge of Masters. By strong and eloquent pleading, the great Brahma at last persuaded the Buddha at least to make the attempt; perhaps a few might listen, perhaps a few might understand.

We may fancy that they held a conference as to ways and means. So many expedients had been tried, for the most part with little fruit. The disease of the time was philosophical egotism, which falsely transferred to the temporal, personal self the absolute being of the divine and universal Supreme Self; and we may suppose that the Buddha, counselling with great Brahma, worked out this plan: It would be possible, perhaps, to win recruits for immortality, for the Lodge of Masters, if he could first knock out of them every trace of egotism. If this process led to their extinction, that would be unfortunate for them; but, should they happily survive, awaking again, as

it were, on the further side of egotism, it would then be possible to teach them wisdom. So the Buddha set himself, in any and every way, to attack the idea of egotism in the human heart; to cut at the false self, built upon a mental image of the body, which comes to believe itself the central reality of life, the one significant thing in the universe, to which all other persons must bow down, which all the wealth of the world must serve; the supreme egotism which is self-seeking even in death. The Buddha set himself to kill this out first of all. From this point of view, this negative part of his teaching, this part which negates and demolishes the false self, may seem less full of positive splendour than are the Upanishads; but the splendour is there. The false self is attacked and destroyed, only that the true spiritual consciousness which it masks may be revealed.

The Buddha's aim was the same as that of the great Upanishads: to teach the same superb Wisdom, the same path of Life, the same immortality; but, finding the small, old path choked by egotism, he determined by all the power of his mighty arm to clear away that egotism first. So we find him flatly denying that there is any reality whatsoever in the ego, the false, usurping self that men worship. It is a delusion that must be finally conquered before salvation becomes even a possibility. Those who, hearing his teaching, accepted it, thereupon, in the traditional words of the Buddhists, left the household life for the homeless life; that is, they finally surrendered all personal ambition, personal self-seeking of every kind. Having done this, they came to him, saying: "To the Buddha for refuge I go; to his Law of Righteousness for refuge I go; to his Order for refuge I go." Pronouncing this sacramental formula, they did in reality sacrifice the false self, the egotism which is not Self at all, but rather the wraith, the counterfeit of the true and universal Self. Then, pressing forward on the other side of egotism, they attained in the fulness of time to the splendour of immortal life, and entered into a share of the high privilege and tremendous responsibility of the Lodge of Masters: responsibility for the spiritual life of all mankind.

If we come down five centuries nearer to our own time, we find the next great effort of the Masters of Wisdom, which is known to our Western world as the Incarnation of Jesus. If we be somewhat familiar with the ancient Eastern teaching, the teaching of the Upanishads, the teaching of the Buddha, we shall at once realize the identity of his teaching and purpose with these older efforts of Masters. Once more, the Lodge of Masters mobilized its forces, entrusting to one of its honoured members a tremendous and tragical mission to mankind,—which seems bent on self-destruction at every period of history, through determined egotism and the forfeiture of immortal life. We shall find an identity, and, at the same time, a difference of method and of plan. The great Upanishads set themselves to destroy the egotism of the false self by revealing the splendour of the true Supreme Self. When this teaching was materialized and misinterpreted, and the idol of the false self was once more enthroned, the Buddha set himself to smash that idol; and, perhaps we may say, trusted that those who survived and came through on

the further side of self, would then be fit to receive the deeper Wisdom which shines through his teachings like a golden light.

We find the Master who is known as the Christ—the Anointed—pursuing a method at once the same as to its goal, and somewhat different in means. He seems to have determined to do two things. The Buddha, in teaching the unreality of the false self, tried in every possible way to bring his followers to deny and abjure the false self; among other means, he showed with crystal-line clarity that all the evils of life are the offspring of egotism, and of egotism alone. Because of egotism, mankind is beset with misery, miserable in birth, miserable throughout life, miserable in death; and, he said, if mankind would escape from misery, there is only one way of escape, and that is the destruction of egotism which is the root of all misery. So he used the lever of sorrow, as he used the lever of abnegation, to persuade us to abandon our idolatry of self.

Christ had the same goal: the conquest of self as the way to immortality. Time after time, he used the same words: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal": the teaching of the Upanishads and of the Buddha,—yet with a difference. While the Buddha used the lever of sorrow, which men so greatly dread, and before which so many men are arrant cowards, Christ met sorrow in another way. "Do not flee from sorrow," he said in effect, "but accept it, and learn its mighty lesson." Conquer self, conquer egotism, by accepting sorrow.

As a Master of Wisdom, he invariably carried out his own teaching with completeness, as did the Buddha. Therefore, his life, from its inception, rests on this acceptance of sorrow, which was his peculiar contribution, we may hold, to the spiritual mission of mankind; as the words of the ancient prophet so eloquently expressed it, "Despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." This acceptance of sorrow has a purpose in no wise different from the purpose of the Buddha. It is a part of the path which we must tread, and tread courageously with valiant heart, if we are really to conquer egotism and win immortality. To use a homely expression: there is no stick with only one end;—if we have pleasure at the one end, we shall inevitably have pain at the other. The only way is to take the whole stick. In this sense, the acceptance of sorrow is an inevitable part of the lesson of life; and the Buddha accepted suffering and sorrow with a fulness which has never been exceeded, as did also Christ; but the Buddha used the lever of sorrow differently.

We shall, perhaps, be right in thinking that Christ sought to break the idol of egotism in yet another way; a way which is infinitely appealing, because of the depth of sacrifice which it involved: namely, to break down egotism through the strong force of pity, of compassion. Here is a group of persons, each enclosed and imprisoned in his own egotism as in a coat of steel. If pity could soften their hearts, this egotism would melt away as snow banks melt before the sun. Therefore, Christ taught compassion. The parable of the good Samaritan, as perfect as any piece of narrative in literature, also carries the deepest lesson, the lesson of compassion. "Love one another—a new

commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another as I have loved you,"—compassion, to melt the hardness of our human hearts.

But it was not only by teaching, by parable, by injunction that Christ sought to drive home this tremendous lesson. He made a greater sacrifice than that, a sacrifice which sounds the very depths of humiliation: he made himself the object of our compassion, made himself pitiful, hoping thereby against hope that, through compassion with his sorrow, through pity for his suffering, we might soften our hard hearts and so escape from our prison house, break our idols and enter into real life.

So we behold the Masters of Wisdom watching over our human destiny and intervening, time after time, always bringing the gift of immortality. As Krishna, speaking for the Masters of the Great Lodge, says, in the *Bhagavad Gita*; "Whenever there is a withering of the Law and an uprising of lawlessness, then I manifest myself, for the salvation of the righteous, and the destruction of such as do evil"; there is no pacifist ring in Krishna's declaration, "for the destruction of such as do evil." It is an impressive expression of the law of Karma; and, since it is the law, we shall be wise to recognize it. The principal matter is that, whenever the need arises, the Masters of Wisdom intervene in our human life.

To return to the point from which we started: You are the guests of The Theosophical Society;—but not through any virtue or extraordinary beneficence on the part of members of The Theosophical Society. Fortunately for all of us, the river rose higher than our heads. The Theosophical Society, as many of us believe (you will not find this written in our Constitution, nor is it in any sense an obligation of members to believe it, but it is the deep conviction of many of us)—The Theosophical Society itself is such an effort, such an incarnation of wisdom and power and love, such a new teaching of that conditional immortality as is represented by the teachings and the lives of the great historical Avatars, the successive Incarnations of Divinity. If we believe and realize this, then we may truthfully say: "Prophets and kings have desired to see those things which we see, and have not seen them." We have here and now the greatest opportunity that it is possible for mankind to have. We shall come back to this, and consider how we may grasp our opportunity; but, first to go back to a question that may be in many minds, you may be inclined to ask: Whence come these Masters of Wisdom? Do they, following the view of that biology which is now in fashion, represent a special upgrowth from the animal world,—supermen in the sense that we are superanimals?

We are immensely indebted to the great teaching of evolution, which Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace put forward tentatively in 1859. We could hardly have hoped for the success of the Theosophical Movement had not the teaching of evolution preceded by sixteen years the founding of The Theosophical Society in 1875, because we teach,—or, to put the matter in its true order, because we first learned, and then tried to convey, the teaching of spiritual evolution, with a far greater scope and larger potency than anything of which

Darwin ever dreamed. We further hold that each and every one of the great Masters who have been named, and many more whom we hold in reverence, are evolutionists in a sense that makes Darwin seem like a child, speaking in words of one syllable. The Masters of Wisdom have a concept of evolution that sweeps through infinite ages and pervades innumerable worlds. The evolutionists of Darwin's school perceive only half the problem. There is one part of the great picture of evolution, of which they have not even gained a glimpse. We hold that other part to be of vital import. The Darwinists see an ascent from below,—and they do not carry it very far upward. We hope to see humanity go far higher than the best of them has been able to imagine. But we hold also that not less important is the descent from above.

Some astronomers and physicists are feeling vaguely after this supplemental truth. For these astronomers, our substantial and middle-aged sun stands halfway between the immensity of an orb, tenuous as a spider web, dispersed through boundless reaches of space, and a sun grown old, shrunk and shrivelled verging toward extinction. We find physicists like Frederick Soddy who think of an incandescent world, once more, finer than gossamer, gradually developing, or condensing, into a geological world like our familiar Earth.

So there are gleams and glimpses of a descent from above, anteceding the evolutionary ascent from below; but, as yet, no real insight into the truth that there is a descent of Spirit into Matter, in part to consolidate into Matter, and in part, infusing itself progressively through Matter, to raise Matter again toward its source, to transform Matter into self-conscious, omniscient Spirit. Soddy holds that the process he depicts, the alternation between incandescent and geological worlds, may take place again and again, and has probably taken place times without number in the beginningless past of the universe. This is altogether consonant with our teaching; it is clearly set forth in the Buddhist scriptures and in the ancient Puranas.

And we hold that each one of these great terrestrial or planetary days bore its harvest of spiritual perfection; that, from the spiritual harvest of an earlier age, an older epoch of universal life, the Masters of Wisdom are carried over, remaining with this our world in order to guard and guide this humanity of ours through its infancy and nonage,—our humanity which, from day to day, shows itself so sorely in need of the teaching of wisdom, and so desperately unwilling to accept that teaching, headstrong and determined on the fullest satisfaction of egotism, even though it mean destruction and extinction.

This, then, is the source from which have come the Masters of Wisdom. They are the golden grain, garnered from earlier harvests. They are the spiritual guardians of mankind, of our mankind, just as they in their time had their ministering guardians, who may have gone farther forward on the infinite path of Life.

This, then, is the goal toward which we press: to bring mankind to seek and find the hidden treasure, as it is called in the Upanishads, as it is called by Christ; the hidden treasure of our immortality, and to show how that treasure may be won. This is our message, as very humble and (I speak for myself)

very unworthy and inadequate servants of those Masters of Wisdom whom we fain would loyally and effectively serve. But, for all our shortcomings, we have the right, in the name of their attainment, in the name of their power and wisdom and love, to bid you seek and find this treasure, which may be yours, if you will accept it and fulfil the conditions necessary for its attainment.

Consider for a moment the general consciousness of men at the present day, the present hour. There are vague presentiments of immortality,—the churches echo the word immortality, but they echo it with flagging force and waning courage. Taking it all in all, the purposes of the world to-day are purely material: comfort and amusement; that is, comfort of the material body, and amusement of the personal self. About these things the heart-strings of the majority of people are wrapped, let us say, like wild convolvulus in a deserted garden, wrapping itself about a wretched rosebush that is being strangled to death. The truth is that, if the hearts of mankind are set on the comfort of the physical body, on the delectation of the personal self, then the logical thing to do is, to dig their own graves forthwith, for the reason that there is no conceivable immortality for them. They have deliberately bound themselves to what is mortal. This body is mortal,—and some of us are reasonably grateful that it is. No one imagines for a moment that it is immortal. They have staked their lives on what is certain to lose. Both the egotism and the body are doomed to death.

Think what it would be, if mankind, or any considerable portion of mankind, were to hold instead the splendid ideal which the Masters of Wisdom, by every form of sacrifice, of self-abasement, of self-immolation, have been holding forth to mankind through long centuries, long millenniums, and even millions of years. If we were to accept the promise of immortality through the destruction of egotism, through purification of heart, through a clean life, through compassion and indomitable heroism, through the search for wisdom and spiritual consciousness, what a transformation that would work in the world, a transformation promising a golden age far finer and more splendid than the fabled Golden Age of the past.

This, then, is our opportunity. This is the promise held out to us. Here is the great career, if you wish, open to all who are willing to offer themselves as recruits, in their own hearts, to their own ideals. We might say much as to practical steps, but I had rather end on the note of promise: the splendid treasure which the Masters of Wisdom have offered through the ages, the pearl of great price, of which Christ spoke, as the kingdom of heaven, namely, that very realm of the Masters, the hidden treasure of the Upanishads, which may be ours if we will fulfil the conditions.

One word more. You may ask, Where are these traditions of Masters? I might turn the question, and ask where they are not. The Oriental scriptures are saturated with them. The life of the Buddha is not so much the record of a great Master, it is the Master himself. The history of Christ is so eloquent with his compassion and his sincerity that his personality has been able to overcome and conquer all the blindness of bigots, all the evil that has

been done in his name. Even those who would not call themselves Christians, speak with reverence, with love, with admiration of him whom they consider a marvellous figure in the past; whom we hold to be a living Master in the present and in the future, with the Buddha and the Great Companions.

The scriptures with which we are most familiar have the same teaching of the Lodge of Masters. Throughout the Old Testament you will find the record of Messengers (translated "angels" and thereby somewhat obscured), like those who came to Abraham, foretelling "the destruction of such as do evil." There are like Messengers in the book of Daniel; and there is that great passage in the second book of Esdras, where on the holy hill, Esdras saw the Sons of Wisdom, and he said, "What are these? He answered and said unto me, These be they that have put off the mortal clothing, and put on the immortal": the Masters of Wisdom, as we believe them to be. In the New Testament, supplementing the central figure of the Master Christ, in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse, there is again a picture of the Lodge of Masters, just as in the *Bhagavad Gita* and in the scriptures of Buddhism.

But it will not profit us if we leave the Masters of Wisdom in the Suttas and the Apocalypse. Our problem is, to find them here and now, through the sacrifice of our egotism, the purification of our hearts, through loyal service, flaming aspiration, fiery devotion. These are the means. These are the golden steps of the everlasting pathway to the House of Eternity.

This is our opportunity; the opportunity which, however inadequately, and imperfectly, I have tried to bring before every one who is here to-night as a hope, and, perhaps, to some, as a radiant splendour.

This is our opportunity. This is the Path. Let us take our courage in both hands and determine that, whatever be the cost, we shall seek the aid of the Great Companions and set forth on that immortal pathway, with the same goal toward which they press: to bring humanity out of darkness into light, out of death into immortality.

Keep thine ear open to the counsels of wisdom so that, if not wise now, thou mayest become so in thy future years and may die a wise man.—COWLES.

A BACKGROUND FOR CHÊLASHIP

THE purpose of this note is to outline, as simply and briefly as possible, certain salient features of a background, drawn from the study of Theosophy, against which the subject of chêlaship may be viewed in a less misleading perspective than when, taken out of its proper context, it is considered only in the terms of our ordinary Western thought.

Chêlaship is a state or stage of spiritual life—as definite and as impossible to evade in spiritual growth as is the corresponding stage of childhood in physical and mental growth. The word “chêla” means child; but as it is a matter of spiritual childhood, the first requisite for its understanding is some apprehension of spiritual life, in contradistinction to the ordinary personal life.

It is futile to attempt to define spirit. At the basis of every science, implicit in all speech, there are certain undefinables, which can only be pointed to; only be known as they are seen and experienced. Spirit and matter are two such undefinables. The theosophical philosophy presents these two as two aspects or facets of the essential Unity of Being, from which comes the duality that characterizes all manifestations of Being. They are the opposite poles of “conditioned existence”, the whole manifested universe reflecting their mutual interaction and interpenetration. Spirit descends into matter, incarnating more and more of itself; and as it descends, it draws matter up, animating it, and building it into more and more highly organized forms to serve as vestures or vehicles of the spirit. In this view, therefore, the evolutionary process, the process of becoming, which we see throughout the whole manifested universe, is an essentially dual movement. The ascent of, or from, matter is concomitant with, and caused by, a descent of, or from, spirit. The one movement cannot be separated from the other, and the teaching of science, which focusses attention solely on the ascending sequence of animal forms, needs to be supplemented by a recognition of the other half of the process,—the progressive descent of the incarnating spirit. As material or animal life comes to us from below, so spiritual life comes to us from above. We share in each; neither is, or can be, pure in us. We cannot know “pure spirit” any more than we can know “pure matter”, but we can know the direction in which we must look and move, if we are to see it more clearly and to incarnate it more fully. We must look above ourselves; move from what we are to what we are not yet,—leaning, pressing, out from our own nature to what is beyond our nature.

Therefore, while we cannot define “spirit”, though it enters into all we are, so that our life is its life in us, though it is manifest wherever we look, immanent in all of nature, we see, nevertheless, that in order to point to it most directly, we must use a term of ill repute in modern thought—the adjective “supernatural”. The spiritual life is a supernatural life; a life

that comes to us from above and that leads us to what is above. There is no power arising from nature itself that can enable it to transcend itself. The driving power of evolution and of upward progress is not in nature; it is in supernature. It is not a push; it is a pull.

Before we go further, let us try to recognize what this means in terms of our own experience. We identify at once the two opposing currents in our conscious life; the one arising from beneath, pertaining plainly to the vesture or vehicle of the spirit, not to the spirit itself. It is concerned with the animal part of us, the "lusts of the flesh", the craving for safety, ease, pleasure, the perpetuation of its own existence, and the exercise and gratification of its own energies. But even more closely it concerns itself with the psychic vesture—with our pictures of ourselves, which we seek to maintain at all costs, and to impress them upon all about us that we may see them reflected back to us on every side. Here is the greater part of ambition, and all of vanity. It is the love (if so high a word may thus be degraded) of what we consider ourselves to *be*, not of what we hope to become; of what *has been* incarnated and manifested in us, not of what is beyond and above us. It attaches itself to all that it can find of good in us; but to the extent to which it attaches itself, it turns that good into evil; for it makes good operate to hold us where we are, a barrier to our rising to what is better. On the other hand, we recognize in ourselves an opposite current, coming from above, bringing with it ideals and a scale of values that bear their own evidence of their authenticity, but which are wholly independent of the desires of the animal and psychic natures, though, as we have just indicated, many of them come to be reflected in and seized upon by the psychic self. This current from above prompts us to the service of these ideals, to the service of truth, of righteousness, of the welfare of others; to the setting aside of self for something higher than self. Our nature is thus the interpenetrations, the conflicts and the compromises, of self and selflessness; and day by day we act out this nature in good and ill. But both above and below what we *are*—what we thus incarnate day by day—we are conscious of unplumbed depths of what *we might be* that are constantly calling to us; of evil unimaginable with which the selfishness in ourselves is yet of one piece, and on the very brink of which, in moments of lurid self-revelation, we sometimes see ourselves to stand; and, on the other hand, of good—of heroic loyalties which shame our faithlessness, but before which our shame is lost in worship; of Being that is of itself beauty and truth, wisdom and power and love, and which stretches upward "without bar or wall" between it and the Supreme. And this, too, though it infinitely transcend us, is felt to be of one piece, not with what we are, but with that to which we aspire. We see or sense it as the living stream from which our ideals flow to us. It is not our self, but it is the source, the creator, of all that is of worth in our self. It is more than the source; it is the end and goal. It is both alpha and omega, the first and the last. It is more intimate than the self; and only in it can the self, losing itself, realize itself. It is not nature; it is supernature. Its life is the spiritual life.

This should serve to indicate what we are talking about when we talk of the spiritual life. It is not a matter of vague yearnings, of pious platitudes, of kindly, generous impulses, of dreamy reveries or church services, of humanitarianism or mere morality, of the keeping of the commandments or a blameless life. It is the upward striving of the whole man, in response to the drawing power of what is above him. It is the abandonment of nature, in reliance upon, and for the incarnation of, supernature. As we stand, we are creatures of the borderland. Three courses are open to us: to continue as we are, of divided loyalty, divided purpose, undoing with one hand what we do with the other, forever stultifying and nullifying ourselves; or we may claim citizenship in either country, in life with the spirit, or in death with the body,—but only at the cost of leaving the other and giving ourselves wholly, in undivided loyalty, to the one we choose.

We turn now to the second way in which we must draw upon Theosophy to supplement our modern thought. We may introduce it by recalling the old, unsolvable problem as to which came first, the chicken or the egg. Wherever we look at life we see maturity and infancy side by side; the oak, the acorn, and the growing sapling; but we have already noted that the view of the universe, and particularly of human evolution, which science offers us, traces the ascent of life from the germ of the single cell to the point where man is to-day, with no indication whatever as to whence that germ came or toward what maturity we are growing. Theosophy supplements this view, not only by pointing to the descending current of spirit, but also by its knowledge of the Masters, of perfected men, and of the great hierarchy of spiritual being that stretches unbroken to the Eternal. It shows us that our *life of becoming* is the offspring, the child, of life that has become, that *is*. Man is not the orphan that science depicts; he has his Father in the Heavens, and his Father's Fathers; who have become even as he must become, and they manifest, in its maturity, that to which his infancy must grow. It is from them and through them that the current of spiritual life reaches him. They are the realized embodiment of all to which he aspires and strives; it is their life, imparted to him, which enables him to aspire and to strive. But over and above the life which they thus transmit to what is beneath them, they remain themselves; not abstract spirit, but its concrete, personal embodiment. So Krishna, speaking as the Eternal Spirit, says to Arjuna: "I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate."

We should now be in a better position to understand what is meant when we translate "chêlaship" as spiritual childhood. It implies that the chêla has entered into the spiritual life, and that he has a Father—mature in the spiritual life. But it implies more than that, for that would be equally true of the infant, and there is a distinction between infancy and childhood.

Perhaps we are born as spiritual "infants" from the moment that we resolve, consciously and irrevocably, to claim citizenship in the spiritual world, giving our undivided loyalty to its laws and aims, so that, however often we fail to maintain its standards, we never cease to struggle to maintain

them, and are no longer of doubtful will. Let us say that this is "birth",—though the mystery of birth must go far deeper. Between birth and childhood, however, intervenes the period of infancy, in which the little one, dependent at every point upon his parents (or upon those who stand in the place of his parents), has not yet learned to recognize them or to identify the source from which his needs are met. He must first gain the control and use of his senses and faculties; and until he has himself accomplished this, his universe must seem a very impersonal one. Food arrives, descending out of the blue at more or less regular intervals, more or less concomitantly with the increase of certain interior sensations which the food allays, and sometimes apparently expedited by sufficiently lusty wails. The same wails may tend to remove other ills—such as stray or misdirected pins—but, on the whole, the infant's world must be a place where things just come, and you have to learn to take them as they come. It is by taking them as they come, by using them for his own growing life, that his faculties are developed. The parallels between this and the rudimentary stages of the religious life are obvious and need not be elaborated. Such spiritual infancy is not childhood or chêlaship.

Physical childhood, as distinct from infancy, is marked by the facts that the use of the senses has been gained, that parents or nurses are recognized, and that the child is conscious of his own relation to them and of his membership as one of his own particular family. The child's world is no longer an impersonal world. He may still be very largely ignorant of the grown-up world, and of the actual interests and labours of grown men and women; but he is not ignorant of their existence, nor of the fact that it is through them that his needs are met and his own life guided and ruled. At just what point infancy passes into childhood it would be difficult to say. The infant *becomes* the child, and any process of becoming is a gradual one. Only after the transition has been made can it be recognized and the difference perceived. But it is noteworthy that our adult memories do not reach back to infancy. At the earliest point they touch, we see ourselves as children, conscious of our parents and of our membership in the family; and it is probable that these earliest memories mark the completion of the transformation,—in a certain sense the completion of "birth", for the infancy that lay behind it is as veiled to our adult consciousness as is the pre-natal state itself. It is from that point that our personal consciousness has been of the same kind as it is now, and that our adult life has arisen. It is the same in the spiritual life. The spiritual infant must grow into, must become, the spiritual child, the chêla, through acquiring the use of his spiritual senses and faculties, through the recognition of his parents and guardians, and of his dependence on them, and through the realization of himself as a member of his own particular family. It is from that point that his adult spiritual life arises; and chêlaship is the growth, the pressing forward to that adult life.

There is need to remember, however, that when we translate from the speech of the East into that of the West and think of "chêla" as meaning "child",

we run grave risk of colouring our thought with all those connotations which childhood has for us to-day, and which are very different from those which it had in earlier times among Eastern peoples. There a son was supposed to be an asset, not a liability. His loyalty was to his father and his family; not to himself. He went where they went, served them and those they served. Tasks and responsibilities were assumed by him as soon as he had strength to accomplish them; and it was through these that he was taught and grew to manhood. There could be no more complete antithesis to chelaship than the spoiled child—too often considered normal to-day—who looks to his father only to supply the capital for his self-indulgences, and turns to home only for shelter, and to escape the consequences of his acts.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

In general one only asks advice so as not to follow it; or if one do follow it, so as to reproach the person who gave it.—A. DUMAS.

As nothing reveals character like the company we keep, so nothing foretells futurity like the thoughts over which we brood.—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FEW of us know why we joined. Most of us know how, and we like to think that is why, and to tell it. It is easier to tell about those things we do not understand than about those things we do understand. In the former case, we have all the latitude in the world; in the latter, the limitations are unromantically indisputable and definite.

Yet—we do know that we were led into The Theosophical Society by a favouring and watchful guidance, and we will not permit anyone to persuade us that it was a “fortuitous happening”. Do we not look down—deep down into ourselves—and make every sincere, silent effort to respond to Those who call for what belongs to Them (mark those words: we belong to Them); and are we not grateful in feeling that we have heard that call?

Just like yourselves, I cannot recall the past, and, if I could, I should very likely be astounded at some of its personal assortments and combinations and interrelations; but I do remember the occasion when He who regulates things in His own way for our best interest, first introduced me at this time. That introduction made it easy for me to “sign up” many years later without a hesitating qualm.

It was some time in the summer after I was born. The fruit was still green on the trees, and there were also many flowers. My mother did just as they all do. Awaiting her opportunity one day when others of the household were away, she took me up to a vacant attic room, just to have me to herself to caress and fondle where none may see or observe or know—as she thought. What would she have said could she have seen this stranger, whom she thought she held in her arms, standing up in front and all around, filling the room, and also being without amongst the trees and the flowers?

Marvellously beautiful and vital is nature when we see it from the real side—responding to the charm of the spiritual world with silent, brilliant adoration, each kingdom and species in its own way, all joining in one worship of that exalted realm which induces all things to express their motives. Life, that day, was in every atom, in the sky, in the twitter of the birds which I could feel, but not hear, in the tremble of all the leaves, in the deep solid fragrance of the shrub, in the glowing self-confidence of the rose, in the perpendicular, unabashed height of the sun-flower, climbing up to its crown of glory.

My mother believed that her gestures, as she teased me, were gentleness itself; to me, they contrasted violently with the glowing, peaceful, unified quietude of my world. Not quite here, I could not manipulate that brain nor control that body which she held on her lap. I begged her to be silent;

to hold me up: was not everything else looking up? But there was no fear, no resentment, no pain; only I was somewhat aghast at this strange person who made such unlimited assumptions—who took such liberties. I helplessly pawed the air and clutched at heaven—only to grasp the world while she poured on me all the joy of her heart; unknowingly she blessed me and overwhelmed me with the Master's happiness and love. And so that day I accepted—I joined; under protest, but without pain or sorrow.

That is all for that—because children grow up. As they grow up, they grow down—down into a personality to forget (almost—not quite). As they begin to grow away from their mothers, the world comes forward and “mothers” them with the insistent effrontery of its learning, its culture, its “standards”, and its blinding infamy.

Then Those who wait and watch must again have recourse to appropriate methods to remind us of what we must not forget. Do you not remember how, when you were children, and houses were not well heated, good house-keepers covered all the floors with heavy carpets after first spreading newspapers on the boards, and how they always took the carpets up for spring cleaning?

I hark back to one of those spring cleanings. Carpets up, newspapers gathered together and piled in a heap in the corner, and myself wandering about the house disturbed and disconcerted by the confusion. I rummaged amongst those old papers and found myself trying to read an illustrated article (it was the illustration that caught my eye) about Theosophy, theosophical “intelligences”, Adepts, akasha, “reincarnating once every three thousand years”—my word, what a “find” for a small boy! I guess thirty to fifty per cent of the English words were not in my vocabulary; nevertheless, I understood enough to make an indelible impression, more than enough to evoke a deep and mysterious interest, and to recall to me the peculiar memories of that day when my mother magnetized me and drew me in. Suddenly feeling that I possessed something of real worth and value, I instinctively secreted the paper with the mental reservation to seek the first favourable opportunity to sneak it out and read it again in secret.

Fortunately for me, my “find” was too well hidden. Had I found it, I should have “learned it”, and have fixed certain errors and false impressions in my mind until it got stale. How well I remember, during my persistent search, that I *constantly* satisfied my anxiety by having recourse to the original fascinating, illusive impressions until the yearning for “Theosophy” sank into the marrow. Oh, how we crave those things which are taken from us!

But children keep on growing up, and down, and the world continues to “mother” them.

A few years later:—I am playing with my boyhood friends. In a corner of the garden is a new-made pile of discarded books waiting to be carted away. We bombard each other with those old books to our hearts' content, until the lawn and flower beds are covered with leaves and “scraps of paper”. With all our ammunition used up, the game is “busted”. We pause; there is a

momentary relaxation—a letting go—waiting for something else to happen, for some one to “start something”. As I stand still, abstractedly and unabsorbed, I slowly realize that one of my companions has his eye warily on a book cover that I unconsciously hold in my hand. Now, it is or was customary for bookbinders to paste paper on the round of the margins of the leaves to hold the stitches firm, and also on the inside of that part of the cover or back which rounds against the stitched margins of the leaves. As I looked at that cover fragment which I involuntarily (?) held, I observed that the paper pasted on the inside was a fragment of printed matter, and my eye caught the word “Karmendriyas”. I knew where I had seen that before; like lightning the memory of the lost newspaper and of the never-to-be-forgotten summer day, flashed up into my mind. Fearing detection and catechizing, I quickly dashed it down, but not before full advantage had been taken of my abstraction, and my memory and interest in mysterious theosophical things had again been sharpened and stirred to the depths.

Am I romancing if I say—incredibly skilful watchfulness and kindness to catch me just in the moment of abstraction, and spring a reminder on me? That episode drove things home deep and clinched them. Thereafter I would voluntarily recall those illusive impressions, and ponder on them and yearn for more.

What of religion? Yes: I was sent to Sunday School in the good old regulation way, with the standard offering each Sunday; admonitions, catechism, hymns, Bible study 'n everything. Annual Christmas party with its boxes of candy and oranges and sticks of peppermint, which we stuck in our oranges and sucked. Did you not do the same? What? You did not? Now the saints preserve you—your childhood was neglected. The place was good, and, as usual, discipline too lax even to evoke misbehaviour. The Sunday School not only had me for years, but for the best years; yet with its almost total spiritual blindness it could not match the few incisive strokes given just at the right time, at the right place, in the right way.

Visitors came to our home, when I was about eighteen years of age, from another city. They stayed a long time, and, while there, formed the acquaintance of a Russian artist who talked Theosophy to us. A great deal of my curiosity was satisfied; more was stimulated, and—well—I was easily drawn in. While the interest was still leading, and apprehensions and doubt at home were pending, I settled everything by asking for the usual application blank, and signed it.

Now please be careful. Of course we are all alike because we are not only ourselves, but also several others; nevertheless, your personal circumstances are peculiarly and exclusively your own, so, if you rip up a lot of carpets, and destroy a lot of valuable books, and get left and don't catch me, I am afraid you will not get much sympathy.

B.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART I, SECTIONS 1-6

THE POWERS OF THE LOGOS

THE great Upanishads were compiled as Instructions for disciples preparing for Initiation. They contain philosophical teaching, and also many stories, generally in the form of spirited dialogues, of great beauty and eloquence, or ironical, but always radiant with spiritual wisdom. If we think of what is here translated as a part of these Instructions, we shall have little difficulty in understanding its significance.

The theme is the Logos, the divine creative Word, which Philo called the Mind of God, with its progressive manifestation in the Universe and in the Spirit of man. Further, the Sections here translated were especially designed for disciples who knew the Sama Veda. If we remember that the Sama Veda is a collection of hymns which are in effect magical incantations, and that the lines which make up these hymns are in the main taken from the hymns of the Rig Veda and set to music, we shall be able to understand most of the allusions, which were familiar to these disciples.

The Logos as a unity, as the divine One, is represented by the syllable "Om", as pronounced with vibration of magical potency. So the divine Word vibrates, sounding with magical potency, and from its sounding the Universe is made manifest. In the highest manifestation, the One becomes Three: the mystery of the Trinity in Unity. In the text here translated, this Highest Triad is symbolized by the form of chant called "Ud-gi-tha", here rendered by the three words, "Loud Chant Song", to suggest its threefold nature. The Sanskrit word generally translated "syllable" literally means "that which cannot be diminished", and is, therefore, a fitting term for the divine One, as well as for Om as a unit of speech.

Om, then, symbolizes the One, first made manifest as the Triad, here represented as the Loud Chant Song. Then come the progressive manifestations of the Triad through emanation. The text carries us at once to the outermost or lowest emanation, here called "elemental Earth", to be thought of, not as brute matter, but rather as the crystallization or consolidation of Spirit, to be raised again to its divine form by the progressive infusion of Spirit; just as ice becomes water, steam, invisible vapour, by the infusion of heat. Therefore, we are told that "of elemental Earth the Waters are the essence"; the Waters are the principle of Life, or Prana, that form of Spirit which first acts on Matter, causing the first transformation from mineral into organic Matter, here described as "the Growths", the earlier forms of plant and animal life. After these earlier forms comes Man, of whom "creative Voice is the essence";

this is the ray of the Logos, "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is regarded as a divine perceptive power, and also a power of action, symbolized by the magical energy of a divine invocation or incantation. So we come to the Rig Veda from which are taken the invocations of the Sama Veda, and thence to the Loud Chant Song, symbolizing the divine Triad in man and in the Universe. Thus the wave of manifestation returns to its source; the divine cycle is completed. So the disciples were taught to regard the manifested Universe and the Spirit within themselves as the magnificent music of the divine creative Word, the Logos.

The true Light lighteth every man that cometh into the world, whether he recognize that Light or not. So there are those who know and those who know not; but "what he accomplishes through wisdom, that, verily, possesses greater virtue."

Then comes the parable of the Bright Powers and the Dark Powers. Since this is teaching for disciples, there is no attempt to reveal the ultimate origin of evil; more important for them is the existence of evil, and its potential presence within themselves. So they were told an ancient tale which shows that every power, though in essence divine, holds within it the possibility of misuse, and therefore of evil. For example, because the Dark Powers pierced Mind with evil, we can form imaginations which corrupt as well as imaginations which stimulate and raise us. Then, when all the powers of man are purified, so that his consciousness is raised to the higher Triad, the Dark Powers in vain assail this divine being; they are shattered as a clod of earth which is dashed against a firm rock. The life of man has risen above duality; he no longer discerns "odorous or malodorous, for he has cast away evil." Then, perhaps, he is fitted to comprehend "the origin of evil", and the part which evil plays in the manifestation and dissolution of worlds. Another universal symbol is used in the sentence, "Whatsoever through this principal Life he eats or drinks, through this he guards the lesser lives": to eat means to gain bodily experience; to drink means to gain mental, or subjective, experience. When, through the "principal Life", the Higher Self, all the powers have been purified, then all experience is sanctified, he eats and drinks consecrated elements, as in the Sacrament. All experience, purified and ordered by the Higher Self, makes for spiritual wisdom and power. Thus his experience ministers to "the lesser lives", the different powers manifested by the Spirit. But he who, "at the time of the end", at death, has not consciously brought himself under the guidance of the Higher Self, is said to "depart" along the weary pathway of compelled rebirth.

In the sentences which end this Section are a series of names, like Angiras and Brihaspati. In the original, there is in each case a play on words; they seem, therefore, to be mnemonics, to fix in the memory of the disciple the essence of the teaching which has gone before.

In the following Section, the Sun, as always in the Mystery teaching, is the great visible symbol of the Logos, as in the eloquent verse "the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." Here, the Sun is likened

to the principal Life, which is the Logos and the Higher Self, as an undivided part of the Logos. When the Sun rises, "he sings aloud for beings": it is the ancient tradition of the music of the spheres, echoing the divine music of the creative Word. The Sun is spoken of as fire, and also as "Sound and returning Sound." There is the thought of the Sun as vibrating forth perpetual energy, and also as being not the source of that energy, but as reflecting it from the true source, the Logos; thus radiating energy as a cliff sends forth an echo.

In the next paragraph, the "distributive Life", which binds together the forward Life and the downward Life, seems to correspond to the power called Fohat, which is in a sense the intermediary between Spirit and Matter. This balanced force gives the magical energy to the Sama chant, and to "whatever other works there are possessing strong virtue."

Then the primordial Triad, symbolized by the Loud Chant Song, is correlated with other triads, as Heaven-Interspace-Earth, Sun-Breath-Fire. The sentences enjoining the singer of the chant to seek refuge in the Sama, the Rig, the Seer, the Divinity, the measure, the song-form and the region to which he is to chant a hymn of praise, show the division into seven closely interrelated principles or phases of the chant, and thus stand as a symbol of every sevenfold manifestation of the Logos, including sevenfold man. Finally, he draws close to the divine Self which sent him forth, and there is good hope that his heart's desire will be fulfilled.

The same return to the divine source and home is taught in the parable of the Bright Powers and Death. The Bright Powers are the divine forces of manifestation, embodied in the descending series of emanations. In the outer and lower emanations, in the more material aspects of life, they are subject to Death, for all material forms are of necessity mortal. Then, with the great return toward Spirit, the divine energy ascended through the emanations, here symbolized as the Rig verse, the Sama chant, the Yajur sentence; they entered into the "magical vibration" which is the first and highest manifestation of the Logos, and thus, reunited with the being of the Logos, they became immortal, fearless. So also he who, thus knowing, enters into the being of the Logos, thereby is immortal.

Then comes the mysterious story of Kaushitaki and his only son. It would seem to picture the task of the disciple, since the spiritual man is spoken of as a son. When that son has been born and attains his strength, he manifests many powers, here described again as sons. As the text has been handed down, it reads, when the sentence recurs, "then mine (my sons) shall be many", instead of reading, as before, "then thy sons shall be many". If this ancient reading be correct, it implies that the many powers of the spiritual man are the powers of the disciple after he has attained. And this would be in full accord with spiritual reality, for there is no solution of continuity; the disciple becomes the adept, he is not replaced by the adept. This story ends with a sentence in form equally mysterious: "Thus knowing, that which has been ill chanted from the station of the sacrificial priest, he perfectly fulfils";

the meaning seems to be that, when he has attained, he does perfectly that which, as a struggling disciple, he had done imperfectly; the immortal completes the imperfect work of the mortal.

It has already been noted that the Sama chants are for the most part Rig verses turned into magical song, infused with the vibration which gives them magical potency. So it is said that "the Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse". This relation is used as a symbol of an inspiring force within a vehicle or vesture. Thus the fire of Life is breathed into "earth", as in the story in Genesis, forming living beings. So the great Breath blows through the "interspace"; in one sense, it is the electrical energy in the air which gives birth to the thunderstorm, but it is also the whole sum of energies which move in space. "Earth, interspace, heavens, lunar mansions" are symbols of four planes in ascending order; each is shown as infused and energized by a co-ordinate power, here symbolized by "the fire of Life, the great Breath, the Sun, the Moon", and in each case we are told that the relation between the plane and the force which energizes it is like the relation between Rig and Sama: between the verse of a hymn and the same verse energized by magical vibration.

Then we come again to the Sun as symbol of the Logos. There is the outer white radiance of the Sun, called the photosphere. Beneath and within this is the darker body, in part revealed when a section of the photosphere is torn aside by an electrical cyclone which causes a sunspot: the inner Sun, which is the storehouse of solar energy, with the photosphere upheld by it as the words of the Rig hymn are upheld by the magical vibration of the chant.

Finally, we have the symbolic representation of the Sun as the "divine Man, golden-coloured", like the Ancient of Days in the Apocalypse, whose "eyes were as a flame of fire"; an image of the tremendous potency of the creative Logos.

THE DIVINE CREATIVE WORD

OM: As this unchanging Sound he should reverence the Loud Chant Song; for beginning with Om, he chants the Loud Song. This is its expansion:

Of manifested beings, elemental Earth is the essence.

Of elemental Earth, the Waters are the essence.

Of the Waters, the Growths are the essence.

Of the Growths, man is the essence.

Of Man, creative Voice is the essence.

Of creative Voice, the hymn of the Rig Veda is the essence.

Of the hymn of the Rig Veda, the chant of the Sama Veda is the essence.

Of the chant of the Sama Veda, the Loud Chant Song is the essence.

For the Loud Chant Song is of these essences the supreme essence, the spiritual antetype, the eighth in number.

Which is the Rig? Which is the Sama? Which is the Loud Chant Song?
—thus it is considered.

Creative Voice, verily, is the Rig; Life-breath is the Sama; the unchanging Sound Om is the Loud Chant Song. These, then, are a creative pair: Voice and Life-breath; Rig and Sama. Then this creative pair is joined together in the unchanging Sound Om. For when the creative pair come together, they mutually fulfil desire.

He is a fulfiller of desires who, thus knowing this, reverences the Loud Chant Song as the unchanging Sound.

Then, verily, this unchanging Sound is affirmation. For when one affirms anything, he says "Om!" Affirmation is obtaining. He is an obtainer of desires who, thus knowing this, reverences the Loud Chant Song as the unchanging Sound.

Through this unchanging Sound the threefold wisdom acts. With Om, one calls aloud; with Om, one praises; with Om, one sings the Loud Chant, for the honour of this unchanging Sound, because of its might, because of its essence.

Therefore both accomplish work, he who thus knows and he who knows not. But different are wisdom and unwisdom; what he accomplishes through wisdom, through faith, through the secret teaching, that, verily, possesses greater virtue.

This, in truth, is the expansion of this unchanging Sound.

When the Bright Powers and the Dark Powers strove against each other, both coming forth from the Lord of beings, the Bright Powers laid hold on the Loud Chant Song, saying, "Through this we shall overcome them!"

Then they revered the Life-breath in the nostrils as the Loud Chant Song. Then the Dark Powers pierced it with evil. Therefore, through this, one smells both odorous and malodorous, for this is pierced with evil.

And so they revered creative Voice as the Loud Chant Song. Then the Dark Powers pierced it with evil. Therefore, through this, one speaks both truth and untruth, for this is pierced with evil.

And so they revered Vision as the Loud Chant Song. Then the Dark Powers pierced it with evil. Therefore, through this, one sees both seemly and unseemly, for this is pierced with evil.

And so they revered Hearing as the Loud Chant Song. Then the Dark Powers pierced it with evil. Therefore, through this, one hears both what should be heard and what should not be heard, for this is pierced with evil.

And so they revered Mind as the Loud Chant Song. Then the Dark Powers pierced it with evil. Therefore, through this, one imagines both what should be imagined and what should not be imagined, for this is pierced with evil.

And so this which is the principal Life they revered as the Loud Chant Song. Striking it, the Dark Powers fell in pieces, as one would fall in pieces striking against a firm rock. Just as, striking a firm rock, one would fall in pieces, so he falls in pieces who desires evil for one who thus knows, or who seeks to harm him, for such a one is a firm rock.

Nor, verily, through this principal Life does he discern odorous or malodorous, for this has cast away evil. Whatsoever through this he eats or drinks, through this he guards the lesser lives. So, verily, at the end, not finding this principal Life, he departs, at the time of the end he gives up the ghost.

Angiras, verily, revered the principal Life as the Loud Chant Song. Indeed they think that it is Angiras, for it is the essence of the members.

Therefore, verily, Brihaspati revered this as the Loud Chant Song. Indeed they think that it is Brihaspati, the Great Lord, for creative Voice is great, whereof this is lord.

Therefore, verily, Ayasya revered this as the Loud Chant Song. Indeed they think that it is Ayasya, because it proceeds from the mouth.

Therefore, verily, this Baka son of Dalbhya knew. He became master of chants for the people of Naimisha. Of old he sang for them their desires.

He, verily, is a singer of desires who, thus knowing this, reverences it as the Loud Chant Song. So far concerning the Self.

And so concerning the Bright Powers. He who gleams in the sky, him one should reverence as the Loud Chant Song. When he rises, verily, he sings aloud for beings. When he rises, he drives away darkness and fear. He, verily, drives away fear and darkness, who thus knows.

This principal Life and that Sun are alike. For this is fire and that is fire. This principal Life they designate as Sound, and that Sun as Sound and as returning Sound. Therefore, let him reverence the one and the other as the Loud Chant Song.

And so, in truth, one should reverence the distributive Life as the Loud Chant Song. When he breathes forth, this is the forward Life-breath; when he breathes downward, this is the downward Life-breath. And so that which is the binding together of the forward Life-breath and the downward Life-breath—this is the distributive Life-breath, this is creative Voice. Therefore, without breathing forward, without breathing downward, he sends forth creative Voice. That which is creative Voice, that is the Rig verse. Therefore, without breathing forward, without breathing downward, he sends forth the Rig verse. That which is the Rig verse, that is the Sama chant. Therefore, without breathing forward, without breathing downward, he sings the Sama chant. That which is the Sama, that is the Loud Chant Song. Therefore, without breathing forward, without breathing downward, he chants the Loud Chant Song.

And so, whatever other works there are possessing strong virtue, such as kindling fire with the fire-sticks, running a course, drawing a firm bow, these he accomplishes without breathing forward, without breathing downward. For this cause, one should reverence the distributive Life-breath as the Loud Chant Song.

And so, in truth, one should reverence the unchanging sounds of the Loud Chant Song: that is, the syllables Loud, Chant, Song. The forward Life-breath is "Loud", for through the forward Life-breath one arises; creative

Voice is "Chant", for they call chants voices; the World-food is "Song", for in the World-food all stands.

Heaven verily, is "Loud"; Interspace is "Chant"; Earth is "Song". Sun, verily, is "Loud"; great Breath is "Chant"; Fire-lord is "Song". Sama Veda, verily, is "Loud"; Yajur Veda is "Chant"; Rig Veda is "Song". Creative Voice milks for him that milk which is the milk of Voice; food-possessing, a food-eater is he who, knowing thus, reverences these unchanging sounds of the Loud Chant Song; that is, the syllables Loud, Chant, Song.

And so, in truth, concerning the fulfilment of hopes. These one should reverence as refuges:

One should seek refuge in the Sama chant with which he is to chant a hymn of praise. He should seek refuge in the Rig hymn from which the Sama is formed, in the Seer who sang it, in the Divinity whom he is to praise,—in this Divinity he should seek refuge.

One should seek refuge in the measure with which he is to chant a hymn of praise. He should seek refuge in the song-form with which he is to chant a hymn of praise. He should seek refuge in the region toward which he is to chant a hymn of praise.

Finally, drawing close to the divine Self, he should sing praise, steadily meditating on his desire. Then there is good hope that that desire is fulfilled, desiring which he may sing praise,—desiring which he may sing praise.

Om: let him reverence this unchanging Sound as the Loud Chant Song. This is the expansion of it.

The Bright Powers, verily, fearing Death, went forth into the triune Wisdom of the Veda. They covered themselves with the musical measures. Because with these they covered themselves, this is the musical quality of the measures. But Death perceived them there as one may perceive a fish in the water. They then, discovering this, went forth from the Rig verse, the Sama chant and the Yajur sentence, and entered into the magical vibration.

When, verily, one completes a Rig verse, he adds the magical vibration, Om; so also the Sama chant; so also the Yajur sentence. This magical vibration is that unchanging Sound, Om. Going forth into that, the Bright Powers were immortal, fearless.

He who, thus knowing this, intones that unchanging Sound, goes forth into that unchanging Sound, the magical vibration, immortal, fearless. Going forth into that, as the Bright Powers were immortal, so is he immortal.

And so, verily, that which is the Loud Chant Song, that is the intoned unchanging Sound; that which is the intoned unchanging Sound, that is the Loud Chant Song. That heavenly Sun is the Loud Chant Song, he is the intoned unchanging Sound; for intoning the magical vibration, Om, he goes onward.

"Him, verily, I have praised in song, therefore thou, my son, art one only."

Thus Kaushitaki addressed his son. "But do thou meditate upon the rays; then thine shall be many." So far concerning the Bright Powers.

And so concerning the Self. He who is the principal Life, him one should reverence as the Loud Chant Song; for intoning the magical vibration, Om, he goes onward.

"Him, verily, I have praised in song, therefore thou, my son, art one only." Thus Kaushitaki addressed his son. "But do thou meditate upon the Lives as many; then mine shall be many."

And so, verily, that which is the Loud Chant Song, that is the intoned unchanging Sound; that which is the intoned unchanging Sound, that is the Loud Chant Song. Thus knowing, that which has been ill chanted from the station of the sacrificial priest, he perfectly fulfils,—he perfectly fulfils.

This earth, verily, is the Rig verse; the fire of Life is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. This earth is Sa; the fire of Life is Ama. This makes Sama.

The interspace, verily, is the Rig verse; the great Breath is the Sama. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The interspace is Sa; the great Breath is Ama. This makes Sama.

The heavens, verily, are the Rig verse; the Sun is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The heavens are Sa; the Sun is Ama. This makes Sama.

The lunar mansions, verily, are the Rig verse; the Moon is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The lunar mansions are Sa; the Moon is Ama. This makes Sama.

And so that which is the white radiance of the Sun is the Rig verse; the indigo-coloured, very dark, is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The white radiance is Sa; the indigo-coloured, very dark, is Ama. This makes Sama.

And so this divine Man, golden-coloured, who is seen within the Sun, has a golden beard and golden hair, even to the tips of the nails he is all as bright gold. As is the golden lotus, so are his two eyes. His name is the Highest, for He is raised on high above all evils. He who thus knows, rises, verily, above all evils. The Rig verse and the Sama chant are His two songs. Therefore, the Loud Chant Song is His. Therefore, he who sings the Loud Chant Song is named Chanter, for he is the singer of this. He is Lord of the realms beyond that Sun, and of the desires of the Bright Powers. So far concerning the Bright Powers.

C. J.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student is never solemn. The rest of us, when we first met after the Convention, were feeling, if not solemn, in any case somewhat subdued; for although our verdict, if put to it, would probably have been that it would rank as the deepest and best of the Conventions held so far, the fact remained that many of us had been active participants,—and can anyone be satisfied with his contribution when he knows that life itself would not be too much to give, and when necessarily he measures his mite against the single Word which would “put the spirit of a lion into a dead fox”? We must learn, however, when reviewing the past, not only to see where we fell short of our own ideal, that we may approach it more nearly when similar conditions recur, but so to detach ourselves from the picture that we can see the event as a whole, and thus gauge its total effect on the different planes of being.

“It was a great success”, said the Ancient; “due in large measure to unity of spirit, to self-forgetfulness, to trust. Distant Branches of the Society, and members who are not able to attend in person, are participating more and more,—many of them devoting the whole day to intellectual and spiritual co-operation with us, for love of the Masters, for love of their Cause. This is a distinct addition to our Conventions, because such contributions are likely to be impersonal in the real sense of the word.”

“At first”, the Student remarked, “it made me feel as if I were something the dog had brought in and intended to bury later on, when he had time. I quickly reacted from that, however, and after a glance at the Empyrean, just to remind myself it was still there, I tried to hold on to that recognition with one hand, and to the feeling of being ‘yon object’ with the other,—and then, to think. The result—with the Convention still working in me—was quite illuminating; or in any case I found it so. ‘You can and must become a chéla,’ they had said,—for that seemed to me to be the keynote of everything that was said. From one hand, dismally, something murmured, ‘Impossible!’ From the other hand, serenely, something whispered, ‘There is nothing real in you except that which is chéla already.’ And there was I, sitting in the middle! First, and deliberately, I examined the voice that said ‘Impossible’, for I knew enough, on general principles, to be sure that this came from below, and it had been suggested at Convention that it is far easier to study the make-up and ways of our lower nature than of the higher. Near by, it sounded like a single voice; but I recalled its instigations of the past, and examined them, to find that instead of a single voice, scores of different voices had blended, as the strands of a rope unite to make it one. An incident of several months ago came back to me: a decision, and a wrong decision. It was child’s-play, at that distance, to separate the converging but

separate strands: there was sloth, and the desire for comfort; there were the different promptings of Rajas; and then, turning quickly to look at the stifled protest from above, I found that it, too, instead of being a single voice, had been made up of a multitude,—pleading, warning, reminding, threatening. 'It looks as if the difference of one vote did it,' I said to myself. Then, in a flash: 'A house divided against itself, surely; but the government rests with the majority, and every decision you make, from morning till night—what you wear and eat and say and do or leave undone—is the result of a poll; and a single vote may decide it. Kill or convert one of those swinish elementals, and you might reverse the polarity of the whole business. One vote out of hundreds—probably thousands—may be all that is needed to pitch you headlong into chêlaship!' And the same thing is true of others. We think we're a million miles from it—a paralyzing projection of our rationalistic or wiseacre or false-humility litter—when our actual experience proves that there may be no more than one miserable and already half-starved elemental—perhaps no more than the wilting Willy who keeps on saying, 'I'm so tired; I'm so tired'—tottering between us and Victory! If it's the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and the last drop that finally capsizes the boat, it's also the last bite at his shackles that sets the prisoner free,—just the thousandth of an inch between himself and liberty!"

The Ancient beamed at him. "A happy thought", he said. "There may be those who will act on it." Then, after a pause,—quizzically: "I hope you will!"

"There was more laughter during Convention than at any I have attended before. It was odd." The Philosopher interjected this, evidently seeking an explanation.

"Tears and laughter are not far removed", suggested the Historian. "Sometimes I think there must be much laughter in the Lodge. A man who fought in Mesopotamia during the war, told me that when all his brother officers had been killed, and he was left with a handful of men, most of them wounded, and every hope gone,—jokes had poured out of him for the first time in his life, quite spontaneously, and that his men had responded as if they hadn't a care in the world."

"What became of him, incidentally?" asked the Student.

"They fought on, and were rescued: help from Headquarters."

"Good omen!"

"That depends upon the point of view", the Historian retorted. "You don't stop to ask what the rescue cost the rescuers,—or how the rescued felt about it! So far as we are concerned, the Convention, in spite of its 'success', would be a tragic failure *unless we fought our way through.*"

"Translate, translate!" the Student protested.

"Quite unnecessary", replied the Historian. "What was the Convention about, anyhow! The point is that as the fruit of a united aspiration, of a common, unselfish effort,—someone shall break through to carry the Light forward,—to 'keep the link unbroken', as H. P. B. phrased it. Only a chêla

can do that,—but he need not be a chéla of high degree. The only requisite is that he shall be a product of what has already been produced,—a child of the inner life of The Theosophical Society. Possibly he is not yet in our ranks,—though I hope he is—several of him! You will remember, however, the Parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Pray heaven there be no murmuring should the last again prove to be first. I do not think there would be. Jealousy is a very low and vulgar fault. It seems to me that our present membership is extraordinarily free from it. Those who win through will be the first to acknowledge, and with joy, that they owe their *liberty* to the sacrifice and devotion of the many, who for years have toiled, apparently unrecognized and unrewarded,—and who have not toiled for pennies, not even for spiritual pennies, but solely for love of the Lord of the vineyard, and of the high and noble ends for which he labours."

"Any criticisms of the Convention?" asked the Recorder.

"Several", the Student replied promptly. "For one thing, I do not think that nearly enough was said under the head of misconceptions, which flourish like weeds, while truths of any kind cannot so much as stay alive unless ceaselessly tended and trimmed, watered and cultivated, shielded and sprayed. How, otherwise, can a truth live in this world—truth being of the Spirit! I know that I, for one, sprout misconceptions overnight. A few I have torn up by the roots; others I am cultivating lovingly, vigorously, as if they were choice plants,—roses or what not. I believe I have as good an understanding of chélaship, for instance, as most students of Theosophy. I know that it involves becoming consciously the pupil of one who has attained to Wisdom, that is to say, a Master. I have bravely amputated the idea that a chéla is one who 'might have descended from a long line of maiden aunts.' But I often suspect that I should be better off mentally if my mind, on that subject, were bare soil, thoroughly worked over with lime, than I am to-day with the miscellaneous vegetation which encumbers it."

"My friend", said the Ancient, "while what you say is true enough as applied to some people, I am afraid that in your case the trouble is different and perhaps more serious: I am afraid that you know a great deal more than you do,—which is only another way of saying that you are self-indulgent and lazy."

This was plain speech indeed; but the Student did not flinch. He is devoted to the Ancient, and the Ancient to him; besides which, whatever his faults, he never quarrels. "I plead guilty", he said; "but I stick to my point none the less: I think that more ought to have been said at the Convention about misconceptions of Theosophy, including the farcical pretensions of those who unwarrantably use the name. Have you heard of Mrs. Besant's latest? Having discovered 'the great world father', or 'world teacher', in the person of Krishnamurti, she now announces that the Brahmin wife of an Englishman—a Mrs. Rukmini Arundale—is the 'great world mother'; and she makes this announcement as 'President of the Theosophical Society'! I wish she would call herself 'Pope of the Universal Church', or 'Empress of the United

Indies', and have done with it. Her unconscious *bouffonneries* would kill Theosophy if anything could. No wonder that misinformed people, who accept her claims and the claims of her followers at their face value, and who imagine, therefore, that she represents in some way the movement of Madame Blavatsky and Judge,—despise Theosophy and all its supposed works."

"Well", said the Philosopher, "I suppose, in the last analysis, all of us select our own gods, and it seems to me to be good Theosophy to do so; but Mrs. Besant's mania for selecting gods for other people, though humorous, would be neither original nor noteworthy, if she did not call herself a Theosophist while doing it. No need to worry about her followers; they want that sort of thing, or they would not follow her. No need to worry about her gods either. Some people would rather appear ridiculous than not appear at all. No, there would be nothing serious about it, from first to last, if it were not for the harm she does to a word—Theosophy—which we have such good reason to respect and love. The more she misuses it, the greater our obligation to defend it,—above all, by trying to exemplify it in the sanity of our own lives."

The Historian now closed the subject. "I fully agree", he said; "but you don't understand Mrs. Besant: she's just playing with dolls,—again." His emphasis on "again", made his meaning sufficiently clear.

"Enough said", the Recorder commented; then, turning to the Student: "You have other criticisms of the Convention?"

"Yes", replied the Student; "I have: I wish that something had been said about misdirected effort. I believe that a great deal of honest effort goes to waste. There are members who work at themselves, year after year, from a strong sense of duty—the study of Theosophy having convinced them that they should strive to conquer their faults, and to move as far as they can along the path of spiritual progress—but who never seem to get anywhere. I have my eye on the Philosopher: comment, please!"

"The aim of such members, as you have defined it", the Philosopher replied, "sounds to me to be dreadfully soggy. I don't wonder they never get anywhere! 'To move as far as they can along the path of spiritual progress'; that's just it. Listen: Smith met Brown in a London fog. 'Where are you going, Brown?' he asked. 'Oh, I'm tramping along, tramping along', Brown answered. 'Where are you going to?' 'As far as I can', said Brown. 'Where do you expect to land?' asked Smith. 'I don't know', said Brown. I am afraid that is very much like the efforts of some students of Theosophy,—and of other students too, for that matter. It would be wiser to hold on to a lamp-post until they find out where they are!"

"It would be better to dream dreams of scaling impossible heights, than to 'tramp along' in that resigned or lugubrious spirit; better still, to dream those dreams, with a definite objective for the next month's effort. Vagueness of aim, however, is not the only trouble. For lack of knowing where they are, or, to drop my simile, for lack of self-knowledge, people waste their time and energy in attacking a surface symptom, while leaving the disease untouched. Think of some man whose chief fault is egotism. He always thinks that he

knows better than others, and in any dispute or controversy, he is convinced that he is right. Even when forced to recognize that he was partly wrong, he will manage to convince himself that the balance of rightness rested in his favour. We will assume that at one time he was explosive in his annoyance when people opposed his will or his ideas; that, as a result of his explosiveness, he was constantly in trouble, and that he was brought at last to realize that he must try to control his tongue and his manners. Assume that he works at that with considerable success over a period of years, helped by the fact that whenever he does explode, he suffers. He has connected cause and effect to that extent. But he is supposed to be, and tells himself that he is, an aspirant for discipleship. Has he ever asked himself what causes the tendency to explode? If so, is it possible that his answer has been, 'Force of character', or 'Quick temper', rather than the truth, which is 'Egotism'? In any case we will assume that he remains blind, even intellectually, to his major defect; that it never occurs to him to connect what he suffers from his 'explosiveness', with its underlying cause; that, partly for this reason, he continues to like and to admire in himself the very trait which his best friends detest, and that he actually feeds his fault by his admiration of it, and therefore, of course, makes progress toward discipleship impossible. He is moving, in so far as he is acquiring self-control; but, like the man in the fog, he is moving in circles. At times he feels this, and becomes rather discouraged; but he quickly recovers from that, because fundamentally he has an opinion of himself which he has probably built up in the course of many lives,—a sense of superiority to others which it would take a surgical operation to remove, unless he should someday wake up sufficiently to begin the long labour of undermining it for himself. Oddly enough, an individual of that type can say in all sincerity that he knows he is a vile and miserable sinner, and perhaps will weep, with equal sincerity, when he thinks of some Master's sacrifice and suffering! Inevitably, of course, he reinforces his dominant vice by the inferences he draws from these performances. Everything serves that kind of mill as grist. It is omnivorous. Hopeless failure will be seen only in terms of the pluck with which it was endured. Life, in effect, has no lessons, except that the sense of superiority is uncommonly well founded.

"That is only one type out of many. My text is that we cannot expect to get anywhere in the spiritual life until we become sufficiently detached from the personality to see it with some measure of truth. Sweeping condemnation is just as unintelligent as self-satisfaction. If you need a horse and own one, and cannot exchange it for another, it is certainly wiser to get to know it, and its ways both good and bad, than to persuade yourself on the one hand that it's a gem, when it isn't, or to curse it all day long as useless, when you are compelled to use it all the time,—more especially in this case, seeing that it was you who made the brute,—with the joke again on you inasmuch as the same old horse, or, rather, what you make of him in this life, will turn up in your next life as the only means you will have, either to plough your fields or to drag your chariot through the skies."

"I'm sorry, but I'm mixed", said our Visitor. "Are you comparing the personality to a horse?"

"It is my fault, doubtless, if you are mixed", the Philosopher replied, laughing. "Some of us have a dreadful way of using analogies without explaining them,—a habit which I condemn strongly in others! Yes,—I was comparing the personality to a horse; I was trying to convey the idea that it ought to serve us as an instrument, and that we should study it with detachment, as we might study the good and bad points of a violin. I should have added that the human instrument—the personality—no matter how bad its points may be—an almost perfect devil if you choose—is not foreign to our own essential nature, seeing that all the force in it is the perversion of force from our own spirit, twisted from universal and divine, to personal ends. Most of us have bled our souls white, to feed our personalities and the elementals of which they so largely consist. What we need to do now is to retrieve the force, locked up in the personality; to turn it up, so to speak, back to its original purposes; to surrender our self-will wholly, in the smallest particulars; to disentangle, bit by bit, our sense of identity with all lower desires, personal ambitions, love of ease, of admiration, flattery, what not, and to transfer this sense of identity—our sense of self-hood—to the plane of the highest motives we can reach, there to fasten it permanently."

The Engineer now joined us. He looked really distressed,—so much so that someone asked him what was the trouble. In reply, he took from his pocket a cutting from the morning paper. "Sentimental pacificism is bad enough in this country", he said; "but that England should sink so low, grieves me beyond words. Something in my blood I suppose; an old pride of race that cries out when wounded. Think of it,—the celebration at Ostend of the tenth anniversary of the British attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge—the 'Vindictive'—one of the most splendid things in all history—several thousand British visitors crossing the Channel for the ceremonies—the Belgians making it their day as much as England's—speeches of course: then, at the end of the newspaper account, cabled from Brussels, this paragraph: 'Some surprise was expressed at the refusal of the British wireless station at Daventry to broadcast speeches at the ceremonies, on the ground that "war memorial services are contrary to the spirit of Locarno."' " Daventry, I should explain, corresponds to the biggest of the broadcasting stations of the Radio Corporation of America, except that, unless I am very much mistaken, it is supervised by an appointee of the British Government. Can you imagine such insanity, or a worse betrayal of the heroic dead, or a greater insult to the heroic survivors, or a more fatuous exhibition of moral foppery, of undiluted 'goo'! Similar things, though not nearly so crude, have been done in America; but they have been done by Germans or Irish, or to cater to the Irish and German vote, and contemptible as that is, as anti-American as that is, I find it less offensive than the 'pure' motive which doubtless inspired the idiot or idiots at Daventry, just as I should find a cold-blooded murder committed for five dollars, less offensive than if committed for 'the pure love of God'.

Both kinds should be hung, but the 'pure' and pious murderer should be whipped through the streets first. The Daventry authorities should be treated on the same principle,—vigorously too. I know they do not represent the *real* England, any more than the Germans and Irish here, represent the real America; but I fear they represent England to about the same extent."

"Your news item is almost worth a cable to the *London Times*", the Historian commented. "Something like this: 'Referring Daventry and Ostend anniversary speeches, a loyal Christian urges no further public references to Crucifixion as likely revive feeling against Jews, contrary to spirit of Locarno (sob).'"

"I wish you would send it", said the Student.

"Useless", the Historian replied; "even slightly dangerous: Daventry and the Pacifists would think it an admirable suggestion. They might even introduce a bill in Parliament to give effect to it legally,—and heaven knows what Parliament would do with the bill,—probably compromise by allowing draped references to the Crucifixion, on Good Fridays and in Churches only. Things said in Churches don't really count, you know.

"Well, we must think of other signs of the times which tell a very different story; of such a book as *Religio Militis*, by Austin Hopkinson, which is really noble in spirit and purpose, and which I hope will be reviewed at length in the October issue of the *QUARTERLY*; and of such articles as those by C. O. G. Douie, entitled 'Memories of 1914-1918', which are appearing in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (probably the best of the English magazines). Sometimes I wonder whether, 'as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats', the King is not separating both nations and individuals, more effectively than was possible during the war. Men could then hide themselves in uniforms; others were swept along by the current of mob-emotion; while now the need for disguise is removed; the current of emotion, if there be any, runs toward Pacifism and the condonation of evil. In that sense, men are as naked as ever they are likely to be; they are not afraid to say what they think; and while it is true that such nakedness is always ugly, and that no man can rightly say anything until he is afraid to say anything, the fact remains that the present condition of things is almost ideal, if it be desired, as I am supposing, 'that the thoughts of many hearts' shall be revealed."

"I am sorry to change the subject", the Philosopher remarked at this point; "but I am anxious not to lose the opportunity of referring to what I said about *The Face of Silence*, that book by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, to which you gave a good deal of space in the last 'Screen'. You quoted me correctly as saying that 'the author is inclined to see things *couleur de rose*.' In order to determine, so far as possible, how much 'haze of glory' he had really added to the facts, either by omission or commission, I sent for two books about Rama Krishna, both published in India by his followers. One is entitled *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, or, The Ideal Man for India and for the World*, and the other and larger book (nearly 800 pages), *Life of Sri Ramakrishna*. These make it perfectly clear that the author omitted anything and everything

that would not be pleasing and attractive in his very interesting, stimulating and instructive picture of the life of a 'holy man' as lived in India. The testimony of Rama Krishna's most ardent native admirers proves—in any case to a student of Theosophy—that he was not even a chéla, much less a Mahatma; that he was a remarkable psychic who had been side-tracked by his psychism, and that, if further assurance were needed of India's present spiritual blindness, it could be found in the attribution of the title of Mahatma, Great Soul, to such men as Gandhi and the central figure of Mukerji's book. Take one fact out of hundreds that would demonstrate the truth of what I say: Rama Krishna was everlastingly going off into trances—in the midst of conversations and at any other time—over which he had no control whatever, and from which his disciples had to rouse him by shouting in his ear, or by violent shaking. There have been many Christian saints who were no better in that respect; but we know what to think of them—how far they were from chélaship—and at best we can think no better of this 'holy man', though I must add that he was extraordinarily tolerant in his attitude toward those whose religious beliefs were different from his own."

"We are back at chélaship again!" said the Recorder, "and I am going to introduce now, before we adjourn, my *pièce de résistance* on that subject. I appealed to Cavé for something of the kind—I am supposed to be unduly busy at this time—and Cavé, who already was swamped with other work, wrote what follows out of charity:—

"Much has been said and written on the subject of chélaship; little understood. I remember in the old days that anyone who took up a vegetarian diet, wore his hair long, and would not kill a fly for *anything*, was considered as a probable lay-chéla, at least. And if he went to India—well that ended it; when he returned he surely was one. No wonder dear Judge often looked so wistful and so tired. Those were simple, innocent days enough,—the forms of misunderstanding were just so crude; but though the forms have changed, the misunderstanding still remains.

"I who have written much on the subject, should seem hardly the one to try it again, especially when others, far better qualified, have also apparently failed. The words are there, clear enough one would suppose; and yet over them rests some kind of an enchantment that prevents the great majority of readers from grasping their significance. Rather do strangely mistaken notions follow their perusal, if any definite notions at all. What emboldens me to another effort grows from my recalling to mind the initial experiences of one student many years ago, which, as has been my privilege on occasion, he told me of in some detail at varying intervals. It happens that personal experience will sometimes strike home when a general treatment fails.

"It was back in the old days. He had read many books with profit, but then came the first volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me*. That was the turning point for him, he told me, from Letter XII on, through 'To Aspirants for Chélaship.' He knew then what he wanted, what he *must have*; and here were his practical directions into which *Light on the Path*, *The Voice of the*

Silence, and the rest, fitted perfectly. He was determined to become a chēla, to find his Master and to be accepted by him. He read and re-read until he almost knew those pages by heart; he studied them, striving to gain their utmost meaning, all that they offered of radiant hope, every possible hint of the best manner in which to proceed.

"One fact stood out boldly: he must do this for himself, in silence and alone. Then he saw that the becoming 'a chēla in reality' meant the acquirement of 'certain spiritual principles', which obviously he completely lacked since he had no least idea where he should apply. 'So much the better', he said at this point, 'there is more to this than appears'; and he kept repeating to himself the words: 'You must then reach a point other than that where you now stand, before you can even ask to be taken as a chēla on probation.' 'Fine', he said to this, 'nothing cheap about it. It takes a man, and will make a man.'

"What 'spiritual principles'? These were not specified. 'No harm', he said, 'in having them all!' So he looked himself over very carefully and searchingly for several days in this light, and concluded at the end that he had rudiments of some spiritual principles, 'physical and astral bodies of them' in his phrasing, but not in the least any 'Manas or Buddhi of them', which he shrewdly suspected was the meaning intended by calling them 'spiritual'. Of others he frankly confessed that he could not find a trace,—the class, therefore, he resolved first to strive after; his reasoning being that he could more readily build a physical or astral thing than create on higher planes. So one by one and little by little, he struggled at set acquirements, his eyes always on his coveted goal, which he loved the more as he dwelt with it and toiled for it. This helped him greatly with the underscored injunction 'to get rid of the strength of the personal idea', which at first was difficult; for after a while he found that living with his goal and increasing his love for it, preoccupied him more and more, and he had less place and less time to consider himself, *save as a limitation of the vision of his goal*. So on these lines he constituted himself a disciple, acting both as guru and aspirant, constantly re-adjusting his angles of approach, modifying his rules, increasing his demands upon the lower side of himself, which he saw as the neophyte, as his efforts opened the path before him.

"At one place he went astray for a while. He looked about for some one to serve. First he thought of Judge,—Judge whom he would much have loved to serve. But a little reflection showed him how dangerous this attempt would be for a long time to come, and that even to try to serve Judge would probably end in Judge's serving him—the reverse of his purpose. Then he considered several of the less important members, making a few indefinite efforts. Finally the light dawned. 'I am a fool', he said: 'the *Letters* tell me; the chēla I must serve is the Theosophical Society'; and he did, in every way he could devise or discover, for the sake of that goal which quivered, bathed in golden light, in his heart.

"One reaction he had was revealing. He told me of his surprise when a fellow student commented on the hardship of working alone and unnoticed,

and that he had replied: 'That seems to me part of the consideration and good manners of the Lodge. I am thankful that I can go off in the woods and practise alone, courteously assured in advance that my antics will remain unnoticed until I have made myself presentable.'

"Did he succeed? is the natural question. There must be a distinct limit to what may be revealed of the depths of any man's life, but this much can be said. Later on he told me that he had come to understand what the Christian Master meant in the phrase, 'I am the Way': for as one went on, the Path extended,—the Goal was farther ahead because so much higher and nobler; what had been one's object became as nothing, something one would not stop to possess, because of the glory now perceived; the radiance flooding the Path was the very life and presence of the Master, it was all he and all his, and being so was Goal in itself, yet with Goal upon Goal beyond.—CAVÉ."

The Recorder's most grateful thanks!

T.

The best rules to form a young man are: to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company; to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.—TEMPLE.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

April 18th, 1910.

DEAR —

You do not write very often, but I can say sincerely that when you do it is well worth while. Indeed so worth while, that, as Editor of the QUARTERLY, I must ask why you hide your light under a bushel, and do not give others the benefit of your ideas. You can write, and anyone in our ranks who can write should write, for writers are few. Therefore, will you not consider this an official appeal from the QUARTERLY to send in whatever is in your head to say which you think would be useful? I prefer leaving the choice of subjects to the writer whenever possible, for his work is likely to be more spontaneous and vital as he delivers his message from his heart instead of grinding out something on order.

It is an interesting time, not only from the general worldly standpoint where much is going on that is new and important, but particularly from our special standpoint, because our present status and work are all brand new. Never before has the Movement lasted through the end of the century; therefore there are no precedents, no experience, no customs, to fall back upon. It is a problem, changing daily, from the standpoint of the Masters themselves, and hence is of intense interest to all of us who try to catch the ideas of the Masters and carry them out in our work. What will they consider it wise to try next? Is this or that effort a success in these new conditions, or have they proved not worth while? Shall we try to move in that direction or in this? work for that special object or for that? Life is, in a sense, a constant question mark, or rather our theosophical work is; and, as that is our life, it makes life full of piquancy, full of surprises. We never know from day to day what change or turn of events may come, and we must all of us stand ready instantly to throw away all our conceptions of what is wise in the work, and travel along an entirely different road.

The partial ability to do this is the great heritage we have from H. P. B. She stirred up our minds so violently, brushed away so many traditions and customs of thought, forced us to absorb ourselves in a philosophy so utterly foreign to the Western mind, that we, most of us, can face a mental revolution calmly that would leave the ordinary person gasping for breath. We threw overboard, under her inspiration, all our inherited preconceptions of life and religion, and took a new system. Now, with this freedom of mind, and lack of prejudice, and capacity for wide judgments and tolerant opinions, we are returning to the more essentially Western way of thinking, and can see into Western ideas and ideals in a way that few Westerners seem able to do. We have acquired an immense perspective: we judge from a great height: and we can respect and understand the other fellow's point of view. When it differs from ours we usually know why, and sympathize instead of blaming.

All these reflections are but following along your train of thought as indicated in your last letter. I hope you will remember something of what you wrote, otherwise I shall be unintelligible. But it all makes life very interesting, very stimulating, almost exciting, and it is a pleasure to see that you appreciate and understand it so well.

I meant to write more, but my available time is up and I send this scrap instead of waiting.

Yours as always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 12th, 1911.

DEAR —

It has been so long since you wrote your letter of April 16th that I wonder whether you remember having done so at all, and not yet receiving a reply. But your letter has been on my desk all these months, and I have been looking forward to a time when I could answer it. There is so much to do and there is so much going on, that time slips by amazingly.

Do you feel the spiritual current which is flowing under the surface of things? It is stronger than it has been for several thousand years, and before very long, not perhaps in our life time, but soon, we are going to have one of the greatest religious revivals which the world has ever seen. In many ways the time is ripe now, but not in all ways, for there are a lot of ideas in the mind of the world which are obstructions, and which first will have to be swept away. Take such an idea as Socialism. So long as people think that it will remedy pain, trouble and sin, we cannot hope that they will fall back on fundamental religious principles for their solution of the problems of life and living. Therefore, before we have the actual coming to the surface of the new religious movement, we shall have to bring Socialism all the way to the surface and let it prove itself a failure. There are other obstructions of the same kind.

So I can picture the Masters working ceaselessly to ripen all these modern Western fads and fancies, until the force in them comes to a head, explodes and exhausts itself. Then will come the time we have been working for and dreaming dreams about for so long. I think we shall all be there to do our quota in the great work. And it is not all going to be religious propaganda, by any means. That would mean, after all, only a partial regeneration of the world. It needs attention on all planes and in all ways; and, unless I am very much mistaken, the plans contemplate a pretty general housecleaning which will go from the top to the bottom of human life. There are a mass of silly ideas about democracy and republics and the fitness of people to govern themselves, which have to be knocked on the head at the same time.

It is going to be a very interesting world to live in when these great forces begin to move outward and to express themselves in human action and human institutions. Let us all pray that we shall be there, and shall be fitted to

play our little parts. Let us do what we can to get ready now for our share of the work. No one can be spared: all will be needed. How to prepare? Well, it has been borne in upon me recently, that we already are, inside, the very highest thing of which we can think. I mean that literally. I do not believe that we can even imagine a state of being, or a kind of virtue or power, which does not already belong to our souls. Just as we are so often told that we cannot know a thing until we are that thing, so I believe that we cannot think or imagine any thing which we are not already. So our way to prepare ourselves for the future work is to do two things. One is to externalize here and now what we already are inside; and the other is to think of the thing we should like to be, and the part we should like to play, and ask the Master to give us that. We shall only be asking him for what we already are, and for what he already wants us to be and to do. Bid high, too! Hitch your chariot to a star. Do not be afraid to ask for too much. The Masters like audacity.

But all this has very little to do with your letter. It is what is in my mind and heart to say, however, so I say it. In your letter you tell me a little bit of some of the trials and troubles and circumstances of your life. You have indeed had a hard time, but instead of sympathizing with you I feel almost inclined to congratulate you, for it is only to those who are worth while that the Masters give that individual training which is designed to bring out the best that is in them; and it is evident to me, both from what you say and from your point of view in saying it, that you have been getting that personal training. But we grow very tired at times, and then it helps us to receive a word of encouragement and cheer from a fellow disciple.

* * * * *

With kindest regards to ———,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 24th, 1912.

DEAR ———

I have left unanswered your letter of June 23rd, but as I do not usually take from three to six months before answering letters, I shall content myself, by way of apology, with the statement that I went to Europe early in July, and only returned a fortnight ago.

I like your letters even if they do come at long intervals; and this one in particular was of interest to me because I was extremely fond of ———, and was the person in New York with whom he corresponded regularly during his recent years of travel. I shall miss him; and yet I think that his best interests were served by his getting a good rest before the next period of manifestation. He had gone about as far as there was any hope of his going in this life.

It is very interesting indeed, and I am sure would be a matter of great gratification to him, that his death should be the means of bringing you, and the other members in your neighbourhood, into touch with the Church. What you write me about your talk with the clergyman who conducted the service pleases me exceedingly, and I hope you will be able to follow up the connection to the benefit of the clergyman, the Church and the Society.

Then what you say of your work in the future and the time left you to do it, interests me, as we all have such ideas—about ourselves first, and then about those with whom we are associated—and these are wrong ideas, fundamentally wrong, because we leave out the Master, and because we are assuming, even if half unconsciously, that it is we who actually do the things in the outer world, and that it is our capacity, intelligence and ability that set the limits to what it is possible to do.

What we forget is that everything we are, and have, and can do, comes from him, and that the amount of this, whether measured by his standard or by that of the world, depends not upon our ability, but upon how much he considers it wise, at that time, to give. We have got to be faithful, obedient and willing servants; but our part is pretty much making ourselves unobstructed channels for his force to work through. Therefore what we accomplish, in a worldly sense, depends, not upon our ability, our intelligence, our opportunities, but upon whether or not the time is ripe for him to have a big outward movement that will make a splurge in the eyes of the world.

Molinos was never heard of until he was middle-aged; until 1675. Yet when he was arrested by the Inquisition seven or eight years later, he is said to have had a million followers. Do you suppose that it was Molinos who did this?

Ignatius Loyola worked fifteen years to get six or seven followers. He tried one thing after another and all of them were complete failures, except in so far as they trained him and his followers. Then when he was middle-aged and, from the human standpoint, almost worn out, the hour struck; and before he died, a very few years later, the Society of Jesus had spread all over the world, and was by far the most important power for good that existed at that time in the world. Do you suppose that Ignatius and his seven followers did this?

My friend, all we have to do is to be ready, when the hour strikes, to serve as channels for the Master's force. It does not matter how ignorant we may be, for he has performed miracles and founded great institutions with people who were not able to read and write. But they were clean, and his power could flow through them.

I do not know whether the hour will strike while you and I are alive; I do not know whether it is the plan of the Lodge to have a big, outward movement in this day and generation, or not. I have thought that it was not; but in recent years I have begun to believe that maybe the plan was changing, and that we are still to see a movement that will be great, even in the outer and worldly sense. After all, it does not matter much; because we know that his power, and the little which we can contribute, will be used, in any event,

for the best interests of the world. The main thing is to be ready, always ready; and we have been given many years of peace and quiet in which to get ready. As is said in the beginning of the second part of *Light on the Path*, we all of us must feel how inadequately prepared we are: so we all have plenty to do.

Please give my best wishes to ———.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 30th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I was very glad to get your letter of the 17th of August, and I am sorry that circumstances have prevented an earlier reply. It interested me greatly as illustrating not only your, but what I feel sure is the point of view of many others. There has been a great deal of bewilderment and honest doubt as to the future, and as to the course which is being followed at New York. This, of course, is because of our limitations here. We too had to learn, had to feel our way, had to break entirely new ground; and all this took time.

I think most members fail to realize that never before in the history of the world was there just the situation which followed the successful carrying of the Movement over the century. The Lodge itself was experimenting, and had to feel its way. It wished to push the wedge, forged by H. P. B. and by Judge, as far into this material civilization as was possible, and the Masters had very limited instruments with which to do it, and they had to watch most carefully for all kinds of inevitable reactions, both now and hereafter. What was the line of least resistance? Undoubtedly, in this country, something along Christian lines; and so, as we had sense enough to see it, the work took on a Christian colouring. We deliberately tried to put the accumulated power and light, back of our Theosophical ideals, into the ordinary religious atmosphere of the day. We have been unexpectedly successful, and will be much more so. We make the past work of H. P. B. and Judge fruitful, and we gain able recruits to carry on the ideals. A few, a remarkably few, like ——— in England, and one or two over here, thought they saw in this some kind of departure from, and treachery to, the teachings and work of H. P. B. They left to do what they thought right. Another class, considerably larger, waited in some doubt and perplexity, but with faith, and perhaps some hope, and are now beginning to see light.

You ask if the T. S. really did come close to being wiped out. Yes. It was nip and tuck for a time, and those who carried it through, both inside and out, were so exhausted that for some years there was little doing but marking time and preparing for the future. But that period of resting and preparing ended some years ago, and since then the work has grown more and more

virile and vigorous. It is still not the time for wide-spread outer activity; for many members, for notoriety and public acclaim. Those things bring many perils . . . ; but the live centre is there, healthy, growing, and getting stronger day by day.

* * * * *

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

P. S. If you get discouraged again, remember that the Master's work in Kali Yuga is warfare,—and we, who seek to serve him, must live perilously near defeat, facing risk of failure, but learning to wrest victory out of defeat. It is not child's play, or a game; it's war.

It is better to be unborn than untaught.—LEIGHTON.

He must be a wise man who knows what is wise.—XENOPHON.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

On the morning of Saturday, April 28th, 1928, at 10.30, the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order 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, and Miss Julia Chickering as Temporary Secretary. It was voted that a Committee on Credentials should be appointed by the Chair, with instructions to report as soon as practicable. The Committee appointed was: Mr. Henry Bedinger Mitchell, Treasurer T. S.; Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Secretary T. S.; Miss Martha E. Youngs, Assistant Treasurer.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

MR. JOHNSTON: During the period in which the Committee on Credentials carries out its work, it is the privilege of the Temporary Chairman to try to express to the members present the very sincere welcome of the local Branch, and to try to express for all of us something of the profound happiness and real joy that we have in each one of these Conventions. As the years pass, our treasures multiply and we add Convention to Convention, each one with its measure of spiritual life and, let us hope, of permanent accomplishment. The Convention this year, it has been said, should have the note of stillness, that stillness in which it becomes easier to perceive the spiritual presence of the Masters. Perhaps we should use that stillness also in another way,—to try to look ahead. You will remember the letters in *The Occult World*, where a Master speaks of an avalanche in the Karakorum Mountains, and of taking advantage of the intense stillness that followed it to try to see the spiritual facts of the situation, in detail.

The first thing we should remember is that a period of stillness is the very opposite of a period of relaxation. There must be nothing like resting on our oars, no cessation of the highest kind of effort. On the contrary, we should use such a period to see what dangers lie ahead. The enemy has not been reformed or converted, although the enemy always tries to persuade us that he has been. We have a tragic example of the way to win the war and lose the peace, in the world to-day. We shall be wise to take advantage of that world situation to notice what are the factors which caused the victors to lose the peace, and to guard against those dangers in ourselves.

Perhaps the first is the possibility of jealousy, always subtle and generally working under the skin; then wounded vanity, as there was in some of the nations during the war and after it; then material self-interest of one kind or another—seeking something for oneself; then, perhaps most dangerous of all, sentimentalism masquerading as charity. If we keep these in mind

and are on our guard against them, we shall be in less danger of losing the peace as the victors in the World War are tragically losing the peace which they won.

We must remember that the enemy is not converted, has not turned good; and that the enemy in ourselves is as vigorous as ever. So in this Convention let us see the dangers, and at the same time let us see the splendid opportunities which may be used to our profit if we will guard against these dangers. We have an opportunity such as no people have had for thousands of years. We hardly realize the greatness of it, and what a splendid gift the Masters have given us in that opportunity. As the Convention advances, perhaps that will be brought home to us more and more clearly and with greater promise and greater joy.

The Committee is ready to report.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

MR. H. B. MITCHELL: The Committee has examined the credentials submitted, and finds that the following Branches are represented either by delegates or by proxy, entitled to cast ninety-eight votes, and representing six different countries:

Aussig, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia	New York, New York, N. Y.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio	Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Gateshead, Gateshead, England	Oslo, Oslo, Norway
Hope, Providence, R. I.	Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Jehoshua, Sanfernando, Venezuela	Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Krishna, South Shields, England	Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela
Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England	Virya, Denver, Colorado
Whitley Bay, Whitley Bay, England	

After the Report of the Committee on Credentials had, on motion, been accepted, the Temporary Chairman asked that the permanent organization of the Convention be effected. On motion duly made and seconded, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, as President of the New York Branch, was unanimously elected Permanent Chairman, Miss Perkins being elected Permanent Secretary, and Miss Chickering Permanent Assistant Secretary. Mr. Mitchell then took the Chair.

ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: Once again you have conferred upon me a great honour. Once again I thank you for it, though I realize that with that honour go an opportunity and responsibility which I can only very inadequately fulfil; for the Chairman of these Conventions, if he is to be such in more than name, should focus the thought and feeling, the collective aspiration and will of the Society as a whole, and should reflect them back so as to aid them to come to clearer self-consciousness and expression in the minds of all our members. It is not an easy thing to do; yet it is something that needs doing, and, whether adequately or not, it is something that I must attempt.

I am quite sure that the first feeling we had as we assembled, that which had risen to the surface of our minds and hearts, was gladness and gratitude; gladness that we were here, and a deep-springing, overflowing gratitude for all that we meet here, for our fellows and for all that the Society means. But deeper than that, and stronger than that, is something in which personal feeling and all thought of self are largely lost,—the resolution to be true to the responsibilities that are ours, to fulfil the trust that our predecessors have handed on to us, the trust that the Masters themselves have reposed in us.

I do not think that I shall run any risk of being assumed to have forgotten, or to be violating, the free character of the Society, if I ask permission to say what I have to say from a point of view, both of the Society and of our work, which well may not be shared by some of you here

to-day—which certainly no member of the Society is under any obligation to take or to share. If there be those who are not in agreement with me, I shall beg them to remember that I am only exercising the privilege, which is accorded to all members by our Constitution, of asking a tolerant hearing for views that are honestly held.

If this be understood, I want to take my stand upon the statement, made by the founders of the Society, that it was initiated by the Masters of Wisdom, by that great living Brotherhood of "just men made perfect", the Elder Brothers of our race, who, throughout all the ages, have striven to guard and guide the evolution of mankind, and from whom have come all the world's great religions. The founders of the Society were explicit in their statements that their action in creating it was under directions that had been received from those Elder Brothers of ours, and that therefore, through the pursuit of its stated objects, the Society may fulfil the purposes of Masters, and serve them as an instrument in guiding the evolution of mankind. In the closing chapter of the *Key to Theosophy*, Madame Blavatsky deals with the meaning and the mission of the Society from this point of view, and sets forth what it was hoped that it might accomplish. It is pointed out that from the great Lodge of Masters there comes, in the closing quarter of each century, some new outgiving of force, an outpouring of spirituality, of mysticism, a new impulse to the spiritual progress of humanity. Madame Blavatsky says that, if we care to do so, we can trace these movements back, century by century, through all recorded history; and that our Society is but a part of that great, age-old Theosophical Movement,—a term in the sequence, representing the cyclic outgiving for the closing quarter of the nineteenth century. In the past, no one of these movements has been able to continue, true to its purpose, so as to bridge the gap between one outgiving and the next; but such continuance is *possible*, and whether or no our Society is to achieve it, rests with us. That is our opportunity, and our responsibility: to keep alive in the world, until the new outgiving in 1975, an instrument the Masters formed for aiding the upward progress of the human race. As I have said, no member of the Society is under the least obligation to accept this view of the Society's origin and function; nor under the least obligation to believe in the existence of Masters. Yet many of us do believe, and have reason to believe in them; and it is from this point of view, in the effort to make clear the responsibility that rests upon us if we hold it, that I want to speak to-day of our work.

Let us try to look both backward and forward. Without attempting to describe again what has been so often described, let us think of the conditions in which the Society was founded: the intense dogmatism and sectarianism that marked science and theology alike, and the bitter antagonism between them; and let us ask ourselves what was most needed to meet those conditions; what immediate purpose the Society was intended to serve. Madame Blavatsky's answer to that question is indicated in the same chapter of the *Key* to which we have already referred; but it is indicated no less by all that she did, by the whole early history of the Society. The first need was for greater freedom of thought and of spirit, for a tearing down of barriers, that wider, more inclusive views and sympathies might be gained. We know the method that was adopted,—the simple method of creating and maintaining, by means of The Theosophical Society, a free platform where such wider views of life could be contributed, reflected from the teachings of the Lodge itself, to aid us to broader vision and to higher ideals. It was hoped that if a truer philosophy were set side by side with a false, if it could be given an honest, impartial hearing, the appeal of truth itself would cause its acceptance in the hearts and minds and souls that were ready for it; and that by the working of the leaven of truth, thus introduced into the thought of the world, much might be accomplished. As we look back, and contrast the conditions then with those that exist to-day, we see that much *has been* accomplished, and accomplished by The Theosophical Society.

I must make clear just what I mean by this; for otherwise it may well sound absurd for our little Society, the delegates of which can meet here in as small a hall as this, to claim that it has had such far-reaching and such great effect upon the world. That is our claim; but, to be understood, it must be realized that when we say it has been done through Theosophy and The Theosophical Society, we are not saying that *we* did it. We are saying that the great Lodge of Masters did it,—through the instrument they formed for the purpose.

Think of a great factory whose machinery is controlled by electric power. The power house is not in the factory. It may be hundreds of miles away; beside the coal mines, or at some waterfall, where nature's energies are so transformed as to be serviceable to man. Yet all that controls the machinery in the factory, all that makes possible its great production, is the electric power that is led into it, from the distant power house, along two wires that terminate in a small junction box. From that box other wires, within the factory, lead to the switch-boards, and thence to the separate machines. If the junction box were not there, or if the outside wires from the power house did not reach to it, not a wheel would turn, or, if turning, could be stopped. That junction box is a symbol of the place and function of The Theosophical Society in the spiritual thought of the world. We are very small, very insignificant; yet we serve as a terminal, as a junction box within the world, into which the Lodge force and transforming life, its ideals and will and guidance, can flow, and through which it works its work.

The great thing that differentiates our age from those that are past, is that, because of the continuing existence of The Theosophical Society, there is in the thought of the world to-day, such a terminal of spiritual consciousness,—of conscious recognition of the existence of the Lodge of Masters, of the existence of the spiritual world, of the existence of a goal toward which mankind is moving,—the consciousness of the inner life of discipleship, and the possibility of entering it consciously and fully. At no corresponding time, in the cycles of past centuries, has there been such a terminal of consciousness. Our own movement has been carried further than were any of the past.

Fifty-three years have passed since the Society was founded. We have reached and left behind the half-way mark in the race that we were set to run; and we can, as I said, look back and see stupendous changes in that more than half a century. Many of them are reflected, in the closing pages of the *Key*, and elsewhere in Madame Blavatsky's writings, as the *hopes* which the founders of the Society had for the result of its work, when the *Key* was written, nearly forty years ago. It was hoped that if the Movement could continue, as it so far has continued, true to its original purpose into the present century, the fetters of dogmatism, of misunderstood creeds, of class and racial prejudices—fetters of many different kinds, binding and confining the freedom of thought and of the spirit—might fall away; that science might push its way deeper into the finer forces of nature; that theology might become more free and true. As we look back we see very remarkable progress in directions in which The Theosophical Society has consciously led the way. On all sides, barriers have fallen; limitations have been swept aside; and science is to-day dealing with forces of which it knew nothing fifty years ago.

Let us take one science as an example,—physics. Its fundamental concepts of matter and mass have been wholly changed since the opening of the twentieth century; and matter has been largely dissolved and resolved into energy. The discovery of the Roentgen and X-rays is little more than thirty years old. The discovery of radium and the radio-active substances followed them, pointing the way to the intra-atomic forces, and showing that the atom itself could no longer be regarded as a fixed, indivisible entity, but that it must be considered—more as Theosophy said it should be considered—as a miniature solar system: a central nucleus around which, like planets, electric particles revolved, mirroring in little what the heavens mirror in great. Physics has pushed its way behind matter—or behind what it had thought of as matter—to centres of electric energy, and to forces, finer, subtler, and far more potent than those it had known before. Its progress has all been in the directions indicated by Theosophy.

Similar changes have taken place in the other sciences. In modern chemistry, ancient alchemy, which a generation ago was held up to scorn as the very quintessence of superstitious ignorance, has now been rehabilitated. It had to be; for with the discovery of radium we saw the transmutation of the elements taking place before our eyes. In astronomy, Newton's laws are being questioned—as approximations, valid only within a limited range. Archaeology and anthropology are steadily pushing the age of man back, further and further, toward figures commensurate with those for which Madame Blavatsky contended. Turning from science to theology the changes are no less marked. The religions of the East are approached in a very different spirit to-day than they were fifty years ago; and in the West itself, much of the old

dogmatism—the arrogant, unreasoning assumption that the whole of truth is packed into a sectarian creed—has largely disappeared.

All of this has been very frequently commented upon in the meetings of our Society. We are very conscious of it, and have congratulated ourselves upon it many times. But there is another side to the picture; and this other side, though it has received far less attention, concerns us vitally.

Every one of the great truths to which Theosophy has pointed, every one of the new discoveries of science and the theories built upon them, every increase of freedom that has marked religious thought, is capable of perversion and *has experienced perversion*. One cannot sweep aside barriers and loose fetters without giving the opportunity for evil, as well as good, to arise. And evil has arisen. As the Theosophical Movement is an outpouring from above, so it has been met by a great resurgence from beneath. The ground has been cleared, only to reveal that it is a battleground,—that all that has been gained is capable of being used against us. Truth is a two-edged sword; knowledge and power lead only to destruction in those unfitted to receive them; and freedom, degenerating to licence, loses all that was set free.

To contrast the conditions in the world to-day with those of a generation ago, is to become convinced that we are living in the midst of a revolution which, in its immediate effects upon science and religion, political ideas and social customs, habits of thought and popular philosophy, is as radical as any that the history of a thousand years records. More than this, such a contrast shows, by many and unmistakable signs, that, whatever may be its ultimate outcome, the course of this revolution has so far been largely dominated by forces rising from beneath, not descending from above. Transmutation of the elements, which chemistry had thought to be permanent and fixed, has been proved, as we noted a moment ago, to be not only possible but a present, continuing fact. It is profoundly significant that the first transmutations discovered should be those which degrade,—not changing lead to gold, but debasing gold to lead. It is the same wherever we look, in little or in big. What is our modern music? our "jazz" and syncopated rhythms? They are a resurgence of savage music, of the African drums. Our dancing? It is an imitation, a reflection, of negro dancing. Whence comes our modern fashion of speech? Does it come down to us from the purists, from the scholars, from the cultured? Obviously not. It is a surrender of the literate to the illiterate. Our English language is being flooded by the colloquialisms and idioms of our immigrants. It is a taking over by the educated of the speech of the uneducated—of their jargon and their vulgarisms. And our philosophy—the philosophy of life to-day, the concept of the end to be sought? It is the gratification of self. It is comfort, pleasure; wealth with which to purchase ease, security and self-indulgence. It centres on the body, with little thought of the soul.

Therefore it is that if the Theosophical Movement were to end to-day, if its work were to stop with what has so far been accomplished, if the freedom for which it has laboured were to be thus left as licence, and its great ideals, given to the world, were to be left as the world has taken and used them, more would be lost than has been gained. All that has been gained is still at stake, still at hazard; and more than at stake and at hazard, for if we suffer defeat in the battle that has been evoked, if we fail to push the Movement further toward the goal which has been immediately set us, all that has so far been accomplished, all that has been poured out into the Movement, may react and be used against it—and against the great Lodge who have entrusted it to us.

Let us turn once again to the closing chapter of the *Key to Theosophy*, where H. P. B. tries to make clear the factors that must determine the future of the Society. She points out that Theosophy is not at stake, for it is everlasting Truth and exists eternally. Neither, in one sense, is the Theosophical Movement at stake; for it, too, is eternal, and in the hands of the great Lodge of Masters. But it is made very clear that The Theosophical Society—the fate of the Movement in this century—is at stake; and with it the fruits of the life-work and sacrifice of its founders. This is at stake; and whether success or failure is to ensue "depends, almost entirely, upon the degree of selflessness, earnestness, devotion, and last, but not least, upon the knowledge and the wisdom" of those who come after the founders, into whose hands the destiny of the Society will be placed when the founders are dead. We are those in whose hands

that destiny now rests. We are those who are thus trusted. It is upon us, upon our selflessness, earnestness and devotion, and last but by no means least, upon our knowledge and wisdom and ability to understand and meet the need, that success or failure, victory or calamitous defeat, must rest and turn.

We assemble here to-day therefore, as I said in the beginning, so profoundly sensible of the responsibilities that are ours, and of the magnitude of the issues that are involved, that all personal feeling, all thought of self, are lost in the resolution to be true to the trust imposed in us. We approach our work as the soldier advances to battle; glad and grateful that his opportunity has come, but hearing already the sound of the guns and knowing that the supreme test of his manhood is now at hand. So must we advance to the test of our souls,—of our selflessness and devotion, of our wisdom and understanding.

We ask ourselves what is the crucial need. How are we to meet the perversions of the truth, the resurgence from beneath, against which we must contend? We must meet them by their opposites; by truth that is not perverted, by a life and a power that are drawn from above. Let us think again. Why is this battle ours? It is because we have been entrusted with the power to win it. To us has been given that which the world needs. What is it that we have been given? what differentiates our consciousness, our philosophy, our Movement from all else in the world to-day? It is, I think, two things. First, knowledge of the Lodge of Masters as a living Brotherhood, as a living organism and fact in Being. Throughout the whole human race, in each religion, there is belief in *some* Master. They may not give him that name; but whether it be Buddha or Christ or Krishna, whether we look to India or Palestine, Egypt or China or the vanished Aztecs, we find *some* Master is recognized as the source of their religion, as their guide to the realities of the spiritual life. The recognition of a Master, and the possibility of divine inspiration, is not, therefore, our special contribution to the world. But the recognition of the Lodge of Masters as the Lodge, the recognition that all the great religions of the world have been drawn from the same source and reflect the same truths, the recognition that all the great spiritual teachers of mankind are brothers and belong to one great Brotherhood, one living organism, the clear recognition of the hierarchical principle as a fact in life, in nature, in the essence of Being itself,—that, I think, is the peculiar prerogative of The Theosophical Society and of students of Theosophy.

Yet, like every truth that Theosophy has brought or fostered, it has been, and is being, perverted to ends the opposite of its own. It has been re-echoed as a lie by innumerable self-deluded psychics or conscious charlatans. Tame and pocket "Adepts", future "Avatars", are led on exhibition round the country; "esoteric teaching" is offered at a price; and the names of Masters, like the name of Theosophy itself, have been dragged through the dust. There is no escaping this. It is part of the condition of the battle. You have to

" . . . bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools".

But the value of gold is not lessened because some—seeking short cuts to wealth—have purchased worthless mining stocks.

With the recognition of the Lodge as the Lodge, and the consequent clear perception that mankind has been, and ever is being, guided in its evolution by wisdom that descends to it from above—not the haphazard invention of something acting from beneath—with this comes the recognition of the other half of the evolutionary process; the half which science has ignored. We see that the ascent from matter has been concomitant with a descent from spirit. We perceive them to be but the two halves of one whole; and this perception is the second thing which differentiates our thought from the thought of the world about us.

Science has presented clearly the evolutionary ascent of animal life. It has exhibited the long sequences of forms, leading from the single cell through organisms more and more complex and differentiated, more and more responsive to wider ranges of environment, more and more capable of spontaneous action and of conduct determined by inner purpose rather than by outer necessity. It points to the physical organism of man as the highest term yet attained

in any of those ramifying sequences,—highest in the sense that it permits the functioning, through it as a vehicle, of what is assumed to be the broadest and highest type of consciousness. Many other organisms have greater physical strength, many are longer lived, many have keener senses, many seem better adapted to their environment; but no other, known to science, gives evidence of incarnating so high a spirit, of being capable of expressing and sustaining equal spiritual values and purposes. Yet of this descent and progressive incarnation of the spirit, science says nothing.

About six months ago, Sir Arthur Keith, one of the foremost of the English biologists who still adhere to the Darwinian theory in its original form, likened the evolution of man, through the sequence of lower animal forms, to the evolution of the automobile. Let us consider his simile, and think of the development of the automobile, picturing the series of successive models, from the earliest and crudest to the most highly perfected of to-day, as placed in a long row before us. We are puzzled to know just where to begin. What was the earliest and crudest? Behind the automobile, as we call it, was the steam engine, and the bicycle; the carriage drawn by horses, the ox cart, the wheelbarrow, the sled; the pole, one end of which is carried, one dragged along the ground. Man power, animal power, steam, oil, gasoline, electricity, magnetism. How many different sciences and arts had to be developed to make possible the automobile as it is to-day! Physics and chemistry and metallurgy, steel and copper and brass, the making of glass and of cloth, the growing and treatment of rubber. And all have been combined and introduced into that sequence of more and more efficient and smooth running vehicles, in pursuance of a single purpose—the purpose of man to transport himself and his possessions from one place to another.

We look at that sequence of vehicles. Science asks us to see how each form developed out of that which preceded it. In one sense we see that this is so; that the automobile arose from the wheelbarrow. But in another sense it is not so at all. The automobile arose through the development of that one unswerving purpose which runs throughout the whole sequence, which devised the wheelbarrow and every succeeding form, realizing its end only imperfectly in each, but learning from each how to realize it better. The actual evolutionary force has not been something in the vehicle, but in the will of man. The evolution has been the evolution of a purpose, coming to more and more complete fulfilment as it came to clearer self-consciousness of the betterments that were possible, and reached out to *embody them*. The history of the automobile is the history of the progressive incarnation of a purpose; and though that purpose lives and is manifest in the wheelbarrow and the ox cart and the car of to-day, it is no one of these, nor all of them together. It is a thing of the spirit, not of matter.

It is so with the evolution of mankind. Man is not his body. His body is the vehicle he has devised and uses. His history is the history of the progressive incarnation of his spirit, descending from above into the world of matter, striving toward that goal which we have been told is the object of all evolution—the attainment of full and true self-consciousness. He has built himself vesture after vesture, drawing matter up and animating it in higher and higher organisms through which he can express himself more fully, into which he can incarnate more completely. But never is he wholly incarnated. He always transcends himself; and that which is above strives to descend, to draw up that which is below.

The descent of spirit with the ascent of matter; these two need to be seen as a single whole. But the world does not so see them, and science gives no thought to spirit or to the purpose of the evolution that it studies. Because these are ignored by science, popular thought ignores them also, and does more—denies them. Many scientists may also deny them, but science itself does not. It only says it is not competent to deal with them. Science fishes for truth with a net adapted to certain kinds of truth, but which lets other kinds pass through it. It has set itself to trace the sequence of forms, but not to pronounce on the spirit which created them. But because of this, the man in the street has said: There is no spirit, no cause; the sequence is complete without them; life and consciousness are but a ferment in matter and have arisen from beneath. So he sees his most fundamental purposes, his deepest identities, his highest values, as products of the slime. In that view religion becomes to him no more than the survival of primitive superstition and ignorance, and his sophistication rejects all

that gives meaning and value to life, turning back to identify himself with the mere animal in him, which is all that he recognizes as real.

The great need of the world to-day is to realize that the true life of man is not the life of the body, but the life of the spirit; that this spirit descends from above, and that only as he reaches up to what is above, can he lay permanent hold upon it. The theosophical view of evolution, could men's minds be brought to accept its truth, would go far to meet that need. In our hands has been placed the antidote for the poison of the age.

There is no limiting the power of consciousness or the effect of thought. A man's philosophy, his view of truth, the ideals he has set himself, enter into all he does. It is true that all he does reacts upon his philosophy; the action is not all one way. But what a man holds to be true is that which, consciously or unconsciously, he will act out. If his philosophy be false, so will be his actions. The world has been misled by science, even as it has been misled by its own desires. It needs the gift of truth that has been given us; and we must give it.

It has been said that Theosophy is intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life. It might not be a far-fetched supposition, recognizing as we do that the life is the goal, to think that the hundred years span, which is our special concern, might properly be divided into four quarters, each stressing one of those fourfold divisions of Theosophy. There would be, first, the imparting of intellectual knowledge and the creation of an intellectual attitude. Next would come the development of a practical method for apprehending and assimilating that knowledge; and in the third twenty-five years—the cycle we are now entering—there should be the growth and rule of an ethical spirit. Surely we can see that, if the truth that life comes from above were really apprehended and assimilated, it would yield an ethical result. It would make us live our lives no longer under the dominance of what rises from beneath, no longer with the idea that we are separate beings, to find our highest aims in the gratification of a separate, personal self. Instead, it would make us live our lives as ambassadors of the Most High, as representatives of something infinitely greater than ourselves. Nothing has value save as it represents something greater than itself. The king rules by divine right, if he rule at all, if he be in fact a king. The soldier obeys his captain, represents his captain; and the captain his colonel; and the colonel his general. The commander-in-chief represents the will of the nation. The servant has the dignity of his service, is clothed with the dignity of that which he serves. Everything that is, has dignity and worth only because it represents something higher; and that which is greatest is worthless unless it represents something greater still.

Surely that recognition must bring an ethical spirit, the spirit which the world needs, and which alone can make all that the Society has so far accomplished, all that the Masters have poured out upon it, all the sacrifices of our predecessors, come to a fruition that shall be good and not evil.

We are told that Theosophy was given to the world to become the foundation of the future religions of humanity. A living religion can be founded only on a living spirit. Looking out upon the churches of to-day, we see to what a great extent their old foundations have been swept away. They fell from the living spirit to the dead letter of their creeds and dogmas; and when these crumbled and had to be discarded, it seemed that there was very little left. It was the old story of throwing out the baby with the bath water. But though the new foundations are not yet recognized, we, who believe in Masters, know that they are being laid. More, we know that stones, which must enter into them, have been placed in our own hands. Such a stone is our belief in Masters, the knowledge that we have been given of the existence of the Lodge. Before the races of men were as closely knit together as they are now, before we saw the whole universe as one, and recognized that the chemistry of the stars was not other than the chemistry of our own earth, a religion could be given as the religion of a single tribe, as the teaching of a single Master to his "chosen" people. Drawn though it in fact was from the great Lodge, from the great common store-house of spiritual truth, it could still bear the appearance of being unique; and in the earlier days of greater isolation, that appearance might be an aid, rather than a barrier to its acceptance. But to the modern mind, truth, if it be truth, must be universal; and nothing that seems unique, that stands out in contradiction

to all else we know, can be easily accepted, either in itself or in witness to something beyond itself, until that contradiction is removed. Therefore it is that now and in the future, the most convincing evidence of the truth of any religion cannot be the uniqueness of its founder's life and teaching, but the fact that they typify and manifest something that is universal and eternal, something which, in transcending, nevertheless continues and supplements our own deepest experience. The knowledge of the spiritual hierarchy as inherent in the nature of Being, the knowledge of the Lodge as the Lodge, and the knowledge that all religions are but reflections, however partial or distorted, of the same proven laws of spiritual life and consciousness,—such knowledge must be a part of the broader foundations on which all future religions shall rest.

The Theosophical Society has, then, gifts to give and a mission to fulfil. To us has been given that which the world needs; and the responsibility is ours for that which has been entrusted to us. We cannot force it on the world, against the world's will; nor are we asked to do so. But we are asked to keep it as we have received it, living and potent, against the time when the world shall seek it. We are asked to keep the terminal of living truth alive within our own consciousness, and so within the consciousness of the world, that the Lodge force may continue to enter and work therein. But for truth to *live*, in any consciousness, it must *be lived* there; and it is in this that our responsibility lies, and the test of our fidelity. If we cannot, if we do not, make our own lives an expression of the spirit of Theosophy, if we cannot seek and find our highest good in its service, acting as the agents, however humble, of the great Hierarchy of Spiritual Being,—if we cannot so view and live our own lives, how can we expect that the world will be convinced of truth which we ourselves reject? The battle-ground remains in us, though our mission lies in the world.

It was then requested that the Chairman be empowered to appoint the usual Committees on Nominations, on Resolutions, and on Letters of Greeting. This having been voted, the Report of the Executive Committee was called for, Mr. Johnston as Chairman being asked to speak first.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. JOHNSTON: Mr. Chairman, The duty of the Executive Committee is to represent the whole Society and to form the principle of continuity; therefore a part at least of the Executive Committee, and the greater part, is always in being. It overlaps from Convention to Convention and is continuous in life. That function imposes upon the Executive Committee a corresponding responsibility to look back and to look forward, and, so far as lies in its power, to insure the continuity of direction and of movement in the Society, as representative of the Society's life. If we look back and look forward, we shall record, of course, first such activities as have taken place which are referred to the Executive Committee.

Looking back (I am expressing for the moment my own individual view), one thing is very manifest in the last year, and that is a condition of strain. Strain there must be in The Theosophical Society, because, as our Chairman has just reminded us, our function is to lay the foundation stone of the future religions of humanity. That stone must be solid and must be firm. But there is a quality in this strain which has been conspicuous and which is not right, and that is its inequitable distribution.

I remember a story about some people carrying a burden. One said to the other, "This is tremendously heavy, I had no realization how heavy it was!" The other said, "Oh, do you carry? I just lean on." I think that that is something which every one of us could profitably take to heart. During the last six months, have we been carrying or have we been leaning on? If the latter, then we know at any rate, that there has been inequitable strain. I did not say uneven, because necessarily the more experienced must bear more strain than the less experienced,—but inequitable.

Let us see what can be done about it. First, diligently to try and examine ourselves: have we carried or have we leaned on? What are we going to do about it in the future? There are

certain specific and concrete ways in which we may begin to amend: first, understanding of our teaching—how many of us really understand the teaching of the Theosophical Movement? How many of us go back, again and again, to our fundamental books, and, when we have spare time, take up, not a magazine, but *The Secret Doctrine*, or *Light on the Path*, or *Letters That Have Helped Me*, or the *Key to Theosophy*? How many find a privilege and joy in strengthening and renewing our knowledge of theosophical teaching? That is one way to carry. How many of us know our history as a Society? At the beginning of the *QUARTERLY* there is a little slip of yellow paper which contains very telling statements as regards our relation to certain things. How many members really know the principles involved? How many members really know the history of events? They are all recorded, all published, all in print. If we do not know the history of our Society, how can we really represent it, really understand it? That is a second direction in which we can learn to carry rather than to lean on.

More practically: there are all kinds of small things that have to be done. Everybody realizes that these chairs, by long discipline, arrange themselves for meetings. They walk out like so many penguins and take their places! Nobody has to move them about or arrange that they be there. It all happens spontaneously! There are a great many other things which, so far as the leaning-on members are concerned, happen spontaneously. It is a nice Society—everything happens of itself—we never have to do anything—just sit and have a good time and get something all the time!

That is what is wrong, and it has to be put right. Let us suppose that a member says, I really do not know how to put chairs in line, I do not know how many ought to be in line. How about counting to see? There may be a next time. Supposing the committee were to go off to the Antarctic regions with Commander Byrd. Would you know how to put the chairs in place? How about some more complex matter than the order of the chairs? You say: It is difficult, complex, something ought to be done. Very well, what are you going to do? Are you fit to take hold of that situation and put it straight? Have you the knowledge, the wisdom? You say: Well, I see what the trouble is, but I do not see what will straighten it out. Very well, have you meditated? You know how to meditate. Have you practised meditation? Meditation consists in bringing facts into order and then getting spiritual light on them, so that you will know real values. You should, if you meditate, know how to act. Take counsel—something that we should habitually do; do not “go off” prematurely, merely because you see something that might be done. Ask people who know: Is this the way to do it?—and then set about it. But for heaven's sake, get out of the habit of leaning on instead of carrying! That is what makes the inequitable strain. The real way to heighten the potential, to increase the voltage, the whole pressure of force, is to live the theosophical life intensely, from the moment you wake in the morning until you go to sleep at night, and then until the morning again. If there were that, there would be a positive field of force instead of a rather heavy sense of burden.

So here is something that I put forward personally—I am not speaking officially for the whole Executive Committee; perhaps other members will modify what I have had to say—but here is something that concerns us personally. Something must be done about it. What is each one of us going to do? You have heard these things before. What did you do about it then? Did you say,—the flowers are nice, the chairs are nice, and I won't do anything about it? That will not do. If we are to carry the splendid banner forward through the next fifty years, it has to be done in a more vigorous way than that. There has to be more force, more will, more energy. H. P. B. and Judge did not lean on. If we are to complete their work, we must also carry, not lean on.

This, therefore, is my suggestion, something that I hope you will keep in heart. The responsibility is real, when you recognize it. One takes the risk of pressing it on you, because it has to be recognized and has to be acted on.

THE CHAIRMAN: Before the Chair asks whether other members of the Executive Committee will add to the Report, it may be well to announce the personnel of the standing committees appointed:

*Committee on Nominations*Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, *Chairman*

Miss Mary Kent Wallace

Mr. George M. W. Kobbé

*Committee on Resolutions*Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*

Miss Anne Evans

Dr. R. E. Torrey

*Committee on Letters of Greeting*Dr. Archibald Keightley, *Chairman*

Dr. C. C. Clark

Mrs. John W. Regan

It was then asked if other members of the Executive Committee would add to the report already made by its Chairman.

MR. HARGROVE: I am exceedingly glad that the Chairman of the Executive Committee said what he did say. Perhaps the same idea could also be expressed in this way: one man says, I am a member of The Theosophical Society; another says, I *belong* to The Theosophical Society. In the Army, if I am not mistaken, no one would say, I am a member of such or such a regiment, but always, I *belong* to such a regiment. Now if we belong, we *belong*,—which means that we feel as one of a family feels,—that we are responsible, and that everything that concerns the regiment, concerns us. It has been well said in this connection that the soldier learns that by putting the interests of his regiment ever before his own interests—in that sense, by identifying himself with a greater self—he obtains a greater freedom, not a less. By shedding his littleness, he acquires bigness.

There are those among you who are in the habit of referring to some of us as the "Ancients," and it is customary for the more talkative of these "Ancients" to address you at the Convention. We must do so with mixed feelings, I think; with a feeling of intense pleasure and of joy, a feeling of great responsibility and privilege, but also with a feeling—increasing as the years pass—almost of desperation,—desperate with desire to give whatever we have to give, to pass on to those who have not been quite so long in the Movement, whatever of experience we may have garnered; desperate to say the right thing, to say the thing that will help the Movement itself, and yet realizing that year after year and year after year, we have done our best, and then asking ourselves sometimes with what result.

You would not be so unkind as to suppose that this implies any feeling of superiority on the part of these so-called Ancients. I assure you that that is not the feeling. But there is a great longing, and even a remnant of hope, that some of you may make better use of our experience than we, alas, have been able to make of it.

It was my duty, a few days ago, to look over a number of old papers and records of the Society, and I realized then, as perhaps I had never realized before, the extraordinary progress that the Movement has made in some vital ways. It has been raised many planes since its inauguration in 1875. I said "the Movement", but I mean the attitude of members of the Society, the receptivity of members of the Society. They have come to appreciate Theosophy in its spiritual significance as they did not do years ago. Its spiritual significance was clearly taught from the very beginning, but no one understood it, or hardly anyone. While comparisons are odious, I cannot resist repeating what was in my own mind when I thought of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and compared that magazine with what I occasionally see of other magazines quite falsely supposed to be representative of Theosophy. If any proof were needed as to which is the representative of Masters, a glance at those magazines would supply the proof. Take one instance,—the realization by our members that if they would know and serve the Masters, they must know themselves. "Man know thyself" from the very beginning of time has been the teaching of Masters; "Man know thyself" in thy nether regions and in thy higher regions. If you look at a QUARTERLY, you will find pages of instruction under these two heads,—"Letters to Students", "Letters to Friends", "Fragments", and so on. Then look in those other magazines for the same light, and if you can find it you are welcome to it!

Of course, going back to those old records of the Society, remembering again the old troubles

and fights and wounds, and thinking of H. P. B. and her "phenomena", made me wonder whether all of you understand why those phenomena happened. There is always a tendency on the part of students rather to regret that H. P. B. produced teacups out of pillows. Their acquaintances perhaps pass slighting remarks about teacups and pillows. You know, of course, one explanation of these phenomena: that it was necessary that phenomena, which were being produced at séances and attributed to discarnate entities, should be produced in broad daylight, avowedly through the use of the human will. It was necessary to upset the theories of spiritualism; but that is only part of the explanation.

Imagine the period about 1875—or perhaps 1860. The time was coming when a Lodge Messenger would be sent into the world. Let us imagine that there was a conference among the great Adepts as to what should be done, who should go, how the expedition should be conducted. In all history, it had been necessary to get the attention of mankind. Even Christ had been obliged to perform miracles, so as to get the attention of people; and he healed the sick and raised the dead, not merely as a demonstration of his power, but as a demonstration of spiritual law. Let us suppose that some Adept at the conference which I am imagining, suggested: "Well, how about healing the sick and raising the dead?" If I had been there (excuse me!) I should have said: "No earthly use! if you raise the dead they will say that the man was merely suffering from indigestion, and loss of consciousness, and happened to come awake at the right time; heal cancer, and they will say it was not true cancer. Think of something else!" Then they may have gone through a long list of possible performances. Then imagine a very wise Adept saying: "None of those things will do; you must please them, interest them; first of all ask yourselves the level on which they live, the strata of consciousness which they represent. They are children. The solution is obvious: give them toys. Take a teacup out of a pillow, and you have 'got' those people!" In other words, you have, in the character of H. P. B.'s phenomena, an illuminating picture of what the Lodge thought of the world in which their Messenger was going to work.

What happened? Take Sinnett. He was greatly above the average of intelligence, of education, and even of intuition. Yet he sat spellbound, watching H. P. B. produce teacups out of pillows. He could have watched her all day long, and would not have asked anything else under heaven except more teacups, and different kinds of teacups, and different kinds of pillows. Then he would have weighed the teacup before and after. That is what they wanted, and that is what the Lodge gave them, because the Lodge had to catch their attention,—knowing well that there would be a few, a very few, who, in later years, would discover the real Theosophy, both because of Sinnett and in spite of him.

It is all very well to think of it humorously; but stop to think of the sacrifice that was made! Suppose some of the so-called Ancients were told that it was necessary to preach Theosophy to the Bowery; suppose they were told that in order to get the attention of the people over there, they would have to dress up as Harlequin and Columbine. They would do it, but would they like it? Can you imagine anything more humiliating, more revolting, a greater sacrifice? Some might say,—what dreadful people they must be to dress up as Harlequin and Columbine! Well, do not judge them by their sacrifice, imposed upon them by the hideous vulgarity of human nature. Do not judge the Lodge or H. P. B. by the nature of her phenomena, because it is we or our forebears who created the need for just that kind of "miracle"; and if anybody ever dares to talk to you again about teacups, kindly remember what I have said, and round on them.

The Jews certainly had their limitations; but compare the level on which miracles, so-called, were performed, and you do get a true picture of the modern world in comparison with the world as it was in the time of Christ in Palestine, because then, those people with all their faults were vitally interested in spiritual problems. Immortality and similar questions were matters of intense moment. To-day, what is the belief in immortality in comparison with, let us say, the arrival of some people in an aeroplane?

On these occasions of the Theosophical Convention, none of us ever knows, of course, whether for him it will be the last; and always one has the feeling that one must at least try to say what is in one's heart. So one goes back to the past, and thinks, as I have said, of the

very early days, of the phenomena, and so forth, as a preliminary to restating the purpose of it all. I found in a very old issue of *The Theosophist* (1885), in an article on spiritual progress, the statement that the only mission of the Society is to rekindle the torch of Truth, so long extinguished for all but the very few, and to keep that Truth alive by the formation of a fraternal union, the only soil in which the good seed can grow.—As soon as the Society was founded, a great call went out to mankind, and goes out to-day to all who will listen: "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope!" How many heard that call? How many responded, and how many respond to-day? There is no need to remain prisoners of hope. You can burst the gates open if you will, because the Masters have burst them open for us, and nothing remains but the illusion that those gates are closed. There is no one here for whom those gates have not been opened, and I repeat that there is nothing but the illusion that they are closed that keeps you from passing through. And yet that truth has been announced at Convention after Convention, since Conventions were held. How many have believed it? How many have risen in their own souls and said: If that be so, I pass through.

There is a saying in one of the old books: When even the body is an illusion, how can we speak of necessity—the Vedas speak of necessity only for the guidance of the ignorant. Part of our trouble is that we are hypnotized by the idea of necessity,—a misunderstanding of Karma. We believe that we are bound and held by the chain of our sins, or the chain of our limitations, and therefore that this, that or the other thing is an insuperable barrier for us. Yet even the body is an illusion; and the truth of the matter is that all things are an illusion except Masters and chéliship. Therefore, if you seek reality, it is only with those two things that you *can* deal. H. P. B. said it; Judge said it; everybody has said it. Yet what do we do? Limp along, and limp along, and groan about our burdens, and "lean on", as Mr. Johnston said; and what *they* are crying out for us to do is to rise from the illusion of our barriers—or, if you choose, quietly, serenely to accept them as an illusion, which is all you need to do; then in the flash of an eye, seeing that truth, to act on it.

I am greatly tempted to refer, no matter how briefly, before closing, to a subject that has already been touched upon—and that is the subject of science. There is considerable danger that we shall be hypnotized in part by science and all this talk about science. I think Professor Mitchell was exceedingly charitable to science. What I mean is that we could, for instance, discuss the Roman Catholic Church as represented chiefly by its saints, who, though not perfect, certainly interpreted their religion as well as it can be interpreted. If we think of science, and choose to think of the very best representatives of science, we of course know that they recognize the limitations of science, and that they say, one and all: "We do not pretend to know anything about the soul and similar things—that is not our province—we confine ourselves to the facts that we observe, and we leave it to others to deal with whatever else there may be in the universe." If, however, you wish to obtain a true picture of the Roman Catholic Church, you must take into account not only saints, but others who are quite ordinary people; and you must consider their superstitions. In the same way, when it comes to science, you must think about those who have *their* superstitions. What are the facts? If you take the universities and colleges in the United States at the present time, most of those who are supposed to teach science are rank materialists in every sense of the word—avowedly so—and are destructive of the morality and spiritual life of American youth. I am sure that Professor Mitchell will agree with me in this. He happened to be speaking of the good side of science,—and, as a general rule, it is the duty of students of Theosophy to seek the best in other people's views. Yet,—not always. It is true, for example, that, in one sense, science has made amazing progress. It speaks no longer of "matter"; it speaks instead of "energy". Is that really such amazing progress? Oh, it is a step; but so long as consciousness, as aspiration, as love are looked upon as the products either of matter or of energy, I confess it does not seem to me to matter in the slightest degree whether scientists label the source as energy or matter. They have changed their terms to that extent, but their philosophy is exactly the same.

Then let me ask you this: what good has all this progress done to them or to anybody else, in terms of human happiness, of human well being? I am not including spiritual happiness,

but am limiting my question strictly. Has the telephone made anybody any happier? Edison said it was the greatest contribution to human happiness ever made. Occasionally it is a convenience, but I think you will agree with me that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it drives you wild. It has not added anything whatsoever to your *happiness*. Has it made you any happier to be able to travel in an automobile at the rate of forty miles an hour? It has probably torn your nerves to shreds. I used to cling to modern plumbing as a contribution to human happiness; but even that has gone, because it has recently been discovered that in India, ten or twenty thousand years ago, they had the most elaborate system of plumbing—so that is not a contribution of modern science. There was merely a certain forgetfulness of such things during the Middle Ages, because at that time they were interested in art and poetry and the like, and needlessly lost their interest in plumbing.

What has science done for us? I am not grateful to modern science or to any scientist. Take the one direction in which they might have done something for us—when we have a pain. All that they can do at the present time if we have a pain, is to cut out something, and give us a worse pain. The very fact that they operate as they do, is a confession of failure on the part of medicine. If someone has so bad a pain that he finally goes to the hospital, one doctor comes in, then another and another; and they say, We do not know the cause of the pain—operate and find out—cut him open and you may find something wrong. The science of healing has almost disappeared; the science of surgery, for obvious reasons, has tremendously advanced.

As for the explanation of things,—for the reason that the only philosophy they possess is a materialistic philosophy, they can explain nothing at all. Take, for example, a little plant, the yellow jasmine. A large dose is known to produce motor paralysis. Orthodox, scientific medicine will tell you that doses of ten to fifteen minims will do something in the way of reducing vitality, counteracting inflammation; but they do not use it any more, because there are other and better remedies. The eclectic school will tell you that one-drop doses will reduce inflammation—it is not necessary to give ten or fifteen minims. Then the homeopath comes along and with equal truth says that one ten-thousandth of a drop or so, instead of depressing, will act as a stimulant, and may be used effectively for curing the conditions which the larger dose produces. But ask for an explanation of the facts—the why, the how! None of them knows. The orthodox practitioner will deny that the homeopath can possibly get results from infinitesimal doses. The facts do not fit into his system; therefore he denies them. The homeopath, on the other hand, is probably just as narrow in his way, and in any case the cause of things does not interest him.

It would be wise, therefore, to follow the example of H. P. B., and to recognize always the marked limitations of science and of scientists,—their danger too. One of them, Dr. Snook, remarked a few days ago that between the Davisson discovery that supposed particles were waves, and the Compton discovery that supposed waves were particles, the whole subject of the atom and its construction is thrown wide open again. Now that is helpful, because what we hope from modern science is that it shall stay wide open, seeing that then there will be some limit to its dogmatism.

I do not want to leave things just there. I want to go back for a moment to the subject that concerns us so much more deeply and vitally than this very ephemeral affair called modern science. I want to go back to the matter of working for The Theosophical Society, of membership in The Theosophical Society, of carrying out the purposes of The Theosophical Society, of taking advantage of our opportunities. Of course there are obstacles. One is a sort of false modesty,—a lack of faith in oneself, which, however, sometimes is merely an excuse for laziness. Another is staleness. People become stale, as the result, not of long membership, but of a misused membership. Nobody becomes stale if he keeps alive. People get into a rut and trudge along and go to meetings and go home and sleep. If they get up to go to another meeting, they perhaps think they are doing something marvellous. Staleness excuses itself, saying, "Oh well, I am getting old, getting stiff, and I have not the hope that I used to have when I was young. I used to think that chelaship was within reach, but I can see now, that,—well, maybe in some other life." The illusion that in some other life it will be

easier, is a very serious illusion, for this reason: suppose you desire to become a musician in this life, but decide, No, I have not the time—some other life. The truth is that until you sacrifice some part of every day in the agony of five finger exercises, you will never be a musician in this or any other life. You must sacrifice to-day, for the thing you want to-morrow, or you will not get it to-morrow. Therefore, there is only one way open for anybody, and that is to begin,—to begin now, to begin here as if it meant something.

There is even a deeper truth involved: children depend upon hope, and children only. Hope is needed by those who are still suffering from the dream of time, but when you touch the fringes of an immortal consciousness, the need for hope disappears. There is something else, too: no man who calls himself a soldier, so far as I have ever read of soldiers, would say that it is necessary to have hope in order to fight; because it is only when hope has fled that the real fight begins. This does not mean that to go on fighting because you are afraid to stop, is going to win the fight. It means that determination is stronger than hope; it means that the man who really fights gives all of himself in his last blow,—and whether there be much to give or little, has nothing to do with it. He *must* give all of himself, because he can do no less, seeing that he gives the whole content of his heart. And that is what is needed in The Theosophical Society,—unless we would just live to ourselves and for ourselves, and remain everlastingly wrapped up in self; the small and contemptible concerns of self—first one thing and then another thing, with a total inability to lose oneself in the concerns of the regiment, in the honour of the regiment. Why should it be unreasonable to ask of students of Theosophy that which is expected every day from men who merely serve their country in its armed forces? They give that sort of self-forgetfulness without question. They do not imagine that they are making a sacrifice. They may when they are very young, and have not yet really done it; but when they have done it, they know better. They know then that they have gained. They know that they are bigger; that they are worth more as men. As I say, it is done every day without thought; and now,—for us.

It was moved, seconded and carried that the Report of the Executive Committee be accepted with the thanks of the Convention. The Report of the Secretary T. S. was then called for.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 27TH, 1928.

Whenever we return to a home we love, there is one question we can hardly wait to ask,—Is everything all right? So let me say first, that everything is well with the Society and its Branches. Losses have come: tried and true members have fulfilled their time and passed on; accessions have come: new members have entered, little dreaming of the marvellous opportunity offered by the T. S. Militant always, the form of the Society's attack has changed since the days of H. P. B. and her ready sledge-hammer; since the days of Mr. Judge, when every principle it promulgated had to be defended under rapid fire. The new cycle presents a more interior problem,—how each of us shall work Theosophy into his bones and sinews, until it becomes inseparable from him, the centre of his life; until he defends it, instinctively, by seeking to represent its spirit and attitude in every situation and position which daily life brings to him. We have cause for gratitude in the fact that an increasing number of our members strive to incarnate the essential principles of Theosophy, quite unaffected by the noisy proclamation of its psychic counterfeits. The new era: H. P. B. was preparing for it, even when seed was being scattered broadcast and the Society was being inundated with new members. It was "To the Few" that she dedicated her *Voice of the Silence*, knowing that if the harvest were to be garnered and carried over into the future, it would be done by a small, closely-knit band.

BRANCH ACTIVITIES

The most significant feature of the Branch reports, is the emphasis placed upon formative work. The action of the Branches seems analogous to that which our Convention Chairman

proposed to us as individuals, in the April QUARTERLY, where he sets forth how the student may so dominate and re-shape his personality as to render it a pliant instrument for the use of his own soul. It is an effort at this sort of indrawal and re-direction that seems to have been operative in our Branches,—by their own action, be it said, and not because of any incitement from Headquarters.

The open door and platform of The Theosophical Society have still been maintained in the world, but the meaning of this cycle has been taken to heart, and classes or meetings for members only, are being given fresh prominence. The ideal set up seems to be,—each Branch a skilled instrument for use by the Movement; and it is recognized that this can be accomplished only as individual members dedicate their lives and efforts to that common end.

Our Branches in Europe and South America report the same tendency,—a fact all the more remarkable because they are so surrounded by those who offer to the public, under the name of Theosophy, a conglomerate of alleged facts and psychic marvels with which only a keen sense of humour can deal adequately. The New York Branch Reports are mentioned, in most generous terms, by all the Branches abroad; they express great indebtedness for the insight gained from them, and for this regularly renewed touch with the thought and aspiration of their comrades.

Two Branches have lost members who were influential in their founding and maintenance. Mrs. Margaret T. Gordon kept her connection with the Middletown Branch even after New York became her home, and her spirited Convention reports on its behalf will be recalled by many here—she was greatly beloved. The Branch in Altagracia de Orituco lost its mainstay when Mauricio de la Cueva died; as long as that staunch old fighter lived, the organization was maintained, even though all its other members had moved away. It has never been customary to present to the Convention a list of deceased members; and manifestly it would not be possible to make mention of each in the QUARTERLY. Their work and the influence of their lives is their best memorial here; while, in the records of the Lodge, each has, undoubtedly, the lasting place he has won.

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

It was with a quizzical smile that Mr. Griscom sometimes expressed doubt whether many of our members read the magazine from cover to cover; perhaps he was contrasting some of us with Legginners in the East who are said to have made great strides, with far less help in years than may be found in any single number of the QUARTERLY. Fortunately, this doubt did not lead him to relax his effort to make it of the greatest possible service to those who seek the spiritual life, and the same desire still animates his fellows who, lavishly expending time and effort, maintain it for love of the same Cause which he delighted to serve, and as the best of memorials to him. To commemorate the completion of its 25th volume, it is hoped to issue a complete Index that will be of use to those who wish to study its material, topically.

Those 100 numbers contain a rich store of wisdom, supplying, as far as written words ever can, counsel, inspiration, and such records of first-hand experience as have, from time immemorial, furnished the tinder-box for the kindling of hearts ready to take fire. To be sure, its circulation is limited, but obviously that is no obstacle, for has not a single copy of some old manuscript served to set half the world on fire with longing and hope? Recently there has been an increase in the number of copies printed, because of the distribution to libraries and to individuals not members of the Society,—and this was made possible by generous contributions to the Propaganda Fund. It might be noted, in passing, that this year we have received an unusual number of inquiries about the T. S. from those whose attention was attracted to it by finding our magazine in their Public Library. Sometimes they start correspondence by asking how to become members; we are always glad to have that question asked, and we always recommend deliberation. It was a member of the Executive Committee who advised, Tell them, in terms suited to the case, that the first step, a vital one, is to get to know the Society, its objects, spirit, and methods: no need to do anything about membership in it until they simply cannot be happy outside its ranks.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT

The Book Department has been busy, as usual, with the sale of "Standard Books", both to members and to inquirers; even the Public Libraries are beginning to ask for our books. Not only standard books on Theosophy, but all those reviewed in the *QUARTERLY*, the Department is glad to send, postpaid, at the published price. Orders are not accepted for books on Theosophy that are misleading, nor does the Department sanction the sale of its publications by organizations merely calling themselves theosophical, mystical, or occult. In consequence, our books are sometimes reported as no longer on sale, but the fact is that any individual purchaser, whatever his connections, can readily secure them from us.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

All of us recognize that we owe much to those who write for the *QUARTERLY*, and even more to those who edit it. Acting as spokesman for the whole Society, I should like to thank them; also the members who do the proof-reading, sometimes at breakneck speed. The Secretary's office has a little work to do in so many different directions, that the need for extra help may arise suddenly; and there are various New York members always ready, with steam up, to respond to requests for volunteers to wrap books, mail copies of the *QUARTERLY*, or to attach postage stamps. The Assistant Treasurer does a nice piece of work, every quarter, in arranging the magazine envelopes to suit the post office; and the Assistant Secretary, who would like to edit out any mention of her helpfulness, is ready for whatever comes. It is she who takes notes of all the New York Branch meetings; another member makes an abstract from them, and still another manifolds the number of copies needed for the foreign Branches,—all working with delight that others thus may share the addresses they have enjoyed. The member who has been so very generous in past years, has again paid the salary of a stenographer, an outsider, and the only paid worker. Yet, in another sense, your Secretary is paid, in fact shockingly over-paid, as every least effort is rewarded in so many ways. You, yourselves, are constantly writing and voting thanks, for work which it is both an honour and a pleasure to be permitted to do. Then there is great reward—pleasure plus training—in the opportunity to take your questions, and the problems that arise, to the older members of the Society whose judgment and experience are imparted in a way that is in itself a delight. It is because of their wise guidance that difficulties are foreseen and avoided, and that adjustments are made which give us the privilege of contributing—without jar or friction to mar the sincerity of our offering—whatever we may, to the Masters whose will sustains the Movement and blesses all who even try to serve it.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, T. S.

THE CHAIRMAN: I think it would be very hard to find any single motion which would be welcomed more enthusiastically by all the members of the Society than the motion that the Secretary's Report be accepted with the very grateful thanks of all the members of the Society and its officers.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The Chairman has taken an unfair advantage of his being Chairman, because that motion was very much on the hearts of many members.

After being duly seconded, the motion was passed unanimously, and the Report of the Treasurer T. S. was called for, Mr. Johnston taking the Chair.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER, T. S.

MR. H. B. MITCHELL: The report of the Treasurer should always begin with the acknowledgment that it is Miss Youngs who carries whatever burden may be attached to the Treasurer's office. She draws the receipts, keeps the books, attends to the banking, and sees to it that all goes straight. It is to her that we are indebted for the preparation of the figures which make the report I am about to present to you.

Comparing the record with that of last year, as I find it interesting to do, our receipts and disbursements total almost the same for each year, and the individual items, on both sides of the account, are also surprisingly close. There is an increase of somewhat over \$200 in the cost of printing and mailing the *QUARTERLY*, and that is explained by the increase in the number of copies printed, to which we have just heard reference in the Secretary's report. We started the year with a bank balance of \$529 (in round numbers) and we close the year with \$431; but \$76 of this latter amount represents dues prepaid for the year 1929, and the Treasurer has very recently received some \$300 more, not yet put on deposit at our bank, which is also on account of dues for the next year, beginning May 1st. Taking the present year alone, we have managed to spend almost \$200 more than the year's receipts.

A sincere pleasure that the Treasurer enjoys, is the opportunity to see the letters from our members which accompany the payment of their dues—speaking of the help they have received from the *QUARTERLY* and from the Secretary's office, and of the effort they are making to further the cause of Theosophy. These letters are a help and an inspiration.

Our Balance Sheet reads as follows:

MAY 1, 1927-APRIL 28, 1928

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Current Dues.....	\$ 705.98	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL <i>QUARTERLY</i> (4 numbers).....	\$3195.50
General Contributions, and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL <i>QUARTERLY</i>	592.05	Stationery and supplies.....	135.53
Propaganda Fund.....	1679.40	Postage.....	74.60
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL <i>QUARTERLY</i>	461.39	Rent.....	150.00
	<u>\$3438.82</u>	Telephone.....	57.80
1929 Dues, prepaid.....	76.00	Total Disbursements.....	<u>\$3613.43</u>
Total Receipts.....	<u>\$3514.82</u>	Balance April 28, 1928.....	431.08
Balance April 30, 1927.....	529.69		
	<u>\$4044.51</u>		<u>\$4044.51</u>
<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities</i>	
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank,		1929 Dues, prepaid.....	\$ 76.00
April 28, 1928.....	<u>\$ 431.08</u>	Excess of assets over liabilities.	355.08
			<u>\$ 431.08</u>

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

MR. JOHNSTON: Before asking what action it is your pleasure to take upon the report of the Treasurer, let me say that I listened with some anxiety for the final figures, as unless we had our usual deficit it would not be satisfactory. It is reassuring to find that we have \$100 less in the bank than we had at the beginning of the year!

MR. H. B. MITCHELL: There is no deficit in fact, since all our bills are paid and we have a balance in the bank, although smaller than last year's. The Treasurer is not appealing for special contributions, nor asking that any unusual fund be created, but he would remind members, in the terms used recently by Mr. Johnston, that chairs (and funds) do not arrange themselves.

The report of the Treasurer was accepted with thanks, after a motion duly made and seconded. Mr. H. B. Mitchell then resumed the Chair, and asked for the report of the Committee on Nominations.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The Committee begs to nominate, for two vacancies on the Executive Committee—which, as you know, in addition to the Treasurer, elected annually, consists of six members, elected for a term of three years, the term of two expiring each year, the other four remaining in office—the Committee begs to nominate, to succeed Dr. Keightley and Mr. Perkins,—Dr. Keightley and Mr. Perkins; for Secretary, Miss Perkins; Miss Chickering for Assistant Secretary; for Treasurer, Professor Mitchell, and for Assistant Treasurer, Miss Youngs.

On motion, it was voted that the report of the Committee be adopted and that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the nominees. This was done, and the nominees were declared elected. After certain announcements had been made, the Convention was, on motion, adjourned until 2.30 p.m.

Afternoon Session

The Convention reconvened at the appointed time, and the Chairman called upon the Committee on Letters of Greeting, to report.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

DR. KEIGHTLEY: The Committee has a large number of letters from all parts of the world, from Norway, from Czecho-Slovakia, from Sweden, from various Branches in South America, from the English Branches, and from groups of students in Berlin. First, I will read a cable-gram which Mrs. Griscom has just handed to me, sent to her by members of the Norfolk Branch, "Our heartfelt good wishes for Convention. May it be blessed! [signed] Alice Graves, Espoir and Hope Bagnell." We had the very great pleasure of seeing Mrs. and Miss Bagnell here last year. [After reading from the letters, which are printed in full at the end of this Report, Dr. Keightley asked the Chairman to read a letter sent to him as Treasurer, by the Treasurer of the Aussig Branch, which he did.]

THE CHAIRMAN: Such a letter as this helps us to realize how casually, and as a matter of course, we sometimes regard our being here for Convention, especially those of us who live in New York. It is good for us to get a glimpse of how our distant members, working alone, look forward to the possibility that some one of their number may come,—the contributions of his fellows making it possible for him to do so. The Report of the Committee has brought a great many important considerations before us, and we shall look forward to the opportunity to read these letters in the QUARTERLY, when we may ponder over their significance.

It was moved and seconded that the Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting be accepted with thanks and that the Committee be discharged. This having been voted, the Chairman called for the Report of the Committee on Resolutions.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: Mr. Chairman, I know that the members who are present will miss Miss Hohnstedt, and will be glad to know that she is well, although prevented from attending the Convention owing to the illness of a near relative.

Listening to these reports and letters from so many members who live far away from us, and who in some cases are isolated, brought back to my mind the saying of F. W. Robertson, "What a man can do in conjunction with others does not test the man. Tell us what he can do alone." I venture to suggest that as a test which we might well apply to ourselves.

One advantage of speaking on behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, which reports in the afternoon, as well as speaking as a member of the Executive Committee in the morning, is that the afternoon gives one the opportunity to amend, and if necessary correct, statements

one has made in the morning! I find myself greatly dissatisfied with what I said about medicine, because I spoke of pain as one direction in which science might be of some use, but is not,—to realize, as soon as I had sat down, that anyone who knows anything at all about modern medicine would at once have thought of morphine—that “marvellous modern discovery”. Actually, however, my point was that modern science knows next to nothing about *the causes* of pain. Because it is materialistic, it can only trace the genesis of disease from without within, from below up, and it does not realize that the cause of many if not most diseases is in the mind, and filters down through the psychic body and the astral body and the nerves, into the physical.

No one here would make the mistake of supposing that that implies a mental science attitude or a Christian Science attitude toward disease, because physical facts are physical facts. Some of us would say that symptoms of a disease are nearly always evidence of an effort on the part of nature to throw off that disease through the physical body, and that the best method of treatment is to assist nature in that process. It is not my purpose, however, to attempt an amateur discussion on the subject of medicine, but to suggest that what medicine needs is Theosophy, because until it gets Theosophy it will remain just about as blind as it is to-day.

Then another topic touched upon, which in the nature of things could only be touched upon, was the suggestion that not every member of the Society is doing all that he can to help the Society, or rather, that the load is carried inequitably. There may have been some present who mentally responded: I am doing everything I know how to do. There are in fact some who are doing much; who, outwardly at least, are pulling their full weight. All that they can give, they give. I will not say that anyone is doing his utmost inwardly, but in some cases, the inhibition there is due really to misconception, to self-hypnosis of one kind or another. There are others who really want to help, and who offer, and to whom it seems that their offers are not accepted. They offer to address envelopes, offer to move chairs. When their offers are not accepted, how do they react? I do not believe that they attribute the refusal to the jealousy of the older members, or attribute to them a passion for moving chairs. Clearly, the sensible thing to do is not to blame fate, or the failings of older members, but to ask if it may not be possible that there is some defect or deficiency hidden in oneself. What kind of defect? Well, somebody offers to address envelopes: I happen to know one or two of the younger members whose handwriting is almost illegible and who are perfectly satisfied with it. You could not convince them that it ought to be improved. There are always reasons why it is not just what it ought to be—college, and constantly having to take notes very rapidly—reasons and excuses; no, not an excuse but an “explanation”; and an explanation settles it; there is nothing more to be done. I should suggest that if anyone offers to address envelopes and the offer is not accepted, he should look at his handwriting. You cannot do everything, but, if it be done for the sake of the Movement, there are worse forms of Yoga than to set out to achieve a copper-plate handwriting, absolutely perfect, and in any case legible. It has to be left to the individual to decide just where to draw the line.

Clearly, that may be an indication, not necessarily about handwriting, but about things in general. Suppose the offer is not accepted—there are QUARTERLIES or their envelopes to sort: “very grateful, but somebody else is doing it.” That may be true; but supposing some very well meaning individual has done it before and has kept up an incessant chatter all the time,—talk, talk, talk. It may have been very entertaining, even instructive; but possibly that was not the best time to talk, when other people were trying to do some work and to get things done. There are all kinds of explanations possible.

It is imaginable that somebody says—“Oh, can't I do something?” “What can you do, can you typewrite?” “I can typewrite a little.” Then something is given to be copied. I wonder if you realize how few there are who can copy any kind of paper accurately, so that it does not have to be compared afterwards with the original, by someone really trained to be accurate. There are appallingly few,—and most of them are women. That goes very deep. You can explain it on the ground of an untrained attention, of lack of concentration; but the real explanation is lack of conscience, lack of heart, lack of love of the Movement,—because if your life depended on it, if the life of your child depended upon it, I believe that

you could manage to be accurate. It would not necessarily follow, because during many previous years, you might have fallen into such habits of inaccuracy that even to save your life or that of your child, you could not achieve it. But granted the interest, the devotion, the conscience, the love,—accuracy could be learned.

People talk about chélaship. What do chélas do? Surely the conquest of their defects, for love of their Master and from a desire to serve him, is part of their determination. Suppose then, that a member of the Society wants to help, but, quite unconsciously, cannot resist exploiting himself. He is asked to do something; he does it; puts a good deal of energy, of fire, into it, but unintentionally he does it for the glorification of self. He tells others how much he has done; or he congratulates himself on his superior performance. The trouble is that if self obtrudes itself beyond a certain point in work done for The Theosophical Society, it destroys that which it does. Further, it is more trouble than it is worth,—just trying to get rid of that other person's protruding ego. It used to keep the older people busy most of the time.

Let us assume that in another case, egotism is not the obstacle, but great excitability. Somebody gets extremely excited if anything goes wrong. Then three or four of the so-called Ancients have to come and soothe it down and make it all right again and say "There, there, go home". That takes time and energy, and you would rather have done the task yourself in the first place. So good will is not enough; kindly feeling is not enough; desire to help is not enough. What is needed are those (there is such a thing as the business side of the Society), who are competent to do the work, and who do not require three or four instructors or three or four chélas, or nursemaids, or anything else to see that a thing is done properly. You cannot leave behind all the ordinary qualifications. Any work requires a certain amount of tact, of consideration for others, of self-effacement, of adaptability, as well as good will. So we should examine ourselves as to the directions in which we perhaps could do more than we are doing, and ask ourselves whether the reason we are not doing more is that we are not competent; that because of personal limitations of some kind or other, it is impossible for the Society—and so for the Masters—to use us as we might wish. Much more could be said about that. The truth of the matter is that those who really want to serve the Movement and not themselves, will very soon make themselves efficient and competent. The fight is against the personality. That is the enemy. The barriers exist within ourselves and not outside of ourselves. We all know this theoretically, but the question is, how many of us act upon that knowledge. It is a commonplace that moral defects create mental defects. Vanity carried to a certain point becomes insanity in increasing degree, and so with all of the moral defects without exception. Long before insanity is reached, these defects result in mental blindness, deadness, inability to see anything straight, hopeless lack of judgment. In so far, therefore, as we are able to recognize our mental limitations, we ought to be able to trace them to our moral defects; and it is our moral defects and nothing else that stand in the way of our service of The Theosophical Society.

This may not seem to have much to do with resolutions, but I suggest that it has everything to do with resolutions. It is a question of overcoming the personality. We have been discussing that at recent meetings of the New York Branch. All religions, and Theosophy itself, exist for the purpose of helping us to recognize the personality as our worst obstacle so long as we identify ourselves with it. We must detach ourselves from it, and then learn to use it as it was intended to be used,—as an organ, an obedient instrument. I wonder whether you remember a story told years ago of an aspirant for chélaship who went to a Guru and said, "Please, I want to become a chéla." And the Guru or Adept looked at him intently for several seconds, and then said, "Good; go away and disembodify yourself mentally, and see to it that you stay disembodied." The aspirant for chélaship went away, very much impressed, and for six months he worked at it. At the end of six months, he went back to the Guru and sat before him expectantly. The Guru looked at him and said, "Didn't I tell you to *stay* disembodied?" The aspirant for chélaship disappeared. It took him several years, first to read the riddle, and then to stay disembodied. Finally he did it. This has a great deal to do with work for The Theosophical Society. It is not a counsel of perfection. It is a

perfectly simple suggestion which may be acted upon. We must disembody ourselves mentally, and see to it that we stay disembodied.

There is a certain refreshing breeziness about that story which ought to remove some of the misunderstanding about Masters. It was said by someone the other day—not by me—that there are those in the Society who are becoming too much "Christianized"; that they are too much inclined to think of a Master as someone you sit by and whose hand you hold, and who loves you very much. Of course, that would be a grievous misunderstanding. I can not believe anybody is really guilty of it. But I wonder if all of us realize the terrible virility of Masters. In any case, I think that our conception of them needs to be changed continually. Whatever our idea of Masters a year ago, at the last Convention, to-day our idea of them ought to be truer, ought to be higher; we certainly ought to have eliminated a great many false notions about them. It has been said of the people of India that they are astonishingly tenacious of ideas and customs; that they are very faithful to the past—or used to be—but they have never been good eliminators; they never get rid of anything, never discard anything; and that this is one explanation of why they are to-day so dead spiritually, in a great many cases. We should watch ourselves for that, and see to it that we get rid of wrong ideas, of false conceptions—and there are many false conceptions when it comes to Masters and their character, and to chelaship and what it involves. We must not confuse it with what goes by the name of saintliness among religious people. I almost regret that we ever used the word discipleship, because it has been so cheapened. It just means, for some people, paddling around in pious feelings.

I am afraid that I have been sounding pessimistic. I do not feel pessimistic. In fact, we must not allow ourselves to be pessimistic. Anybody can see the clouds. The trouble is to see the silver lining. We must learn to take a true view of facts. It was partly for that that The Theosophical Society was founded; it was altogether for that, if you interpret "facts" widely enough, broadly enough. Life, of course, must be seen for what it is,—always remembering that it is never the same for any two people. We cannot afford to dogmatize about it, to speak of it in universal terms; but we must at any cost outgrow the notion that the purpose of life on earth is that we may have "a good time"; that we have a right to happiness. We must leave it to fools to imagine that their right to the pursuit of happiness is worth anything. If they want to exercise the right, they can do so; but they will never find happiness if they pursue it. The further our experience of life penetrates, the more clearly one realizes that it is like the frontline trenches in France. All of us know from what we have read that no two men agree as to just what the experience was like. For some it was undiluted hell. For others it was purgatory. For a few it was paradise. How could it have been paradise? Not by pretending that the facts were other than they were. Everything was inconceivably horrible: around them a hell of noise, a hell of odour; within them a hell of nerves, of responsibility—every sort of hell; yet, because they had surrendered life itself and all that they were and possessed, because of the completeness and perfection of their renunciation, they found for themselves a world of immortality. It is our own fault if we cannot do the same thing here in New York. If we fail to do it, let us not blame others, or fate. Not that any of us can do it to perfection; but let us at least see honestly where the trouble lies. It must lie in incompleteness of self-surrender. On the other hand, without being pessimistic, we must see things as they are, remembering that all the Mahatmas, from the beginning of time, have told us that physical life begins with pain, is carried on with pain, and ends with pain.

That reminds me of another thing: if you should ever find your personality saying it has made some kind of sacrifice for The Theosophical Society or for discipleship, *kill it*—because it will not be true. It cannot possibly be true, and it is an intolerable untruth, for the reason, among many others, that "I go for refuge to the Buddha". No one can go to a Master, or within ten thousand miles of a Master, with a sacrifice in his hands; he goes for refuge from the world, and he has not reached the point in evolution when contact with the Lodge is conceivable so long as he says to himself, "I have sacrificed". You will remember about the girl who gave up skirt dancing for astrology. You may be able to imagine a girl saying, "Yes, I will give

up skirt dancing, I will sacrifice skirt dancing, for the sake of discipleship"—and being almost bowed down with wonder at herself for the sacrifice she has made! Have some of us here ever thought of ourselves as surrendering the equivalent of skirt dancing, or the equivalent of astrology,—and been pleased with ourselves for the sacrifice we have made?—the "joys of life" left behind, to become chélas. Well, try again, try again, little man!

Thus, by the study of human nature as it is, as we see it around us—as, alas, we ought to be able to recognize it in the elementals that we drag about with us, that we call the personality, and with which we perpetually identify ourselves—we ought to learn to recognize the voice of the devil. It was suggested by a friend, a day or two ago, that it is sheer nonsense for people to complain, as they do complain, that they cannot recognize the voice of God, the voice of the Masters, when they listen all day long to the voice of the devil. Why is it that they do not recognize the voice of the devil, and cannot recognize the voice of the Masters? It is because they are listening, entranced, morning, noon and night, to what they take to be their own voices, to their own interior chatter; and without discrimination, without realizing that right discrimination would enable them to hear all three worlds within themselves. Let us make a brave resolution to sacrifice the delights of our own mental conversation. We shall get somewhere if we do that.

It is amazing how simple these things really are; even more amazing is the number of resolutions that ought to be made, particularly at a Convention of The Theosophical Society; and we cannot make too many resolutions,—so long as they are kept. It is splendid, however, if you make one, and really keep it and work it through to its logical end; because if you make one good resolution and really keep it—keep not only its letter but its spirit—you will arrive where you want to arrive. You will find the Supreme. Nothing can stop you. The Convention of The Theosophical Society would then be magnificently fruitful. If one person here were really to reach that goal as the result of a Convention, the future of the Society would be assured.

I am going to ask Dr. Torrey to be so kind (as one of the other members of the Committee on Resolutions) as to take charge of certain formal resolutions.

DR. TORREY: The resolutions read: First: that Mr. Johnston be requested and authorized to reply to letters of greeting. Second: that the Convention authorizes visits of officers of the Society to Branches. Third: that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality extended during the Convention.

I am sure that we have been very much amazed, and rightly so, at the things that Mr. Hargrove has been saying. If these things be true, we are in the condition that exists in some universities to-day, where heads of departments are forced to do the work that men farther down should be doing, simply because they want the thing done right and must therefore do it themselves. The mechanical work should be done by those who are not yet ready to take up the higher kind of work. If we are not ready to do the mechanical work now, how can we be ready to do the higher kind of work when those who are doing it have gone on; and what is going to happen if the thing breaks down?

In addition, I want to express my own deep gratitude for the reception accorded to us here to-day. I am sure we all feel the same way. That is a part of my own resolution.

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

THE CHAIRMAN: Of course, any discussion of the Report of the Committee should have taken place before, rather than after, that Report was acted upon by the Convention. I am quite out of order, and will sit down if anybody tells me to; but pending their so instructing me, there is one comment I wish to make. What Mr. Hargrove has said to us is recognizably true of each and every one of us. We have all, I am sure, found a way in which what he said applied to ourselves, and have seen something we can do about it,—resolutions that we, individually, can make. I want to add one other suggestion to the practical ones which he outlined. That is, if anybody wishes to help in this Movement, he should stay around, so as to be available when things have to be done. People must not only be competent, able to do the job and to do it without its being too expensive, but they must be available to do it.

If there is something to be done here, and the competent man is in Albany or Oshkosh, he is of no use. That means that we must be content to stand available, even when, apparently, there is nothing for us to do. I think that is a practical suggestion, so I make it. Perhaps I should add: be around without being too much "under foot".

We have reached now the point where, having heard the written word from our distant members—in this case bringing back to us so vividly the presence of many of them at our Convention last year—we can hear from those who are with us in person; from those Branches which have a delegate here to give us their report and good wishes, by word of mouth instead of by letter.

MISS EVANS: I have nothing very different to report this year from other years. We have held our meetings regularly and they are regularly attended. Our membership is small and it has grown very little this year. Our work is informal in character. It hardly seems possible to do it in any other way, with such a small membership. We use the *QUARTERLY* very constantly, and some reading from the standard books, and we try always to have discussion of some topic that is very much in the public eye,—something that we should make up our minds about as a community. That is the basis of our meetings, and all that I have to report.

MISS WALLACE: I have often longed for such an opportunity as this, to express appreciation of these Conventions and all that they bring to us. I hope that now we shall be able to go back home and to free ourselves from those hindrances which have been so clearly pointed out here,—so that we can put into our work for the T. S. some of the ardour and devotion that is characteristic of the spirit of this Convention.

MR. WAFFENSMITH: First, I must express our gratitude that we could again attend Convention. In Cincinnati our work consists of a public meeting, once a month, at which papers are presented by different members, and are discussed. The rest of our meetings are for members only, and these are devoted to a study class in *The Secret Doctrine*, which has been of such interest and help that it was continued even during the hot months of summer. As recent members, Mrs. Waffensmith and I feel very grateful to those who have maintained the Cincinnati Branch so zealously—keeping the door open until the time came when we could enter it. Theosophy represents to us an open door, and this year I feel that I can pitch my tent a little closer than I could last year.

MR. LEONARD: I remember the admonitions of those who spoke at prior Conventions that we speak what is in our hearts, and I shall endeavour to do that rather than to speak to the subject matter that has been discussed here to-day,—on account of my inability to do so. When I left the West Coast for the East Coast, my objective—the same as with all of you—was a true spiritual centre. The thought has been current in my mind: how fortunate is the Karma of merit of a certain few which enables them to establish a connection between the world and the Lodge of Masters, a link of salvation; and how fortunate has it been for those members of this Society who have had continuous association at this centre; and how fortunate are they who infrequently contact it; and even how fortunate are those members who have even been prevented from attending,—fortunate in the sense that they are members of the Society and that they have the *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY* as a connecting link. I am happy to be here—in common with your happiness—and when we return to our respective homes, let us take with us some of the available fire for our own regeneration, that we may become better instruments of service in the Cause of the Masters, realizing the great gifts that the Masters bestowed upon us in the restoration of the ancient Truth in the western world which has made possible this meeting here to-day. In loving gratitude to the Masters, we should resolve, in some way at least, to make reciprocal gifts to them, in some way seriously to try to understand ourselves, that we may be better able to checkmate the impediments to our own development, to know that we are divinely equipped, and to learn how to use that equipment for the purpose for which it is intended.

In regard to theosophical activities, some may plead lonely isolation, but it would seem that is due to a misguided imagination. A Master said, Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Permit me to read a brief passage from Robert Browning's *Paracelsus*. Paracelsus is speaking to Festus:

" . . . from childhood I have been possessed
 By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or fierce,
 As from without some master, so it seemed,
 Repressed or urged its current: this but ill
 Expresses what I would convey: but rather
 I will believe an angel ruled me thus,
 Than that my soul's own workings, own high nature,
 So became manifest. . . ."

At the last Convention, both Mr. Johnston and Mr. Hargrove referred to the presence at these annual Convention meetings of departed former earnest workers in the Theosophical Movement,—to me a very natural procedure. I merely refer to it at this time to remind us of the continuity of conscious life on all planes, during a day of Brahma. In the *Gita*, Krishna speaking, we read: I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. Also in the *Gita*, we read: There is no non-existence for that which exists.

It is opportune at this time to speak of theosophical activities, and perhaps it may interest you to know somewhat of the activity on the West Coast. Pacific Branch of Los Angeles holds weekly meetings, every other meeting being devoted to the *Secret Doctrine* class. Our subjects are typed and mailed out to non-resident members, and to some non-members who have requested it, some of whom are subscribers to the *QUARTERLY*. We have a circulating library, and standard theosophical books for sale. Our librarian, Mrs. Winston, has charge of it. She superintends the re-binding of old magazines and old books and the binding of new volumes of the *QUARTERLY*. She also looks after the money resulting from the sale of books. We circulate copies of the *QUARTERLY* among the principal libraries of California and adjacent states,—beginning in Eureka in the Sierras, then south to San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Palo Alto where Stanford University is located, San José, and thence further south to San Diego; then to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Arizona, to Reno and Carson City, Nevada, and to Honolulu. In addition, we furnish copies of the *QUARTERLY* to three ministers of the Gospel, with whom we communicated and who signified their willingness to receive the *QUARTERLY*,—one of them is a Presbyterian minister. We also have quite a lot of miscellaneous correspondence to attend to, and other matters which require our entire attention all through the year. We never cease to be active during any month in the year.

At the last Convention, Mr. Hargrove said that speakers on these occasions rise to their feet in a sort of agony, from a sense of their immense responsibility, and that always they are dissatisfied with themselves for what they have said. No doubt that is true, and I am referring to it for a purpose. To me, personally, it is due to the fact that we come here more as recipients than with the idea of our ability to make a worthy contribution. In a sense, we who come here from distant places are little children, but less little children than certain little children to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude.

MR. DOWER: The best I can say is that Syracuse is still on the theosophic map. Recently I was re-reading Mr. Judge's *Echoes from the Orient* and was struck with what he said there about this map. It set me to thinking about different ways in which it might be possible to call attention to the work that we are trying to do in Syracuse. The response is not what I wish it were, especially as it is evident that Theosophy is very much needed,—but how to get it to the people who are reaching out their hands for something, they know not what, is a problem that we, in Syracuse, have not yet solved.

MRS. ROSE: Perhaps the best way to express our feeling is to say that Convention is the one real thing of the year for the members of Hope Branch. We have been carrying on the same activities as last year, public meetings in which we discuss the Convention Reports and the Reports of the New York Branch meetings, and a study class, devoted this year to Emerson's Essays. We are very grateful for the privilege of receiving the Report of the New York Branch meetings, and for the fact that through them we may look to those older students who are sometimes called "the Ancients". We are especially thankful for the

QUARTERLY articles by Mr. Johnston, Mr. Griscom and other regular contributors,—some of them we have not seen, but still they are personal friends of ours and we find ourselves turning to them for help. We feel that we have little to give to the Society, but we can give our gratitude.

MRS. LAKE: What Mrs. Rose has said is pre-eminently true of our Branch. We come here in the spirit of longing and expecting to receive, knowing that we are going to get more than enough to go upon until the next Convention, with its fresh inspiration, comes around. I fear we are too far away to be allowed to help set the chairs, using Mr. Johnston's figure, and if we attempted them I am sure that most of them would be crooked. This is my tenth Convention, and I have been asking myself what use I have made of that wonderful privilege. The first Convention, I well remember, was largely a maze to me, but there has been progress—and now I can see a straight path ahead; but there remain the terrible barriers of the personality which make it exceedingly difficult, at times, to keep to the path one sees. To-day it has been made plain to us what we have to do, and now it only remains to do it.

MR. FORBES: It gives Mrs. Forbes and myself great happiness to be at this Convention. There are now three members in Chattanooga. At present we are not able to meet regularly, so have no organized work. Now and again, we encounter those who wish to know what Theosophy is, what it offers as an explanation of life. This gives us an opportunity to lend Theosophical literature and help in any way we can.

Having a young member has recently brought us in contact with a number of young people, who are dissatisfied with orthodox religious teachings, which no longer have any authority for them. There are those who seem to be, at first, rather repelled by the name "Theosophy", and the reading we have suggested is not directly Theosophical, but along the lines of the *Inward Light*, the *Creed of Buddha* and the *Creed of Christ*. They may be thus led to co-ordinate the Christian teaching they have had with the other great religions,—and so gradually come to see the universal and fundamental truths underlying them all and, also, their supporting and complementary relation to the highest thought and feeling of our time. With this gained, and a great gain it would be, they may be ready to go on to the definitely Theosophical teachings, or so we hope.

One would like to say how valuable the QUARTERLY is. It brings a personal and individual message, helping with difficulties, opening up fresh vistas, and shedding light on the problem of the moment. The words, "As his growth slowly develops his intelligence", have been running in my mind for many weeks. Looking back, to-day, four years since I was here, it is with astonishment that one sees how slowly one's intelligence does grow! Mr. Hargrove's address, pointing out to us so clearly the defection of our moral nature, must make us more strongly resolve to elevate our desires and grow in intelligence, so that we may discern and act.

MR. BRYANT: The worst in me comes out at Convention, and the best takes its place,—but I am ashamed and sorry to say that the effect of the last Convention has become thin and attenuated by the time the next one comes along. I think I have discovered a plan that will extend the happiness and benefit that the Convention brings, for, if this one which lasts only a day can do as much for me as it does, clearly I must find a way to extend it. So I plan to go home and put on a 364 day Convention there, by myself. One of my problems will be to find a way of being as theosophically minded throughout my long Convention as one finds it comparatively easy to be here.

DR. TORREY: Perhaps it would be interesting to you to hear of what we are trying to do in the little study class at Amherst. We have been working this year on Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy* and also on some articles from the QUARTERLY. We start at seven-thirty and end at ten o'clock,—and then have to be thrown out! One of the many things that we need to do is to learn to read. People simply do not understand terms and words,—force, energy, matter, will, spirit. They have such a hazy idea of the connotation of such words that they find it very difficult to understand what they denote. We must try to get down to bed rock bottom before we can properly build. This seems elementary, yet I have been surprised to find grown people say that they have never learned to study in that way. They have gone through school

where they were passed on, from one grade to another, in order to get rid of them,—and they now have to learn what sentences mean!

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members, I think the first thing we all want to do is to give some expression to our gratitude,—gratitude that we are here, gratitude for what it means to be here. The things I have had in my heart to say have been said, for the most part, and I think it is only a question of phrasing them slightly differently and perhaps bringing several things together.

Take what was written in a letter to the Treasurer: "We are seizing the moment of inspiration to start a little fund". Could there be a better keynote for all of us than to seize the moment of inspiration to start a little fund of spiritual capital with which to buy eyesalve that we may see! Every time we place a chair, every time we address an envelope with that intention, we may start our fund of spiritual capital. That is the first thing for us to do.

In thinking of Convention, I asked myself what the facts were, and what they meant. We know the facts: that we are here at a Convention of The Theosophical Society, founded by the Masters, founded in order to bring to the world a knowledge of its destiny and of its own heart's desire. Several years ago, the simile was used of the members of the Society as besiegers standing on the captured wall of a city, in which was imprisoned the world's desire. Several other walls remained to be taken, but they had surmounted one, and knew that within was the world's desire, the world's happiness, the world's goal. It is knowledge of that goal which the Masters wish to bring to mankind and for which they founded The Theosophical Society. Furthermore, it is the heart's desire of every one in this room,—that life which the Theosophical Movement points out, the spiritual life, the life of service of the Masters, of chelaship. The point I want to make is, that that is the heart's desire of every one of us here, our path, our goal, our one hope of happiness.

Mr. Hargrove spoke of those who come with "sacrifice" in their hands as being ten thousand miles from the Masters. It is not, and cannot be, sacrifice, because it is the path of our own happiness—a fact that we ought immediately to forget, for we are not to do it from that motive, but because it is the path for the world, and that is what the Society exists for, to bring it to the world.

I asked myself what the Masters who founded the Society would like to have us bring here as we come to its Convention. Gratitude, of course, infinite gratitude; and after that, recognition—recognition of the facts, recognition of what it is that is offered to us, of what it is that we are looking at; recognition, first, of the fact that the Master at the head of our Ray has given to each one of us, as our heart's desire, that path and that goal, chelaship, the life of the spirit. Because that ideal had become so overlaid, so hidden from our view, that unaided we never should have found it, never should have recognized it, buried as it was beneath the heaped up débris of self,—they have brought down, through the Theosophical Movement, a representation of that pearl of great price, that, seeing it outwardly we may recognize it inwardly, and recognizing it inwardly we may follow it and give ourselves to it wholly and completely.

It is comparatively easy to see that here. We come here and recognize perhaps, that it is our heart's desire. We recognize now something of the infinite value of the experience of the older members, of our need for it, something of the world's need for it; and now we long to receive it, to draw out all that we can of it, to take it into ourselves, and to register it there permanently. This is the moment of inspiration that we ought to seize. Unfortunately, it does not always last. We do not always know, as we know at this moment, that it is our heart's desire, that there is and can be no such thing as sacrifice in service. So we must seize the moment of inspiration now, must remember it, impress it upon ourselves, go forward with faith and courage that does not permit of doubt, resolve now that we will not permit ourselves to doubt for one moment that it is our heart's desire,—so that when the inspiration, now being given us as a free gift, has passed, and darkness has come on again, we shall go on in that darkness like a traveller caught in the night, who sees, by a lightning flash, his home and his goal, and turns his face toward it. The night may come down again, he may stumble over rocks and roots, but he has seen his direction, and his goal, and he knows the way. Now is

the time to impress that on our minds, so that when the darkness comes we may be prepared to hold steadily on our path, and may go on "placing our chairs", and clearing the channel to the consciousness which is the deepest desire of our own souls.

MR. PERKINS: While Mr. Hargrove was speaking to-day of the need for new *chêlas* from the ranks of the Society, I was asking myself, how many of us does he mean? I tried to reason it out: how many of us are there here to-day who, when we woke this morning, knew that it was the same man or woman who went to sleep last night? During the period of unconsciousness of the body, there had been a thread of consciousness that had continued. We knew this morning—we were positive of it—that the man who woke is the same man who went to sleep. We have been told so many times that a similar continuity of consciousness ought to last over the periods that we call death. If there be this continuity of consciousness, then we also know that there is a continuity of responsibility and of opportunity, because these always go with consciousness.

I was reading some letters that Madame Blavatsky wrote to the Conventions of our Society in the last three or four years before her death, in 1891. She was making an appeal. She was telling us of the period of psychism into which the world was going, into which we, as members of the Society, were sure to pass. She was making an appeal—to us—to all members who would come into the Society afterwards—just the same appeal that Mr. Hargrove has made to-day. It comes down to us, from Madame Blavatsky, from Mr. Judge. The echo of that call comes even from those who have served the Lodge in former ages, when Theosophy was probably known under another name. Through whatever channel the urge may come to us, an answer must be made, a resolution must be carried into act and life. May it be that of selfless service of the Eternal, of the Lodge—the resolve to *chêlaship*.

DR. CLARK: Often when I try to speak to friends about the theosophical life, speaking in as guarded a manner as I can, they receive an impression that I should like to drag them from a pleasant garden, which they much enjoy, for the purpose of imprisoning them in what would be to them a vale of tears. Some of those friends appear to be well fitted to enter the ranks of the Theosophical Movement, and it always disappoints me that I cannot share with them truths that are my most precious possession. A similar difficulty may have troubled other members. What help can be found for such a problem?

The life and work of the poet Virgil seem to throw light upon the matter. From what is written in the sixth book of his *Æneid* (teaching concerning Karma and Reincarnation), Virgil might be thought of as having a foothold in the spiritual world which would lead him to view the material world as little better than a shadow, as an abyss of misery. It is just that view of worldly life that his verse expresses, his most quoted phrase being *lacrimæ rerum*, the "tears of things". What impression, however, do people who are not interested in Theosophy receive, century after century, from this theosophical verse, if we may so regard it? An incident in the life of Edmund Gosse seems a typical answer to that question. As a boy of nine years, Gosse was being starved in a narrow world of sectarian dogma from which everything that savoured of the imagination had been rigorously excluded. One afternoon, in a spell of day-dreaming, the elder Gosse repeated aloud some Virgilian lines remembered from school-days. Immediately, the boy was on his feet, crying out in excitement: "What is that, Father? what is that?" Although the father would not satisfy his son's questioning, that single repetition fixed the lines in the boy's memory, and gave him entrance into a new and magical world.

Why should Virgil's poetry have that effect upon so many persons? Something of the devotion that Virgil put into the composition of his verse, we know—that he amended it assiduously, so that a solitary line would sometimes be the only result of a whole day's effort. Stricken with mortal illness at an early age, he was cut off from the ten years of revision that he had planned for the *Æneid*, and directed that it should be burned on account of its lack of finish. Only the Emperor's intervention rescued the manuscript from the flames, for grateful posterity. It is those crude (to Virgil's judgment) verses that have opened to many men the gate into an enchanted world.

Is not the conclusion obvious? Virgil put heart and mind and soul into his opportunity.

Alien though his form of expression may be, there is, nevertheless, something in the very atmosphere of his verse that can lift modern men out of their cramped, material interests into larger vistas. If, in our turn, we were to put heart and mind and soul into the very great opportunity that is ours—to live the theosophical life—might not the consequence be somewhat similar? In speaking to friends about the truths of theosophy, our faulty words might be permeated with an atmosphere of devotion through which some one might rise above the doubts and debates of his own mind to the nobler planes of life.

MR. LADOW: Two or three speakers this afternoon have made reference to the fire from above and to our need to seize it and to keep it. This recalls a question asked at a recent meeting of the New York Branch, which unfortunately I cannot quote exactly. The purport of it was this: What must we do to act rightly? Is it always necessary to go and find the fire from heaven, to reach up for it—must we always go through that gesture, that motion? It has occurred to me many times during the Convention that we need not go far to find that fire; that the Masters have made it easy for us to find it, for it is here; it surrounds us; it is the one life which bathes us. Here and now, we have the opportunity to come in contact with a real spiritual life. The trouble is with ourselves. Our personal consciousness tends automatically to respond, not to the pure fire from above, but to its reflection in matter. Our instinctive desires—and that means our instinctive impulses to action—are brought into being by the fact that all that seems to interest us when we are not being coddled along, is the dregs of life, its shadows, things which appear so ridiculous here to-day, and yet who knows whether, in a week, they may not again assume a titanic shape.

How have we fallen into such bad habits? One answer is that we have persisted, life after life, in giving attention to a certain kind of pernicious thought, and in yielding ourselves to a certain kind of pernicious action, until we have built up an unreal self which lives by wrong thought and by wrong action. What we have got to do is to build a new self. We must cease to be immersed in the material and psychic manifestations of the one life, and must learn to respond to its spiritual manifestations.

It has been said this afternoon, as it has been said again and again, ever since the time of Lucifer and Prometheus who first brought the fire from heaven, that the way to begin to build this new self is to pay attention to thoughts which we know pertain to the real, and to act deliberately, even though it be against the grain, in accordance with all that we can understand of our duty. Like many ancient truths, this sounds like a platitude. But a platitude often contains a spark of the Eternal Wisdom.

MR. AUCHINCLOSS: Mr. Chairman, my mind has been turning all day long, and my heart too (especially since the reading of the letters of greeting) to those members who were here last year, who came from such long distances,—Colonel Knoff, Mrs. Bagnell and others. At this time a year ago there were many of us who had wanted to know and meet them. When we did meet them, there was nothing strange about it at all. We knew them already and had always known them. This year, they are not here, but they are not absent and never will be absent again. I should like to thank them for one of the things they did by coming last year: they emphasized the closeness of the tie that binds us here with all the members of the Movement in distant parts of the earth. Time and space and distance simply do not exist, really! It is not that we are sorry they are not present to-day, and that we miss them; but that we are so glad they are here with us.

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: Mr. Chairman, I do not think that any of us could have listened to what was said this morning and again this afternoon, with an undercurrent at times that seemed almost of desperation, without finding it in our hearts to respond, to want to offer ourselves again, to want to make good in the way that those older and wiser wish us to make good.

Year after year at Convention, we have heard this appeal. Year after year, to a certain extent, our hearts have responded. We have wished to do this thing, to give ourselves, to pass through the gate. The fact that that appeal is made again to-day is, to a certain extent, proof positive that we have not achieved that which the "Ancients" hoped we might achieve. We have not done it and yet we want to, and we must tell them that we want to, and that we are here for the one purpose and desire of trying to make sufficient resolution, *really* this time,

to succeed,—not for our own sakes but for their sakes, for the sake of the Masters who founded this Society and the Theosophical Movement.

I was thinking during lunch why it was that as part of what Mr. Hargrove had to say to us this morning, he spoke about science and the limitations of science. Obviously there are many of us who are looking for the best in science, who have seen it grow and improve since the time when Madame Blavatsky first began her attacks against dogmatism and narrow-mindedness. But there must be something deeper, and it occurred to me to apply the principles, the mistaken attitudes of science, to oneself, and to discover if possible whether we ourselves are children of our generation, which is, at present, pre-eminently a generation given over to science (it looks to science for its ideals and its religion), whether we are not children of our generation, at least in part of our natures, doing the same thing and making the same mistakes. The answer to that is, Yes. Science wants to study facts. It says it does not, cannot, know very much about religion and the spiritual life. To a certain extent, we are doing the same thing,—looking at our natures, problems, difficulties, and up to a certain point recognizing them, studying them; but constantly we exclude the light of the spiritual world. We do not apply the principles of the spiritual life to the facts of everyday existence. Because of that, we are unable to cope with, properly to interpret and understand our own lower natures. They run away with us. They lead us astray. They take us where we do not wish to go,—just as science with all its inventive ability is finding that its discoveries are being used for the destruction of mankind—its guns, its murderous gases and so forth. We have more opportunity to save ourselves to-day than the scientist, because at least we have some understanding, some recognition of spiritual law and of the spiritual world. We see ourselves as a house divided against itself, a higher nature and a lower nature; and somehow or other we have got to discover how to apply, to bring down the principles of the spiritual life which we desire, which we respond to here at these Conventions, into the facts of our personalities.

The last paragraph in the April issue of the "Screen of Time" has already been referred to, where it was suggested that the keynote of this Convention would be silence or stillness, and that it was hoped that people leaving this Convention would speak not so much of its force as of its stillness. There we could make a practical application of how to bridge the gap between our understanding and recognition of the spiritual world, limited as that understanding may be, and of the world of our daily consciousness, the facts of everyday life. We could attempt daily to feel something of the silence, of the note of spiritual sound as the *Voice of the Silence* paraphrases it,—that voice of the silence of which we are dimly conscious here at Convention time. I believe that if we took only five minutes or three minutes, every day out of the three hundred and sixty-five between us and the next Convention, and sought the silence, sought that which we feel in the background of all that has been said, looked for the depth in the heart of this Convention, contributed to by the hearts of each individual member both here and here in spirit,—if we made it a practice for three minutes, five minutes, every day between now and the next Convention to retire into ourselves, and seek that silence and what else is hidden therein, it would go a long way to enable us to do and to accomplish that which the "Ancients" are asking of us.

MR. SAXE: It is not surprising that our minds should all move along about the same line toward the end of Convention to-day. What little I have to say is not very different from what has already been said. An experience which we all had as children was something like this: we were at school; we were seven, eight or nine years old; we were trying to study our lesson. We looked up for a moment from our book to the teacher. He motioned to us to come up to his desk. Our heart beat faster. We went, and were given a very important commission—to go upstairs, two flights up, to the principal's office, where we never had been sent before, to give him a message,—a message that the class would be ready in ten minutes. That did not mean much to us, perhaps, but we knew it was *very* important! We went down the hall. Other boys may have been in the hall or on the stairs and they may have called to us, but they were of no importance in comparison with our commission. We went upstairs, found the principal, delivered our message, and went back again to our room with a feeling of accomplishment and relief in our hearts.

We have all had the experience of having an important message to deliver. It is a feeling and consciousness that we are well acquainted with. We can use that knowledge and experience to carry out some of the ideas which have been presented to us so clearly to-day, because obviously each and every one of us will have a message, and that message may be expressed in many different ways. One way would be to remember that we have a message to give to the world when we start out each morning—a message of what I might call the atmosphere, the consciousness of the T. S. Convention. In other words, whether we are walking up the street, or whether we are in our office or in our church, or wherever we are, to the extent that we are able to recall the consciousness, the feeling, the point of view which we have when at Convention—better still, perhaps, to use our imaginations, and to see that consciousness of ours as like unto a little spring, trickling into the muddy pool of the world's atmosphere—to that extent, at least, we shall be contributing to the Cause, and helping the world around us.

Of course, such a suggestion as this might easily be misunderstood. It might add to our feeling of self-importance, or its meaning be twisted in many ways, but I do not believe there is danger of this. Such a line of thought has sometimes been of help to me, and it comes to me forcibly at this time.

MR. MILLER: I am sure that all the members of the New York Branch share with me the feeling to which Mr. Auchincloss referred, of the great comradeship that we experience in having with us our members from distant points, and, having once known them, of regarding them as with us in spirit thereafter. We know that we have a common mind and common experience, and it seems to me that the same thought applies to those who have gone before and whose pictures are on the walls,—the founders of the Movement and those who have done so much for it since.

That brings me to something that was said to-day by Mr. Hargrove and Professor Mitchell in the way of calling our attention to what we might do and are not doing. It seems to me that a gentle hint, such as the statement that the burden is inequitably distributed, should shame us into seeing that that condition does not continue. Also, Professor Mitchell's suggestion that we can simply stand by, waiting, reminds us that "they also serve who only stand and wait". In order to be ready to serve, we must do something to make ourselves fit, and if we have not been called upon in various directions in which we have imagined ourselves fit, it is our duty to inquire what is lacking in us. That is where the keynote of the Convention comes in: only in silence and by quietly searching ourselves can we discover what these hindrances are.

Those of us who have come to these Conventions for five years, ten years or more, have perhaps fallen into the condition to which Mr. Box referred, when he spoke last year of admonition after admonition. We have perhaps been beaten into a sort of insensibility; but the reason for that is that we have not acted on these admonitions. They fall on deaf ears. To revert to what was said this morning, those of us who are responsible for this inequitable distribution of the work should recognize the fact that a sense of decency and of loyalty to our leaders should compel us to see that this condition is remedied.

MR. KOBBE: I have little to add, but I should like to thank, on behalf of myself and perhaps of others who are members of the New York Branch, those delegates from out of town who are here to-day, and also the members-at-large. I think it is delightful,—the way they tell us that they come to receive and have nothing to give, and then stand up and give! It is a very good lesson also to many of us who are here all the time—we who are so beautifully hedged in as we know—to compare ourselves with those who stand somewhere alone, out of town, in the outposts, on the frontiers. There is not the hedging in there, that we have. It seemed to me this morning that those appeals that were made could be especially taken to mind and heart by those of us whose privilege it is to be living here in New York.

There have been many remarks made about the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, and I was hoping that somebody would mention that the April number is Volume XXV, No. 100. I should love to see that written into the records of this Convention.

I have been thinking also of how we can best apply in some practical way what was said this morning about not "leaning on", but carrying on. I have been looking for something

that would apply, not only to us who are here all the time, but to those who are out of town, some of them at a great distance. All who have come from out of town and have spoken to us, and most of the letters from distant Branches, have expressed in one way or another gratitude to the *QUARTERLY*, gratitude to the editors of the *QUARTERLY*. There is one absolutely practical way, it seems to me, that every one of us can carry, and not "lean on". We all have duties, and this can be put into each and every one of them. It is that we should consider ourselves, each and every one of us, as continually contributing to the *QUARTERLY*, whether we write a line for it or not—because The Theosophical Society has a common mind, has an oversoul, and as we contribute to that oversoul we contribute to the *QUARTERLY*; and we can do that, all of us, all the time, wherever we may be and whatever we have to do.

MR. ARMSTRONG: I have felt it a great privilege to be here to-day. I think we all get a large amount of inspiration from these Conventions. That which stands out particularly in my mind as the result of what has been said this morning and this afternoon, when we younger members were admonished "to do something about it", is that the most difficult part of it is to begin. It has been my own experience and that of other young engineers, that when we attempt to design a piece of apparatus, we are inclined to sit and wonder where to put the first line. It frequently seems as if the hardest thing in designing the apparatus were to decide where to put that first line—just as though it mattered. It does not really matter, because you can always rub it out and put it somewhere else. The difficulty that we face is to begin; and all I can say about it is that the important thing is to put that first line, that first act, *somewhere*. I think it is probably much better to make a mistake and put it in the wrong place, than it is to sit wondering where to put it.

DR. WOODWORTH: I have been asking myself why we are so slow to do these things that we are told are expected of us. Not only are there many lines pointed out to us, but everything seems to point in the same direction. One of the members was suggesting to me that whether in music, in art, or in daily life, there are always things that point toward the door that is open. It is mostly a question of making up our minds to get busy.

MISS RICHMOND: One thought about chelaship has been going through my mind, especially while Mr. Griscom was talking. We have heard all our lives: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." What would happen if we all really believed it!

THE CHAIRMAN: If there be no further business to come before us, we have drawn near to the time when we ought to adjourn. I have one thing to confess,—something I want to say. Every little while I find myself insulting the intelligence of those who come here. It is an anonymous insult. I do not attach doubts and suspicions to anyone in particular, but I ask myself: is it possible that someone thinks thus and so,—in a way in which a really intelligent and sensible person would not think. The question in my mind at the present time, having heard much said of the "Ancients" and of the younger members, and of the inequitableness of the distribution of the burden,—my insult to the intelligence of my anonymous hearer is to wonder whether he thinks that the "Ancients" believe that they are adequate to their tasks, have been carrying their share of the burden, have been aiding, as they ardently long to aid, the Masters whose Movement this is.

I said that the terrible thing about what Mr. Hargrove was saying to us was its truth, its application to each and every one of us,—our inadequacy: the way in which we permit something that seems only a small and unconsidered weakness, some little self-indulgence that we do not really care a rap about, to stand in the way of a service that with all our hearts we long to render and do not render. If some of us are overburdened, the Masters and their chélas may have to take our places so constantly that they are more overburdened still. The truth of what Mr. Hargrove was saying applies to all members. It applies most keenly to those who most long to serve: they are the most conscious of the inadequacy of their service.

Another question is whether or not this Convention will seem to you, as you go out, to have been marked by silence, and whether a word of reconciliation may not be necessary between that keynote and what I, at least, did my utmost to urge you to feel, and that is that you are called to battle, called to a test which will search all you are, and which you can only pass

as you give all you are; and that that test is not in some remote future, but is now, at hand. Superficially that seems not quite in consonance with silence, and yet science itself—and I was told that I was overkind to science, and I agree—science, even as taught and misrepresented, is beginning to suggest to us that stillness, if pushed to its extreme, can be as potent a force as any that is known. We have but to cool substances below that point of inner agitation which now marks them—that constant interplay and interference and eddy currents of atom against atom—we have but to cool substances down to stillness, to find that we are generating in them an explosive force that may utterly disrupt them.

There is much that needs disruption in the world and in ourselves, from which we must free ourselves before we can liberate our energies. Perhaps we shall find that liberating power in stillness of the soul, in stilling the voices of the body and of the mind that we may receive the voice of guidance and inspiration from above. It is only as we do reach outward somehow, open somehow our own natures to the current of life that flows from above, and close ourselves to that which comes from below, that we shall be able to fulfil our task, or be able even to make those resolutions which we are not asked to adopt as a Convention, but of which we have seen the need, and can as members adopt. It is only as we reach towards stillness that we shall find the will and the desire to make these personal resolutions, and find the strength to carry them out. Only as we do something of that kind can we make our mission in the world effective, and fulfil the trust that has been imposed upon us by the Masters and handed on to us by our predecessors. Only so, too, can we fulfil the desire to serve, which I think is the most real, the most potent and the uppermost desire in the hearts and minds of all members of this Convention as it comes to a close,—that something of that inequitableness of the burden of the salvation of the race from its own folly, something of that heavy burden of sacrifice and agonizing love and ceaseless labour and thwarted endeavour, may be lifted from the Masters to ourselves, and that they may be given the only reward they can be given: that their sacrifice shall be made fruitful in the hearts and lives of those for whom it was made.

Upon motion, duly seconded, it was voted that the Committee on Credentials and the Committee on Resolutions be discharged with the thanks of the Convention. It was then voted to adjourn.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

ARVIKA, SWEDEN.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: All members of the Branch send you their fraternal and hearty greetings, and the best wishes for the incoming year. May you and your work be blessed.

Fraternally yours,
AMY ZETTERQUIST,
Chairman, for the Arvika Branch.

AUSSIG, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

To the Members in Convention Assembled, New York: The members of the Aussig Branch T. S. send you fraternal greetings. May the Convention find us all more ready, willing and able to carry out the will of the Masters, and give us renewed determination to go forward to the heart of life.

T. S. ACTIVITIES

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We will go with you, and we are sincerely thankful always for assistance, for the great privilege, the grace to go with you to the Lord's table.

Sincerely and fraternally,

HERMANN ZERNDT,
President, Aussig Branch T. S.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, the members of the Whitley Bay Branch send sincere fraternal greetings. The holding of Convention year after year symbolizes the idea of continuity, and to be continuous it must be real. All our members therefore unite in thought with you, so that the present Convention may be a real effort on the part of all, to express their ideals of truth, reality, and unity, which form the fundamental teachings of Theosophy.

With best wishes,

Yours fraternally,

FREDK. A. ROSS,
President, Blavatsky Lodge.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Greetings from the Cincinnati Branch.

That all of us may grow through *Recollection* and *Detachment* is our earnest wish.

HERMAN F. HOHNSTEDT,
President.

AGNES MCCORMACK,
Secretary.

MISS MARGARET D. HOHNSTEDT wrote: There is nothing I would rather do than attend the annual Convention. . . . But I am sure the spirit of the Convention will reach me, for how can it be otherwise. More and more I realize the wonderful privilege that is ours; words fail me to express myself. My prayer is that I may prove worthy.

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members in Convention: The Gateshead members send their greetings to all assembled, and our best wishes for the success of the Convention. We are sorry we cannot be with you in the body, but we shall send you the best of thoughts.

Yours very sincerely,

PERCY W. WARD,
Secretary, W. O. Judge Lodge.

SANFERNANDO DE APURE, VENEZUELA.

To the T. S. in Convention Assembled: The members of the "Jehoshua" Branch send their sincere greetings.

The Branch has been sustained by a concentrated effort of high thought and its work inclined to a loving reverence to Masters. To "feel" Masters, members are obliged to work thoroughly for purification of *mind, word* and *action*.

Our hearts will be with you during the Convention, and you have our best wishes for a very successful session.

D. SALAS BAÍZ,
President.

EAST BOLDON, CO. DURHAM, ENGLAND.

To the Members of the T. S. in Convention Assembled: The Members of the Krishna Branch, South Shields, send greetings and best wishes for the success of the Convention.

We look forward to the Convention each year, with real hope and joy; realizing, although many miles separate us, that the "fellowship of kindred hearts" is a very real thing. We "feel" the "Unity" which is between us, and sense some of the spiritual elevation of the Convention.

We trust all will be strengthened for a new year of effort consecrated to the Masters' work in the world.

Fraternally yours,

H. MAUGHAN,
Secretary.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

To the Members in Convention Assembled: It is indeed a very great pleasure for us to send greetings to our fellow members from all over the world. May the "Great Master of the Universe" give us Light and Understanding, that we may continue, another year, to spread "Truth" to all Humanity.

Yours fraternally,

ROSSIE JANE WHITTLE,
Secretary.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: It seems, as the years go by, that life is more strenuous and exacting, and that we need all our love and devotion and understanding to carry us through.

We are thankful, therefore, that we have weathered the storms, completed the voyage, and come to port—the Convention—once again. So we would hasten to greet you most heartily on this memorable occasion (and all these occasions *are* memorable), that you may feel our interest and the spirit of our presence in your deliberations to-day.

We feel that we need to brace ourselves, and to gird on our spiritual armour for the next phase of the battle, that we may be prepared and not found wanting: that, like "the fearless warrior" referred to in *The Voice of the Silence*, realizing that no sacrifice is too great, we also may go forth determined to give our fullest contribution to the Work of the T. S. and all that it stands for. Assuredly, then, as we do this we shall be whole-hearted and one-pointed in the Masters' service.

With best wishes for an inspiring and invigorating Convention, from which all may be stronger and more alert,

On behalf of the Members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge,

Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully and fraternally,

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T. S.: I am requested by the members of the Norfolk Branch to send the greetings and best wishes of the Branch for the Convention. We have no Delegate this year, unfortunately, but we shall be with you in thought and in spirit, and I think we find that each year the limitations of time and space grow less, and become of little real importance—for it is the things that are not seen that are eternal—while the bond that unites us, fellow students and workers for a common cause, becomes stronger and more real. We are much helped by

the excellent reports of the meetings of the New York Branch, which we find most inspiring, and we are very grateful for them. They bring with them something of the atmosphere of the Movement, and help us to realize the wonderful work which you are all doing—and we are filled with gratitude for the privilege of thus sharing in the life which exists only to serve the Master. I have little to report. Our Branch has neither gained nor lost any members. We continue our study by correspondence, and by the circulation of papers, commenting on the study, each member asking questions which are answered by the others. We devoted the month of August to the study of the Convention Report, which we had received in the July QUARTERLY, and since then we have taken *Light on the Path*, which we are still doing.

We pray that the Convention may be a very good one, and shall look forward to hearing about it. With all best wishes, and our fraternal greetings,

Yours sincerely,

ALICE GRAVES,
For the Norfolk Branch.

Mrs. Graves also wrote:—I have sent the report of the year's work, with the greetings of the Norfolk Branch to the Convention, to Miss Perkins, but I want to say further how much I, in common with all our members, shall be with you in thought and spirit next week. As you know, our Branch is a very small and scattered one, and we can never all meet to talk of the work; but I think that in some ways we gain by this, though the disadvantages appear to be great. We study and work by correspondence, and for this a greater effort is needed than in personal communication. We learn to know each other through the inner senses only, and thereby escape the distractions caused by personality. The "comments" written each month on the study, throw light upon its meaning, by the expression of the different points of view of the students. I do not know if I am right in thinking that at the present time, individual inner work is required more than the outward expression. The world is such a terrible place, with its turmoil and chaos, its superficiality and self-seeking; the craze for sensation, excitement, noise, and the continual search for pleasure, are appalling; and the many cults that have sprung up, so-called new-thought, spiritualism, the many sects, some of whom call themselves Theosophists, Anthroposophists, and other such names, make it impossible for the few of us who are trying to live the Theosophical life to attempt any propaganda. It is difficult not to be dismayed and discouraged, but we have had such great privileges, and so much help has been given when it has really been needed, that I do not think our faith is failing us. We have been told that those who are with us are more than those who are against us, and we know that the Black forces must ultimately be defeated. Though it is impossible for me to attend the Convention personally, I shall feel much more a part of it this year, because of what Mrs. Bagnell has told me of it, from her personal experience of last year. She has brought the spirit and atmosphere much nearer, and has told me of the wonderful power and force and devotion which fill those days. As we grow older in this life, and perhaps nearer to the heart of the things that are real, we find that space and time and distance do not really exist, and I am very grateful for being allowed to share in the thought and the light that you and those who have worked so long and learnt so much, possess, and for your help in our studies, the QUARTERLY, and the reports of the meetings of the New York T. S. Branch. And more than all, for the knowledge of the sympathy and understanding that I feel you have for our efforts, poor and unworthy though these are. We try to keep a little centre here for the Masters' intention, and we pray that we may not fail in faith and devotion, and in the desire for discipleship. May the Convention be a very happy and united one to you all, and through you, to us here.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote:—This will reach you before Convention, and although I know that Mrs. Graves has sent in her usual report and a letter of greeting from the Norfolk Branch, I feel that I must send you a few words of personal greeting and ardent good wishes for its success. Last year I had the great happiness of being present at the Convention, and I need not say how much I wish that it had been possible for me to go again this year. As I

cannot do that, I am trying in every way to prepare for it, so that I may really be there in spirit, and perhaps be able to add my tiny mite of spiritual life and force to it.

I have been studying H. P. B.'s "Esoteric Character of the Gospels", and a sentence in it impressed me profoundly. She says: "We are now in 1887 and the nineteenth century is close to its death. The twentieth century has strange developments in store for humanity, and may even be the last of its name." We are seeing how this prophecy is being fulfilled, and it seems to me that in the last year or two, events have been moving with increasing rapidity. One is appalled at times when one gets some realization of what is going on in the world at present, and above all what underlies it all.

As members of the T. S., who have received so much, our responsibilities are very great, and in Convention we have a chance of proving that we realize this, and are anxious to prove our gratitude to the Masters in some practical manner. I greatly like what has been said in the April "Screen of Time" about the stillness that should be the chief characteristic of this year's Convention. There is no force so great as stillness, and surely there can never have been a greater need for it in the world than there is at the present day. So I hope that at this Convention the members may not only feel but contribute to its stillness and make of it the keynote of their lives during the coming year.

Miss Bagnell wrote:—I have been thinking much of "preparation for Convention". You will receive the greetings of the Norfolk Branch, but I want to send this line of greeting and good wishes. You know that all our thoughts will turn to Headquarters, and we shall hope to be near in heart, remembering that we had the great happiness of being in New York last year. I hope it will, as always, be a time of inspiration and renewed determination, with the Presence of the Leaders to set our hearts on fire; and may we all respond to our utmost.

OSLO, NORWAY.

The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: From Members of the Oslo Branch, Norway,—Greetings. We join you to-day in mind, heart and spirit, and pray that your deliberations may resound with eternal harmonies, and convey the Lodge-Force to all Branches and faithful workers of the Society, thereby helping us to serve the Masters according to their will.

Fraternally yours,
THS. KNOFF,
Chairman.

Colonel Knoff also wrote:—The opportunity and privilege I had last year to attend the Convention, and several of the Branch meetings, and to associate with so many prominent workers in the T. S., has been of the greatest importance and help to me. I shall always remember this great event in my life with heartfelt thanks. I feel so close to you all, and the meetings at 64 Washington Mews are, to me, living pictures never to be forgotten.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is a real spiritual source, and so are the Reports of the meetings of the New York Branch, at which you always discuss some most practical question of daily life and of our inner development. They are as lighthouses showing us the way ahead.

Recently there has been a great controversy in the newspapers in Oslo between the orthodox and the liberal Lutheran clergy. . . . Such religious controversies may serve as a harrowing and weeding of the field, preparing it for a powerful growth of the seeds already sown, and to be sown, in order to make the harvest a rich one. Similar circumstances may exist in other places, though different in their outer manifestations. Looking at it in this way, it gives courage and consolation in our often seemingly fruitless work nowadays. Therefore, our little Branch is of good cheer and ready to work on patiently and with unimpaired courage and faith, knowing that, though our ability to do outer work in order to help others is weak, the most valuable work is performed individually by what we are. There is, then, excellent work for us to do, and at all times; and the work must be done.

Though not personally present at the Convention I shall try to be very close to you all in spirit when the time comes, thus hoping to share a little in the tremendous spiritual force then placed at your disposal. Please remember me cordially to all friends at the Convention last year who may be present at the coming Convention also.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: On the solemn occasion of our Annual Convention the members of the Venezuela Branch send to their comrades in work and purpose their most fervent fraternal greetings, and join in the festival of spirit made flesh by this gathering of souls in the discussion of what most concerns Humanity.

We shall be separated on the physical plane by the mayavic distance of this world of three dimensions, but shall be united in that world where love makes everything of the present. On the same day and at the same hour we shall also assemble here, and as we cause the fire of our aspirations to rise to the heights, the Masters will behold but one flame.

This communion is maintained not only on the ineffable occasion of the hour of our Convention, but lives burning in the greater part of our souls; in it we move and have our being, blossom and grow. And so, in giving you an account of our local activities, we recognize that these are not simply the result of *our* work only, but the *local* expression of the collective Soul of our Society, which works here through the medium of our Branch and its members as vehicles; and we feel overwhelmed by the weight of so great a responsibility; overwhelmed by the thought of how different would have been the result were it not for our faults and omissions, for our poverty in real love. In stating the fact, at the same time we endeavour to strengthen our conscience in order to perform with efficiency from this time forth the task assigned us, making use of the past as our teacher. A communication of this kind, then, is not alone the actual relation of what has been done, but also of what we purpose to do. For an examination of conscience must include in itself the purpose of amendment—a vision of the future through the telescope of the past.

This year we shall not have the pleasure of seeing ourselves represented among you by a delegate from our own body, notwithstanding our desire to send one. But we accept this impossibility with resignation, doing the best we can on our part to leave the results to the Great Law.

The programme of our Branch meetings and studies has been carried out in its entirety, no interference with it being permitted for any cause. In all of them greater attention is observed, better fulfilment of duty, more loyal comradeship, the devotional note being predominant in all.

Among the subjects studied during the year we will note the following as the most important: Socialism in the light of Theosophy; Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement; and—what most stirred the majority of the members—Christianity and the Christ, in their relation to Theosophy. The inestimable QUARTERLY affords us on every occasion boundless service.

Our plan of translations follows its course. The principal translations appear in *El Teosofa*, but we are also preparing to publish, when occasion permits, the principal works in our literature which have not yet been translated into Spanish. A special fund has been created for the publication of the Letters of Mr. C. A. Griscom.

Special themes for our consideration have always been,—the mercy and the justice of the Masters, and the necessity of turning to them as an indispensable requisite for the genuine student of Theosophy: a duty which calls for great and arduous toil, but which at the same time, as Mr. Johnston says, constitutes an immense and ever-increasing delight. This is the case with many of our members. Speaking collectively we can say that the Branch has taken Theosophy most seriously. As soon as we learned the watch-words which Mr. Johnston gave at the last Convention—to work for the Movement persistently, with renewed enthusiasm, with firm and strong resolution, at every moment of life, day after day, hour after hour—there was rooted in the consciousness of this Branch the resolution to respond, and in the hearts of many lives the determination which will be translated into the ineffable recompense

of serving consciously in the work of the New Messenger of whom Mr. Johnston spoke to us at the opening of the Convention.

The Venezuela Branch, then, is endeavouring in the most loyal and diligent manner to co-operate in the general work assigned to The Theosophical Society by its Master Founders, and to make itself worthy of passing on the light which it receives, first in its own country, and then throughout all the Spanish-speaking world; and it knows that it can do nothing by itself, but works to be the vehicle to respond unwearingly. The Branch believes that it has proof of this, for, casting a glance over itself, it sees that many hearts have greater courage, a greater thirst for justice—although they express it in their own way—and that it diffuses an atmosphere which regenerates and elevates.

Our work for the year might be summarized as follows: On the physical plane,—order, urbanity; on the ethical,—a closing up of the ranks on the journey toward a more definite and better comprehended ideal; on the spiritual,—interest in the purpose of Christianity; a readiness for service and sacrifice.

With gratitude to the Master Founders for this new blessing of being permitted to assemble in their name, to them we make our supplication that this Convention may inspire us with renewed zeal and furnish us with a new weapon.

A. GONZÁLEZ-JIMÉNEZ,
Corresponding Secretary.

N. B. This message is a composite of the various messages formulated by the members of the Branch.

LA GUAYRA, VENEZUELA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled in the City of New York: It is a great pleasure to be able to send you in this communication cordial greetings on the occasion of your Convention this year, and I do so with my best wishes and most sincere heart's desires.

For some time past, since reading Mr. Johnston's reply to my letter of greeting to the Convention of 1927, I have been possessed with an intense desire to assist personally at our Conventions, and the realization of this longing would have been for me an occasion of the greatest joy. But my good Karma was not sufficient to free me from the very urgent and personal duties which on this occasion have prevented me from carrying out my wish, depriving me thus of an experience in the greatest measure profitable by reason of the spiritual significance which this unique occurrence of a Convention of the Theosophical Society involves. I trust to the future for the fulfilment of this most agreeable duty.

May your approaching Convention, then, be the very best, the most dynamic, the richest in spiritual fruit, the most sublime in its teachings, of all that have preceded it.

May the tongues of fire of Divine Wisdom descend from heaven to inflame our hearts and illumine our thoughts.

Fraternally yours,
J. MELITÓN QUINTANA.

(Telegram) SALAMANCA, N. Y.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: I send greetings, also message to let you know I am with you in thought and spirit.

Sincerely,
HOMER P. BAKER.

LUNENBURG, MASS.

Secretary T. S.: Greetings to the members in Convention Assembled. I add my gratitude to those who make the QUARTERLY possible.

Best wishes,
Yours sincerely and fraternally,
ARTHUR W. BARRETT.

MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA.

Secretary T. S.: Since my arrival here I had the good luck of meeting an old member of our Rama [Branch], and we meet every Saturday evening at the same time they meet in Caracas. We have dedicated our meetings to the Masters. May our hearts grow through prayer and devotion to receive Their light and to interpret Their Will.

Maybe this letter reaches you on the eve of Convention. That day I shall be with you all in silent aspiration, for I intend to consecrate the whole day, just as we used to do in Caracas, to that Day of Days. Please bear my message of fraternal love to all the brothers.

Fraternally yours,

J. F. BERNUDEZ.

Mr. Walter H. Box wrote (the Pacific Branch of Los Angeles being represented personally by Mr. Leonard): I feel so hungry myself to be with you that I hardly hold here; a trouble for me is, that when I came away from New York last year I left part of myself behind, which keeps pulling and pulling. And so, whether you see or sense me, or not, I shall be there just the same—and will add to all that goes on, from all that I have gathered meantime, because of my going last year.

From the last paragraphs in the "Screen", I got the clue—Sacrifice, and ever more sacrifice, and the will with which to make them—or, even more, to give oneself, completely.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Secretary, Theosophical Society: I wish it were possible for me to attend the Convention next Saturday, but the infirmities of age are such in my case as to make it impossible. I trust there may be a good attendance and that you may have an enjoyable and profitable meeting.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

MAHLON D. BUTLER.

DAYTON, OHIO.

Secretary T. S.: It does not appear now that I shall be able to attend the Convention this year, much as I long to do so. Two years ago, in reply to a question I asked Mr. Johnston, he suggested that I endeavour to help the friends who came to me by giving them the Theosophic interpretation of the Bible: to the best of my understanding I did so. I cannot trace all the steps that followed his suggestion, but there are now about fifty persons meeting every Wednesday evening for study; it is not labelled Theosophy, though all know that I am a student of Theosophy, and I frequently read something from the *QUARTERLY*. I do not know how to teach, I assure them that the Teacher is within each one; that He is also within each experience and circumstance of life if they will become still enough in body and (lower) mind to discover Him.

All eternity is needed in which to express the help I have received from the loyal workers in this mighty movement—this intelligent co-operation with the Masters in raising race-consciousness to higher levels: surely I ought to be willing and thankful for permission to clean up my own doorstep, with such over-shadowing Helpers to encourage and enlighten every sincere effort. Sincerest greetings to all.

LEONA T. FIELD.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To the Secretary T. S.: Once again I have to offer regrets for not attending the Convention. I fully expected to do so and was looking forward to the help and inspiration of which I certainly stand in need, but duty will hold me here.

A. J. HARRIS.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We send our hearty greetings to the members at the Annual Convention, and wish that this Convention may be a successful one and may give help to all who seek it.

We are a circle of seven members-at-large, and say our best thanks for the help given us by the articles of the *QUARTERLY* of the last year. . . .

Yours fraternally,
O. IHRKE.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

To the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow Members, As every year, I beg to send you this year also the kindest greetings and wishes from myself and Mrs. Plisnier. As everywhere, here also has mankind closed his eyes to the truth of spiritual realities, and dragged down to materialization all religious sentiments. The cycle is dark and the workers are few. One is alone with his ideals, with no other comrades than his books.

Perhaps the accomplishment is still very far, and we must hope and wait. May the Master give us the force and the never failing faith of patience.

With best wishes and fraternal greetings, faithfully yours,
ALBERTO PLISNIER,
TERESA PLISNIER.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Comrades, Once again we come to present to you our most heartfelt greetings and wishes for the Great Day of the T. S., the only thing we are now permitted under Karma to contribute to your work. Notwithstanding we shall try to keep near to you in heart and mind at Convention day, hoping that some day in the future we too may be so happy as to share with you in the service of this day. Meanwhile we have to learn in silence and solitude to draw near the Altar to which all our aspirations, devotion and sacrifices are directed, and where we are sure to find, besides the Masters, all our comrades to feel never again in any sense distant from them. May the Blessings of the Masters rest upon your work and bring us all a fresh and stronger impulse for never relaxing effort, courage and endurance to the very end.

In brotherly love,
Yours very sincerely,
ELISABETH SCHOCH,
LEO SCHOCH.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We ask you on behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Circle to kindly accept our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention. Congregating at Convention day we shall be united with you at this solemn hour.

It is indeed the "fire from heaven" that shines upon us from the last Convention report, kindling our hearts, and setting our wills aflame.

The unity of heart linking us together manifests and expresses itself in a gladdening manner in those lectures and addresses which we are still studying. We consider ourselves highly favoured thus to be able to participate in the proceedings and the spirit of the Convention, in the reflecting light of which—emanating from the Lodge—we see manifested the life and growth of The Theosophical Society.

This fills us with deep joy, and serves as a source of strength for our work here, which is based upon recognition of the fact that our first duty consists in making ourselves fit to successfully help others.

T. S. ACTIVITIES

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In this spirit we shall be with you heart and soul, looking out for the same brilliant light and gladdening warmth.

Fraternally yours,
OSKAR STOLL,
A. FRIEDEWALD.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Secretary T. S.: All good wishes and hearty greetings to members assembled at our next Convention.

Yours very sincerely and fraternally,
JENNIE BELLE TUTTLE

OCUMARE DEL FUY, VENEZUELA.

To the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow-Members: With my fraternal greetings I send to you in this magnificent hour of your meeting the sorrowful notice of Mr. Mauricio de la Cueva's recent death. This companion was an aged member of the Theosophical Society in this country, comrade of J. J. Benzo and Dominguez Acosta, dead long ago. Mr. Cueva was an indefatigable and sincere worker for the Cause, and his life was a living altruistic ideal. So his death has opened a broad voidness in our ranks and a great hurt in our hearts. Among his best known works, he was one of the founders of the 'Venezuela' Branch, whose important works are well known, and later of the Altagracia de Orituco Branch, and of a review entitled "Luz y Armonia", organ of this Branch. Therefore, his entry into the Theosophical field is distinguished by thirty years of courageous labour.

I sincerely wish that the Masters' blessings will inspire your hearts in this solemn hour, during which I feel spiritually united to you.

Fraternally yours,
A. VALEDON.

BERLIN-SCHÖNEBERG, GERMANY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Comrades: With joy we take the opportunity of this year's Convention to send to you all our heartiest good wishes and greetings.

We are with you in heart and will in the common work, and pray for the Masters' blessing, for fruitful work.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
RICHARD WALTHER,
HELLMUTH PINTER,
OTTO BETHGE.

SCHRECKENSTEIN, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

To the Treasurer T. S.: We are firmly convinced that the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is contributing in a remarkable measure to fulfil the tasks and the purposes of the Theosophical Society and to carry out the intentions of the Great Lodge. To us foreign members it is the speaking trumpet of our revered guides, and by it we perceive the throbbing pulse of the movement. That obliges us to great thankfulness and to active sustentation which we can provide in the meanwhile only by pecuniary resources.

To the Convention I wish from the depth of my heart a full success and the most abundant blessing.

I tried already in my previous letter to intimate to you the deep feeling of a genuine happiness which the last Convention has excited in all of us who were meeting here at the same

time. Under that impression, which each one of us had, we passed the motion to create a fund to be enlarged by annual spontaneous donations, by which after a series of years we shall be able to delegate the worthiest member of our Branch to a Convention; considering, of course, the financial position of the aspirant. Besides that we have created an institution, a fund of spare money, by which also other members of the Branch shall be able to accompany that delegate, as every one of us will have a certain stock serving as a supplement to the travelling expenses. I suppose it is the longing of every member to participate at least once during his lifetime in a Convention of the Theosophical Society. . . . The letters from Oberst Knoff and from Mr. Box, with their inspiring descriptions of the Convention, printed in the "Screen", July, 1927, supported our opinion, that it may be serviceable to keep ready the material means—in addition to the acquirement of the English language—and to assure thereby the outer necessities. The most important irremissible conditions are rather of a spiritual nature, and to provide them we are praying to the Masters of Wisdom that they may enable us to acknowledge rightly the will and the intentions of the Lodge. . . .

With heartfelt greetings and best wishes, I remain,

Faithfully and Gratefully yours,

R. JÄGER,

Treasurer T. S. Aussig Branch.



REVIEWS

Au Soir de la Pensée, by Georges Clemenceau; Librairie Plon, Paris, 1927.

M. Clemenceau has illustrated Plutarch's saying that "the study of pleasant and speculative learning, to an old man retiring from office, is a most suitable and becoming solace"; but he has not guarded the fruits of his reflections for himself alone. At the age of eighty-seven, he has published a philosophical treatise in two large volumes containing nine hundred and fifty pages! He is incapable of passing in idle reverie this "evening of his thought".

It is quite impracticable to review the book in detail. There are passages on cosmogony, mythology, symbolism, the history of philosophy, the atomic theory, human and animal psychology, the problem of free-will versus determinism, the origin and nature of the Ego, etc., etc. The reader will search in vain for any sign of failing energies. Clemenceau has in fact raised a monument to the power of the human spirit. Physical age and fatigue, which are generally supposed to be obstacles, have been treated by him as opportunities for the exercise of his faculties. The mere act of writing such a book may thus be regarded as an inspiring affirmation of a will which does not surrender.

Nevertheless, one turns the leaves of this work with a sense of pathos. Clemenceau, the man of vital action, speaks through the mask of a mind moulded long ago into the form of a narrow and dogmatic scientific materialism. Too often "the materialist" eclipses "the man". The reader must content himself with oases of wisdom in a desert of ratiocination. If only the genius had thrown aside the mask and had spoken for itself!

Clemenceau was an active anti-clerical during the painful struggle which culminated in the separation of Church and State in France. In the dust of the battle he seems to have confused the issues involved. In any event, he extends his justifiable contempt for priestcraft to include the whole of what is generally signified by the term, "religion". He makes a tentative exception in favour of primitive Buddhism, because he believes that this was a religion "without gods, without soul, and without prayer" (I, 376). Religion in itself signifies nothing for him but the cowardly instinct impelling us to turn aside "from the struggles of life, in order to fabricate for ourselves another world that is an artificial development of the beatitude of our inertia" (II, 465). These are hard words, but they at least provide religious people with an excuse for self-examination, so that they may discover for themselves how selfless and disinterested their "religion" really is.

Clemenceau has a healthy and thorough-going loathing for cant and pretension, whenever he is able to recognize them, and he does not spare the theologians and the metaphysicians whose explanations of the Universe are too often only plays upon words. To their speculative dogmatism he opposes a positivistic view of existence, limiting ascertainable truth to the domain of scientific experiment. Unfortunately he falls into the error of so many "popularizers" of science, for he arbitrarily restricts the field of experiment to objective, material phenomena. This practically amounts to denying the importance and even the existence of the "consciousness aspect" of being, on the ground that science makes no study of it. One recalls the words of the Oxford satire: "What I know not is not knowledge."

However, this arid positivism is, indeed, only the deceptive vesture of an intense and heroic life. There are moments when the life shines through its mental mould so brightly that this

mould seems temporarily as if dissolved. A few quotations will be more revealing than any commentary.

"Life is a chance to dare. . . . In the universal war of the elements, a flash of enlightenment comes to us, and we experience our first sensations of an ineffable poem which it must be our duty to assimilate and to develop, in order that we may live ideally" (I, 24).

He contrasts the thinker (*l'homme pensant*) and the dreamer (*l'homme rêvant*), insisting upon our obligation to detach ourselves from the fear of the unknown and from the dread of effort, and to awaken our latent powers by an ardent aspiration towards this same unknown, and by a courageous acceptance of all that is involved in what we already know. The thinker "undertakes the task of knowledge, as if eternity lay before him. . . . Before us, at every moment, the unknown retreats as we advance. . . . How many Gods who will have known only the pain of being born, will be worthy of humanity" (I, 57).

" 'Master', cried the disciple, 'who is this God shining in majestic splendour whom I perceive beyond the clouds? Does he not seem to call me?' And the Buddha replied, smiling: 'It is thyself, my son.' " (II, 493).

S. L.

How the Reformation Happened, by Hilaire Belloc; Robert McBride and Company; price \$3.50.

There is something more than irony in the title of this finely conceived and vigorously written book; for what accepted history calls the Reformation is, for Hilaire Belloc, nothing less than the Great Calamity, which rent and wounded the spiritual life of Christendom, gravely menacing what he holds to be the supreme treasure of mankind. Tolstoi said that one of the conditions of great writing is, that the writer should sincerely love or hate the people about whom he writes. There must be no Laodicean detachment. This condition, Hilaire Belloc fulfils to perfection; when he loves, he passionately adores, and when he hates, he violently detests; and he blazes with sincerest ardour in putting his feelings on record.

Some students of Theosophy are in full agreement with him in holding that the spiritual life of Christendom is one of the great treasures of mankind, and these students are further in hearty agreement with him in holding that the spiritual life of France is to-day, has been for centuries, and may be for centuries to come, the hope of a future Christian civilization. They are sure to concur in his corollary that Germany has long been, and may long continue, the breeding ground of disruption and evil. Again, he firmly holds, and courageously affirms, that in addition to the opposition of human greed and egotism, we must take into account forces of evil outside our common humanity, forces of evil which showed their malignant hatred on Calvary, and which are active to-day. Here, once more, students of Theosophy would find themselves in full agreement with what is certain to be an unpopular thesis among our latter-day rationalists.

Let us now consider points of disagreement. Hilaire Belloc holds that the Church of Rome is the plenary representative of the Faith, and that the essence of the Church dwells in two things: the Mass and the Papacy. These ideas are of course at complete variance with Theosophy, which would stress the spiritual force of the Saints as the source of renewal in Christendom, and affirm that a central authority must be sought far deeper. Hilaire Belloc, while full of the spiritual glory of the Church, has singularly little to say of the Saints; he is so little preoccupied with them, that he falls into a strange confusion, on page 33, between St. Catherine of Siena and St. Theresa, a confusion surprising in a devout Catholic, who must be familiar with the writings of both these noble women.

But there is a deeper line of cleavage. Students of Theosophy could never concur in his view that the whole spiritual life of mankind is confined within the circle of any Church. A great Roman Catholic Archbishop once said that he hoped to meet Buddha and Plato in heaven. One would fain see Hilaire Belloc temper his feeling for "the heathen" by a like liberality.

J.

QUESTIONS OF THE ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 339.—*In what various ways can a new member of the T. S. qualify for "active membership"? That is a term I have noticed in the Convention Reports, and it appeals to me for I do not wish to be a drone in the Society.*

ANSWER.—What would active membership in any Society imply? Activity in forwarding the objects of the Society; activity in manifesting the attitude of the Society; activity in making oneself a part of the spirit and life-blood of the Society, by studying its past history, its literature, its heroes; and entering in,—by loving that which they loved and for which they gave their lives.
D. P.

ANSWER.—The Theosophical Society has no dogmas, but various members, from its beginning to the present time, have held interesting and remarkable views concerning the nature of the Universe and the destiny of man. Let the new member try to learn what his fellow-members have been thinking. If he put his heart and mind into the task, he will be in no danger of being a drone.

In other words, let him begin his active membership by study. There is the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, as well as the books and pamphlets recommended by the Quarterly Book Department. He cannot read everything at once, but he can make a start. It is useless to recommend what to read first, for that choice must depend upon the student's temperament and previous intellectual training. In any event, some reading ought to be done.

Sooner or later, the student should learn how to *live* Theosophy. But before he can intelligently begin this arduous and romantic undertaking, he will be wise to gain some notion of what older students have conceived Theosophy to be.
S. V. L.

ANSWER.—It might be said that no member of the T. S. can "qualify for 'active membership'." A member *is* an active member in just that degree to which he is active. No ceremony, terminating a period of qualification, can confer activity upon him. It is a process of growth and the attainment of ever-deepening levels of activity, while we strive to place a progressively more perfect instrument in the hands of the Soul.

Perhaps we may be permitted to rephrase the question thus: how can a new member of the T. S. become a more active member. To answer that question all our literature exists, and too often, we fear, to the bewilderment of the new member. But we are told that the road of duty runs straight through the labyrinth. The Soul keenly desires to lead us to more abundant life. It arranges the events of our daily lives, and if we will keep wide awake and responsive to our duties of head, heart and hand, we shall find ourselves entering more deeply into the active life of the Soul. Though we may seem insignificant and humble, yet we should realize that we have been gathered within the radius of the Lodge, to help in the accomplishment of its mighty purposes; and that its strength and dignity are ours in so far as we make ourselves worthy to receive them.
R. T.

ANSWER.—1. Observe some of those who have been in the Movement from the beginning. Should you like to become yoke-fellow with them?

2. Inquire of those you have observed how you can fit yourself to work with them in the Movement.

3. Put into execution whatever directions may be given you. Thus acting, you will become to that extent "active." S. M.

ANSWER.—I understand this question to apply to *outer* activity only, though of course there is the *inner* which is far the more important of the two. The list of ways in which a new member may "qualify" is long, but one of the very first of these is for him to learn how to use his eyes, and what understanding he may possess,—to learn to give the most careful consideration to everything, great and small, which concerns his new theosophic life. Particularly should he take great care to notice how things are done by other members who have been in the Movement for many years. He should then try to apply these new methods which he has been observing and studying, to his own everyday tasks; thus he will gain a practical experience which will be of great value later on. He will also be wise to get rid of many of his preconceived notions as to what kind of work he would be able to do were he so fortunate as to be an "active member," for he is quite likely to find that that which (before he joined the T. S.) he thought himself fitted for, is in reality not his *forte* at all. Let him keep himself open and unbiased, and he may find that there are hitherto quite unexpected talents buried within him—all of them ways in which he may serve. The more open-minded a new member remains; the less he allows his outworn, personal opinions to blind him to the beauty and grandeur of the new life into which he has entered; the more intelligently he observes, losing no clue,—the sooner is he likely to attain to "active membership." T. D.

ANSWER.—While outer works are important, it seems to me that the most important qualification for "active membership" in the T. S. is the proper attitude of mind. It is necessary to try sincerely to change the focus of one's attention from things of this world to things of the spirit; and if the effort be persistent, some measure of success will inevitably be attained. Moreover, it is necessary to study constantly. Study the articles in the *QUARTERLY*; study the books listed in the back of the *QUARTERLY*; study one's self; study others; study life. Study with the object of relating everything to one's own conception of Theosophy, for the purpose of broadening and improving one's understanding of Theosophy and of life. Only those shall know the doctrine who live the life. Therefore, the knowledge gained should diligently be applied to one's daily life. It is futile to wait for full illumination. One should live the life according to the best that one knows now, and more light will be given. Of course, outer works must not be neglected; but it seems to me very easy to place too much emphasis on outer works, thereby giving insufficient attention to the really important thing, which is to seek the spiritual life, not selfishly for one's own advantage, but because one can help humanity best by seeking the light. One cannot rescue others from drowning until one has learned to swim; and I think that as one endeavours to live the life, and in direct measure as one succeeds, the opportunity for outer works will be given. One should attend meetings regularly, and ask questions and join in the discussion when one feels that such questions or discussion will be helpful. Regular attendance is very helpful to one's self, to other members, and to the success of the Theosophical Movement. R. W. A.

ANSWER.—The new member can endeavour to find out what The Theosophical Society is and stands for, by the study of its principal aims and objects; the meaning, in relation to himself and to the world, of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, of the study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, of the unexplained laws of nature, and the psychical powers latent in man, etc. This alone would be quite an activity.

At the same time, if possible, he can attend the meetings and classes of the Society, prepared not only to listen with tolerance and interest to what is said there, but to think about it then and afterwards. He can also cultivate a feeling of sympathy and intelligent affection for the other members of the Society, who are painfully pursuing the same object. He can endeavour to observe in all the past and present phenomena of this world, the working out of what he understands of the principles of Theosophy. And if he try to put into practice at all times in his own consciousness and actions a complete devotion to these principles, he may still consider himself a drone, but no one else will. S. C. L.

(To be continued.)

STANDARD BOOKS

Blavatsky, H. P. ISIS UNVEILED, VOLS. I AND II.....	cloth, \$10.00
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SECRET DOCTRINE, THE, VOLS. I AND II AND INDEX.....	cloth, 20.00
COMPLETE in one book, without subject-index volume,	7.50
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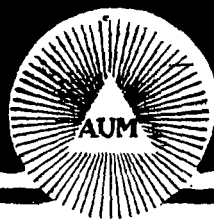
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VOL. XXVI, No. 2

OCTOBER 1928

No. 102



THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

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

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

July; October; January; April

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

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

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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.

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

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OCTOBER, 1928

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IN relating the story of the Buddha's discourse concerning penitential self-mortification, its fruit and its danger, reference was made to a period in the West when like penitential practices were intensively followed, the period of the monastic communities and the great solitaries in the Egyptian desert. It may be worth while to show the likeness of these self-mortifying exercises in the Egypt of the fourth century of our era to those of the Ganges valley in the Buddha's day, and in particular that the fruits and dangers were the same in these two sacred lands.

In that forceful and detailed record of the Egyptian solitaries which is called *The Paradise of the Fathers*, the author records an experience which he personally noted. There was a certain man in Scete, he says, whose name was Stephana, who had dwelt in the desert for twenty-nine years; his apparel was made of palm leaves, and he lived in such a strict self-denial, and persisted to such a degree in ascetic abstinence, that he never had the least inclination for the meats which are usually desired, and which are pleasant to the taste; and he greatly condemned those who, because of sickness, either ate cooked food or drank cream. Now the gift of healing had been given to him to such a degree that he could cast out devils by a word. And it came to pass that on one occasion a man in whom was an unclean spirit came to Scete, and wished to be healed, and when the monk saw that he was sorely vexed by the devil he made a prayer and healed him. So much for the fruit of abstinence and self-discipline.

But there was danger also. For, says the narrator, this monk was rejected by Divine Providence because of his immeasurable arrogance and haughtiness, for he imagined himself to be more excellent in his life and works than the other fathers. First of all, he separated himself from the brotherhood, and then he went and became archimandrite in one of the monasteries of Alexandria, "For," he said in his pride, "am I to be in subjection to Macarius?"

Are not my life and works better than his?" And this man arrived at such a state of madness that he went to the city, and gave himself up to gluttony, and drunkenness, and to the eating of more flesh than rational beings are wont to eat, and finally he fell and settled down into the pit of unclean living. He gratified his unclean desires without shame, and became a laughing-stock to all who knew him. But he excused himself, saying, "The law was not made for the perfect." The narrator goes on to say that strong efforts were made to redeem this man and bring him to repentance. But he remained arrogant and obdurate, and came to a miserable death.

The Buddha spoke also of self-mortifying ascetics who sought praise of men and thereby forfeited the fruit of discipline. The same Macarius already mentioned is recorded as saying, "I hate the love of praise of young men who toil, and who lose their reward because they expect the adulation of the children of men." Then, we are told, another well-known ancient said to Macarius, "And it is not greatly acceptable unto me, but it is better that they should work for praise rather than that they should despise it, for it always constraineth those who love praise to lead lives of abstinence, and to keep vigil, and to live in nakedness for the sake of vainglory, and to bear afflictions for the sake of praise." Then after these things the Grace of God came to them and spake, saying, "Wherefore do ye not toil for My sake? And why do ye toil for the sake of the children of men?" And they were convinced that they must not expect the praise of men but that of God.

We shall see in what terms the Buddha brings out the same antithesis. It will be remembered that, in the discourse between the Master and the Brahman Banyan, the Brahman had expressed the conviction that self-mortification which is purged of all self-seeking and vanity has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core. But the Master replied that self-mortification, even though it be thus purged, has only touched the outermost bark. Self-mortification, in the Buddha's view, was not an end but a means. The problem to be considered now is, to what end is it a means? What is the true purpose of self-mortification? What corresponds in the Buddha's teaching to "the praise of God"?

Banyan logically asks, "In what way, Sire, does self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the core?" Then he shows that he is more than a skilful reasoner, that he is a practical disciple; for he continues, "It would be a happy thing for me, if the Master should bring my self-mortification to the summit, and should make it penetrate to the core!"

The Master replied, "A self-mortifying ascetic, here in the world, is restrained by the restraint of the fourfold watch. In what way, Banyan, is a self-mortifying ascetic restrained by the restraint of the fourfold watch? First, Banyan, such an ascetic injures no life, causes no life to be injured, nor approves of the injuring of any life; second, he takes not what is not given, nor causes what is not given to be taken, nor approves of the taking of what is not given; third, he speaks not falsely, nor causes anything to be spoken falsely, nor approves of any false speech; fourth, he longs for no self-satisfaction,

nor causes anyone to long for self-satisfaction, nor approves of any longing for self-satisfaction. In this way, Banyan, an ascetic is restrained by the restraint of the fourfold watch. When, Banyan, the ascetic is thus restrained, such an ascetic goes forward, he turns not back to lower things. He seeks out for himself a place of meditation, in the forest, at the root of some great tree, among the mountains, in a glen or a cavern in the mountains, or even in a place for the burning of bodies, or a dwelling in the woods, or simply a heap of straw in a clearing. Then, after he has gone forth to receive alms of rice in his bowl, and has eaten what has been freely given, returning to his retreat, he takes his seat in the position of meditation, holding his body upright, with heart and mind intent on recollection. Ridding himself of covetous desire for the things of the world, he dwells with heart free from covetous desire, he purifies his thoughts of covetous desire; ridding himself of the sin of malevolence, he dwells with heart free from malevolence, seeking the welfare of all living beings, he purifies his thoughts of malevolence; ridding himself of sloth and torpor, he dwells free from sloth and torpor, seeing the light, recollected, with consciousness alert, he purifies his mind of malevolence; ridding himself of vanity and fretfulness, he dwells not inflated by vanity, with heart inwardly serene, he purifies his thoughts of vanity and fretfulness; ridding himself of doubting, he dwells on the farther shore beyond doubt, no longer anxiously questioning concerning what is right and good, he purifies his thoughts of doubting.

"Through spiritual awakening he rids himself of these five obscurities which rob the heart of power; he dwells irradiating one quarter of the world with heart enkindled with love, and so also the second quarter, so also the third, so also the fourth. Thus he dwells, irradiating the whole world, upward, downward, through and through, altogether, in all ways, with heart enkindled with love. He dwells, irradiating the whole world, upward, downward, through and through, altogether, in all ways, with heart enkindled with compassion; he dwells, irradiating the whole world, upward, downward, through and through, altogether, in all ways, with heart enkindled with even-balanced serenity, abounding, magnanimous, free from enmity, free from ill will. What think you, Banyan? If it be thus, is such self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

"Of a surety, Sire, self-mortification such as this has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Nay, not so, Banyan! Far from reaching the summit and penetrating to the inmost core, such self-mortification has but touched the skin, the outer bark."

That declaration is likely to astonish us as greatly as it astonished good Banyan. Is not the radiant love described the utmost possible fulfilment of the law of righteousness? Of what more can we conceive?

We may anticipate the answer of the Buddha by asking a question: How is it possible for the aspirant, even after he has cleansed his heart of envy, anger, vacillation, sloth and unbelief, the "five obscurities," even after he has torn out the root of egotism, even after he has made the complete sacrifice of

worldliness symbolized by the alms bowl and the cave,—how is it possible for him to create this splendour of love in his clean heart? The answer is, that he has no need to create what is, as a potentiality, already there. It is the treasure of gold buried in the field, to be brought to the light when the earth and stones are removed; it is the true desire of the heart, to be fully revealed when false desires have been purged away; it is the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the Light of the Logos itself, the universal spiritual consciousness which underlies and gives life to every individual consciousness. But in the heart of unregenerate man that spiritual consciousness has been hidden and buried under a multitude of mental, passionate and psychic obscurities, so that the Light can no longer shine through. With the removal of this accumulation of obscurities real life can begin. It is not too much to say that the whole system of self-denial, purification and asceticism imposed by the Buddha on his ardent disciples had no other aim than this: the removal of the heaped up obscurities which impede that Light. And this is true of every genuine religious teacher.

The cleansing of the inner nature, mind and heart and soul, so that the Light may shine, is, therefore, not the end of the way, but its beginning; it is the entrance to the royal road. But, we may be inclined to ask with the ascetic Banyan, what can possibly remain to be undertaken or accomplished, after so much has been already done?

The answer is really implicit in what has been said. The disciple, with fiery energy cleansing and purifying his inner life, has given access to the Light of the Logos. This, which would be otherwise altogether beyond his power, is possible for the simple reason that the Light is already there; is, indeed, the inner essence of his life. In the wise words of the Upanishad, he is That. But, if one may use such a term for the undivided All, he is as yet only a minute fragment of the Logos, only the end of one small ray. His tremendous destiny is, to enter into and become one with all of that infinite Life, or, to speak more truly, to realize that he has been one with that Life, through innumerable ages. Beginning with the dim, divine star that gleams in his cleansed heart, he is to grow and expand until he knows himself one with the infinite Light. So great, so limitless is the path before him.

Therefore this is indeed not the end, but the beginning of the true, divine way. If the ardent disciple travel farther on that way, what should be the fruit of his journey? Let us for a moment consider. He is, step by step, to enter into the Logos; not as a part, but as the All. But the Logos is from eternity. Therefore, as he rises, the disciple will transcend Time, the great illusion which divides Being into a past which has disappeared, an evanescent present, a still imaginary future. The Logos is not omniscient, but omniscience, for the All, as consciousness, must be conscious of all things, whether in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the regions beneath the earth. And, since oneness of Being is the very essence of the Logos, he who enters into that divine consciousness, thereby enters into that perfect love which the Buddha has already described, a love abounding, magnanimous,

compassionate. The ardent disciple, with heart and mind purified, is to enter into, and to share, that conquest of Time, that omniscience and love, which are, not so much properties of the Logos, as its essential being. So we come back to the dialogue between the Master and the ascetic Banyan.

Banyan had affirmed that the illumination of the heart by love was the very perfection and consummation of self-mortification, reaching to the summit, penetrating to the inmost core. But the Buddha had replied that, far from penetrating to the core, this illumination only touched the skin, the outer bark. Recovering from his astonishment at a statement so perplexing, yet promising so much more, Banyan thereupon asked, with fine logical perseverance:

"In what way, then, Sire, does self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the core? It would be a happy thing for me, if the Master should bring my self-mortification to the summit, and should make it penetrate to the core!"

"Practising self-mortification, Banyan, the ascetic restrains himself by the restraint of the fourfold watch, and so goes forward, turning not back to lower things. Establishing for himself a quiet refuge for meditation, he irradiates the world with heart enkindled with love. Thereafter he calls to memory many a dwelling of his in by-gone times, that is to say, one former birth, or two births, or three births, or four births, or five births, or ten births, or twenty births, or thirty births, or forty births, or fifty births, or a hundred births, or a thousand births, or a hundred thousand births, many involutions of a world period, many evolutions of a world period, many involutions and evolutions of a world period, so as to say, 'There I was of such a name, of such a family, of such a colour, with such a livelihood, experiencing certain joys and sorrows, completing such a span of life. Departing thence, I became manifest in such a place. There, I was of such a name, of such a family, of such a colour, with such a livelihood, experiencing certain joys and sorrows, completing such a life span. Departing thence, I became manifest here;' thus he remembers many a dwelling of his in by-gone times, with all details and particulars.

"What think you, Banyan? If it be thus, is such self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

"Of a surety, Sire, self-mortification such as this has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Nay, not so, Banyan! Far from reaching the summit and penetrating to the inmost core, such self-mortification has only reached the fibre beneath the bark."

"In what way, then, Sire, does self-mortification reach the summit and penetrate to the core? It would be a happy thing for me, if the Master should bring my self-mortification to the summit, and should make it penetrate to the core!"

"Practising self-mortification, Banyan, the ascetic restrains himself by the restraint of the fourfold watch, and so goes forward, turning not back to lower

things. Establishing for himself a quiet refuge for meditation, he irradiates the world with heart enkindled with love. Thereafter he calls to memory many a dwelling of his in by-gone times, one birth, two, three, up to a hundred thousand births, with all details and particulars. So with divine vision, pure, surpassing that of the sons of men, he sees beings departing and coming into manifestation, debased or excellent, fair or foul, righteous or evil; he sees these beings faring according to their works, so as to say, 'These personages, of a truth, persisting in evil deeds, persisting in evil words, persisting in evil thoughts, speaking ill of the noble, holding lying opinions, are incurring the fruit of lying opinions. They, separated from the body after death, have fallen into misery, suffering, retribution, punishment. But, on the other hand, these personages, persisting in good deeds, persisting in good words, persisting in good thoughts, speaking well of the noble, holding true views, are enjoying the fruit of true views. They, separated from the body after death, have entered into a realm of happy manifestation.' Thus, with divine vision, pure, surpassing that of the sons of men, he sees beings departing and coming into manifestation, debased or excellent, fair or foul, righteous or evil; he sees these beings faring according to their works.

"What think you, Banyan? If this be thus, is such self-mortification perfected, or is it not perfected?"

"Of a surety, Sire, self-mortification such as this has reached the summit, has penetrated to the inmost core!"

"Truly so, Banyan! Such self-mortification has reached the summit and has penetrated to the inmost core. So, Banyan, when you said to me in the beginning, 'What, worthy Master, is the Law of Righteousness which the Master teaches to his adherents, trained in which the Master's adherents win serenity, recognizing this Law as the firm foundation of their spiritual life?'—this, Banyan, is the higher and more excellent discipline which I give to my adherents, through which my adherents are established in serenity, recognizing it as the firm foundation of their spiritual life."

So far, all has gone well with the Master and his earnest hearer, Banyan, who, because of his candid spirit and willing heart, has gained the great boon which at the outset was refused. But what of the others? What of the householder Bond, and the obstreperous pilgrims? Have they been forgotten? In the answer, we shall see the happy humour and the perfect skill of the recorders of old time, who so faithfully preserved these discourses. For the record goes on to say that, when this had been said, the pilgrims burst forth in an uproar and a mighty noise, saying, "We are thus brought to naught, with our preceptors, for we know nothing better and higher than what they have taught us!"

Meanwhile, the householder Bond had been thinking, "Even though these pilgrims hold other principles, yet they are listening to what the Master says, they are giving heed to what they hear, they are entering into a better understanding." So he spoke to the pilgrim Banyan:

"Did you not say to me, good Banyan, 'Go to, householder! Knowest

thou with whom the ascetic Gotama confers? With whom does he hold converse? With whom does he clarify his understanding? The understanding of the ascetic Gotama is injured by this habit of solitude, the ascetic Gotama does not know how to conduct a meeting, he cannot carry on a debate, he is really not in the current of things. Your ascetic Gotama, with his habit of solitude, his ignorance of meetings and debates, his limited outlook, is like a cow going round in circles! Look you, householder, if the ascetic Gotama should come to this assembly, we should shut him up with a single question, we should roll him along like an empty jar! Now, therefore, that the excellent Master has come, he who is perfectly awakened, a perfect Buddha, do you show that he is ignorant of meetings, that he is like a cow going round in circles, do you shut him up with a single question, and roll him along like an empty water-jar!"

Surely a situation dramatically conceived! Are we to hold that the householder Bond, for all his virtues, has fallen short of perfect tact? Or, really resentful of Banyan's peppery phrase, is the householder Bond seizing the opportunity to avenge himself? The venerable commentator, Buddha Ghosa, suggests a third explanation, which does credit to his resourceful heart: the householder Bond is really inspired by the most excellent motives; he has brought the ticklish matter up in order to give Banyan a chance to repent, to confess and be forgiven. The recorder says that, when the householder Bond had thus spoken, the pilgrim Banyan was speechless, irritated, with drooping shoulders, chap-fallen, his mind full of confusion. Every word of this vivid description we can readily believe. The recorder does not say so, but pilgrim Banyan was in fact rolled along like an empty water-jar. The story goes serenely forward:

So when the Master saw that the pilgrim Banyan was speechless, irritated, with drooping shoulders, chap-fallen, his mind full of confusion, he spoke thus to the pilgrim Banyan:

"Is it true, Banyan, that this was spoken by you?"

"It is true, Sire, that this was spoken by me, like an idiot, like a fool, like a wrong-doer!"

"Then what think you, Banyan? Have you heard pilgrims who were old and full of years saying, 'Those who were Arhats in the far distant past, perfect Buddhas, these Masters came together in such assemblies, they raised their voices, boisterous and noisy, relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, talk of robbers, talk of ministers, talk of women and men and heroes, talk of the street and of the village well, all kinds of stories, traditions of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being, like you and these preceptors a little while ago?' Or, on the contrary, did they say that the Masters of the far distant past sought rather the forest and the verges of the woods, making for themselves refuges there, where there is little tumult, little noise, where breezes blow through the solitudes concealed from the sons of men, in refuges fitted for meditation, even as I do now?"

"Sire, I have heard pilgrims who were old and full of years saying, 'Those who were Arhats in the far distant past, perfect Buddhas, these Masters did not come together in such assemblies, nor did they raise their voices, boisterous and noisy, relating many kinds of common tales.' But they said that the Masters of the far distant past sought rather the forest and the verges of the woods, making for themselves refuges there, where there is little tumult, little noise, where breezes blow through the solitudes concealed from the sons of men, in refuges fitted for meditation, even as you, Master."

"Though you are an intelligent man, Banyan, and full of years, you did not say, 'The Master is a Buddha, teaching the righteous law of wisdom, the Master is self-ruled, teaching the righteous law of self-mastery, the Master is serene, teaching the righteous law of serenity, the Master has crossed the ocean of delusion and teaches the righteous law whereby others may cross over, the Master has attained supreme Nirvana and teaches the righteous law whereby others may attain Nirvana.'"

When the Master had spoken thus, the pilgrim Banyan thus addressed the Master:

"A transgression overtook me, Sire, like an idiot, like a fool, like a wrong-doer, so that I thus spoke of the Master. May the Master accept my confession that a transgression overtook me, so that I may obtain the victory over it!"

"Of a truth, Banyan, a transgression overtook you to-day. But as you acknowledge your transgression honestly, we accept your confession. For this is the rule of the noble one, that he who, overtaken by a transgression, acknowledges and confesses it, making amends, thereby gains the mastery over that fault.

"So, Banyan, I say this: Let an intelligent man come to me, one who is without guile and free from delusion, upright in life, I will teach him and show him the law of righteousness. So practising as he has been taught, and recognizing as the most excellent spiritual way and the supreme goal the doctrine and discipline for whose sake the sons of families come forth from the household life to the homeless life, he will attain to insight and full realization in seven years. But not to speak of seven years, Banyan, if he practise as he has been taught, he will attain in six years; nay, in five years, in four, in three, in two, in a single year; nay, even in seven months, in six, in five, in four, in three, in two, in one month; nay, in a fortnight, in seven days."

FRAGMENTS

HOPE, Faith, Knowledge,—this is the occult trilogy; Charity being the aura surrounding them,—the only atmosphere in which they can grow. Hope is the beginner's stage: he must create and maintain it by firm effort of his will, using his imagination to strengthen and expand it, thus bringing into play the twofold aspect of Creative Buddhi. By means of this continued practice he will rise to the stage of Faith, a firmer, serener place, where struggle is increasingly converted into aspiration, the upward flame of which consumes the dross of doubt and heaviness, as well as the fear which follows them, while it kindles into life the dormant higher consciousness. Thereupon Knowledge is attained, and, farther still, Wisdom, which is the synthesis of the three. Create then thy hope: build thy fire of the lower self,—it will furnish thee fuel enough. Consume, consume; and as the flames of sacrifice leap upward, go thou with them, rising phoenix-like from thine own ashes. But keep the aura of charity about thee, for without that oxygen thy fire cannot live, and on the wings of that fire alone, mayest thou dare dream thou canst attain.

Aye, dream dreams, beautiful ones: they cannot be too many nor too beautiful, if only thou givest thy life to making them come true. For all that the imagination of man can picture, and the will of man create, is but the gleam of that which shines with immortal splendour in the spiritual world—in the World of Reality.

Make thy mind and heart that placid mirror in which these glories can be reflected; so will a heavenly light fill the spaces about thee, and the atmosphere of Eternal Beauty penetrate the blackness of the lower world. For these reflections to be true, thou must be true; for them to be clear, thou must be pure.

To gain them, thou must hope for them, look for them; to keep them and increase them, thou must believe in them, have unshaken faith. To make them powers of redemption, for thyself and others, thou must understand them; and to preserve them in undying consciousness, to incarnate them, thou must be encircled and engulfed in one uprushing flame of love.

CAVÉ.

RELIGIO MILITIS

Then answered he me, and said, This is the condition of the battle which man that is born upon the earth shall fight; that if he be overcome, he shall suffer as thou hast said: but if he get the victory, he shall receive the thing that I say.

II Esdras, vii, 57, 58.

ATTENTION has frequently been called to the deepened religious note that has marked the post-war literature of France, but there have been fewer indications that, even beneath the surface, the same causes were working in England toward the same end,—though, if they were not, the War had, for England, been waged in vain. Nevertheless, some such signs there are, and one of them, a recent book* that lends its title to this article, reveals such personal experience and strikes so high and true a note, as would give it significance in the literature of any time or people; for its author, led by the World War to re-enter the soldier's path, found there the verification of the first great truths of the soldier's faith,—the House of Death becoming for him, as for Nachiketas, a hall of initiation into the Way of Life. It is such a book as we have long hoped some English soldier would write, setting the proven facts of his own and his fellows' experience against the deluded materialism and sentimental pacifism into which the politicians of his country have reacted, and which have stained both their public policies and speech. Could we believe, as the author of this book seems to wish us to believe, that he speaks not only for himself but for his generation, reflecting the hold their hearts and wills have taken upon the soldier's truths, no less than their rejection of forms which have become for them no more than forms, then would our hope for England be more than hope. We should know that the War had been won, and that victory rested with Light and not Darkness. Yet whether he speak for many or for few, there can be no question but that he speaks for himself with utter sincerity, and thereby renders his readers a lasting service.

Perhaps by none will the nature of that service be better understood, and the author's fundamental viewpoint be more completely shared, than by students of Theosophy. The Theosophical Society has been nurtured and reared, as it was conceived, in a warrior faith, and the ancient teachings it reiterates bring home to every man "the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death". This is the spirit that breathes through the whole theosophic philosophy, one of the tests

* *Religio Militis*, by Austin Hopkinson, a member of Parliament and formerly a private of Dragoons. The University Press, Glasgow. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1928. }

by which it may be differentiated from the many perversions and counterfeits that prostitute its name; and therefore, though the disciple of Theosophy must recognize, within all religions, the Light and Truth which he himself strives to serve, it is in the direct and virile religion of the soldier that he is most at home. Here his native tongue is spoken, facts are faced as facts; and in the laying down of life and self, which is the soldier's calling, in its unquestioning loyalties, disciplined obedience and utter self-giving, he finds truths *lived* which all religions teach. Upon these truths the soldier speaks, if he speak of them at all, with the simplicity and authority of personal experience; for those who live the life know of the doctrine, whether it is of God or of man, founded upon fact or fancy.

In both the *Brihad Aranyaka* and the *Chhandogya* Upanishads—said to be the oldest two of this ancient group of Indian scriptures—it is recorded that the Mystery-teaching of the Path which leads men to liberation and union with the Eternal, was communicated to the Brahmans by the Rajput kings,—to priests who knew it not, by warriors whose heritage it was. It was on the field of battle that Krishna initiated Arjuna; and it was when he abode three days "a pure guest" in the House of Death, that Nachiketas, having rejected "store of elephants and gold, of cattle and horses, slave girls and robes and vestures", learned the secret of "the Great, the Infinite, the Illimitable", over which Death had no dominion. First-hand knowledge is the prize of those who stake their life upon their faith and put it to the test of battle. It can be gained in no other way; for those who are not "doers" of the word, but "hearers" only, can never rise above the symbols in which the truth is clothed, so that its concrete spiritual reality soon becomes lost for them in a maze of ritual and metaphysical abstractions, or sinks into the quicksands of sentimental humanitarianism and material "good works". Throughout the whole course of religious history, therefore, wherever the functions of the priest and of the warrior have been divorced, we can trace the recurring need to actualize and to revivify the teachings of the priest by renewed revelation of the warrior's direct experience. This is a persistent lesson of the books of the Old Testament, and is reflected through the Middle Ages in the history of the religious Orders and their reaction upon the Church. It is the story of the Buddha, and of the ages before the Buddha, no less than of the Christ. For though there is inner as well as outer warfare, the kingdom of heaven must be taken by violence. The Path is the path of sacrifice, not of the tithe of one's goods, but of self and of the desires of the heart; and the union that is its goal is found in the resurrection-life, which, even while in this mortal body, rises from the life laid down. Through all time it has been the Way of the Warrior; and the warrior alone, having experienced its truths, can reveal them to others, and resolve the maze of doubt and paradox in which the mind confronts them. So Jesus answers Nicodemus: "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The words cut through all metaphysical speculation in an appeal to direct, personal experience.

It is something of this service that Mr. Hopkinson renders us, and the heart of the doctrine which he sets forth, in terms of his own life and thought, is in truth the ancient Mystery-teaching of the Path, which the western world had all but lost before the Great War blasted wide its neglected gates. Again and again, as we read his pages, our thought reverts to that profoundly mystical discourse with Nicodemus, in which Christ, revealing the meaning of his own life as Avatar, reveals equally the cosmic descent of Spirit into matter and the Path of Chélaship. Its significance has been largely missed in modern theology, because taken as applying only to Jesus himself; but the whole context shows that the purport of his argument was that what was true of him must become true of all who would follow him and enter into eternal life. From servants, they must become "Sons" or Chélas; and with that new birth, "begotten of the Father", the responsibilities of their spiritual lineage become theirs in a new *noblesse oblige*. They are sent into the world, even as Christ was sent into the world, to save it from itself, as the agent of the Father's love, and in obedience to the law—on which all aristocracy rests—that the higher must give itself in battle for the lower. To become a "Son", or Chêla, is to be admitted into the spiritual hierarchy of knighthood, to become a soldier and to enter into war.

Again and again, too, we are reminded of the *Bhagavad Gita*, and of Death's words to Nachiketas in the *Katha Upanishad*. Though our author makes no direct reference to these Indian scriptures, passage after passage could be quoted from them paralleling and summarizing his thought. "The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two draw a man in opposite ways. . . . Thou, indeed, pondering over dear and dearly loved desires, Nachiketas, hast passed them by; not this flowery way of wealth hast thou accepted, in which sink many of the sons of men. . . . That Seer is not born, nor dies, nor does He proceed from aught, nor has any become He. Unborn, eternal, immemorial, the Ancient is not slain when the body is slain. If the slayer thinks to slay Him, if the slain thinks of Him as slain, both these understand not; He slays not, nor is slain. . . . The children of men go after outward desires; they go to the widespread net of Death. Therefore the wise, beholding immortality, seek not that which is permanent among impermanent things. . . . Not, verily, by speech, or by thought, or by the eyes, can this be obtained. It is apprehended of him who realizes its being; how could it be known otherwise? . . . When all the desires that dwell in his heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and enters the Eternal. When all the knots of the heart are untied, the mortal becomes immortal; so far goes the teaching handed down." The way to the Gates of Gold leads through the Temptations in the Wilderness.

We would not have it supposed, however, that we ourselves agree, or believe that other students of Theosophy will agree, with all of Mr. Hopkinson's conclusions. His words have the profound interest and significance that attach to first-hand spiritual experience and honest thought upon it. Of the genuineness of that experience and the truth of that which it revealed, we have no

least shadow of doubt; but there are times when he draws his arguments less from what he has himself verified, than from the background of his education in the misleading simplifications of modern evolutionary theories. He would not have us forget that he belongs to "a generation whose fathers read the *Origin of Species*, and which itself has read *The Golden Bough*". But criticism here is largely beside the mark, and leaves the essential value of his book untouched. It is easy to outgrow *The Golden Bough*; easier still to recognize and make allowance for its influence. It is not easy to find those who will make the sacrifice of telling us the truths their own lives have revealed. How great such sacrifice is, none should know better than those in the Theosophical Movement who have so richly received of its fruits at the hands of their predecessors; and that our present author feels it to be a heavy one, is made very clear in his opening "Apology". We can quote but enough to show its tenor.

" The true reward of the soldier's calling is in the work itself. . . . Yet perhaps it may be allowed to me, the least of all soldiers, to break for once through that reticence which we so highly prize to set down for boys and maidens some of those things which war has taught us, or has appeared to teach. . . .

"More especially do I think it well that those coming after us should hear what we have to say, because it would appear to me that only in battle may a man, setting aside all thought for a morrow which probably he will not see, in some small measure discern what things are real and lasting, and what things are but the fleeting sensations of the moment. Young people, lacking this experience, are too ready to listen to those who, deceived by outward appearance, tell them falsely that this is an era of disintegration, that the old ideals for which men suffered are hollow, and that the new age must begin with the casting away of those restraints which, irksome though they be, are all that separate us from the beasts which perish. Noisy fellows, calling themselves Communists, rave in the streets that there is no God, and that it were well, therefore, to make peace with the devil. Others, moulding a dirty little idol from the mud of their appetites, declare that the voice of their god is not a still small voice, but is rather the hoarse shouting of the mob. They cry out that men need no longer strive to love their neighbour as themselves, for some ingenious change in our industrial system will give prosperity and contentment to all without any self-sacrifice on our part. Others, again, tell us that we may still be overbearing, selfish and covetous of our neighbour's trade and territory, yet wars shall cease because the League of Nations has been set up to be a sure shield for men against the consequences of their own wickedness. . . .

"Surely, then, it is fitting that at the present time soldiers, before all others, should take up the heavy burden of aristocracy, and, setting aside their diffidence, hold themselves ready to fulfil duties far more toilsome and difficult than any which war could lay upon them, . . . and thus preserve some memory of the time when, from the sodden trenches of Flanders, under the

mocking sunshine of Gallipoli, or through the cold mists of the North Sea, we saw the vision, lacking which the people perish. . . .

"If it be true that this age may regain the lost principle of aristocracy, which more than once in the past has saved mankind from despair of the future, . . . it is well that we should see clearly wherein that spirit lies. . . . The failure of democracy has borne witness to the fact that the well-being of the many can be secured only by the self-sacrifice of the few. . . .

"This is that Religion of the Soldier concerning which it is my purpose to write. . . ."

The soldier's right to his work and not to its fruits; the putting away of personal desire and the untying of "the knots of the heart"; the refusal of the "flowery way of wealth, in which sink many of the sons of men"; the recognition of the aristocratic principle of *noblesse oblige*; and the steadfast insistence upon conforming action to vision, the living of the life that the doctrine may be known—these fundamentals of the spiritual life are set out in the author's "Apology", and their application traced through the body of the book. It will be of interest to readers of the QUARTERLY to note that, having taken his stand upon the same unchanging truths of the soldier's faith, his views upon many of the changing affairs of men—upon democracy and mob-psychology, upon economics and political theories—are the same in essence as those to which Theosophy leads, and which have been continuously reflected in this journal through the pages of "On the Screen of Time". We cannot deal with these chapters here, much though we should like to do so, but must confine ourselves to what he has to say upon the religious outlook of his generation, and to the central religious experience that came to him in the war, and which is both the foundation and the verification of his philosophy of life.

He accepts literally the teaching of Christ as recorded in the Gospels; and also some of the Pauline writings, such as the 13th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. "With our whole hearts we accept it, assured that it displays the only means whereby we may attain that true mysticism which causes the material universe to vanish away, so that the universe of things unseen and eternal becomes our dwelling place. This accords with the tendency of my generation to seek the literal meaning wherever it is possible, and to neglect those passages in the New Testament which, if their meaning be not strained, seem to be at variance with the philosophy of Christianity."

But for the church as an organization, for its formal rites and sacraments and dogmas, and above all for a priestcraft, of which it is the "concern rather to preserve a church than to keep alive a religion", he has little use. "The policy of the Roman hierarchy in Ireland during the late troubles filled with disgust all who have no taste for murder. Nor can the Established Church in England regain her influence till a powerful group of her clergy ceases to flatter and fawn upon the political party which holds that it is better to receive than to give, and better still by the force of the majority to take."

In a chapter whose title confesses its mockery, he considers orthodox theol-

ogy and the hypotheses of physical science, showing by both that "the conceptions of the unchanging must themselves be subject to change." To the belittling anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity he contrasts the geometry of the modern Relativity Theory, which would give to any four-dimensional being such power over time and space as was once ascribed only to the heavenly host. But the philosophic scheme which Mr. Hopkinson finds closest to his own thought, is, he tells us, "a dualism well-nigh Manichæan". "Nor in this", he continues, "should our critics be too ready with their censure. For, as in the early days of our era soldiers brought back to the imperial city a dualistic religion which had a deep effect upon the doctrine and practice of the church, so also do we but carry on the tradition when, returning from the wars, we ask that churchmen should openly recognize the essential dualism implied in the Gospels, and to an even greater degree in Pauline Christianity."

It is the cult of Mithras to which he refers—that derivative of the ancient Mystery-teaching of the Warrior's Path which gave itself to the soldiers of the Roman Empire before it passed from the knowledge of men. Its scriptures have not survived, or have not yet been "found", so that we know it only through fragmentary accounts and allusions; but there is ground for believing, as does our author, that it had a profound effect upon the thought of the early Christian church. In *Isis Unveiled* it is suggested that the "seven seals"—which are described in the fifth and sixth chapters of Revelation as having been opened in order by "the Lion of Judah", who was worthy because he had prevailed and been slain—had reference to the seven rules or mysteries which were delivered to the "newly-born" after he had passed through the baptism of blood in the Mithraic ceremony of initiation; and it is noted how like are the words used in St. Paul's account of the baptism of Christ, "Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee" (Heb. v, 5), to those reputed to have been used by Maxime, the Ephesian, in initiating the Emperor Julian into Mithraism: "By this blood, I wash thee from thy sins. The Word of the Highest has entered unto thee, and His Spirit henceforth will rest upon the newly-born, the *now-begotten* of the Highest God. . . . Thou art the son of Mithra." To Mithraism, too, has been ascribed the code of chivalry, and our author believes that its spirit "reappears in the spirit of the Military Orders when these were in their prime".

This is a view which may easily be accepted by students of Theosophy who have seen how, with each new outgiving of spiritual life and truth from the great Lodge, the old truths—to the extent that men have preserved them as true—are gathered up and drawn into the central current of the new teaching. Every Avatar comes, not to abrogate, but to fulfil "the law and the prophets"; and not of one land or time only, but of all. The spiritual rank of Christ's life on earth is testified to as clearly in the Upanishads as in the Hebrew books, and he fulfilled the "law" of the one as of the other. The significance of his birth place—the meeting point of the thought of Egypt, India and Greece—has often been noted. Hebraic legalism was too narrow a lense through which to see the full breadth and depth of the truths he lived and

taught. As he drew anew from that one source of Truth which is the fountain head of all religions, so in that "living water" was whatever *lived* in other faiths. Very little of it could be understood by his immediate followers; and not being understood could not well have been recorded. Nevertheless that which was his, found its way to him and to the tradition of his doctrine; sometimes through strange channels, and more often than not, only to be rejected by the councils of the church which bore his name; yet having made contact, the effect of the contact remained.

It is in terms of the Mithraic beliefs that Mr. Hopkinson gives us the sharpest outline of his own view of life and of the soldier's faith; and it is these also which he uses to interpret, in its universal significance, that transfer of the sense of self-identification from the flesh to the spirit which may be accomplished when the limits of the flesh are overpassed, and which he himself experienced in the extremity of battle as an initiation into the world of the Immortal. What he says here is first-hand testimony to the reality of a law of life which, though verified by soldiers in every age and by all who tread that stage of the Path into which the Temptations in the Wilderness admit, has ever been doubted and rejected by the world. We quote from pages that we should be glad to quote in full.

"Moreover it [Mithraism] solved for the soldier the hard problem raised by the command that a man shall turn his other cheek to the smiter. For its adherents showed that such an instruction could be obeyed to the full, yet that no man need turn his own cheek to him who smote some other person. The soldier confesses that he is bound to forgive unto seventy times seven times the brother who has offended him, but can see no reason why he should forgive even once the brother whose trespass against others is unrequited. Herein, as I believe, we find the whole justification of war. For by wounds received in battle the offence against others is converted to an offence against the soldier himself, and that which was without pardon becomes that for which forgiveness must be freely granted. This is the message of Mithras, filling a man's mind with happiness when his mangled body lies bleeding on the clay of Flanders. . . .

"But it is more especially of the dualism of Mithraism that I would write. For it would appear to me that the scientists of the nineteenth century confirmed to a most remarkable degree the ancient belief in a contest waged between moral beings and a non-moral cosmic process. So that for us the warfare of Ormazd and Ahriman is no mere fable, but a very present reality. I make claim for my generation that it was the first to perceive clearly that nature is a dark power ever striving to keep the gate of progress fast closed to men. For the theory, or one might say without falsehood the fact, of biological evolution was misinterpreted by our forebears in a surprising manner when they sang the praises of a process whereby men must of necessity become better and better, and of a change which, with almost inconceivable rashness, they called progress. It is indeed strange to us that they should have been betrayed into so manifest an error as that of supposing that the fittest to

survive in a struggle for physical existence must be the fittest in any other relation. . . ."

The rising and ebbing tides of material evolution are indicated, and the same lesson drawn from them as in *Through the Gates of Gold*. "From that death or from that everlasting re-birth of worlds there is, then, no escape for those who cowardly submit themselves to the cosmic process, nor, fighting against it and defying the lightning, seek to control an environment which, in default of conscious effort on their part to do so, is strong to control them. They are born, they beget, and they die, and their place knoweth them no more. Fast bound to the wheel of material things and turning with it, they see but a distorted image of the truth which does not move, and is to be seen clearly only by those who can free themselves from that endless rotation and, standing aside though it be but for a moment, can hear the voices of the immortal gods.

"This stepping aside from the material into the spiritual is not to be achieved lightly or with ease. . . . But the victory of man over his environment and the liberation of the soul from the wheel of material things are matters which come within the direct experience of the soldier, who, therefore, needs no shadowy likeness of the truth. Even I am not entirely lacking in this experience, for I well remember a day early in the war, when the enemy conceived a determination to possess himself of that part of the trenches before Ypres held by my squadron. For some hours he turned upon us the whole available power of his artilleries, both heavy and light, so that the sun was darkened by smoke and dust, and we moved as in a dim twilight breathing air such as might hang above the sulphurous lake of hell. . . . What my companions felt I know not, though this at the least is sure, that none failed in that fiery ordeal. But to me those few hours were full reward for all the weary years of waiting and of preparation. The faith long held through all discouragement was justified, and at length I knew clearly that man is master of his universe, having a free choice either to yield to the fearful environment so that he becomes but a poor whimpering animal almost too mean to be worthy of the regard of death, or to rise above the material world around him captain of his own soul, and thereby lord of the whole creation. At such times a man walks with Heroes as it were with equals, contemplating all time and all existence, understanding all knowledge and all mysteries. For the moment he is meek and inherits the earth, for the moment he is pure in heart and sees God. This is the end to which Mithras the Unconquerable leads us, not in some far distant future, but here and now. Death has no sting, the grave no victory for those who with Mithras the Comrade learn thus to subdue Ahriman. For Ahriman is none other, as I believe, than that cosmic process, which, dark, predestined, hopeless, and without compassion, enslaves all save him who, enlisting himself in the shining army of Ormazd, takes up the shield of faith, the sword of the spirit, and the helmet of salvation, wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against the ruler of the darkness of this world."

There follows a passage of profound truth, but one of whose full connotations

in the author's own mind we are not wholly sure. "But there can be no victory even with Mithras the Comrade by our side unless also Mithras the Mediator bring us wisdom from beyond this world. We of the present generation are assured of this, that no mediator is of any avail except he be in part of this material universe and in part of that greater universe beyond it." Were such a statement to be made by a student of Theosophy, we should read in it unhesitatingly his recognition of his own Master, and, from this, his recognition of the existence of the great Lodge of Masters and of the dependence of the spiritual life of mankind upon their teaching and their inner aid. Just what Mr. Hopkinson means by this passage we do not know, as we said, but we have here a clear statement of the theoretical necessity for the existence of the spiritual hierarchy which bridges the gap between man and the Supreme. He returns to touch upon the same theme in the closing sentences of the chapter.

"Herein, indeed, would appear to lie the hope of immortality, that men should be conquerors of Ahriman, consciously moulding this universe to their will, defeating a cosmic process whose end is death because its moving spirit is desire, making the world completely subject, and knowing that the good and evil in it are but the measure of the good and evil in themselves. This, as I believe, is the true mysticism, the real becoming like unto the god, the kingdom of heaven, to be attained only by such as are willing to forsake all and to follow a guide in part human and in part divine—whether that mediator be Mithras or Another."

Yet though our author reverts, not only here but in many other passages, to man's dependence for knowledge of the Path upon the mediation of beings higher than himself—holding that "the doctrine which the Gospels recount is proof enough of the extra-mundane relations of the teacher"; and that "there can be no meaning or purpose in our existence unless some revelation reach us *ab extra*"—it is not clear to what extent he thinks of this mediation as a descent of spiritual life and force as well as of information. Information, as most men know too well, is not enough. There must be the will to use it. The whole tenor of his argument is to show that there can be nothing in natural evolution alone which could have produced a human spirit capable of utilizing this information from above nature, and of setting itself to oppose its parent in ceaseless warfare. As that which is born of the flesh is flesh, so must the spirit be born of the Spirit; and upon this latter half of the dual truth our author is more silent than we could wish. There are times when it seems to us that, though he has seen so much so clearly, the full logical consequences of his own truths have been submerged and hidden from him by that false monism of the common theory of evolution which he himself controverts, yet still, in part, unconsciously accepts. Perhaps it would be strange if this were not so; for the scientific view of evolution, deliberately confining itself to tracing the long sequence of ascending animal forms, the *vehicles* of life, not life itself, has thereby imbued the whole western world with the notion that beings have become what they are through but a single monistic

process. Only in the East, and in Theosophy, do we find the corrective of this view,—the teaching of the descent from Spirit, which is concomitant with and causes the ascent from matter. As our bodies trace their ancestry back to the primordial slime, so do our spirits trace their ancestry from the One Spirit. Man is what he is by virtue of these two opposite currents, and at every point of his evolution the flesh is either "lifted up" to be made through sacrifice an instrument of the spirit, or the spirit is drawn down, degraded and perverted to be the servant and slave of the flesh.

It seems to us, therefore, that our author's own truths would stand forth in an even clearer light, and that something of what now limits them would be removed, if he were to push his dualism further to its logical conclusions. Theosophy holds firmly to the essential *ultimate* unity of Being—so that it does not grant the independent existence of evil *in esse*—but it holds, with equal firmness, that this unity is realized only in the Unmanifest, and that duality, and thus warfare, is the inseparable hall-mark of all manifested being. When this view is taken, many things become clear which are else obscure. We cease to think that we must explain the spirit by the flesh, truth by falsity; and see, instead, that much of what is in the lower man can be explained only through what is in the higher man, and that much which is false is nevertheless a perverted derivative of the truth. The truth of the spiritual life, that the soul becomes that upon which it feeds—the truth which Marcus Antoninus recorded when he wrote, "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind"; and which St. Augustine heard as from on High, "I am the food of grown men, grow and thou shalt feed upon Me; nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me"; the truth which the life of every great contemplative exemplifies—this truth, despite *The Golden Bough*, does not owe its origin to the false notions of cannibals, or to their self-justifying rationalization of the desire to eat their braver enemies. This doctrine has not risen from the flesh to the spirit, from falsity to truth; but rather has been dragged down from the spirit to the flesh, from truth to falsehood. And between the two lie all manner and degrees of partial truths and partial falsehoods, in that confusion of planes in which, too commonly, our thought functions and our life is lived.

The same view, too, tends to explain the intensity of the warfare that takes place within the individual soul, and the stupendous issues which hang upon individual victory or defeat. For in truth neither the warfare nor the victory can ever be wholly an individual matter. In each soul, when it comes to that appointed battle "which man that is born upon the earth shall fight", all the hosts of Ahriman press to the attack and meet the army of Ormazd. Our author tells us that the dualism which he has stressed "is not really a Zoroastrian dualism, inasmuch as it removes Ormazd from the scene of the actual conflict with Ahriman, making man his champion"; and the picture that he gives is that of man standing single-handed against the whole "cosmic process". There is truth in this; but there is also an element which may mis-

lead, for the "cosmic process", certainly in its larger sense, includes more than the processes of nature. In it is good as well as evil; Ormazd as well as Ahri-man. The soul must stand alone. Our author rightly emphasizes this. But as in each atom the whole universe is integrated, so must the soul integrate within itself the whole of the shining army of heaven. As Edward III stood aloof at Crécy that the Black Prince might win his spurs, so does Ormazd stand. Yet it is with his power and his armies that the soul must fight, to prove itself his son; and the victory it must win is Ormazd's, or it is nothing worth—defeat, not victory.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL

I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is the victory over self.—ARISTOTLE.

True happiness never flows into a man, but always out of him. Heaven itself is more internal than external.—NEWMAN.

THE HAKO: AN INDIAN RITE

PART I

YEAR after year, as occasion offers, I make a pilgrimage to the Southwest, with some one of the Indian religious ceremonies as my chief objective.

It may be that I jolt my hot and dusty way across Arizona to the far Hopi villages, camping for sleepless nights, and living on next to nothing, for the sake of the few brief hours when I may witness the tense culmination of the Snake Dance; or perhaps at Christmas time I shiver the length of the snowy road between Santa Fe and the Pueblo of San Felipe to stand the night through on feet aching from the cold of the clay floor, just to see the dramatic inrush of the Deer and Buffalo dancers when, after the midnight mass, they storm into the little adobe church to enact their age-old prayer for good hunting before the Virgin and Child; or I rise in the dark of a January morning at San Ildefonso to stumble up a stony hillside where, unobtrusively ensconced behind a clump of juniper, I can watch the masked figures of the Buffalo tramp from the kiva through billows of ceremonial smoke, rose red in the first level rays of the sun.

I think I could easily number a dozen other occasions when, against odds and discomfort, I have betaken myself with deep inner excitement, to watch and marvel over these primitive dramaturgies which are still a potent factor in the religious life of the southwestern tribes. Over and over again I have asked myself just what it is that invests them with their compelling and drawing power. That they are beautiful I know; nothing could be lovelier than the Eagle Dancers, light and alert and inimitably bird-like, hovering on a moonlit ledge of the Cañon de Los Frijoles; nothing more breath-catching than the rhythmic tramp and sonorous chorus of the great Domingo Corn Dance, nor more weirdly dramatic than the Shalako ceremony when the Giant Harbingers of the Rain dance back and forth before strange altars at Zuñi.

I have a mind full of unforgettable pictures, and yet I believe the lure which draws one back again and again, and which holds one's unabated interest through long hours of endless repetition, is not alone the enjoyment of the visual beauty or the fascination of the intricate rhythm of the music, but that underneath and above and back of the brilliant patterning of colour, underneath and above and back of the insistent measures of chorus and drum and posture, one is always hauntingly aware of direct purpose; that here is a united will which is using colour and gesture, melody and rhythm with a full belief in their creative potency, so that, inevitably, one is forced from the attitude of a mere spectator and is swept along with the participants in appeal to the High Powers.

I am by no means able to pursue this thought unaided; the barriers of race and language and alien beliefs are too difficult for any casual observer to

penetrate; but fortunately there has been much scholarly and unprejudiced research in the field, and the results are readily available. One book above all others has seemed to me to furnish the coveted key of understanding, and I have therefore made it the subject of this study. It is a ponderous volume which, as one reads and re-reads, turns under one's very hands from a dry-as-dust tome put out by the Smithsonian Institution as "Number 22, Part II, Publication of the Bureau of Ethnology," into a living record of human sympathy and spiritual understanding, while it furthermore points the way to a world of prototypes and parallels. There are suggestions which carry one's thoughts to the Eleusinian mysteries of archaic Greece, to the East Indian Upanishads, to the Japanese Nō Plays, or the Egyptian hymns to Ra which are here fairly matched by the Sun-Chant of their far-flung western descendants.

The sub-title of the volume is, "The Hako: a Pawnee Ceremony"; and though actually a rite of the plains' Indians, it nevertheless shows unmistakable evidence of origin on the Mexican plateau, and in general character is closely akin to the greater religious dramas of New Mexico and Arizona. Generically they are all enacted prayers for tribal well-being,—for rain, the harvest of corn, or good hunting; specifically in this instance, for peace and plenty and children to strengthen and carry forward the life of the people.

The author of the report is Miss Alice Fletcher, who was a recipient of the Thaw fellowship from the Peabody museum, and who devoted her life to study and service among the Omaha and related tribes. I have been told by a friend who knew her, that she was an exquisitely feminine and retiring little lady, but because of devotion to her Indian charges she betook herself from the seclusion of the reservation to Washington, there to brave the powers-that-be in their defence; that she succeeded in lobbying through a bill insuring them just land tenures, subsequently mastering practical surveying that she might herself follow the chain, and oversee the field work which threatened to nullify all that she had accomplished. The exposure and physical difficulties of the task brought on a long attack of rheumatic fever which left her permanently crippled, but it was during the weeks of her convalescence that the Indians, for once really convinced of a true friendship, divulged much that is contained in her books, and it was through their love and co-operative help that she secured the material for her epoch-making report.

An extract from her preface will give an idea of the magnitude of the task:

"The difficulty of obtaining first-hand information in regard to Indian religious rites and beliefs is so well known, that it seems proper to state how I came by my opportunities. In the early eighties of the last century while pursuing my studies of the Omaha, I several times witnessed the ceremony described in the following pages, but owing to the death of the only man who knew all the ritual it became impossible at that time to secure a complete record. I was told that it was still preserved in its entirety among the Pawnees and later I was able to establish with that tribe relations of confidence, the credentials being my extended acquaintance among the Omaha and the

warm friendship of their leading men. I need not recount the failure of efforts made during some fifteen years to gain the desired information, since at last in 1898 I found the desired opportunity.

"Experience has shown that no linguistic training enables an unaided student to truly record and interpret Indian ritual; one must have a native collaborator who speaks English and is at the same time well versed in the Sacred Language and other intricacies of his own tongue, and who possesses the mind and character which fit him to grasp the ideals of his race. I have had such a collaborator in James Murtrie, an educated Pawnee whom I have known since he was a school boy, twenty years ago, and it is his patience, tact and unfailing kindness that have soothed the prejudices and allayed the fears of the old men who are the repositories of all that remains of the ancient tribal rites.

"It is one of these old men named Tahirussawichi who is the direct authority for the text of this report and for the full explanations which accompany it. He bears the title of Kurahus, which is both a term of general respect and the specific designation of a master of the Hako ceremony, and though ready with good fellowship he never forgets the dignity of his calling as guardian of the sacred rites. He has held to an earth lodge as his abode until it has dropped to pieces about him for,—'I cannot live in a white man's house; the sacred articles committed to my care must be kept in an earth lodge, and in order that I may fulfil my duties toward them and my people, I must be there also, so that as I sit I can stretch out my hand and lay it on Mother Earth.'

"When on a visit to me in the capital, I took him to see the Washington Monument, and he admired it greatly, measuring the base by foot paces and noticing its height, but when I suggested that he ascend to the top he shook his head saying, 'The white man likes to pile stones upon stones, and he may go to the top of them; I will not; I have climbed the mountains made by Tirawa, the Great Spirit.' It has taken four years of close relations with my kind old friend to obtain the full account of the ceremony, for it was hard to overcome the scruples of his early training which enjoined strict secrecy concerning many of the rituals.

"The word Hako has been adopted by me as a title from among the varying Indian designations because it has a comprehensive meaning which includes, and can in turn be applied to, the symbolic articles employed, to the songs and ceremonial acts and to the participants themselves; furthermore because of its etymological derivations it implies that every object herein used is endowed with a life of its own, that it breathes and has a speaking voice, just as has the drum or tom-tom whose rhythm follows and emphasizes the emotions expressed in the songs."

The philosophy of being which is here described is pre-eminently a world of spiritual relations in which nature and the elements, man and the lowliest of creatures, all play their allotted rôles. It recognizes an ultimate spiritual power, unknown and unknowable, dwelling in a place too high to be reached by the thoughts of men.

"This mighty power whom we call Tirawa, or Tirawa-atius, the Father of ALL, no one can describe, for where he lives no man has ever been; nor can this Mighty Power speak directly to man; for this reason he has created the Lesser Powers, and has given to them as their abode the blue circle of the sky.

"Three of the Lesser Powers are the most potent; first the Life Breath or Spirit, which is manifested in the Four Winds, guardians of the Four World Quarters, and which bestows the breath of life on all creatures; it is a very potent power though invisible.

"Next comes the Force of Life, vitality, which is manifested as the Sun-Father, and which sends down fiery strength and the vigor of growth; while the third is the Power of Gestation, of conservation, which is manifested as the Earth Mother; it nourishes and supports all life.

"Besides these three there are other Lesser Powers; Water is one, and Vegetation is one, for both these Powers dwell in the circle of the Sky and are needed to maintain the life of man. Sometimes too the Morning Star and the Brown Eagle are named as Lesser Powers."

Intermediate between the Lesser Powers and man, lies the abode of the Visions, not of ordinary shifting dreams, but the visions or revelations which on occasions of need can be sent by the Powers down to man to reveal or to point the way. "Only men who are seeking to follow the teachings given by the Powers are able to behold or remember or interpret these Visions which come in many forms such as the birds which are invoked and symbolized in the ceremony. Yet while all are not able to behold or remember, all who participate in a rite feel the gladness which the Visions impart as they move about unseen. It is usually by night that they come, for then it is easier for the spirit to move freely, but it is quite possible though more difficult for them to reveal themselves by day."

Within and around and about this cosmogony are subdivisions and combinations and additions, expressed through an involved use of symbolism, the symbolism of colour and number as well as of concrete sacred objects which are related more or less definitely to religious ideas.

The Hako ceremony specifically is a prayer lasting many days, in which all these supernatural powers are invoked and become actually united with the supplicants through the media of meditation, dance and song. It is inaugurated by some leading man in a village, usually a Chief, who conceives the idea that union with a second village would be of benefit, securing to them both added strength and protection and an inrush of new life. When thoroughly convinced of the advisability of such a step, he calls the participants which the contemplated rite requires. Most important of these is a Kurahus or Master of the Hako, who, from the moment he accepts office, is in absolute charge of all the proceedings; he must be a man of great dignity who commands the unequivocal respect of the people, and who, moreover, is versed in all the intricacies of the enactment, able to interpret its teachings, and knowing word for word each of its many songs with the accompanying steps and gestures. The other members of the group include the Priest of the Rain Shrine, two

Medicine Men, a second Chief, a number of musicians, and, lastly, kindred or friends who are willing to furnish the requisite gifts.

The Chief who inaugurates the rite is known as the Father, and the entire group which he assembles as the Party of the Fathers. It is their province to select some man of sufficient worth and power in the second village, to vouch for the contemplated alliance; if he accepts the honour, he will be styled the Son, and will gather together in his turn, a group known as the Party of the Children, to bear their due share in the coming ceremony.

According to Miss Fletcher's analysis, the Hako consists of twenty distinct though inter-related rituals, seven of which belong to the Preparatory Rites, the rest to the ceremony proper; each ritual embodies one general idea which is elaborated by songs and attendant acts, both songs and acts so closely related to the central thought that one helps to keep the other in mind. The thought expressed determines the rhythm, which in turn controls the words, the music, and the duration of the notes; moreover, the thought thus embodied in one ritual leads so directly to the next that they form a sequence which in the mind of the Pawnee cannot logically be broken, thus insuring the preservation of the ceremony in its entirety through generations of oral transmission. Its compact and closely knitted structure bears testimony to the mental grasp of the people who promulgated it, and to their defined beliefs. Rhythm, always determined by the thought to be expressed, dominates the entire rendition and is always exact, for if any liberties were taken with it the entire character of the song would be blurred or distorted to the native ear.

In the Preparatory Rites, the sacred symbolic articles are constructed and vested with their supernatural authority, the choice of the Son is mystically determined, messengers are dispatched from one village to the other to announce the impending honour, and upon their return with the Son's acceptance, the entire party of the Fathers makes a stately journey thither, and is duly welcomed; after which a ceremonial lodge is consecrated as the Nest in which the New Life is to be born, and the Son, clothed by the Father in symbolic robes, joins with him in recognition of the Divine Power Above.

This completes, so to speak, the setting of a stage and the assembling of actors in readiness for the ensuing drama, which is ushered in by parental admonitions and a ceremonial feast prepared by the Fathers in token of the care given by kind parents to their offspring. With the initial relation thus established, there follow days and nights in which the Visions are invoked, the cosmic birth of Dawn is celebrated, the male forces of the Day and the female forces of the Earth—all the Powers of the Above and the Below—are summoned to gather within the Nest of the Lodge for the culminating hours of the Secret Ceremony.

To follow this prolonged dramaturgy through, with any degree of completeness, is obviously impossible in a limited article, and moreover, for those who desire it, Miss Fletcher's book is readily available. In it are given all the minute details of every separate ritual, and the metrical record of the songs with the Indian Syllables and their literal English equivalent, followed by

Tahirassawichi's explanation of the "inner meaning," together with Miss Fletcher's freer poetical rendition. Naturally, however, this makes a rather formidable bit of reading, so it has seemed legitimate to attempt a curtailed transcription. The explanations are almost word for word those of the old Indian Master of the Hako, while the analysis and the translation are Miss Fletcher's. In the following account no comment or interpretations have been added, though of necessity much that is interesting and significant has been omitted.

THE PREPARATION

As the hour designated for the initial rites approaches, the group of the Fathers assembles in one of the more commodious dwellings which has been set aside for their use; the Kurahus, or Master of the Hako, already duly anointed and wrapped in official robes, seats himself near the west wall, facing eastward, while before him lies a mat spread with all the materials needed in the construction of the Sacred Articles. Forthwith he begins the opening song, which is a direct invocation to the Powers to approach and endow the Hako with divine life; it recalls the creation of man, the gifts bestowed upon him by the All-Father, and the establishment of rites through which he can in turn make appeal; furthermore, man's desire for the reproduction and continuation of his life is dwelt upon, and the orderly approach by which he shall make this desire known to Tirawa, thus indicating the religious basis of the impending ceremony. It is in the form of a litany, each stanza beginning with a petition to "give heed," and closing with an assurance that heed has indeed been vouchsafed.

There follows closely upon this invocation the strictly ritualistic fashioning of the symbolic objects; these are many and varied in character, but among them all there are three of pre-eminent import,—those representing the Man Eagle and the Woman Eagle or the male and female forces, and the corn symbol which embodies the wisdom and fecundity of Mother Earth. The two eagle symbols are in the form of Calumets or hollow pipe-stems through which the breath of life may pass; they are grooved and painted with the colours of sky and sun and earth, and upon them are bound the feathers of the master-birds,—the wild duck, unerring guide of the water-ways, the woodpecker who rules among forest trees, and the owl, protector through the darkness of night; while, as a last distinguishing mark, there are attached to one Calumet the white tail feathers of the male eagle, to the other the brown of the female. Of the high esteem accorded these Sacred Pipes, Miss Fletcher observes:

"I have many times remarked the reverence and affection felt by the Indians toward these Feathered Stems. Their sacred character seemed always to be remembered, and they were never handled carelessly. During the entire time that I was engaged with my venerable friend on this ceremony, he never allowed them to be laid on the floor or placed on a chair, but they were always carefully deposited on the wildcat skin which is their prescribed resting place."

It is interesting to note in this connection that when Père Marquette made his first voyage of discovery in 1672, he found just such Feathered Stems held in reverence by practically all the tribes of the Mississippi Valley and made the following entry in his journal: "This Calumet is the most mysterious thing in the world. The sceptres of our kings are not so much respected, and the natives have such reverence for it that one may call it the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death, for in the hottest battles they lay down their arms before the Sacred Pipe."

Since the lessons of the Hako are couched so largely in examples of bird life, their flocking and flights, their alert attention and brooding care over the nest where the young are nurtured, it is logical that the eagle symbols should bear leading rôles in the enactment. Equal in importance however, is the symbol of the Corn Mother, for "the corn is the direct gift of Tirawa who, many generations ago, taught to our fathers the manner of its culture." All through the garnering of the crops the women are on the watch for a perfect ear which bears the proper requisites. It must be very large and shining white, with even, straight rows of glistening kernels, and it must be tipped with a waving tassel of silky fibres, so that in every respect it is worthy to represent the marvellous powers of the Earth.

In the ritual of the preparation, through song and rhythmic gesture, it is lifted plane by plane to the circle of the sky and to the abode of Tirawa, where the mystic power of leader is conferred upon it. When the domed tip is covered with the blue pigment which holds within it the "spirit of the Abode of the Powers" so that it resembles the blue dome of the sky; when four equidistant blue lines are traced from this sky dome downward toward the butt, as paths which the Powers may travel when they are called upon for aid; when over the tip floats a breast feather as light as a drifting white cloud; then, bearing these insignia of office and authority from above, it is transformed from Atira, the Mother, to h'Atira, the Mother-who-breathes-forth-life. "Now she is a person with power to lead, and because she comes straight from the Earth-Mother, who knows all things, she, too, shares this wisdom and likewise knows all things. We bind to her a support fashioned of a pointed branch of the wild plum, most fruitful of all the forest trees, so that during the enactment she will not have to lie down, but even when resting may stand erect; and whenever she is carried forward, we follow, for she is now our leader in this ceremony."

When all the Sacred Articles have been duly and meticulously prepared, they are laid at ceremonial rest upon a wildcat skin—chosen for the purpose because among all the animals the wildcat best knows how to gain his ends without undue strife, and can therefore best insure quiet protection—all except Mother-Corn, who, as leader in the ceremony, stands forward and upright by means of her plum-wood support. Gathered about, each in his prescribed location, are the dark-faced participants—the Kurahus, bearing the Mother-Eagle Calumet, his assistant carrying the white Man-Eagle, two medicine men wielding each a spread eagle-wing, and he who bears the title of Father.

"And now we commence the rites through which the Son is selected. It is a very binding relation which we are to form, and the man who is suggested by the Father must be approved by these leaders of the tribe as one who is in every way worthy and whom we would gladly have bound to us by so close a tie. But we must also procure the sanction of h'Atira, the Corn-Mother, who is wise and who is now our leader. This ritual is always a night ceremony, for by night the spirit is more free, and can move about more easily.

"That which we now do is very hard. We must try and try with all our might or we cannot succeed. We have to make all of our separate spirits as one spirit, joined each to each in one whole, and then this, our united spirit, must make itself one with the spirit of Mother Corn. Her spirit must unite with our spirit so that together we may go forth on our search for the Son. Sometimes it may happen that one of the party cannot do this thing; he may try, but because of some part of his nature he cannot be at one with the others, and he cannot with them join the spirit of h'Atira, so our effort will be made in vain. We are therefore very careful about who shall be chosen for the Hako party."

It is a very long ritual, lasting hour after hour; and from the solemn chanting of the first stanza—"Mother Corn, O hear! Open our Way! Lo, as we draw near let our souls touch thine while we pray thee"—through the eight verses, and during the intervening periods of silent meditation, thought and desire must be centred on the one supreme objective.

"While we sing our spirits and the Spirit of Mother Corn come together. Now we are all to meditate. We sit with bowed heads, and Mother Corn sits with bowed head; we are all to think over and consider who shall be the Son.

"We must all agree upon the choice, Mother Corn and all; it is very difficult for all to unite, but we must do so before we can follow Mother Corn where she determines to lead us; it often takes a long time.

"It is while we sing the third stanza that the choice is made. Mother Corn lifts her head and stands erect; then she moves through the air flying on her journey to the Son and we follow. But you must understand it is not the ear of corn itself that travels through the air, nor do our bodies follow—it is the spirit of h'Atira that moves, and it is our united spirits that follow, that travel with her to the land of the Son while we are singing. The path which now is opened by the spirit of Mother Corn, we, the group of the Fathers, will take when we in our bodies journey to the Son, but the way must first be opened in this manner; the path must be opened and made safe by her spirit.

"When the Son's village is reached h'Atira (and we too, for we are one with her) moves about among the lodges till she finds that one where the Son lies sleeping. She enters that lodge and touches the sleeping Son. He does not see her, nor does he waken, but although he sleeps his mind is opened. In a dream he hears and sees one of the birds which are part of the Hako and are bound on the Feathered Stems, for the spirits of those birds are with Mother

Corn and they do her bidding. When he wakes in the morning he will remember that dream, and as he thinks upon it he will know that he has been chosen to be the Son.

"Thus the way has been made straight from the lodge of the Father to the lodge of the Son, so that the bodily messengers can travel in safety; and the mind of the Son has been opened so that he will be ready to receive these messengers when they arrive."

Miss Fletcher says it is noteworthy that the Kurahus recounted this strange portion of the ceremony with the same matter-of fact simplicity as the more ordinary episodes, merely reiterating, "it is indeed a very hard thing to do."

On the following day, four young men, lithe and strong of limb, are dispatched to bear the proposal of alliance to the Son. "When they reach the village and the Son hears the words they speak, he will be reminded of the dream in which he was touched by Mother Corn. He will call a council, and when the idea has been duly considered, the messenger will be sent back to the Father bearing the words: 'I am ready.' Only a very grave hindrance, such as the death of a near relative, would prevent the Son from accepting."

When the youths return with the Son's reply, there is great rejoicing, and all hasten to make ready for the journey and the ensuing festivities. Much food must be prepared, both for the Hako party itself and for the feast offerings which will be tendered to the Children, and there must be many gifts of special value worthy to commemorate so important an occasion.

When at last all is in readiness, and the morning set for the departure is at hand, the various sacred symbolic articles are bound bird-wise on a slender lodge pole, and are lifted high up toward the East that they may be vivified by the breath of Dawn and the first rays of the rising Sun, while with measured steps, so many to the east, so many to the west, so many to the other world quarters, the entire group of the Fathers treads out on Mother Earth the rude image of a man with outstretched arms, "whose feet stand where our feet stand, and who, coming thus straight from Tirawa through this our ceremonial act, will walk with us as a protector on our journey."

The journey may be a very long one; day after day, sun-drenched and wind-swept, they follow the mystic guide, the Corn Mother, as, flanked on either hand by the Eagle Calumets, she is borne before them over the stretch of virgin prairie. There are charming incidental songs suited to the varied hazards of the way,—to mountains and mesas, to winds and rivers, to the buffalo and the deer. The one to a stream which crosses the path is especially lovely:

"Dark against the sky yonder distant line
Lies before us; trees we see, long the line of trees
Bending, swaying in the breeze.

"Bright with flashing light yonder distant line
Runs before us, swiftly runs, swift the river runs
Winding, flowing o'er the land.

"Hark! Oh hark! a sound, yonder distant sound
Comes to greet us, singing comes, soft the river's song,
Rippling gently 'neath the trees."

Bearing in mind that the Hako had its far origin in the Land-of-little-Rain, one can appreciate the lyric emotion of these words, voicing delight in the splash and gurgle of the sparkling water, and in the bright verdure so coveted in an arid country. But the special significance for this occasion is more clearly voiced in the words which are reiterated as they stand on the brink and wade into the shallows:

"Oh Kawas, come!
To thee we call, oh come and thy permission give,
Into the stream to wade and forward go"—

for, during the entire ceremony, Water is a personified divinity and may not be lightly approached or profanely touched for ordinary purposes. So at each river or brook, permission is humbly sought to enter and cross to the other side.

At length they near their destination; they are met and greeted by an envoy who, after a formal interchange of gifts and songs, guides them to the village and to the dwelling where the Son awaits their coming. "He is seated at the south side near the door, which is the humblest place; it is a very high honor which has been bestowed upon him, and because of this he takes the seat of the lowliest, not assuming any prominence before the people."

"When we arrive in front of the lodge we halt, for we must enter ceremonially; at the doorway the three leaders stand abreast, the Chief with the Ear of Corn between those who bear the Feathered Calumets, and behind these three are the two doctors each with his Eagle Wing. We all sing that Mother Corn has come to the entrance bringing the promise of life, the promise that makes the heart of man glad, and we give the cry of thankfulness, 'Nawairi!', thinking as we do so that the promise is known to the Powers of the Four Directions who give strength and make the promise sure.

"At the close of the song we cross the threshold and take four steps along the passage-way in recognition of these same powers of the World Quarters, and we sing that Mother Corn has entered, has opened the door of the lodge for the entrance of life, and again we give the cry of thankfulness, 'Nawairi!'. The bearers of the Calumets follow Mother Corn bringing another promise which makes the heart thankful, the promise of life from the Powers Above, and after them come the doctors with the wide-spread Wings. These five men march slowly around and around the Lodge, to the south, the west, the north and the east, singing and swaying the Corn Ear, the Feathered Stems and the Eagle Wings to the rhythm of the music.

"The songs tell us that Mother Corn has walked within the Lodge with the promise of life, and that just overhead the Eagle is soaring with the promise of life from the Powers Above.

"When we stand and face the east, the White Eagle Stem must be on the right, toward the south, for it represents brightness, the light, the day, the Sun; it is the male, it is for defense, and is carried on the side farthest away from the people. Kawas, the Brown Eagle Stem, is on the left towards the north; it represents darkness, the night, and moon, it is the female and is carried nearest to the people and it has the right to make the Nest and to seek help from Tirawa for the Children.

"Kawas is potent in this ceremony, which is to ask for the gift of children; not only that children may be born to us, but that the close tie of parent and child may be established between us and those to whom we are bringing these Sacred Objects, that peace may be between the tribes. So we sing that Kawas is hovering in the Lodge as an Eagle hovers over her nest; this stanza is sung slowly for the Eagle as it hovers is slow in its movements.

"We sing the next stanza faster, for now Kawas has stretched her mighty wings and is driving all harmful influences out of the Lodge, making the place ready for all the good that is promised to us through the ceremony, and the doctors raise and lower their feather fans to simulate an Eagle clearing its nest, flapping and fanning out all impurities. At the west, back of the fire, a space is now set apart and made sacred as the Holy Place; here the wildcat skin is spread and upon it the Sacred Articles are reverently laid at rest, Mother Corn standing beside them upright and a little to the fore."

At this time the Kurahus appoints certain men to special duties; some must bring wood and water, some attend to the cooking, some assist the Children in their daily work, and some must undertake certain tasks connected with the rites. In this way the labour attendant on the long enactment is planned and divided, so that nothing will be neglected and there will be no dispute or confusion.

The business of administration over, the Kurahus returns to his ceremonial functions, and directs the Father to clothe the Son as his child in the beautiful embroidered robes which have been carefully provided for the occasion. With the new relationship thus visibly established, Father and Son unite in making the Smoke offering, invoking a blessing through this closest possible approach to Tirawa, and offering a prayer for fulfilment of the ceremony about to be inaugurated. It opens with the admonitions of the Father,—

"My Son now heed! Attend the command I give you!
Oh speak to the Gods listening above us
Oh let your prayers ascend to the Mighty Ones on high";

and closes with the words,

"See the Smoke ascend!
Now the odor mounts, follows where his voice
Sped intent to reach
Where Gods abide; there the odor pleads
Pleads to gain us help."

But the major portion of the rite is unrecorded, for the Kurahus explains: "I do not know the order of this act; it must always be conducted by the Priest of the Rain Shrine, and it does not belong to me to know it. What the Son says as he prays to the Powers is not audible to us, for it is not intended for us to hear, but we are bidden to take heed that the prayers of the Son, who is as our child, have been spoken and have travelled far, going on and on to the distant places where dwell the Great Powers who guard the Rain."

When he has finished the Smoke offering, the Son takes off his fine garments and lays them before the Chief of his village, that they may be distributed among the Children, and with this act of renunciation, the preparation is complete; Mother Corn duly vested with divine authority has opened the Lodge, and Kawas has cleansed it of all impurities; the chosen Son, clothed as a Child by the Father, has offered prayer and Smoke to the Powers Above; the garments worn during the act have been removed and given away; all the Sacred Articles are resting in the Holy Place back of the fire, and everything is arranged and in readiness for the ceremony.

E. A.

(To be continued)

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.—LAVATER.

WAR MEMORIES

THE CREEPING SHADOW

Learn from the sins of others, the dangers that confront thee, O Lanoo! Search thine own heart for the evils of suspicion, fear, hatred, envy, and drive them from thee before they drive thee into the Pit.

BOOK OF ECHOES.

The Prussian was born a brute and civilization will make him ferocious.

GOETHE.

IT was in the early years of the century that I first went to live in Germany, almost a decade before the War. I had been advised, for reasons of health, to spend some time in a high altitude, and wishing to continue, as far as possible, a reasonably full and active life (a thing difficult of accomplishment in any small town, famous merely as a health resort), I chose Munich, the second highest capital in Europe, where I could easily carry on some work in which I was already engaged and in which I was deeply interested. After inscribing myself with the police (the first and unavoidable duty of any resident or even tripper), I settled down in a little flat, much pleased at first with the life around me. Being, like many other denizens of a heedless world, interested in almost everything save politics, I was, at the start, quite blind to what was going on behind the scenes in the Germanic Empires, and while I had intended to make my stay about a twelvemonth, as a matter of fact it stretched itself into a number of years. There was thus ample opportunity, during that time, to have my eyes opened to many things.

As if by some unrecognized, yet pre-arranged plan, the hour of my arrival had been timed with dramatic accuracy, for excitement and war-talk were in the very air,—though, as I look back, it remained more or less “just talk” to me. The Moroccan Crisis was occupying the thoughts of everyone interested in “Weltpolitik”. The Kaiser’s “first gesture” had stupefied the world, which had not yet learned to know its William II; and presently we were to see von Bülow strutting about, resplendent in his newly won princely title, bestowed upon him because of his “brilliant success” at Algeciras. For the moment everything seemed to smile for the Germans, but soon it began to dawn even upon them, that what had looked at first like a great victory, was in reality a dangerous defeat, for the very abasement of France had drawn England into closer sympathy with her, making, if anything, more real the true spirit of the Entente; and Russia, standing firmly by her obligations, gave unqualified proof of her loyalty; while Italy, on the other side, flaunting in the very face of her allies, her open disapproval of the whole business,

weakened the morale of the Triple Alliance. Austria and Germany began to see that they were in danger of standing very much alone,—an unpalatable dish to the Kaiser especially.

More and more, as the months passed, did Germany realize what she had done; more and more did she resent the unqualified support which Great Britain had given to France, thus making the German discomfiture inevitable and obvious to the world at large. I think it is generally conceded that the intense hatred for England began at this time, at least the peculiar and venomous quality of hate which was to give a special colour to the War-time spirit. As for France, the bitter humiliation which the Tangier episode had brought upon her, would seem in the end to have been an incalculable blessing. The exile of Delcassé has been called "the greatest sorrow France had known since Sedan", but it was a sorrow which was to reopen her eyes to the more than ever pressing danger of the German policy of aggression,—a danger which had never ceased to exist, but which had been too often forgotten.

This was, in general, my introduction to life in Germany, and I have spoken of it because it is recognized by many that, while the seeds of the World War are as old as Time (and of course older), something difficult to define but very far reaching happened in Europe when the Moroccan bombshell burst, and that at Algeiras, with all its pain and mortification (probably because of these), new and sacred bonds were sealed, the strength of which was to be proved less than ten years later. It is not my intention to try to give a picture of political Germany during my years of residence there. For one thing, I should be quite unfitted for the task, and for another, one can get all the political data one wants, in countless excellent books. Still, even an unofficial resident of a country has many opportunities, amusing and the reverse, to take note of the proverbial "straws",—those apparently insignificant daily occurrences which show the way the wind is blowing; while, in retrospect, one comes to appreciate what real weather vanes these "straws" were.

I think it has been the experience of many foreigners in pre-War days, that, going for the first time to live in Germany, particularly in South Germany, they found a peculiar charm in the smooth-running machinery of daily life; the quiet streets where almost inaudible surface-cars passed to and fro; where no unnecessary noises were permitted, barking dogs, for instance, being instantly and ruthlessly seized and suppressed, even street whistling being strictly prohibited; where no one ever seemed out of breath or, for that matter, even in a hurry; where one never saw either abject poverty or drunkenness; where the rather heavy architecture of the houses was delightfully relieved by countless window boxes full of bright flowers and trailing vines; where lovely gardens glowed in the clear, high mountain air of the little Bavarian capital. At first there seemed to be great and refreshing repose in the even tenor of life, especially to an American like myself, painfully familiar with the ceaseless roar and turmoil of our great cities. Here in Munich was the longed-for quiet. Everybody studied, everybody worked at something

yet everybody had leisure for enjoyment; the consequence being that everybody looked mildly contented and well-to-do, and that, like the insides of a clock, everybody seemed fitted into the very place he was best able to fill, that which best suited his peculiar constitution. Birth, death, pleasure or insanity,—all were so adequately provided for that you hardly knew they occurred at all.

Presently, however, you began to miss something; then you began to have a kind of compressed feeling, as a dog must when he is given gunpowder (I think it is gunpowder) to stunt his growth, for, as it was observed by one who also lived there: "outside the indicated limits of daily life, almost nothing is permitted, almost everything forbidden." It took you a longer or shorter time to wake up to this fact, but wake up to it you did before you were done with Germany, or Germany was done with you. It was not that the average law-abiding foreigner objected to obeying municipal or State rules and regulations, but there were such mountains of them! And everything which you might inadvertently do that turned out to be "*polizeilich verboten*", no matter how innocuous its nature, was known as a "crime". It sometimes happened that instead of being compressed into or depressed by a huge variety of municipal by-laws, which stared at you from every corner of every street, and which actually followed you into your own house,—it sometimes happened that you fancied you would like to expand a trifle, according to your own national or otherwise inherited lights; to be mildly spontaneous in fact; not necessarily at the expense of your neighbour, but just to keep yourself from getting stiff and angular. If you had any such fancy as this, however, the sooner you got over it the better, and the best way of getting over the disastrous leaning toward the spontaneous in life, was to read a few pages out of the police regulations, these being not only available to all, but being rather pressed upon your individual notice. Having read, you were likely to lose some of your misplaced gaiety, for "what a German may not do" was singularly confounding. You could not move your modest lares and penates even across the street without asking the permission of the police, a permission strictly withheld unless full and adequate reasons were forthcoming; the cleaning of your own kitchen chimney was a matter of strict police control; you might not dismiss any servant, no matter what she had done, except under certain given conditions, and even then you had to be so careful and so guarded in what you said, that it often amounted to saying nothing at all; a bull-dog (if you owned one) must be led, when walking abroad, on a leash exactly 16 centimetres long; if you chanced to break a bottle in the street, you had to assemble and then remove the fragments of glass according to the most approved police methods; if you wished to stand still for a brief moment on the pavement, while let us say, you opened your hand-bag to take out your purse, you must be careful that the police did not catch you taking up more than the space permitted you by the authorities (so many square feet), and so on, *ad infinitum*. As an English resident of that period wrote: "It is, in fact, easy to discover by simple subtraction, what, if anything, a German may do",

adding that, owing to the vast number of police regulations, it might safely be calculated that the detailed enforcement of each and every one of these laws would be quite impossible unless "all the inhabitants were policemen save one." There really seemed little exaggeration in this statement.

"Supervision" was one of the key-notes of life in Germany. That was all right within reason, but the Germans never left anything whatever to the imagination, no doubt because they have found, through the long centuries, that they cannot ordinarily trust themselves to supply that most valuable and useful commodity. I give but one instance in my own experience, an experience which I well remember, and which at the time enraged me, though now it appears ludicrous enough. Returning home one day, I let myself in at my front door, unnoticed by my maid, who was busy preparing lunch in the kitchen, and passing to the rear of my flat where my bedroom was, I was very much astonished and exceedingly displeased to find two perfectly strange men, in a kind of fatigue uniform which I did not recognize, on their hands and knees on the floor, so busily occupied doing something that only one of them took the trouble to look up to give me an indifferent and fleeting glance—the kind of glance he would give had he seen a domesticated cat or dog walk in.

"What are you doing here in my apartment?" I exclaimed, indignantly, "you have had neither order nor permission to enter it."

The only response I received was another fleeting glance from the man who had had the consideration to notice my presence when I first came in, with the added civility that he raised one hand as though he would say: "Please don't disturb us. Can't you see that we are busy," while he went on, in a measured tone, counting something out loud, for the benefit of his companion, "*—sieben, acht, neun, zehn,*" etc.

This was too much for me, and I walked over to the bell and rang it savagely, several times. My little maid came running, anxiety written on her face.

"What does this mean, Bertha?" I asked. "How dare you admit these men without my orders?"

The two undesirables, having apparently finished their counting, now stood up on their several feet, and the spokesman, looking at me, this time with less indifference, in fact with some surprise, said (as though he were telling me something which any idiot ought to know):

"Why, we are the police."

"The police!" I exclaimed, taken aback; but seeing that neither of the intruders appeared to think himself the very least in the wrong, I turned to my maid (a nice, kindly little person she was): "Bertha," I appealed, "what is it all about? I feel as though the whole lot of us had lost our minds."

"But," protested Bertha incredulously, speaking to me, of course, in the third person, as all well trained servants do; making use also of a specially deferential form of address, "doesn't the *gnädigste* know that the police come regularly to measure the size of rooms, and to find out how many people sleep in one room? Over-crowding is *polizeilich verboten*."

"Well upon my word!" I thought to myself, "here's clock-work indeed. Each individual allotted by the Government an exact number of square feet in which he may sleep, and he may not contract this space by allowing the allotted space of anyone else to encroach upon it. It makes one think of a well organized and commodiously planned cemetery, or something of that sort." Then aloud to Bertha, "Even if they *are* the all-powerful police, don't they so much as find out beforehand whether more than one person lives in a flat? And don't they enquire when and if it would be convenient to have them come?"

"Oh, but," answered Bertha, simply, "the *gnädigste* must surely know that with us Germans the police come whenever and as often as it suits them, and we always make them welcome."

All this may seem to have little to do with the World War, but as a matter of fact it has much to do with it,—it was one of the "straws"; for while supervision within reason is, no doubt, an excellent and wholly necessary thing, the abuse of authority is, sooner or later, almost certain to prove disastrous. So far as I can remember, this overbearing, inquisitorial officialdom, had one marked result: it inspired among the people at large, little of the spirit of willing co-operation. It was arid conscription at its worst. They obeyed because they were forced to obey, not because, at all costs, they wanted to do so. Really it amounted to little more than an unintelligent surrender to the "Jack-in-office". More and more did they appear to be intimidated by the very officials whom they were supposed to have elected, and finally, which is the crux, they came to believe every word these officials told them,—a curiously marked trait among the rank and file of the German people. We know the results of this during the War; they did as they were told to do by those above them, whether it were to sing songs of hate, or to commit atrocities. Of course one may argue that if the heart be sound, one does *not* believe certain things to be right which obviously are not right; one recoils instinctively from those things; but there are certain kinds of poison which do not kill immediately; they travel slowly but with a deadly persistence through the veins, and are not discovered until it is too late; until the whole system is paralyzed.

As a matter of actual fact, however, the police were a negligible part of official Germany, and while the resident was constantly being made aware of them, much to his annoyance as in the experience I have just related, one began to realize that the "straight jacket" policy of the police was merely a local reflection of something that was going on in the upper regions of the Government. So one began to climb, because one wanted to see what it was all about. One began to look into the schools, into the universities, into the churches, and it became a matter of some surprise to the uninitiated, that everything was the State,—and this quite literally. "*L'État, c'est moi*," said *le Roi Soleil*, carrying the philosophy a step farther,—but he was not a Prussian, and the "State" I am now speaking of was not just "the Government", it was Prussia and the Prussian spirit. So one discovered that the

universities and the churches were, each in its own way, a kind of political propaganda bureau; that university professors and clergymen, being all State officials, took the most surprising oaths when they came into office,—oaths which amounted to a promise that, no matter what they were told to say or do by the State, they would say and do that thing obediently; that they would never do anything which even questioned the action of the State (much less could they criticize it) in any way whatsoever. If they were true to their oaths, they could neither teach nor preach what they might consider to be reform, of any sort. They could only teach or preach what was approved and dictated by Prussia. Even the mildest criticism might lead to discharge and disgrace. In return for the oaths taken, the State gave them a social prestige which they would not otherwise have had, for it understood well the value of bribes, and it knew that, to the average German, a title of any sort was a most coveted prize, and that to sell their freedom of speech was little when compared with what they gained in personal importance. One has but to remember the part which the German professors and clergymen (admittedly representing national ideals) played during the War; their unanimous and noisy justification of it, and of the atrocities which followed in its wake, and the entire support which was in consequence received from the German people,—to realize what it meant: the universities and churches were controlled by the State (or Prussia), and the people were controlled by the universities and the churches.

In the schools one found the same spirit, schoolmasters being also servants of the Government, and the State being exalted to such an extent that, by imperceptible degrees, it came almost literally to replace God. Religious teaching consisted in the worship of the State rather than the worship of God; the Fatherland first, God second. It was a form of Treitschke's teaching: "The State is above Morality." "The crime against children" in Germany, was much written about and discussed during the War; in retrospect one can see the slow poison at work. The "hate songs", as such, had not yet begun in the schools, it is true, but the foundation for them was being well prepared, and obviously with intention. "Incubated hate" had begun, and presently it would be hatched out. The teaching in the schools would have been really curious, had it not been worse, for in strange and indirect ways, by means both of history and geography, a child, from the moment he went to school, was taught that all nations (but especially England) were enemies of Germany; if not enemies in the open, then lurking ones. England was the arch enemy; France, though "degenerate", was the traditional enemy, and must be *watched*. In fact Germany, even in the schoolroom, began to build up that horrible "wall" which was eventually to separate her from the rest of the world. Anti-British and anti-French songs were sedulously taught, and "Sedan Day" with its celebrations, had a peculiar spite,—it was somewhat like the later "Lusitania School Festival", only it was in pre-War guise. This is to mention but a part of the State propaganda.

The poison was certainly working, for gradually a hideous statistical fact

was brought to the attention of the public. It came to be recognized that there were more youthful suicides in Germany than anywhere else in the world. I think few people who have not lived there can realize either the rapidity with which the "fashion" for it grew, or the extent of its practice. Some people attributed it to overwork; others to a growing rebellion against any of life's saner restrictions. The worst, the most repellent feature, however, was the manner in which suicide was usually condoned if not actually defended. To the Englishman, suicide is a simple tragedy, and a coroner's jury will almost invariably pass a verdict that the act was committed "while temporarily insane", because it is inconceivable, no matter what the hidden motives, that a man would take his own life under any other conditions, the mere act constituting the insanity. In Germany, however, suicide was not viewed in any such unscientific light as this, and no such unadorned conclusion as "insanity" seemed to satisfy the public mind. The full pathological explanations were both diligently sought and explicitly given, and in nine cases out of ten, the unfortunate one was shown to have taken his life in order to avoid the disgrace which would have been the consequence of some serious offence. The point is, however, that few seemed to think any the worse of him for having seized this sure means of escaping justice. I well remember the first rude awakening I had. I was talking one day to a German acquaintance, about the young son of a friend of his. The boy had been found guilty of forgery, and had, according to the prevailing custom, shot himself.

"How terrible!" I exclaimed, deeply shocked at the news. "How could he do such a thing?"

"Terrible?" repeated my German acquaintance, "Why terrible?"

"You surely are not advocating suicide," I protested.

"In such a case as this, of course I am," he replied, earnestly, "think of the boy's honour."

"Honour!" I echoed, surprised in my turn. "Do you call it honour to end your life rather than to 'face the music' and take the consequences of your own acts?"

"But he did 'face the music', as you call it; what more do you ask,—he faced death."

"Oh, that,—that's easy," I exclaimed, "but it is not easy to drag through years of shame and disgrace in payment for your misdeeds."

He looked at me with Teutonic stubbornness,—have you ever tried to argue with the average German? His idea of argument is to talk louder and faster than you do, to drown you out, in fact, so that you shut your mouth in sheer despair, or disgust. He thus gets the last word, and that shows that you are wrong and he is right. It is merely another form of the "mailed fist". So this particular German looked at me sullenly, a dark flush spreading slowly over his broad, rather unwholesome face, and I saw the storm clouds gather. The storm broke.

"You don't understand us," he blazed, rather brutally. "You don't understand our national ideas."

There followed a long and morbid defence of suicide as the justifiable solution when faced with an embarrassing problem, and this led to the unfolding of a neat philosophy of life in general, which amounted to this: why meet and go through with an obviously unpleasant and (to oneself) unprofitable situation, when by a little intelligent handling one can circumnavigate it, and so avoid the unpleasant consequences? Honour? What is that? Honour is based on a purely sliding scale of morals, and what is honour to-day is not honour to-morrow. Why follow another's idea of honour, when you can form your own? Almost anything will turn out to be right if you can bring the situation in hand to a successful conclusion. This, in substance, was his philosophy; it was almost as baldly and shamelessly stated as that, and unfortunately, as is not infrequently true in such cases, it held its "grain of truth," though this was wantonly misapplied. The worst part of the situation, however, was that the man who spoke was wholly representative. Years later, when a certain "scrap of paper" was torn up, I remembered this conversation with its easy philosophy, and the "scrap of paper" episode was not so difficult to understand.

In addition to the universities, the churches and the schools, there was, of course, the military side of life. One could hardly be in Germany and remain either oblivious or indifferent to that; for even if outrages like the Karlsruhe horror had not come to shock us into attention, the army was always with us, as difficult to escape as the police,—a little more so. To exaggerate the sharp line of cleavage that existed between army and civilian life, would be almost impossible: the haughtiness, the air of condescension with which the army treated the rest of the world; the insufferable manner in which this sense of superiority was paraded. You could not ride in a crowded street-car without running the danger of being pushed rudely to one side by some faultlessly attired officer, who might fancy that he preferred your precarious foothold to his own. No military tactics were necessary; your position was simply commandeered because the army wanted it. If you were in a shop, and were half way through the purchase of a month's supply of groceries, and some mere mess-sergeant came in to buy a loaf of bread, the chances were that *you* waited, while the German army got itself served in the person of the mess-sergeant, without delay. It was just an accepted fact—almost anything in an army uniform of whatever rank, took precedence of any civilian, of whatever rank.

The army afforded much that was interesting, however, for there was, of course, always the local military programme, well calculated to appeal to the public imagination. There was the daily change of guard at noon, in front of the Royal Palace, where the outgoing and the incoming guard "goose stepped" itself proudly before an admiring crowd, invariably assembled to watch the proceedings. A military band always played on these occasions, adding its brassy note of glamour, and acting as a kind of resounding harmonic halo for the army. There were also the regimental drills, when, across the local parade grounds, whole companies could be seen marching

and wheeling, advancing with the famous German "long step", or at a quick run, as though in a surprise attack. There were, too, the "preliminary training exercises" in barracks, like the "side shows" at a circus, and to which, sometimes, under certain special conditions, a stranger would be admitted. I recall being taken one day to watch bayonet practice. It was thought that as a foreigner, I should be interested. I was! We sat in a kind of balcony which overhung the bare space below, where the privates were receiving instruction. When a raw recruit is first given his rifle, he is, of course, required to learn the use of every part of it, and if the energy and enthusiasm which was displayed that morning, were any criterion, I should think that there was no other part of the rifle which appealed so much to the imagination of the raw recruit. The skill and dexterity which two contestants particularly displayed, made my blood run cold. There seemed to be nothing they could not do with that flashing, cruel steel, and I thought of those words of the witty, if perfidious Talleyrand: "*On peut tout faire avec les baïonnettes excepté s'y asseoir.*" I could not help inwardly thanking heaven that the recruit who was getting the worst of the fight, was not a Frenchman or an Englishman (for that fight seemed horribly real); but of course I did not voice my sentiments on that occasion—one was always too much on one's guard not to give the Germans the satisfaction of imagining that one thought the French or the English *could* be bayoneted into a ditch.

Then there were the great spring manoeuvres—the moving of troops, and every kind of military display to dazzle our civilian eyes—when one became painfully aware of the deadly efficiency of the German army; of its marvellous organization. Yet even in those pre-War days, I never could manage, in any talk I had, to discover that a true idealism animated it. Proud as the officers were of their army, and proud as the men in the ranks seemed to be of their officers, something always was lacking, and this puzzled me, knowing what a splendid army it was. When I tried to compare it, from the point of view of ideals, with the armies of other nations which I knew, it always fell short. To the Frenchman, for instance, the military life is a consecrated one, and warfare to him, means the fine essence of something beyond and above mere brute cudgelling; it is a romance perhaps even more than a career and I do not think that the Frenchman ever wholly loses the sense of this. But the German, so far as I could see, approached his military service in an utterly different spirit. He did not turn to it because he loved it for itself, nor because it had an irresistible attraction for him; but because it opened to him many things which he would not otherwise have had,—power and social position for example. This, so it seemed to me, was true of the officers; even, perhaps, in lesser degree, of the non-commissioned officers. The private, with no brilliant future possible to him, and no idealism to keep him afloat, appeared always to manifest a strange lack of enthusiasm which, no doubt, made him a serviceable part of the "machine", so long as the machine ran smoothly, but of little use, because so lacking in individual fire, once the machine began to run down, and personal bravery, or the assumption of per-

sonal responsibility, became necessary. I do not, of course, mean that the German seemed to me to lack *all* the qualities of the soldier (that would indeed have been a blind miscalculation), but I never could see that he had the higher, the essential, the refining ones; and even in those days, the attitude of the officer toward his men, appeared to me revolting. The men in the ranks, whole regiments of them, were just "cannon fodder" long before the World War.

Of course we all read von Bernhardt's *Germany and the Next War*, when that literary high-explosive burst on our dozing minds, and it was soon evident that "World Power or Downfall" had become a kind of slogan even with Germans in civil life who did not know much of what they were talking about. From von Moltke, "the Battle-thinker", to von Bernhardt, "the Hate-breeder", was a very long step, but the step had been taken. It would, I think, be hard to find a better example of the crude inversion of an ideal than von Bernhardt's deliberate choice of Goethe's words (words written with such noble intent) to justify his philosophy: "Only he deserves freedom and life who is compelled to conquer them daily." No wonder that a few years later came another perversion, a new kind of slogan: "Only through hate can the greatest obstacles of life be overcome."

It is difficult to describe this growing spirit of hate that one felt creeping into everything, like a poisonous vapour.

"What is the matter with Germany?" we foreign residents used to ask each other. "It isn't a scrap what it used to be. Do you suppose it really does mean war—one day?"

Few of us, however, seemed willing or able to define the trouble; yet we knew that the trouble was there, lurking,—animosity, jealousy, bitterness. When the Kaiser, referring to the rapidly growing navy, said: "Our future lies upon the sea", and "We need this fleet to protect us from arrogance", we knew, of course, that his words were directed primarily against England. But arrogance! What about von Bernhardt's words: "We are the greatest civilized people known to history"; or Georg Fuchs': "We must mould the entire mechanism of modern civilization, *as it ought to be*, in German form", and many other such sentiments, loudly expressed? What about the Society for Promoting Germanism? What about the Colonial Association, with its ill-concealed aim—world domination? What about the German Navy League which had over one million members, whose sole object seemed to be to excite the entire nation by propaganda of all sorts,—through the press, by lectures, by sermons, by specially arranged excursions to different ports where ships already afloat or still under construction could be inspected? Von Tirpitz, "the most dangerous mischief maker in Europe", as he was described abroad, was, of course, the prime mover in the Navy League, and through its organ, *Die Flotte*, the public nerves were made to quiver at the merest mention of the "British Menace", which appeared to loom like a black cloud on the horizon of the national destiny.

Then there was that angle of life which came under the general head of

"Kultur", that word of horror, so associated in later years with all that was most bestial during the War; for Kultur did not mean just "cultivated tastes", "higher education", etc.; it meant the whole mentality and morality of the nation; all that the nation stood for,—in fact, its "ideals". "Germany means culture," said the Kaiser, and, parrot-wise, the whole German world repeated: "Germany means culture." And they really thought it. So self-hypnotized had they become that they found it difficult to admit that any other nation had made serious contributions to the civilized world; there was an astonishing lack of sympathy, or even ability to see noteworthy progress outside of Germany. This was so, perhaps more especially, in the matter of science; anything worth while could always be traced to German influence,—and it always was. There was almost a ludicrous side when it came to literature, for everyone, from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, seemed to have sought and found his particular source of inspiration in Germany,—that, of course, accounted for each one's genius. But their own contemporary drama! Many of us who were foreign residents stopped going to the theatres, so utterly vile had most of the plays become. From the early Hauptmann to the later Wedekind, was too much for us. The most pathological subjects were the most popular; suicide to escape a just punishment (and the act was always justified), murder,—everything abnormal. The world was beginning to be turned up-side-down. The German evidently hungered for all such subjects; nothing was too degenerate, and all were looked upon as absorbingly interesting phases of human psychology, which could bear and which even needed the closest, most detailed analysis. Yet all seemed to be without any elements which could legitimately recommend them, save to pathologists; and these plays were repeated, night after night, to crowded houses, from which children were by no means absent. The less said about this, the better. What was to be found on the stage, was equally to be found in most of the other forms of art or amusement. Picture exhibitions became a kind of nightmare, for you never knew what you would see. The music of the day became, for the most part, unbearable,—blatant, soulless. Public lectures, always a popular kind of "entertainment" in Germany, were becoming veritable "pulpits of hate".

Of course there were some voices raised against the growing evil. Maximilian Harden, inveighing against the Kaiser and against Kultur, all in one breath, was a most refreshing experience for us; and men like Schiffer, who declared that the form of Government most needed was "that we shall be governed less than now, . . . we are in danger of being suffocated by all the love and care bestowed upon us,"—outbursts like this amused us, but naturally they did not do much toward diminishing the trouble. Then, too, there was the growing rift between the North and the South. Sober-minded men like Prince Hohenlohe (South), declared openly that Prussia cared only for the Empire in so far as Prussia itself was allowed absolutely to control it; while Prince von Bülow (North), answered that without Prussia and the Prussian spirit, the Empire could not exist at all. "Prussia is a nation of

soldiers and officials", he explained, affably. Meantime, although the South Germans continued to protest that they had no intention of being converted into Prussians, the most casual observer, if sufficiently detached, could easily see that that was exactly what was happening.

So the monstrous war machine continued to take shape, while little by little, and stone by stone, Germany built up, between herself and the world, that impassable "wall" of hatred and envy, which was to result for her in complete moral isolation. Systematic teaching to the effect that Germany was "at bay", and must "fight her way out", increased throughout the country. By never-ceasing propaganda, instigated by the State, public sentiment was raised to white heat against Great Britain especially, because of the "iron ring" which she was supposed to be forging in order to strangle Germany's free and legitimate expansion. It was a most extraordinary obsession, a curious mixture of that arrogance of which they accused England, and of a besetting fear lest their "place in the sun" should not be secured. If you asked any educated German why he was so anxious about that "place in the sun", his explanation generally was: "You see we Germans have a lofty mission in the world; we must carry our culture to the farthest ends of the earth, for it is the highest culture that ever has been or ever will be known, and the world must be made to see this, even if force be necessary. The salvation of the world really depends upon Germany."

I used sometimes to ask: "But are you sure that the world *wants* to be converted to your culture?"

"The world does not yet know what it wants; it is our great mission to teach it; it must be *made* to see."

It did not require much sagacity to pierce the transparent mask; to recognize, underneath these grandiloquent words, the spirit of contempt which animated them,—contempt of everything not German; and one thought to oneself: "Do they really imagine that by contempt you can convert a world? It is conquest, not conversion which they want. It is contempt, not sympathy which they offer." There was a brief but telling comment by a Frenchman about this time; a Frenchman still kindly enough disposed, and endeavouring to see the best; yet this is what he was compelled to write: "*J'ai essayé maintes fois de découvrir chez l'Allemand une sympathie quelconque pour d'autres nations; je n'y ai pas réussi.*"

From England came the ringing voice of Lord Roberts, warning the world of the terrible danger ahead; Lord Kitchener's voice, too, stern and steady like his own great self, urged "preparedness". Yet, even with the coming horror staring us in the face, how few of us really listened! How little we really saw! We read of "Bobs' Citizen Army", and most of us thought: "What a splendid idea!"—and got no farther. I remember being in London for a few weeks in the spring of 1909, and going to the first night of Guy du Maurier's "An Englishman's Home". As I look back, I recall distinctly that the chief response of the audience to the sudden and terrible "foreign invasion" of English soil which the play presents, was one of huge amusement.

Invade England? Impossible! Ridiculous! Could we have looked forward a few years to those agonizing days during the retreat from Mons, how differently we should have felt.

The German cauldron boiled on, throwing up to the surface first one surprise, then another. We had lived through Austria's annexation of Bosnia, knowing, the while, that Germany was somewhere in the offing; we had raised our eyebrows at Berlin's Russian thrust; but I think it was the Kaiser's third and last "gesture" which shook the foreign residents still lingering in Munich, out of some of their ruts. French sympathisers, as many of us were at heart, the news of the "Panther" shocked and alarmed us, and we read with indignation of its wanderings. When, a little later, maps, printed in Berlin, began to be circulated—maps making as clear as daylight the undiminished German colonial ambition in Morocco, this being nothing less than a stab in the back at France; when, added to this, we heard that Germany was actually demanding "compensation" from France,—many of us knew that the final hour of choice had come, and it was not long after the Agadir trouble, that I packed my household gods, paid my last visit to the police, and, with few regrets, turned my back on Germany.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

That man is purified who, repenting for his sins, refraineth from them, saying, "I shall never commit them again."—MANU.

DANTE SKETCHES

JUST what Beatrice signifies in the *Divine Comedy* has concerned hosts of commentators and interpreters throughout six centuries. The very multiplicity of their readings convinced the authoress of a recent attractively printed and engagingly written little book,¹ that "the truth was yet to be found" (p. 4). With this statement most people would agree, while grateful, nevertheless, for any serious effort to reduce the mass of opinion to order, and derive from it some light pertinent to our present-day modes of thought. Dante's was very much a mind of his age—hard, therefore, for us to read easily, who know little of medieval philosophy and less of scholastic theology. But Dante was also a great poet; and his greatness lies, not merely in the majesty of his creative imagination and the beauty of his verse, but in the spiritual depth and universal reach of his symbols. He may be read in many ways, and we find in him what we seek. His stature exceeds the limit of our ordinary vision, and if we really companion him, we find ourselves, truly, in another world, with reason, wise counsel, and divine illumination for our guides.

Beatrice has been held to represent faith, grace, charity, theology, wisdom, and Dante's own soul, under the guise of a divinely-human woman. Miss Hillard wrote of her as Wisdom, personified as in the Book of Wisdom, and able to lead Dante to the highest good. Mrs. Baldwin, recoiling from the legendary Beatrice of flesh and blood, insists that Dante himself, in the *Convivio*, "pleads to be exempt from all imputations of a love for delight of the senses, averring that his love was for truth and virtue" (p. 13). Again, he says in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia* that, "while others write of love and war, he writes of rectitude and the guidance of the will" (p. 14). Beatrice, therefore, who "imparadises" Dante's mind, who was his "beatitude," the "end" of all his desires, and who resembled in her person "the Word that took flesh and dwelt among us," the "Power and Wisdom that opened the way between heaven and earth,"—such a Beatrice was no ordinary woman, but, in scholastic phrase, a "pure idea."

What, however, was the full content of Dante's own conception of her? What was her special function in an ordered scheme of salvation, where the ascent of the soul to God had been so carefully mapped that every state of consciousness was registered and set in its proper place, while divine operations, as well as human qualities, were subject to the closest analysis and classification?

Here Mrs. Baldwin, with simple frankness, takes us into her confidence.

¹ *The New Beatrice or The Virtue That Counsels*, by Gratia Eaton Baldwin; Columbia University Press, 1928.

She tells us how she sought the answers to these questions through a wealth of scholastic reading, which few people to-day have the energy to undertake, convinced that Dante had no vague or general conception, but that his own mind was burning to convey a great truth, if we could but grasp his meaning. She gives us in rapid survey the gist of her studies, and the final synthesis to which she was brought. Her contribution has about it a refreshing absence of scholarly pedantry; and as it affords a valuable glimpse into the workings of Dante's mind, we shall use her thought to elaborate our own, offering therewith our small tribute of gratitude and appreciation.

For Dante, free-will was "the greatest gift God bestowed upon human nature," for by it "we reach happiness here as men, and blessedness there as gods" (*De Monarchia*, Book I). But free-will itself can be directed by judgment as well as by either desires or reason; and it is as the judgment directs that the will should operate. When judgment abdicates, then desires control the will, either directly, or through a chain of reasoning based on no more than the changing and dissolving premises of appetite. Dante puts into the mouth of Marco Lombardo (*Purg.* XVI) the wise statement that it is when we are "subject to a better nature, though free," that a new mind is created in us. This mind the heavens do not control, leaving to us that act of creation so necessary to our spiritual growth and salvation. The need, therefore, for right leadership of the will, by a right judgment, "inflamed the poet's soul" (p. 25), and it was *la mala condotta* "that makes the world blind, and not human nature that in man may be corrupted."

It is Beatrice who supplies for Dante this right leadership or judgment, this "better nature" to which he could become, of his own free-will, subject, and so have a new and heavenly mind formed in him. Beatrice "manifested herself by her counselling power. . . . Indeed, no part could be assigned to her that so well defined her function in the *Divina Commedia* as that of winnowing out all evil and gathering all good loves into the one sovereign desire of his heart for his Creator" (pp. 29-30).

This distinction that the right exercise of our faculty of free-will depends upon our ability to form right judgment, is not one current in the thinking of the day. Aristotle in his *Ethics* defines free-will as "choice based on counsel," and adds that the principle of counsel is an intellectual principle higher than our intellect. St. Augustine complements this thought with a penetrating phrase: "Man by abusing free-will loses both himself and it." To-day, people confuse *free judgment* (*liberum arbitrium*) with *free-will* (*libera voluntas*). In the *De Monarchia*, Dante points out that the principle of our human liberty lies not so much in mere free-will, as in a liberty of judgment "which many have on their lips, but few in their intellects." "If," he writes, "the judgment wholly moves the will [*appetitus*: in our phrase, Kama-manas] and in no way is anticipated by it, then judgment [one aspect of Buddhi] is free; if on the other hand the judgment is moved by the will and in some way is anticipated by it, it cannot be free, for it does not act of itself, but is dragged captive by another." There is an illuminating phrase of the Master Christ,

recorded in the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, which throws a wealth of light on just this distinction between will and judgment, and which is quoted here in full:

Pilate saith to him, What is truth?

Jesus said, Truth is from heaven.

Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth.

Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those, who *when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth, and form right judgment* (iii, 11-14).

Free-will, therefore, seen truly, is not "a choice based on counsel, but a choice submitted to counsel" (p. 43), for Dante had written: "The incontinent man and even the penitent are not friends of themselves; for their will is at variance with their reason. They are blind, for they know what is right, but do not act in accordance with right judgment." So, in the words of our author: "The agent is not a will preferring good to evil. The agent is an intellect, illuminated and actualized by truth [Manas impregnated by Buddhi], instilling its power into the will. It is giving up a false freedom for a true. It is the joyful surrender of a faculty which may lead to death, to a vision which leads to truth and life. Man's freedom is not in knowing that, although he embraced the good, he could have followed the evil. His freedom is rather in knowing that in that power of choice is his bondage. Man cannot establish his own righteousness, for his righteousness is in being subject to God" (p. 43).

This is a subtle and far-reaching idea. The possession, and in the ordinary sense, the exercise of free-will is not merely a responsibility and therefore a possible source of danger, but a bondage, unless freely aligned with the Universal Will. The Allegory of the *Divine Comedy* shows Dante, his will opposed to the Divine Will, descending into Hell, and seeing reflected there all the degrees of consciousness, or states of being, in which free-will in rebellion against God's will expresses itself. Led by natural reason, personified by the Pagan Virgil, he turns about,—reverses himself as it were—and, escaping from Hell, ascends the Mountain of Purgatory, each terrace depicting an additional degree of surrendered free-will, until the Terrestrial Paradise is reached. There he is capable of higher attainment; and with will purified, Beatrice, or right judgment grounded in Truth, leads him nearer and nearer to that Divine Wisdom which is at once the Wisdom of God (*Theou-Sophia*) and the Power of God (*Theou-dunamis*). The will thus released in Dante is of an altogether higher order. "This will," writes Madame Blavatsky, in another context, in *Isis* (Vol. I, p. 285), "proceeds from an intelligence that cannot err, for it has nothing of the material organs of human thought in it, being the superfine pure emanation of the highest divinity itself—(Plato's 'Father') it proceeds from the beginning of time, according to immutable laws, to evolve the elementary fabric requisite for subsequent generations of what we call the human race"—remembering that by "human" the occultist means St. Paul's heavenly man, not the half-animal, half-human worldling of to-day,—or Dante as he was in the *Paradiso*, not the Dante of the *Inferno* or even the *Purgatorio*.

This allegorical teaching of Dante has an interesting parallel in the old myth of Prometheus. The Titan accepts free-will, because with it and with it alone, he can become as God. Prometheus is "the symbol of finite reason and free-will (of intellectual humanity, or the higher aspect of *Manas*)," writes Madame Blavatsky; and again: "The *Crucified* Titan is the personified symbol of the collective Logos, the 'Host', and of the 'Lords of Wisdom', or the HEAVENLY MAN, who incarnated in Humanity. . . . For the Host that incarnated in a portion of humanity, though led to it by Karma or *Nemesis*, preferred free-will to passive slavery, intellectual self-conscious pain and even torture—'while myriad time shall flow'—to inane, imbecile, instinctual beatitude. Knowing such incarnation was premature and not in the programme of nature, the heavenly host, 'Prometheus', still sacrificed itself to benefit thereby, at least, one portion of mankind. But while saving man from mental darkness, they inflicted upon him the tortures of the self-consciousness of his responsibility—the result of his free-will—besides every ill to which mortal man and flesh are heir. This torture Prometheus [that is, we, in our higher manasic natures] accepted for himself, since the Host became henceforward blended with the tabernacle prepared for them, which was still unachieved at that period of formation" (*Secret Doctrine*, 1st ed. II, 412, n., 413, 421). So, as Dante in Purgatory by Beatrice, the chained Titan, Prometheus "is released by his heaven-appointed deliverer, Herakles," the " 'Only-Begotten One,' and the Saviour" (cf. *Isis*, II, 515). Was it poetic instinct, or a wisdom in truth not of this world, that caused Dante daringly to characterize his Beatrice as resembling "the Word that took flesh and dwelt among us," the "Power and Wisdom that opened the way between heaven and earth"?

Right judgment, therefore, or the "virtue that counsels," is one aspect, and an important one, of Dante's conception of Beatrice; and when man's free-will is turned towards the divine—toward "the stars," and is purified from the coarser taints and entanglements of worldliness and self, seeking the Truth for its own sake, then right judgment ("right discrimination") alone will admit him to the adytum of a higher fane.

MARION HALE.

Every man stamps his own value upon himself, and we are great or little according to our own will.—SMILES.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART I, SECTIONS 7-13

INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

IF we remember that this great Upanishad was in a special degree intended for the instruction of young disciples preparing for Initiation, we shall the more readily understand the two contrasting elements which make up the part at present translated. For these disciples, spiritual teaching, steadily rising in significance and penetration, step by step including the great principles of the spiritual universe; and, because they were young disciples, with this deeper instruction a strain of humorous incidents, offering genuine entertainment for youthful spirits, yet ever pushing the frontier of their knowledge forward into the great realms they were preparing to enter.

The parts which are more directly and evidently instructive are all correlated with a single theme, with which we must assume these youthful disciples to have been, through preliminary studies, already familiar: namely, the chants of the Sama Veda, which were, in purpose and in fact, magical incantations, depending for their potency on the correlations of sounds, and particularly the sounds of the human voice, with powers which we may describe as electrical. As we have already seen, the greater part of the Sama Veda—the Veda of Chants—consists of lines of the Rig Veda selected, we may suppose, for the quality of their vowels, and their adaptability to certain types of magical singing or intoning. In a sense, then, the Sama chant is already present in the Rig verse as an ensouling power; in this sense, the Sama is the inspiring force, the soul within the Rig verse.

It was, therefore, altogether natural and appropriate to take this relation between the Rig verse and the Sama chant as the type, or illustration, of a power or energy, within a vesture, as, for example, the power of physical vitality is within the vesture or vehicle of the physical body. So on this theme the lesson of the young disciples is strung.

The Voice, we are told, is the Rig verse; the Life is the Sama chant. The Voice here stands as the type of the physical powers of action, which include also the activities of the hands and the movements of the body, as in walking. The Voice, then, is ensouled by the Life; or, more generally, the powers exercised through the physical organs are ensouled by the living force which distinguishes the body in life, from the body after death. Just as the Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse, which furnishes its outer form, so the Life finds its activity through the physical organs of action. But the two, the ensouling force, and the organic form, are throughout life blended in one, and work harmoniously together; they are like the two parts, Sa and Ama, which blend together to form the single word Sama.

So with the physical power of Vision, the instrument of seeing, which is the foremost of our perceptive powers. There is, on the one hand, the organ of seeing, the eye. There is, on the other hand, the living power of the Seer, which is withdrawn in coma, or in death, though the physical organ remains intact.

In the same way there is the physical organ of hearing, and there is the Mind, which listens to the report of outer things coming through the ear, and translates them into mental impressions, into thoughts.

Then we come back again to the eye, with still more detail. There is the whiteness of the eyeball, and the brightness of the cornea, the convex lens in the forepart of the eyeball. With this is contrasted the indigo-coloured retina, beyond the dark interior of the eye; the sensitive layer which receives the image of outer things, like the sensitized film in a camera.

The Person seen within the eye may be interpreted in two ways: either as the reflection of oneself in the eye of another, or, better, as the sense of the perceiving self within one's own eye, when we are reflectively conscious of the act of seeing. This common experience is used to fasten the attention of the disciple on the perceiving self within him; and, once he has been made aware of this perceiving self, his perception of it is deepened, once more by an appeal to his familiar knowledge of the Sama chant. Just as there are the Sama chant, the intoned Sentence, the Formula of sacrifice, the prayer of Aspiration, so there are, within the perceiving self, deeper and deeper layers, leading backward and upward to the Highest Self. And, in the last analysis, the perceiving self and the Highest Self are one; the form of this is the form of That; the two songs of That, in manifestation and in withdrawal, are the two songs of this; the name of That, Atma, is the name of this.

So the teaching is directed to render the disciple conscious, first, of the perceiving self in all its activities, as a unity; then to raise his consciousness to the deeper Self within. He is to realize that, just as hand and eye and ear are organs of the perceiving self, so that perceiving self is the organ of the deeper Self within. And by this realization he attains a twofold victory: through the perceiving self, guided and inspired by the deeper Self, he conquers this world and the worlds which are below it; and through the deeper Self he wins the worlds above, the worlds of the Bright Powers. He is Lord of the song of divine desires who, thus knowing, sings the chant.

We come next to the story of the three, who were excellent in singing the Loud Chant Song. It is a part of what we have called the entertainment of the youthful disciples. It is a vivid and amusing dialogue; it carries a definite spiritual meaning; and, thirdly, it does not markedly redound to the glorification of the priestly Brahmans.

Shilaka and Chaikitayana are definitely described as Brahmans. The third person is, by implication of his own speech, not a Brahman. Another story in this same Upanishad tells us more of him: he was a Rajanya, or Rajput, he was a King, he was an Initiate.

The two young Brahmans, however, and here is the fine humour of the tale,

quite cheerfully and without question accepted his suggestion of their superiority, and began an instructive dialogue between themselves. But first the one, and then the other, soon reaches the end of his knowledge, and, threatened with the loss of his head, seeks safety in silence. Then the Rajput speaks. And we may, perhaps, see in what he says, a definite purpose. His answer is, in a sense, over the heads of the two young Brahmins, but it is intelligible to the young disciples for whom these teachings were designed, in virtue of what they have already been taught.

His answer is, that this World; this visible and palpable universe, rests in shining Ether, in the Light of the Logos; from the Logos it comes forth into manifestation; into the Logos it returns in withdrawal: a part, as we know, of the Secret Teaching.

So we may imagine the intuitive hearts of the young disciples lighting up with understanding. They have been entertained by a good story; they have learned a lesson of wisdom.

Then concerning the "progeny" of the disciple Udarashandilya: this word, as always, has a multiple meaning. First, the obvious one, of sons and grandsons; next, spiritual children, disciples and their disciples; then the future incarnations of Udarashandilya; and, still higher, the deeper layers of the Self, with their vestures, to which his spiritual life will lead him, until he enters into, and realizes his oneness with, the Supreme Self, the Eternal.

Then immediately follows another story, that of the poor wise man, Ushasti, and the wealthy Prince who has planned a great ceremony of sacrifice. Once more, we may note, the priestly Brahmins are treated with something less than veneration.

The motive of the story is worked out with humorous imagination. Hailstorms have laid waste the fields and gardens of the Kurus, so that even the rich man of the village has nothing left but a bowl of fruit. But, with the respect which the East has always rendered to devotees, he is ready to share this remnant of his store with the needy Ushasti. The dignity with which Ushasti refuses the offering of the water left in a half-empty drinking cup, saying that he can find water whenever he desires, is an entertaining touch in a vivid tale, but it is also something more. Food and water are universal symbols for bodily and mental experience, the elements which nourish the physical and psychical life. For the disciple, these elements are consecrated, as symbolized in the communion. The meaning in the story of Ushasti seems to be that, while he must share the common physical lot of mankind, he must guard the sources of his psychical life against contamination from the impure psychical atmosphere of the world. The devotion of the lady Atiki is, like similar pictures in the Upanishads, a charming feature of Oriental life.

We need not follow in detail the encounter of Ushasti with the Prince and his priestly Brahmins, but we should note that the thoughts of the youthful disciples, to whom the tale was told, are once more brought back to the hidden Power within material forms, to the Divinity that shapes our ends.

Then follows the canine Loud Chant Song, where the white dog and his

companions imitate the priestly Brahmans singing and winding about in serpentine dance: for the younger disciples, a highly entertaining tale, but for the older and more thoughtful students, another lesson in mystic symbolism.

We may remember that in Egypt, both Anubis and Set were dog-headed gods. Set was "the adversary", the reflection in matter of Osiris; Anubis was "the guardian of the dead", "the preparer of the way to the other world" (during initiation also). So, we may suppose, the process of transmutation is indicated, the circle of the dogs, and their invocation to the Divine Powers, representing, among other things, the aspiration of purified Kama and its at-one-ment with Buddhi. Since the "serpentine power" is called into activity in this transmutation, it is naturally represented here by the serpentine dance. Students of Dante will think of the greyhound in the first Canto of the *Inferno*, as a kindred symbol.

Then comes a short passage, more easily understood if we go back to the thought of the electrical potencies of sounds. The syllables enumerated may well be the elements of magical incantations.

VESTURES OF DIVINITY

And so concerning the Self. The Voice, verily, is the Rig verse; the Life is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The Voice is Sa; the Life is Ama. This makes Sama.

The power of Vision is the Rig Verse; the Self is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The power of Vision is Sa; the Self is Ama. This makes Sama.

The power of Hearing is the Rig verse; the Mind is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. The power of Hearing is Sa; the Mind is Ama. This makes Sama.

And so the white brightness that is in the Eye is the Rig verse; the indigo-coloured beyond the black is the Sama chant. This Sama chant rests upon the Rig verse. Therefore, the Sama chant is sung resting upon the Rig verse. And so the white brightness that is in the eye is Sa; the indigo-coloured beyond the black is Ama. This makes Sama.

And so this Person who is seen within the eye is the Rig verse, he is the Sama chant, this is the intoned Sentence, this is the Formula of sacrifice, this is the prayer of Aspiration. That which is the form of this, is also the form of That. The two songs of That are the two songs of this; the name of That is the name of this.

Those worlds which are below this world, of them he is Lord, and of the desires of the sons of Man. And they who sing here with the lute sing Him; therefore they are conquerors of wealth.

He who, thus knowing this, chants the Sama, sings the praise of both;

through That, verily, he gains the worlds that are beyond that world, and the desires of the Bright Powers. And so through this he gains the worlds that are below this world, and the desires of the sons of Man.

Therefore, a Singer of the chant, thus knowing, might say: "What desire shall I sing for thee?" For he, verily, is Lord of the song of desires, who, thus knowing, sings the chant,—who sings the chant.

Once there were three who were excellent in singing the Loud Chant Song: Shilaka Shalavatya, Chaikitayana Dalbhya, and Pravahana, son of Jivala. They said: "We are excellent in singing the Loud Chant Song. Come then, let us engage in discourse concerning the Loud Chant Song!"

"Let it be so!" they said. So they seated themselves together. Thereupon Pravahana, son of Jivala, said: "You two, worthy Sirs, should speak first. When two Brahmans are speaking, I shall listen to their words."

Thereupon Shilaka Shalavatya addressed Chaikitayana Dalbhya: "Come then, let me question thee!"

"Question me!" said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Sama chant?"

"It rests in the Tone," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Tone?"

"It rests in the Life-breath," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Life-breath?"

"It rests in the Food," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Food?"

"It rests in the Waters," said he.

"What is the resting-place of the Waters?"

"They rest in that World," said he.

"What is the resting-place of that World?"

"One may not carry it beyond the heavenly World," said he. "We firmly establish the Sama chant on the heavenly World, for as the heavenly World the Sama chant is praised."

Thereupon Shilaka Shalavatya said to Chaikitayana Dalbhya: "Not firmly established, of a truth, Dalbhya, is thy Sama chant. If one were now to say, 'Thy head will fall off!'—thy head would indeed fall off!"

"Come then, let me know this from thee, worthy Sir!"

"Know it!" said he.

"What is the resting-place of that World?"

"It rests in this World," said he.

"What is the resting-place of this World?"

"One may not carry it beyond the World as foundation," said he. "We firmly establish the Sama chant on the World, for as the foundation the Sama is praised."

Thereupon Pravahana, son of Jivala, said to him: "Of a truth, Shalavatya, thy Sama has an end. If one were now to say, 'Thy head will fall off!'—thy head would indeed fall off!"

"Come then, let me know this from thee, worthy Sir!"

"Know it!" said he.

"What is the resting-place of this World?"

"It rests in shining Ether," said he. "All these beings, verily, come forth into manifestation from shining Ether; to shining Ether they go from manifestation; shining Ether, verily, is more potent than these beings; shining Ether is their highest home." This, verily, is the most excellent Loud Chant Song, this has no end. The most excellent is his, most excellent worlds he conquers, who, thus knowing this, reverences the most excellent Loud Chant Song.

When Atidhanvan Shaunaka declared this to his disciple Udarashandilya, he said: "As long as they shall know this Loud Chant Song among thy progeny, so long will their living in this World be most excellent, and so also in that World." For he who, thus knowing, reverences this, his living in this World is most excellent, and so also in that World,—he has a World in that World.

When the Kurus were devastated by hailstorms, a certain very poor man, Ushasti, son of Chakra, lived with his wife, Atiki, in the village of a man of great possessions. He sought alms of food of the rich man, who was eating stewed fruit. The rich man said, "I have none but these that are set before me!"

"Then give me some of these!" said he. He gave them to him, saying: "Drink of this water also!"

"Nay, for that would be for me to drink leavings!" said he.

"Are not these also leavings?"

"If I were not to eat these, I could not live," said he. "But I can drink water at my desire."

When he had eaten, he carried what was left to his wife, but she had already received alms; so taking them, she put them away. Rising early in the morning, he said: "If we could obtain food, we could gain a measure of wealth also. The Prince there is offering a sacrifice, and he might select me for all the ritual offices!"

His wife said to him: "Here, my lord, is this fruit." Eating the fruit, he went to the place where the sacrifice was proceeding.

There approaching the priests of the chant, who were about to sing the opening praise, he said to the priest of the opening praise: "Priest, if thou shalt sing the opening praise, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the opening praise, thy head will fall off!"

In the same way, verily, he said to the priest of the chant:

"Priest, if thou shalt sing the chant, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the chant, thy head will fall off!"

In the same way, verily, he said to the priest of the response:

"Priest, if thou shalt sing the response, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the response, thy head will fall off!"

Thereupon they stopped and seated themselves in silence.

Then the master of the sacrifice said to him: "I desire to know thee, worthy Sir!"

"I am Ushasti, son of Chakra!" said he.

He said: "I sought thee, worthy Sir, for all these ritual offices; when I was not able to find thee, I selected others! But, worthy Sir, I request thee to perform all these ritual offices for me!"

"Let it be so! But let these now sing the chants with my permission; and as much wealth as thou wouldst give to them, so much shalt thou give to me!"

"Let it be so!" said the master of the sacrifice.

Then the priest of the opening praise came up to him and said:

"Thou saidst to me, 'Priest, if thou shalt sing the opening praise, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the opening praise, thy head will fall off!' Tell me, worthy Sir, what Divinity that is!"

"It is the Life," said he. "For all these beings enter into the Life; to the Life they go forth. This is the Divinity which is correlated with the opening praise. If thou hadst sung the opening praise, not knowing this Divinity, thy head would have fallen off, as I had so declared to thee!"

Then the priest of the chant came up to him and said: "Thou saidst to me, 'Priest, if thou shalt sing the chant, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the chant, thy head will fall off!' Tell me, worthy Sir, what Divinity that is!"

"It is the Sun," said he. "For all these beings sing the praise of the Sun on high. This is the Divinity which is correlated with the chant. If thou hadst sung the chant, not knowing this Divinity, thy head would have fallen off, as I had so declared to thee!"

Then the priest of the response came up to him and said: "Thou saidst to me, 'Priest, if thou shalt sing the response, not knowing that Divinity which is correlated with the response, thy head will fall off!' Tell me, worthy Sir, what Divinity that is!"

"It is the Food," said he. "For all these beings live by partaking of the Food. This is the Divinity which is correlated with the response. If thou hadst sung the response, not knowing this Divinity, thy head would have fallen off, as I had so declared to thee!"

Then follows the canine Loud Chant Song. There was a certain Baka Dalbhya, or Glava Maitreya, who went forth for sacred study. Before him a white dog appeared. Other dogs, gathering about this white dog, said: "Do thou, worthy Sir, sing food for us, for we would eat!"

To them he said: "Early in the morning ye shall assemble hither to me!"

So Baka Dalbhya, or Glava Maitreya, was on the watch for them.

Then, verily, as priests about to sing the chant of purification, join in a circle and wind about in serpentine dance, so did these dogs wind about in serpentine dance. Then they sat down together and intoned the opening verses thus:

"Om! Let us eat! Om! Let us drink! Lord of the heavenly vault!"

Lord of beings! Lord of the Sun! Bring ye food here! Lord of food, bring food here! Bring food, bring! Om!"

Now concerning the meaning of the tones. The tone Ha-u is this World. The tone Ha-i is the great Breath. The tone A-tha is the lunar Lord. The tone I-ha is the Self. The tone I is the Fire-lord. The tone U is the solar Lord. The tone E is the invocation. The tones Au-ho-i are the Bright Powers, the Host. The tone Hin is the Lord of Beings. The vibratory tone is the Life-breath. The tone Ya is the Food. The Voice is Viraj, the Radiant. The tone Hun is the undefined thirteenth interposed trill.

The Voice milks milk for him, that which is the milk of the Voice; he becomes possessed of the Food, and eater of the Food, who thus knows this hidden meaning of the Sama chants,—who knows this hidden meaning.

C. J.

Those who have true worth in themselves can never envy it in others.—SIDNEY.

Be that which you wish to help others to become. Let your life, not your words, be a sermon.—AMIEL.

ALL THAT WE HAVE IS NOT OURS

WE stroll down the street, tired and hungry; it has been a lively day. The procession has passed and everybody is finding his way home. From the distance, sounds the beat of a drum; a band has left the line of march and is also going its way like ourselves.

As it approaches, we step up to the curb and watch and listen. On either side of the musicians and also following, are the usual assortment of street urchins and gutter children. Watch the boys!—they swing along in proper step and time, and keep, to the accompaniment of the music, an impromptu formation which could not otherwise have been forced with a rod of iron.

We follow. The boys, with wild childish natures temporarily inhibited, are held by the glamour of the uniforms and the rhythm of the march; they carry on till the last—until the “oldsters” break ranks and go into the hotels at random—and then hang around, tied by the reverberations echoing in their minds, gradually dispersing to their usual diversions until the next demonstration by another orchestra at another time.

* * * * *

Somewhat oblivious of people, I walked along, heading for the entrance where we go down the steps to take our train. A beautiful shining morning, and I was coming from a very quiet, rare place—rare in being infrequent both in time and number—and in coming away I was wary lest I meet myself too soon.

I passed someone who hesitated, half turned and looked; our paths were opposite; I kept going, hardly noticing, going down—

“Down to the base court”—

Beyond, a man on the platform; unmistakably a hard drinker—his affair; but why should he turn several shades more purple as I pass? I kept very quiet. “I must not be home before I reach the house.” I would not regard him.

The train rolled in, and as I moved through the door, three youths emerged; a fragment of a remark; a gesture, advertising buoyancy. They were almost gone—almost; one gave a quick glance in avoiding me; youth has good eyesight and is sensitive, and in that instant he was trapped. Leaving his friends without parting, he slipped back into the car and sat on the opposite side.

I still kept steady and poised. I knew what happened: the man I passed on the street; the “old soak” on the platform. That young couple over there have dropped their conversation by instantaneous mutual consent, have forgotten each other as they join the youth to observe me. Several others become quiet; but I can draw the line between the quick and the dead.

"Now be quiet, *now* be silent—steady—steady—*Do not even think!*"

What were they like? Do you believe that I would dare to look at them, and obtrude my low and vulgar personality between them and what they felt and tried to understand? I could not—I could not.

I knew, only; but they, like the boys with the music, just thought they knew and were silent like me because they could not say to themselves just what it was. Momentarily and interiorly caught, they followed along in perfect time and synchronism.

Another stop. The boy followed me out, and loafed around with unswerving attention but courteous reserve, until I caught my next train.

Things *were* quiet; few were going and coming. I leaned back to look out. There was a party of two couples in front, out for a pleasant day. One of the young ladies slipped off her coat, and that manoeuvre brought me within her field of vision.

"Now be careful—keep on being quiet—pretend you don't observe—silence—look out of the window."

She could not resist the irresistible prompting to see what could not be seen. Taking a book, she left her friends in a puzzled quandary, and sat to my right, a little back—she *would* know what it was—she would watch and see.

Almost home now—almost.

A rare privilege? An auspicious sign?

No; on the contrary, *No*. A rare (regrettably) rare recognition, not of a privilege or favour, but of a standing opportunity and unceasing duty and obligation.

Do we not march along in good form and proper step, with all our instruments—and no *music*: why? How can we expect those to respond who not only need, and not only are ready for our silent rhythm and melody, but who crave it without knowing that they do so, if we keep it all to ourselves,—that which is not ours, which was only loaned to us to be handed on to others; those who are here now in vastly greater numbers than we realize.

Really now, have we any true notion of the rapidly increasing number of folk who are at this moment following paths, parallel, but not identical with ours, and from amongst whose impromptu ranks we could draw a few, enthrall several, and give them what we hold for them, if they could only hear with their hearts that which cannot be spoken until we know just who and where they are?

Must *all* of our attention be personal preoccupation? Must that be the rule all the time? Why—why can we not let go a little now and then; and then a little more practice—why not? The efforts once started will gather impetus. We shall build on the reaction until we *never, never* cease to be conscious of what we are trying to do.

In certain respects, there can be no supererogation.

R. B. A.

CONTEMPLATION AND MORALITY

He who has not yet seen Truth desires it as the Good; he who has seen it, desires it as the Beautiful.

PLOTINUS.

IT is a theosophical axiom that our present average humanity does not represent the terminal point of evolution upon this planet; that it is intermediate between the animal and the divine phases of a continuing process. The psychic man can be transformed into the likeness of the spiritual man. Many students of Theosophy believe that a transformation has already occurred in certain exalted natures, and that the Lodge of Masters is composed of men who have thus accomplished the destiny which is ideally reserved for every member of the human kingdom.

It is significant to find that, under various forms, such ideas as these have penetrated the general consciousness of the century. In a deep sense, it is a cause of joy and wonder. One doubts whether the average student fully appreciates the faith and valour of those men of the world who have responded by their own volition and effort to the spiritual forces so active beneath the surface of events to-day.

A notable exponent of this movement in contemporary thought is the French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, the author of several technical works, such as *La Sensibilité Métaphysique* and *La Dépendance de la Morale*, but best known for his very readable little treatise on the use and abuse of the imagination, *Le Bovarysme*. This title was suggested by Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. The lower self of man is for ever pretending to itself and to others that it is something other than that which it actually is, and it ends by believing that its lies are true,—the chronic state of Madame Bovary. However, the image-making power of the mind which is thus abused by the lower self can be rightly used to make manifest the true genius of man. As Gaultier says, if Madame Bovary had applied her imagination otherwise, she might have become a Saint Teresa.

Gaultier has summarized the deeper aspects of his doctrine in a recent series of articles:—"The Precursors of Æsthetic Morality: Pythagoras, Epicurus, Jesus." His theme is the "inner event" which signifies that the mortal personality of man has been metamorphosed into its spiritual prototype. He believes that "this inner event has already been realized in the hearts of isolated individuals, and by its virtue has been the cause of the perpetuation of human society." The story of Jesus bears witness to such a consummation. Pythagoras and Epicurus are represented by Gaultier as forerunners of the Master.

¹ *Mercur de France*: May 1, June 1, 15, 1928.

The essays seem to be the fruit of metaphysical speculation rather than of mystical experience. Even a friendly critic will find many statements with which he may find it impossible to agree. There are passages which recall a poem in prose, in which the protagonists bear the illustrious names of the ancient sages, but speak the thoughts of the poet. The style is often so involved that the translator is forced to take the risk of paraphrasing in order to render what he believes to be the author's meaning. Moreover, Gaultier has an exasperating habit of using old words in a new sense, and of leaving the reader to discover this sense without assistance. Nevertheless, the present reviewer ventures to proclaim these three articles as among the most remarkable works of the kind that have been brought to his attention.

Gaultier believes that if true human morality can be realized, "it must be by the increasing intensity, in every human heart, of the contemplative sense, of the power to enjoy things without possessing them, and by the multiplication, in the bosom of the species, of men endowed with this power." This true morality is not to be identified with any particular code of ethics, for reasons which he makes quite clear. He calls it "aesthetic morality", the term "aesthetic", as he uses it, being practically synonymous with "contemplative".

What is needed is the birth, or rather the recovery, of a real moral sense, which will of itself control our activities as infallibly as an animal's instinct guides it along the lines of action proper to its species. However, such a sense must be acquired, like every other sense, by effort, by triumphing over resistance and inertia. For the present, there can be little hope that more than a few can perform the miracle. But if those few succeed, the race will be preserved, as it has been preserved for centuries by others who gained their measure of success in the past. Such an idea cannot be unfamiliar to students of Theosophy who have heard of the appeal of the Masters for Chêlas; for recruits who are willing to separate themselves from the mass of the race and to perfect themselves for the sake of humanity.

Gaultier makes this general definition of morality, that it is "the sum total of the modes of being that condition the life of a species." Every species has its proper morality, and the lives of its members are moral in so far as they conform to the purposes which are characteristic of the species. In the lower kingdoms, "Nature works directly and, as it were, blindly towards the determination of useful reactions." However, man—that is, elemental man—"persuades himself that it is his prerogative to intervene, to decide what is useful, to assign to his destiny ends of his own choosing, and to attain them by means that he has arbitrarily selected." In other words, by virtue of his mental self-consciousness, the human entity interrupts the direct current of "purpose" in Nature, and diverts it, as he fancies, to serve his private happiness.

There is ample reason for believing that Nature cannot tolerate the spectacle of a creature which deliberately tries to live for its own pleasure alone. The elemental man has, therefore, an anomalous status in Nature. He has been

disobedient to the moral laws of his species, and part of the penalty which he must suffer is the corruption of the animal instincts of his body. He can no longer trust these "to determine his useful reactions," for he has infused into them a psychic colour which is quite alien to the healthy animal state. For example, a normal wild animal is guided by an instinct, correlated with the sense of taste, to eat what is necessary to maintain its bodily functions in proper order. In the elemental man this instinct has in general either retired into a potential condition, or it has been almost completely distorted from its original purpose by association with a psychic "complex", with the desire to enjoy the sensation of eating and to repeat the sensation as often as possible.

The conscious and subconscious purpose of elemental man may, indeed, be reduced to a confused but continuous desire to experience pleasurable sensation, and to a corresponding dread of painful sensation. The sensation sought or feared may be physical or emotional or mental or even—in the ordinary sense of the word—intellectual. The same order of motive may be said to prevail on all these planes of his life.

Gaultier dwells, in particular, upon that form of the desire for sensation which is manifested in consciousness as the desire for possessions. It is assumed that one cannot enjoy a thing unless he possesses it. This may be a psychic extension and perversion of the acquisitive instinct observable in many animals. In any event, the regulation of the human acquisitive instinct becomes an acute problem whenever two or three or more human entities are gathered together in a society. The effort of such a society to prevent one of its members from taking what belongs to another, takes shape in some ethical code.

We may believe that ethics is, in one sense, the first effort of Nature to correct the diseased condition which has resulted from the disobedience of men to the proper moral law of their species. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of an ethical code in any given society appears to be mainly dependent upon two factors,—upon the stability and integrity of the police power which enforces it, and upon the faith of the multitude that it serves their best interests not to disobey it too actively. In the past, when this faith has diminished, the authority of the police power has decreased in proportion, for the police were men like the others. One remembers the history of past civilizations which have disappeared in the night of time, because men ceased to believe that it was worth while to restrain their acquisitive instincts any longer.

Gaultier has noted certain danger-signals upon our own horizon. During the Middle Ages, and even until quite recent times, the majority of people in the West, believed, with little question, that the good man might be miserable here, but after death would go to heaven; that the wicked man might have a wonderful time on earth, but after death would go to hell. This did not prevent men from committing crimes, though it had a restraining effect. But how many to-day believe in the old-fashioned, concrete heaven and hell?

Probably less than a majority, at least in the great cities, in the centres of our civilization. This increasing skepticism is supremely significant, because the decay of theological faith has been paralleled by a decrease in moral faith. Moreover, in the present age of applied science, there is an additional menace. It is pretended that, by multiplying the means of self-indulgence, men may be able to increase indefinitely the opportunities of pleasure, so as ultimately to provide enough for all to share without envy or discontent. Gaultier exposes without difficulty the root of this gross delusion. New desires are invariably developed more rapidly than the objects which are supposed to satisfy them. "Desire grows by feeding upon itself."

Such considerations as these lead Gaultier to enquire into the real nature of the motives which induce the average mortal to live a life of relative self-restraint. Self-restraint is, indeed, absolutely necessary, before one can begin to be human in any real sense. No complaint can be directed against our ethical code as regards its objective, which is to induce men to forego the satisfaction of certain obviously noxious desires. The trouble is that the average mortal has no vision whatsoever of the ultimate implication of his self-restraint. He agrees to check himself in certain directions as long as he feels assured that, in some tangible way, he will be *rewarded* for his virtuous behaviour. He persists in the delusion that pleasurable sensation is the end of life. Preachers and moralists do their best to fortify his delusion, perhaps because they share it with him. They are for ever telling him, in one way or another, that his sensations will be more pleasurable if he live an honourable life. The preachers and moralists are undoubtedly right, and, in any case, what else could they say to provide the average man with a motive for right living? But ideas of what constitutes pleasure are not always based upon a clear appreciation of the facts. When the average mortal is convinced that his idea of pleasure is preferable to the idea of the moralist, and when he loses his fear of punishment, his moral observances will tend to lose the force of habit, and he will tend to become a dangerous or useless citizen. When he becomes representative of the majority of citizens, it would seem that disintegration of the society to which he belongs, must be imminent.

The supreme need, therefore, is for a few individuals, above the average of humanity, who will have the courage to admit the baseness of ordinary human motives, including even the most "respectable" and the most "virtuous", and who will undertake the labour of creating for their own guidance a new kind of motivation radically different from the old. These individuals must constitute a caste of *contemplatives* within the mass of mankind, which is given over so completely to the desire for sensation.

We have already seen that Gaultier identifies the term "contemplation" with "the power to enjoy things without possessing them." Also, by associating contemplation with the æsthetic sense, he suggests that our actual appreciation of beauty is an adumbration of a real contemplative consciousness, or at least gives one some idea of what a contemplative consciousness is like. There are presumably moments in the lives of great artists or scientists

when they are so deeply concentrated upon the object of their perception or study, that they are personally indifferent to the kind of sensations which they may be experiencing at the moment, whether these be, in ordinary terms, pleasant or painful. These men have temporarily achieved, in some measure, that which the real contemplative has accomplished permanently. They have "reduced the acquisitive instincts to a point of possible co-existence." The instincts, which are so infused with psychic elements in the average person, have been restored—even if only for a moment—to a condition resembling their pristine natural state, to "the condition of a biological necessity."

"Man has taken consciousness as a means of reforming action. He has not understood that it is an end in itself; that through the metamorphosis of action into vision the Sovereign Good is attained." However, there is no implication that this vision is a passive state. "The joy of contemplation is the activity of consciousness exercising itself in accordance with its own nature." We find Plotinus saying that all genuine contemplation overflows into action, and that the veritable creative power in man or God impresses itself upon substance through the medium of an *act* which spontaneously expresses or symbolizes pure vision.

In terms of the moral life, according to Gaultier, the great distinction of contemplative joy is that it is the true reward of virtue, but only when this reward is not sought. It crowns the life's work of the hero who has finally learned to labour without thought or expectation of any recompense for himself. "Only the courage of having descended into the abyss of pain in the world of illusions, can give one access to the joy of victory."

In another passage, Gaultier refers to the contemplative condition as that stage of evolution when the Soul of the World enters into Self-knowledge through the agency of the individual Soul which is its emanation. In the experience of the individual consciousness, it is the direct testimony of its participation in a universal consciousness. "In our own heart, Brahma, the Indian God, the whole of our being, awakes and dreams no more."

* * * * *

This condition is so remote from our present dreaming state, that a long purification of will and thought is necessary before the human consciousness can receive the necessary enlightenment which may then be said to descend like the grace of God. Gaultier has selected Pythagoras as a hero of the moral life, as a patron saint of those who would undertake to strengthen and to individualize their will by purification.

The Pythagorean commentator, Hierocles, interpreted his Master as teaching that "the most perfect adornment of pure philosophy is the contemplative spirit." But this spirit can be gained only by uncompromising self-discipline, nor can the bliss of the contemplative life be fully shared by the aspirant until he has effaced from himself all desire to benefit himself personally.

Therefore, the Pythagoreans and their allies, the Stoics, laid emphasis upon two exercises. The aspirant must purify his nature by the consistent refusal

to participate in the lower man's desire to reduce life to the repetition of pleasurable sensations, and by the repression of those actions which gratify only the lower man; and he must reflect upon the majesty and splendour of the Divine Principle which pervades the Universe, and which endows it with its order and mysterious beauty. He must do these things as if he already desired to do them with the undivided force of his personality, although actually he may still feel acutely the glamorous attraction of sensation, and although he cannot yet see the inward beauty of Nature, but only has faith that the beauty is there. Faith in the reality of the Divine Principle must be sufficient for him at all times. Gradually, however, he should begin to experience a sentiment which is, as it were, the premonition of contemplative joy. He will experience a disinterested satisfaction in the thought that the essence of Nature is divine. He will undertake to do what little he can toward the awakening or strengthening of a kindred satisfaction in the hearts of others. In the ideal Stoic Commonwealth of Humanity, the philosopher is the servant of the gods and of mankind.

Marcus Aurelius has excellently defined this gentle spirit: "Let the fulfilling of those things which the common nature hath determined, be unto thee as thy health. Accept, then, and be pleased with whatsoever doth happen, though otherwise harsh and displeasing, as tending to that end, to the health and welfare of the Universe, and to the joy and prosperity of Zeus."

There was nothing sentimental, however, in the practice of the great Stoics, or in the maxims of Pythagoras. Gaultier says aptly that their moral training culminated in "the practice of courage in its most intense form, of the courage which a man needs in the struggle to dominate his own instincts." He speaks of such heroic morality as "a phase in the bosom of which develops secretly the contemplative sense, as under the mantle of the caterpillar proceeds the slow elaboration of the organs of the winged butterfly. By its mediation is realized an *ascesis*, a spiritualization and a sublimation of the human type."

The Stoic thus becomes, in his degree, an *individual*, unifying his powers and subjecting the lower instincts to the commands of his will. He can be trusted with new powers of vision and action which would consume an undisciplined personality. "In Stoicism, the metamorphosis is already accomplished. The caterpillar is provided with wings, though it has not yet cast off the mantle, so that it still preserves the appearance of a worm. The law of irony presiding over all great activities so orders events that, to attain the greatest tension, the creature must ignore the end toward which it is moving." One recalls the words of the prophet: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Gaultier continues: "A supreme courage implying renunciation of joy, and acceptance of the most cruel evils, brings him to the summit of the mount before a vision of beauty which overwhelms him with a bliss *which he has not sought*. Renunciation, courage, Titanic valour, are all converted into a positive instinct which triumphs over the lower passions by opposing to them

a passion yet more strong. By some metaphysical alchemy, the moral temperature, raised to its highest degree, is resolved into a new state wherein the joy of victory replaces the consciousness of tense effort."

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The Pythagoreans and the Stoics illustrate the way to liberation through purification of motive, through sustained self-control, through the acceptance and service of an ideal. Another method of releasing the soul from the obsession of the desire for sensation, was taught by Epicurus. There is no necessary contradiction between the moral *catharsis* of the Pythagoreans, and the mental discipline of the disciples of Epicurus. The differences between the two schools are differences of emphasis, and, in the same nature, the two methods may supplement each other.

Our word "epicure" suggests an unflattering view of Epicurus; but whatever may have been the delinquencies of his followers, we have the testimony of a disciple that "the life of Epicurus, by comparison with that of other men, appears to us, by virtue of his gentleness and moderation, to have been a myth." It is true that he identified the quest of truth with the search for the principle of happiness; but the happiness which he presented as the goal of the philosophical life, was the faculty of contemplating the nature of things with an ever-increasing, disinterested delight. To prepare body and mind for the exercise of this faculty, seems to have been the main subject of his instruction. Far from advocating a refined self-indulgence, he imposed a severe and unrelenting training upon mind and body, preparing them to undergo without passion or strain the pressure of circumstances, favourable or adverse. Although it is necessary for the human being to experience both pleasure and pain, he insisted that it is equally base to be the slave of either.

Unfortunately his doctrine has come down to us, as Gaultier says, more amputated than the marbles of antiquity. One can only surmise the details by reference to such fragments as the following:

"False judgment and error are always caused by what is added to experience by the mind.

"It is not the stomach which is insatiable, but our false opinion concerning its supposedly indefinite capacity.

"Believe that God is an incorruptible and blessed Being, and attach to your idea of Him nothing that is inconsistent with incorruptibility or with bliss.

"It is not continued drinkings and revels and feasts of fish or such things that make life pleasant, but sober contemplation which examines into the reasons for choice and avoidance, and which puts to flight the vain opinions from which arises the greater part of the confusion troubling our souls.

"It is a superlative joy for the soul to investigate those things which have been the causes of its greatest sufferings."

Gaultier describes the method of Epicurus as "the culture of images." The maxims given above suggest that the philosopher sought the source of human evil in the misuse of the imagination, and that he believed it was possible, by changing the habits of the imagination, to convert it into a cause of human

good. In Epicureanism the power of the will is not stressed as in Stoicism. For this reason it lacks the splendid inspiration which shines through the writings of the great Stoics. It has, however, its own version of truth which may be examined with much profit. "Behind will stands desire," and desire is intimately connected with the image-making power of the mind.

Epicurus seems to have begun his teaching by emphasizing the need of releasing the force now stored in wrong or useless mental images, before one can hope effectively to turn his full attention to the building of images of truth. Gaultier comments as follows:

"Epicurus distinguishes between desires which are both natural and necessary; those which are natural without being necessary; and those which, being neither natural nor necessary, are the products of a vain opinion." Since the actual "quantity" of desire available to a man at any given moment is limited, it follows that the spiritualization of desire is possible only in so far as the lower forms of its manifestation in the mind are enfeebled and destroyed. "Epicurus refuses the power of procuring happiness to all desires which are not both natural and necessary. 'Even the pleasure of the body,' he said, 'cannot increase once that the pain caused by some need is suppressed; it can only diversify itself.'" A first step towards checking the waste of psychic force would thus be to discover certain limits defining the natural and necessary pleasures of bodily life, and to refuse to pass beyond those limits. A second step would be to hinder the mind from brooding over the memories of physical sensation, and from anticipating the pleasure of repeating the sensation.

Again, the powers of imagination are expended in irrational fears,—fears of death, of physical or mental suffering, of God or man or beast. There is a normal instinct warning an animal of danger; but when the danger is past, there is ample evidence that the fear completely disappears from the animal's consciousness. It would be the same for man, if he could learn to check the momentum of the natural and necessary emotion of fear, for it is this uncontrolled momentum that converts a physical and momentary sensation into its psychic counterpart, and prolongs an instant of pain into hours and days of unnecessary and idiotic suffering.

By the repression of useless desires and fears, two objects are accomplished. First, the imagination is released from the habit of serving the purposes of the psychic, elemental man. Secondly, the force of the imagination can be re-integrated upon a higher plane of thought.

In his commentary, Gaultier describes this transfiguration of the imagination as "the conversion of sensation into vision." The sensuous, elemental nature is externalized, so that in the vision of the soul it appears to be as objective as the events of the phenomenal world which are known through the physical senses. Gaultier refers, of course, not to an astral but to a moral experience. It is a continuation of "the same evolution and the same metamorphosis which, at the beginning of the epic of life, are expressed in the passage from sensation to perception, and which transmute a body reacting

to contact alone, into a body sensitive also to form, colour, sound and odour. Joy and sorrow become a single term subordinate to a higher psychic activity. They are progressively objectivized and converted into objects of contemplation."

It would seem that the Epicurean training was finally concentrated upon the effort to attain to a selfless vision of Nature,—to such a vision as was the prerogative of the gods. Epicurus used to spend hours in quiet recollection before the images of the gods in the temples, as if he felt that he might thereby develop in himself a deeper sympathy with the divine way of viewing the world. The great poem of Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, illustrates to what a degree of disinterested fervour a genius, disciplined by Epicurean principles, could be moved through meditation upon the processes whereby the Universe is periodically brought into being and destroyed. He loses his self-concern in the contemplation of the unfathomable depths of space and time, and tries to communicate to others this sense of liberation *which he has not sought for himself*. To a similar sentiment may be attributed a saying of Epicurus which seems to convey the very essence of what was oldest and purest in the Greek mind. "The sun circles the world, and his great voice summons us all to awaken to a life of bliss."

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However, the Epicureans, like the Pythagoreans and the Stoics, give one only an *ideal* of contemplative joy. They fail to impart the unmistakable impression of its *living reality*. This living reality Gaultier finds in Jesus.

Gaultier is not an orthodox Christian, and many of the unorthodox will find much to criticize in his interpretation of Jesus. He admits that he has limited himself to the consideration of one aspect of the Master's life which he believes to be the most important of all. For Gaultier, the Master is *the man who lived contemplatively*, the representative of a new human "species" (*homo estheticus*). In the reviewer's opinion, Gaultier's point of view may be sympathetically examined by anyone who believes that a Master's being, even to be dimly appreciated, must be regarded from many aspects. The image which he presents is, at least, far removed from any of the popular misconceptions of our time. It is neither pacifist nor communist nor sentimental nor platitudinous. It represents the real Master as the culminating figure in a line of sages, rather than as the semi-political Messiah of the Hebrew tradition. There is much to recommend it, if only as an antidote to certain other images which have added little or nothing to our understanding, and which have often done positive damage to what we may believe to be the Master's cause.

As Gaultier describes him, the Master is the living and complete expression of the ideal which was perceived as a distant goal by the great philosophers. There is in him this supreme distinction, that the centre of consciousness has been definitely translated from the life of sensation to the life of creative vision. It is not to be supposed that he has thereby lost the faculty of sensation, for joys and sorrows, even such as we know, are felt by him; but they do not affect

his will nor colour his inward sight. Though feeling them, he sees them as external to his veritable self, and as possessing a reality relative to the power of consciousness which generates and uses them.

He can enjoy things without possessing them, and this joy is unmixed with the sense of strain which seems to be inseparable from an aspiration which has not yet come to fruition. His imagination no longer moulds the data of sensation into untrue psychic shapes; so the Universe is reflected without distortion in his consciousness. At the same time, his liberated imagination is the vehicle of an inexhaustible stream of love which proceeds from his heart toward "the Father," the Logos, the Divine Principle, *natura naturans*, whose Being is mirrored in the Universe, *natura naturata*. The Universe thus viewed assumes the form of Beauty, and no part of it is unworthy of attention or regard.

Perfect detachment is associated with perfect attention and control in a single creative act. Gaultier sees, in this balance of powers, the repetition in the individual consciousness of those processes of emanation and indrawal which are visible throughout the height and depth of Nature. He finds a real inspiration in the Christian doctrine of the oneness of the Son with the Father, with the God "outside whom, nothing is; who assumes all powers and all responsibilities; who, like Dionysus Zagreus, has wounded Himself to prepare His own heavenly food, and who contemplates His own substance disguised and masked under the infinite diversity of appearances. God in all creatures and in all beings; God who knows the secret and who has endowed things with the power to crucify Him, that He may discern His own face beneath the mask, and that He may transmute into contemplative vision all the pathos of the world of sensation and action."

This universal process is *made human* through the accomplishment of the Master, and what he has attained may be attained in time by others. His "joy can be possessed by every being in that kingdom of heaven that is within himself. There, in his union with God, the individual recovers the consciousness of the fictitious and symbolic character of the phenomenal world. He sees in the world only a spectacle prepared for the supreme act of contemplation in which he takes back, in a unique sentiment of joy, all that has been emanated to produce the appearance of diversity." He has realized in himself the ideal of Pythagoreans and Platonists, of Stoics and Epicureans, to see the world as it is seen by the gods.

The regeneration of the self must, therefore, involve much more than even the most vivid intuitions of the intellect. The truth is grasped by the whole nature. Seeking a term to convey such a meaning, Gaultier turns to the old word, "faith." By *faith* the Master dominated the glamour of events, "not by the faith which follows a miracle, but by the faith which precedes the miracle and generates it."

When others possessed the active germ of his faith, he could heal them, as if at this point of their nature, he could blend his power with their aspiration. "Communion is the image of transfiguration." Gaultier meditates upon

the significance of the Master's refusal to legislate, to impose external force, to intervene to change the world. The Master sees truly that which men are, and that which they may become; and since his vision is dynamic, it is poured into the world as an incentive and inspiration. But there must be a deliberate response of faith to the inspiration. There must be the living belief in the aspirant's heart that the miracle of selflessness is as possible for him as it was in the beginning for his Master.

Gaultier recognizes what was, perhaps, the supreme manifestation of the Master's selflessness. This was the almost inconceivable self-control which prevented Him from using his acquired knowledge and power to remove himself from the torments of bodily life, by annihilating in an instant the consciousness of his body. There are stories in the East of Adepts who have yielded to such a temptation and who are known as Pratyeka Buddhas. The veritable Buddha, the true Master, stands firm. "His faith in the unreality of the world is a sign that the hallucination is abolished and, at the same time, conditions the persistence of his contemplative vision. When it is sufficient for him to raise his finger to bring the fiction to an end, he will beware of making this little gesture which would restore life to the phantoms." It would be a tacit admission that he is still attached to sensation, that the great regeneration has not really occurred, that his power to draw others by faith has, in fact, never existed.

There is an enigmatic statement by Gaultier which he does not clearly explain. He says that "Jesus does not come to save the men of the future at the expense of the men of the past. . . . He saves the past as well as the future. Such is the consequence of his renunciation of the idea of realizing happiness in the temporal order."

It would seem that Gaultier has touched here a very profound truth which is blindly disregarded, as he says, by "the eternal pharisees, the so-called idealists, who pretend to be working for the happiness of a future humanity . . . and who sacrifice, with an appalling lightness of heart, all those who have been miserable in the past." It may be remarked, incidentally, that these "futurists" do not always hesitate to sacrifice also the men of the present, as in Russia to-day.

It will be easier for the mind to solve the supposed difficulties involved in this problem of saving the past, if we accept as hypotheses at least two of the major doctrines of the Eastern Wisdom. The hypothesis of re-incarnation suggests that the Egos of the future races may, indeed, be embodied in the men of the present, and that they have certainly been embodied many times in the races and nations of the past. The other hypothesis suggests that the Master, Jesus, is not the only human being who has accomplished the great transformation, and that he is a member of a Brotherhood of perfected men, all of whom are working in various ways to bring mankind as a whole to the portals of initiation through which they themselves have passed.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

WORK

AT the last T. S. Convention something was said by one of the speakers about the very commendable desire on the part of many of the younger members to "help in the work of the Movement"; their frequent and pressing offers; their evident difficulty in understanding that, for one reason or another, they were not yet qualified to work, save in certain specified and perhaps very humble directions. What was said amounted to this: a member with, for instance, a perfectly illegible handwriting, will wonder why he, or she, is not given even so modest a task as addressing envelopes; or someone else, with an irrepressible love of talk, will feel that he, or she, even though not "trained", can at least be trusted to slip newly issued *Quarterlies* into their covers, ready for the post, without at all realizing that incessant talk during the process, may not be agreeable to other people who are in the room at the time, and who may wish to remain quiet. The advice given by the speaker to those of us who are aspirants for "work", was that we should *fit* ourselves forthwith. The member who wished to address envelopes, but whose illegible handwriting made the task far beyond him, should direct his energies toward acquiring a "copper plate" calligraphy. The member who felt somewhat aggrieved that he could not be trusted even with preparing *Quarterlies* for the post, should ask himself (or some kindly disposed friend and comrade) why this was, and having found that the trouble was not with his hands, but with his tongue, should waste no time before disciplining that part of himself which proved to be the source of the difficulty.

I, who was fortunate enough to attend Convention; have wondered, however, whether the full meaning of the speaker was grasped by us all, for there is an angle of it which I am sure the speaker himself would not wish to escape notice. It is this. When it was suggested that if we want to address envelopes, it might be a good plan to fit ourselves by first learning how to write, that suggested "fitting" did not mean that we were expected to acquire the desired knowledge by practising in some other department of the work of the Movement, or by "cutting our teeth" on "the work" at all. If we find that we are inclined to be noisily talkative, we cannot expect that the peace and quiet of a work room or office shall be endangered, in order that we may begin "the practice of silence" there. Our old, bad habit might at any moment break loose (as old, bad habits will), and with annoying results. The point, as I saw it, was that we were advised to prepare ourselves by means of our daily occupations, unconnected with any special departments of "the work". We must all have endless opportunity for this; at least we can create the opportunities if they do not come unsought; and once a limitation is recognized honestly and simply, the roughest part of the road is generally behind us, while I have always found that when we are ready to assume responsibility, responsibility never fails to come our way.

I am constantly struck by the manner in which our weaknesses will frustrate or neutralize our assets, and I think this fact has such an important bearing on our perfectly legitimate desire to help in "the work", that it should give us much serious food for thought. Take, for example, someone whose accuracy in copying documents is above criticism; whose handwriting is excellent, and who is faithful and regular in attending to work, but who cannot be counted upon to keep his own counsel; whose love of gossip tempts him into constant breaches of confidence. How much can that member, even with all his other valuable qualities, be trusted with private matters?

In every desire to be of use, the aim, the *ideal* of the younger member must surely be to lighten the burden of the overworked older members. This can hardly be accomplished unless we younger members cultivate the habit of listening intelligently to what the older members are trying to tell us; or, better still, unless we cultivate the habit of trying to find out intuitively what it is they are endeavouring to get done, so that they will not have to *tell* us, in the literal sense, at all. "Listening"—anything, at least, worthy that name—is impossible if an incessant buzzing is going on in our minds, while suggestions for work are being made, or directions given; for listening is not just the automatic hearing of spoken words; it is, as we know, far more the intuitive inner understanding of what is wanted, and if we are to get any impression of this (any impression upon which we can safely rely) we must be silent and receptive interiorly. Success is impossible where excitement, alarms and excursions, and all the paraphernalia incident to self-interest, are occupying the centre of the stage.

Of course, at this point, some younger member may groan, with a long face: "Do they, then, expect us to become full-fledged Adepts before we are allowed to address envelopes? What you have just said implies a standard of perfection which I, for one, shall never be able to cram into this single incarnation. I am past my prime as it is." To which, being of the "youngest" myself (I am speaking of the hierarchy, not of physical years), I would answer: "By all means, let us 'cram' in all we can,—discipline, experience, patience and hope. Oh, and I must not forget humility,—it seems one is too prone to forget that. Then, some fine day, we shall, perhaps, much to our astonishment, be asked (mind you, *we* ourselves shall not have had to go on banging petulantly at closed doors)—we shall be asked to address a whole mountain of QUARTERLY envelopes, and with 'steam up' too. Our 'chance' will have come at last, because all this time we shall have been 'fitting' ourselves, unknown to most, but noticed by those who never fail to watch eagerly for our progress."

Again I have wondered, however, if we younger members are not much too quick to think that because no one urges us to help in addressing envelopes ("envelopes" being, of course, used figuratively) we are therefore cut off from all "work for the Movement". Do we perhaps forget that, as a matter of fact, there is an inexhaustible amount of work for each; the most important kind of work lying at our very doors, and far more of it than we can reasonably hope to accomplish? I speak, of course, of work upon ourselves; self-conquest;

the supreme task of our incarnation. All our T. S. literature resounds with an imperative call to inner work; to the battle which must be waged against our lower natures; all religious books too, of course. "Who hath greater combat than he that laboureth to overcome himself?" asks the *Imitation*.

Through The Gates of Gold is full of this warrior spirit, which cannot be taken too literally, I am sure. "To put on armour and go forth to war, taking the chances of death in the hurry of the fight, is an easy thing; to stand still amid the jangle of the world, to preserve stillness within the turmoil of the body, to hold silence amid the thousand cries of the senses and desires, and then, stripped of all armour and without hurry or excitement, take the deadly serpent of self and kill it, is no easy thing. Yet that is what has to be done. . . . The man who wars against himself and wins the battle, can do it only when he knows that in that war he is doing the one thing which is worth doing."

Mr. Judge assures us in endless ways that we do not have to "rush madly and boldly out *to do, to do*." "It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done for Them, who are all, that is counted." This would necessitate the giving of our very best at every moment,—and would that be easy? Would that not keep us busy? Many years ago I heard Phillips Brooks say, in that quick, convincing way he had, that the most tragic death-bed utterance he was ever called upon to listen to, was when the dying man, with a peaceful sigh, whispered: "Well, I have done my best." We are so quickly satisfied!

What if, at the close of the day, when we are sitting alone, reviewing the work of our waking hours since sunrise; what if, at this time, we could see our Master enter and, standing there, look us straight in the eyes and ask: "Child, have you done your best to-day? Have you thought your best thoughts only? Have you given the best of your efforts?" Do you think that most of us, feeling those searching eyes upon us, could answer: "Yes, Master, I have done my best"?

There are many ways in which we can work, and the inner will help the outer, as the outer (when it is given us) will, in its turn, react upon the inner. Again we may turn to the *Imitation* as the unfailing guide and inspiration which it is, and there we come upon the heart of the matter: "For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much."

There are some lines of Kingsley's which I used to like, and used often to repeat to myself when I was young—in physical years—and they come back to me now as being very appropriate. They are good words to act upon:

"Have thy tools ready—
God will find thee work."

YOUNGER MEMBER.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student sat down with a sigh of immense relief. "For eight uninterrupted hours", he said, "I have been in 'the world'. I have talked and I have listened to people—nice people—who have no idea that there are insides to anything, or that there is a purpose anywhere. Business, travel, art, literature of a sort, politics,—all kinds of things were touched upon, skimmed, dismissed; no insides to anything, and everything on what I can only describe as a high treble note of semi-hysteria, as if to say, 'How gay we all are!'—with laughter less than a sixteenth of an inch deep, and everyone *such* good friends. No: there were men as well as women; but at that stage of evolution, the effect of the sexes upon one another is simply appalling. Perfectly virtuous, doubtless, there is none the less an irresistible 'urge' to show off, to shine, to pirouette, to attract attention, admiration, envy,—Lord knows what not. In any case I am exhausted, and want to hear about something real."

"I have a plan", the Philosopher volunteered. "Instead of talking at random about whatever occurs to us, I suggest that on this occasion we combine to give the 'Screen' a sequence. The Student has had a slight overdose of 'the world'; he needs a much larger dose than he has had; it is just possible that a sufficiently nauseous dose would save his soul alive."

The Student laughed. "Delighted, I'm sure," he said, "but what is your plan?" "Briefly,—that we look at the world to see its darkness; that we look at the world to see its light; that we look at the other world to renew our thirst for it." Then, without further preamble, the Philosopher continued: "I have with me two or three items from the daily press to which I should like to call your attention. They could be duplicated, doubtless, from the press of Europe; for the difference, alas, between Europe and America is constantly becoming less. They are innocent little items, likely to pass unnoticed by subway travellers—and most people, nowadays, belong to that category, either actually or figuratively; but, theosophically considered, I believe you will find them as significant as I do, as instructive as I do. All of them are taken from the *New York Times* of July 2nd. Here is one: the Reverend ———, preaching at the Community Church, New York (I know nothing about him, except for this sermon, which, however, entitles him to a sort of immortality),—the Reverend ——— declares that 'God is a democrat, and by this very fact the death warrant for all institutions which are undemocratic has been signed. To call God a king is a slander upon the universe. . . . Equality, liberty and fraternity are the three great attributes of God.' Beautiful to know the mind of God like that! In pre-war days, it was the German Emperor who talked of 'God and I'; sometimes, in care-free moments, of 'I and God.' They were brothers and equals, and the meaning of 'liberty' was well understood,—between

Them. Even in those days there were some who laughed at the foolish man's pretensions; though others did not laugh: they feared, knowing that lunatics-at-large are dangerous, and that the German Emperor was a racial mirror, rather than an entity. But now,—ah, now, we have passed to better things: the German Emperor was right, not wrong; the only trouble with him was, he was not right enough. He had forgotten, in his image of the Godhead, to include the Reverend ———, and the congregation of the Community Church, and, I assume, me, and my cook, and the entire swarm of 'me-s' over all this ant-hill of an earth. God is the perfect democrat; like a Presidential candidate, he is 'one of the boys', one of us. Such a comfort; so 'homey', to be assured that God is like that. You don't agree? You would prefer a God who is wiser than we are. Well, well: there is no pleasing some people. Stop and think. Remember those sacred words: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,—I beg your pardon; I had forgotten that this reverend gentleman puts Equality first. In either case, if you accept his revelation, you need never look up any more. Nothing, anywhere, is any better than you are. And Liberty; surely you must appreciate that! Come to the window. We overlook a New York street. Yes,—there it is! See that automobile; the driver has his arm round his neighbour's waist; he is gazing into her eyes; he is steering by those stars. Liberty, sweet Liberty! There is a child playing some twenty yards ahead. Hush! Let nothing interrupt the free and flowing play of Liberty. Dead? I think not. It seemed to me that angels lifted her out of the way. Poor child, to have been robbed like that of a democratic funeral, of a fraternal and free funeral, with her mother and father and her own little ghost embracing the driver and his girl as champions of human Liberty,—God, the perfect democrat, embracing all of them, indiscriminately, for luck.

"Now we pass to another theological pronouncement. This time it is the Reverend ———, S. J., who speaks. 'If Christ were sitting in one confessional box and a priest in another, the priest could blot out sin just as effectively as could Christ. . . . The mere presence of a priest causes sin to be blotted out. You may ask why a priest's power does not always have the effect that it should. It is because you do not co-operate with him. You must pray for him, pray that he will be kind and patient toward all.' That we should be kind and patient toward him, seems to be taken for granted; and I don't wonder, in such circumstances. Kind! Why, the obvious thing to do would be to feed him and flatter him, and to pray to him every few minutes so as to have passing sins blotted out before they accumulate. Talk about modern conveniences! But the real joke is the reaction of the Protestant clergy. Some would froth at the mouth at the Reverend Father's 'presumption'; others would turn green with envy: if only they could believe all that of themselves; in any case, if only they could voodoo their Parishioners into believing it of them! Competition, without that, simply is not fair. Perhaps that is why the other Reverend gentleman, seeking a solution—competition for souls (or for purses?) being very keen these days—hit upon

the idea that every man, worthy of the name of democrat and therefore free, can be his own absolver. Rather clever, come to think of it: no need to pray that a priest will be kind to you; just be kind to yourself. You and God being equals, I should be prepared to argue that absolution must be contained inherently within the sin. They need a student of Theosophy to work these things out for them.

"Seriously, is it not strange how little the world changes? Symbols, perpetually mistaken for realities; priests, perpetually confused, above all, perpetually confusing themselves—sometimes honestly, sometimes dishonestly—with Deity: the old vice of priests in every exoteric religion the world has known. In Egypt, Babylonia, India, ancient America—wherever priests have functioned—the vanity, ambition, and the cowardice of men, have combined to create this dreadful superstition.

"Now for another item. Governor ———, of one of our more important States, speaking to the congregation of a Presbyterian Church, declares: 'The world is waiting for America; it leaps to hear every blow America strikes. America shines among nations as the little child that shall lead them. Just as God gave humanity a new chance when he directed Noah to build the Ark, so He gave it [*nota bene*, humanity, not the Ark] a new chance when He put it into the head of an Italian navigator to discover America.' "

The Student was literally writhing. "For Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed; "Keep your horrible world to yourself."

But the Philosopher continued relentlessly. "Do not worry", he said. "That Governor will be re-elected; regardless of his politics, he will be re-elected. He knows his people. A speech like that is irresistible. They could *see* the world leaping (now don't be unsympathetic; you are a good American; try to see the Governor banging the lectern as he says, 'every blow America strikes': it is quite moving if you approach it in the right spirit)."

"Stop," said the Student. "I *must* speak."

"No," the Philosopher answered. "It would be impolite. I have not finished; and I don't trust you,—you might be rude to the Governor. Seriously", he added, after a moment's pause, "it makes me glad I am not the Lord: what could you do with a people like that! If an earthquake were to wipe out half of them, the other half, picking itself up, would feel superior because history had recorded nothing like it; if they were to hear a great voice from heaven saying, 'You infernal idiots', or more seemly words to that effect, they would 'come to' with a vastly increased sense of their own importance,—God having singled them out for this distinction. I am glad it is not my problem."

"What to do about it would be beyond me", the Historian interjected at this point. "I have tried to handle individuals who were similarly constituted, and they have twisted even their moments of collapse, when there was nothing left of them but negation and despair, into proof of their real superiority,—by saying perhaps, as in one case, 'I told you this would happen!' But I do think that, if you were looking for causes, the American

environment suggests a contributing factor. You may remember a passage in Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, following a description of the Capitol at Rome, and the view from one of its windows. He says: 'We glance hastily at these things,—at this bright sky, and those blue distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon,—in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest in Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a by-gone life, of which this spot was the centre, that *the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere.*' Re-reading that passage recently, reminded me of a man, now dead, whom I knew quite well, years ago in Europe. He had been born within the shadow of York Minster. His father, who loved and revered every corner of it, brought him up to do likewise, constantly pointing out its beauties and telling him its history. He was carried back to the days of ancient Rome, when York was known as Eboracum; to the great deeds of Kings and Barons; to battles which had decided the fate of peoples and dynasties. He was saturated in traditions of heroism and of sacrifice, and lived in the midst of their monuments. When he grew up he became a lawyer and moved to London. Instinctively he took an office near Westminster Abbey, and practised there all his life. His profession, instead of serving him merely as a means of livelihood, was seen by him as yet another expression of the spirit and purpose of old York Minster, and of the Abbey which outwardly had taken its place. Was not the law a monument to an immemorial past, the living embodiment of what Romans, Saxons, Normans, and the long line of English, had suffered and had achieved? The result was that his thoughts always ran on big and noble lines. His personal affairs were important, of course; but they were overshadowed by the greater importance of the ever-continuous and ever-unfolding drama of which he was privileged to be a spectator, and in which he, *though to an infinitesimal degree*, was privileged to participate,—the drama of the world's life and progress. He was not an astronomer, but, for recreation, he loved to read and to marvel at what astronomy tells us of 'the wonderful works of God',—of incalculable spaces, of unthinkable periods of time. Nothing small or mean came near him. Gossip would have been impossible in his presence. He would not have rebuked it; he simply would not have understood it, and his silence would have been so remote that, in spite of his habitual kindliness and geniality, the intruder would have felt himself ostracized.

"I wish I had known, when I knew him, those lines (to my shame I have forgotten who wrote them):

" 'O ancient streams, O far-descended woods,

" 'Full of the fluttering of melodious souls!'

Unknowingly, he lived them,—and he would have understood and loved them as few could.

"Do you see what I mean? Living near York Minster or Westminster Abbey does not necessarily make that kind of a man; but living in a raw country without a past, is likely to promote growth along very different lines. What I can only describe as the poverty of the external world—its appalling emptiness—as, for instance, facing Brooklyn Bridge—tends very strongly to throw the attention back upon self, or in any case, to produce the opposite effect to that described by Hawthorne, and thus to give the present moment an unmerited importance, and our individual affairs and interests a prominence which is quite misleading."

"Surely", questioned our Visitor, "if your friend felt, as you say, that he could participate in the drama he witnessed, to an infinitesimal degree only, it must have given him a sense of being very small, painfully insignificant, and must to that extent have made him less of a man than otherwise he might have been?"

"Quite the contrary", the Historian answered. "He was a man of tremendous energy, of great personal force. In a crowd, the police invariably made way for him, recognizing, I think, that he was indeed a gentleman, in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, which implied, among other things, the possession of authority."

"As I understand you", the Student now said, "your theory is that, human nature being very much alike everywhere, and vanity being more or less equally distributed, the European or Chinaman or what not, having a couple of thousand years or so over which to spread it, is less likely than we are to concentrate it on the present, and therefore is less likely to imagine that the world is waiting breathlessly for his own or his country's next 'blow.'"

"No", the Historian answered; "you have not caught my meaning. First let me explain that I believe an American who is proud of his European descent, and who thinks of himself as an off-shoot from some European family, rather than as the product of spontaneous generation or special creation on this side, and who, further, fills himself with the history and traditions and literature of his ancestral race or races,—may, in spite of his physical environment, acquire much the same outlook on life. I should go further, for I think that an American of that kind is helped by his environment to be more open-minded than his European cousin. Some Englishman, giving his impressions of a visit to New York a few months ago, is reported to have said that he had never before met with 'such readiness to listen to proposals and to judge them on their merits.' I think he was right, and that the ability of which he spoke springs from the good side of a defect,—the defect being too great a detachment from the past. My friend of York Minster and the Abbey would, for instance, have been incapable of considering Theosophy on its merits; it would not have fitted into his inherited, or traditional, scheme of things. He was unable, also, to judge other men of his own class on their merits, until bitter experience had opened his eyes,—the reason being that he always attributed to them the same high standards of motive and conduct which governed him. I am well aware that, at the present time, there is

more 'free thought' in the objectionable sense—more radicalism in politics and in religion—in Europe than in America; but this is the result of an emotional reaction following the Great War; it is something entirely different from the open-mindedness which you find here, and which, habitually judging men and plans and ideas on their merits, refuses to destroy until convinced that something better can be constructed.

"As to your suggestion that their vanity seems less objectionable because more widely spread, I think that although there are hosts of Europeans who feel that their country, whatever that may be, is unquestionably superior to any other, there would be less excuse for them than for our friend the Governor, if they were not to derive some sense of awe, of reverence—some sense, too, of their personal insignificance—from the very facts and impressions upon which they base their feeling of national pre-eminence. All the things of which the Governor is most proud, are the handiwork of his own generation,—skyscrapers, huge bridges, colossal fortunes, the world's envy; while all the things of which the European is most proud are the work of his forebears,—down to the home in which he lives, though only a thatched cottage."

At this point the Beginner joined us. Someone greeted him, asking him how he was. "I have been having an awful time", he replied. "My desire for the spiritual life seems to have disappeared completely, while every other desire I have ever harboured seems to have surged to the front, occupying nearly the whole of my attention." He wanted to talk about those "other desires": that was evident. But the Philosopher, at the risk of seeming unsympathetic, and realizing that if the boy were allowed to talk, it would only tend to increase his sense of identification with these "spooks" of his lower nature,—the Philosopher turned on him rather heatedly. "I have been a member of the Society", he said, "for thirty-five years and longer. For all those years I have had to live with my lower nature, *consciously*; and I am sick to death of it. Now there is nothing new about yours, young man, and I am just as sick of yours, before you tell me a word about it, as I am of my own. I once heard of a man with a cancer—dreadfully far gone—who wanted to show it to all his friends. Gentlemen don't do that sort of thing. It's bad form. They keep their cancers and their lower natures to themselves, recognizing them for what they are,—as afflictions, hideous to suffer and almost as hideous to behold. You will want to tell me, perhaps, that your case is exceptional; that your desires are not low; that they are in every way seemly; that you feel confident you could satisfy them without betraying your manhood, even if their gratification should seem to conflict with your spiritual aspirations. Young man, every lower nature from the beginning of time has tried to convince its owner that it is possible to 'straddle'; that compromise is legitimate; that you can stand still without going down hill. I am so tired of the idea that I could expire from its monotony. You have been having an 'awful time' you say. Let me tell you something: you will continue to have an awful time, a worse and worse time, for just so long as you continue to pay any attention to your desires. You will have a still worse time if you

bring them to me: that is, I hope so. Take them to the Morgue, my friend; leave them there, and if you cannot detach yourself from them, stay there with them,—though with your head out of the window if you value your life."

The Beginner was looking crestfallen. "Cheer up!" the Philosopher continued. "Nothing is lost so long as you realize that you and your feelings have no more connection necessarily, than a man and his dog. Remember what Judge used to say—you have been told of this often—that the way to get rid of an elemental is to pay no attention to it; that desires and feelings, which *are* elementals, live on mental attention, and can easily be starved to death by turning your attention actively away from them, to other and more real things. Occasionally it is profitable to face them down. Thus, if you have desired—longed—that the marble hand of the Venus of Milo might cool your fevered brow, remind yourself prosaically that a pat by that marble hand would crack your skull. She is no lamb, the Venus of Milo: realities rarely are. . . . No arms, that Venus? *Exactly.*"

Even the Beginner laughed,—which is what the Philosopher wanted, taking it as a signal for a judicious change of subject.

"How about the Briand-Kellogg 'Pact of Paris'?" he asked.

"I know no more about it than you do", the Historian answered; "but it seems to me to speak for itself. It is, as President Coolidge stated in his 'Message of felicitation' to President Doumergue of France, 'a treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy and pledging the signatories to seek only by peaceful means the settlement of differences which may arise between them'. The inhabitants of Chicago might conceivably enter into a similar compact: 'no more violence' would be the gist of it. The majority of the signatories would undoubtedly be sincere, particularly under the stress of some emotional impulse, or if impelled by the reaction following an outbreak of wholesale murder. But suppose that, among them, were men for whom fighting is a pastime—and we know such men exist; other men, notorious criminals, with a record of house-breaking, burglary and similar offences. Such men might say truly that it is never their desire to kill; it is only when the police or some obstreperous householder interferes with them, that they may have been obliged to kill from 'necessity'. It would be foolish, I think, to imagine that men of that kind are going to change their natures merely because they sign a 'scrap of paper'; even more foolish to suppose that nations of the same type—and there are some, as history proves—are likely to do so. They will sign,—perhaps with tongue in cheek, but perhaps with total unconsciousness of insincerity, for, as I have said, the professional burglar prefers to carry on his business peacefully. Germany has always stated truly that if Belgium, in 1914, had offered no resistance, Belgians would not have been killed: instead, they would have had the privilege of being swallowed and digested as subjects of the Kaiser. Still, I don't see why the Pact should do any harm,—that is, so long as the peace-loving householder continues to bolt his doors and windows, keeps his ammunition dry, and teaches his sons how to shoot."

"Aren't you unduly pessimistic?" our Visitor asked, evidently rather shocked.

"My friend", the Historian answered, "do you mean to tell me that Russia, if the rest of Europe were unarmed, or were known to be defenceless against some weapon of destruction discovered by Russian chemists,—do you mean to tell me that the Soviet would not regard it as a 'sacred' duty to overrun Europe, and America too, for that matter, so as to impound us within the Soviet fold? Do you not realize that a nation with a 'mission' is as dangerous as a wild beast? Germany had a mission,—to spread Kultur; the Saracens had a mission,—to spread the doctrines of Mohammed. France owes as much to Charles Martel as to her heroes of the Great War: though many people seem to regard that war as if it had been the first,—an exceptional aberration from 'normality'! Can you tell me of a ten-year period in the history of the world when war was not being waged somewhere,—either about something, or nothing at all?"

"I confess I don't remember any wars during the ten years preceding 1914."

"Well," said the Historian, "the Russo-Japanese war did not end until September, 1905; there was a war in Zululand in 1906; Nicaragua was at war with Honduras and Salvador in 1907; Tibet was at war with China from 1910 until 1912; Italy declared war against Turkey in 1911; Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Montenegro were at war with Turkey in 1912, and in 1913, there was the so-called Second (actually, the Five Hundredth or so) Balkan war. Probably there were several more, but for the moment I have forgotten them."

Our Visitor smiled with the rest of us,—rather appalled, I think. How quickly we forget; how slow to learn!

"Has the time come," the Engineer now asked, "to say something of the world's light,—following the Philosopher's suggestion? It is not easy to escape from the world's darkness. Since the daily paper, even the best of them, has become a business enterprise, and therefore has made itself subservient to the law of supply and demand, we are compelled, in order to know anything of what is happening outside our immediate circle, to swallow our daily dose of 'jazzed' fact and eccentric incident, and to disentangle from these, as best we can, something genuine and significant. 'Jazz' bands, I am told, are in the habit of 'stepping up' some air by one of the great composers; of 'interpreting' it to suit the curiously deformed ears of those who pay to listen. If, for my sins, I were present, I should try to disentangle the substratum of original melody from the horror of its interpretation; and, in exactly the same way, a reader of the daily paper, should he desire truth, must ignore nearly everything he reads for the sake of the underlying echo of reality. The general public wants the 'high spots.' This means that it has an appetite for murders, suicides, divorces; for the latest vulgarity of the latest millionaire; for the 'highest price' ever paid for a Romney or a Rembrandt, a cabbage or a caterpillar. It means that nothing is 'news' unless it deals with the calamitous, or with the extravagant, the outrageous, the abnormal. Many modern books are written for the same class of 'con-

sumer.' No worse mistake could be made, however, than to judge the world by its noisiest and most conspicuous elements. Behind the scenes in all countries there are people sufficiently endowed with self-respect, if not with brains, to shrink from publicity, and whose doings, therefore, are not heralded in the press. These are the people who represent the solid, as distinguished from the gaseous element in nations. In the same way, books are being published which, although not 'best sellers,' are indications of what lies beneath the painfully vulgar surface of modern life.

"A book I read with pleasure not long ago, was *The India We Served*, by Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, who was in the Indian Civil Service for many years, beginning at the bottom, and ending his career as Private Secretary to the Viceroy, after which he accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales to India as Chief of Staff. He saw everything and knew everyone. Especially now, when so much that is disappointing and even repellent, is coming out of India, it is refreshing to meet with an author who, in spite of missing the more spiritual significance of that amazing country, in any case looked for the best he could see in its people, and, without being blind to their peculiarities, studied them with genuine sympathy. A man of keen intelligence, with an unusually open mind, it was impossible for him to shut his eyes, as many do, to the 'many mysteries in India' which, he says, 'I cannot explain yet cannot ignore.' He speaks, for instance, of a 'curious illusion' which he experienced. 'It was in the break of the rains, and I went out in the evening by myself to shoot. The ground was familiar to me, but it was all changed. There was a large lake where I had formerly walked, and on the lake was a punt with a paddle. I got in and paddled by the high bank of the lake to a little green promontory. On it, by the edge of the lake, sat a most lovely girl. I asked her what the name of the lake was, and where her village was. But she laughed and shook her head and said nothing. I paddled on, landed on the opposite bank and walked home. I was quite well, and had no fever. I could remember every detail of the place, the dress and the face of the girl, and a few days later I went back to the lake. But there was no lake and no sign of a punt, and no one had ever seen a lake or a punt in the neighbourhood. Hallucination? I do not think so. I have seen so much in India of what we in England would call the supernatural, that I have an open mind, and I think that if we lived with the Hindus, apart from the influence of our own people, we should soon find that in that land of enchantment there is indeed more than is dreamt of in our philosophy.'

"His duties in Kashmir brought him into daily contact with Moslem and Hindu landowners, whom he describes as remarkably astute and practical; then he adds: 'It charmed me to find these very business-like men, so concentrated and absorbed by land affairs, had yet another existence—and perhaps a better existence—in a region of divination, magic, and sweet springs, where the snake god held sway. "It was easy," they said, "to tell the snake god, if I should ever meet him, for his eyelids never moved and his body cast no shadow."'

"Speaking of British rule, he tells us that the famous Sir Dinkar Rao, who

gave up office and wealth to live in solitary contemplation, had once visited the Calcutta Zoo with a mutual friend. They were looking at some tigers, one of which had been a man-eater, when the friend asked Sir Dinkar what would happen if the British left India. 'Exactly what would happen if you removed all the bars of all the cages in this garden,' was the reply. The truth of this statement, so evident to anyone who knows the history of India and anything of its peoples, but which is persistently denied by Indian 'reformers' when lecturing in this country,—is rather more than confirmed by what Sir Walter relates of that splendid Rajput Chief, Sir Pertab Singh, whose part in the Great War you will, I hope, remember. Half the point of the story lies in the fact that it is the Moslems who are supposed to be the fire-eaters of India; and Sir Pertab was a Hindu, besides which he was travelled, tolerant, generous, kindly. However: 'Sir Pertab had come up to Simla to be present at a farewell dinner Lord Curzon gave to my wife and myself the night before we left, and after dinner Sir Pertab and I sat up till two in the morning, talking of his hopes and ambitions, and one of his ambitions was to annihilate the Moslem people in India. I deprecated this prejudice, and mentioned Moslem friends known to both of us. "Yes," he said, "I liking them too, but very much liking them dead."'

"Remembering that one of the great Masters is a Rajput, the author's praise of that race is particularly interesting. He speaks of 'the fine thoroughbred men now living in Rajputana . . . always great and chivalrous gentlemen, with whom it is a privilege and an education to associate.' In another place he writes: 'I say after careful examination that the Kashmiris are perhaps as great a people as any in the East. They are not noble, as the Rajputs, independent as the Pathans, nor virile as the people of the Punjab. But they will beat all three as cultivators, as artisans, or as wits.' 'All thought or word of money [is] far away from the preoccupations of the Rajas. In England, not long ago, *the talk of money was the mark of the unrefined* [italics mine, and *nota bene*, ye moderns, for when you cannot speak of your wealth, you delight to announce your poverty]. I have never heard a Raja talk of his wealth, still less boast of his fortune.' He says that 'in some respects the most striking of all the Rajput Chiefs was the Maharana of Udaipur, the Sesodia Fateh Singh, legitimate heir to the throne of Rama, the vice-regent of the great god Shiva. . . . To the English, to the few who had the good fortune to meet him in Udaipur . . . he seemed possessed of the most perfect manners in the world.' Lord Curzon, Sir Walter says, 'was no respecter of persons,' and was much inclined to point out weak points in the State, and to suggest reforms, when visiting native rulers; but when he met the Maharana, 'in such an atmosphere of charm and courtesy it would have been almost profane to touch on subjects so commonplace, so out of place. Little was said, for the Maharana, like most great Indians of that time, believed in golden silence, and the most voluble of his visitors seemed disinclined to be talkative in that gracious and noble presence. I often tried to think out the secret of these divine manners. . . .'

"I could quote interminably. It is a delightful book, and reading it leaves a delightful impression of the author. I believe none the less that I, for my enjoyment, and he, for providing it, equally deserve censure. I believe that both of us have been contaminated to some extent by standards less noble than those of our youth; certainly less noble than those of the Rajputs,—my reason being that he writes about men whose hospitality he had accepted and whom he knew intimately—Maharaja Madho Singh of Jaipur, for example—in ways which, though kindly, would not have pleased them; and that he seems to feel that, because they are dead, it does not matter. I realized, almost with a shock, that if I were an Indian Raja and were to read *The India We Served*, I should feel the deepest respect for the author's unselfish work for India, and for his many gifts and qualities, but that I should not want another white man as a friend: for are not the best of them likely to write books, and to tell things which they know only because I had allowed them to come near me? Without any question, Sir Walter's motive in writing it was unmercenary and unselfish, while in many ways it will do good, not only by helping 'the youth sailing East,' as he wishes, but particularly in America, by removing many misconceptions. None the less, and in spite of Rudyard Kipling, who urged Sir Walter to 'make a book' of his diaries and recollections, I am sure that the Marquis de Soveral chose the better part. You may remember that he was Portuguese Minister in London for many years, and that he was perhaps King Edward's most intimate friend. There was no one in England worth knowing whom he did not know or might not have known. Yet, after the Portuguese revolution in 1908, which impoverished him, and King Edward's death in 1910, Soveral preferred poverty and the obscurity it entailed, rather than to enrich himself by writing his memoirs, as he might have done; for to him, confidences were sacred—even when those from whom he had received them had passed away. In that respect, in any case, he lived and died a grand seigneur.

"You may think it mean to find fault, after enjoying the result so unreservedly; but surely it is our duty, as followers or would-be followers of those 'most perfect gentlemen,' the Masters, to proclaim their standards even while admitting to our shame, as I admit in this case, that we lamentably fall short of living up to them. My enjoyment carries with it its own condemnation. It would not have been half as great if the book had not been so personal. Yet it cannot be repeated too often that nobility of thought and action is and always will be the only foundation upon which chéliship can be built, and that the least departure from it is a disgrace. Journalism which, for the most part, is the quintessence of vulgarity, has corrupted literature, and our own taste, to such an extent, that there are very few makers or readers of books who are not victims of its poison."

"What you have been saying," the Engineer now volunteered, "reminds me of a promise. Let me preface its fulfilment to this extent: the man whose heart is given to painting finds either beauty or ugliness everywhere; he thinks and feels in those terms. In his case, unfortunately, he is likely to limit his

interest to appearances. The man whose heart is given to chélaship finds either chélaship or its opposite everywhere, and draws from both, unending lessons. In his case, appearances, no matter how beautiful, can be regarded only as veils concealing greater beauties; and because chélaship involves an understanding of life and its laws on all the planes of being, the field of his interest is infinite. He reads, and no matter what book he reads, he finds some aspect of chélaship made clearer,—possibly by contrast, but often quite directly. Not long ago a friend whose heart is thus centred, came to me, enthusiastic over a recent volume containing selections from speeches and addresses delivered by Rudyard Kipling between 1906 and 1927, entitled *A Book of Words*. 'Read that passage,' he said, 'and for the love of Heaven see that it is quoted in the "Screen" for the benefit of some of our younger members.' I promised to do so. The passage was from an address delivered at Winchester College during the second year of the war. A rifle range was being dedicated to the memory of an old Wykehamist,—George Cecil, killed in action. And this is what Kipling said to the boys of Winchester as he concluded his speech:

"Let no one, whatever his physical disabilities, or however meanly he may think of himself, let no one dream for a moment he will not be needed, and urgently needed, in the new order of things. His duty is to prepare himself now. This is harder for him than for the combatant officer, since an officer's work is continually tested against actual warfare. ["There are, of course, no such distinctions in our case," my friend broke in, "because *our* warfare never ceases, and a member is either combatant or nothing."] The men of the second line—the civil reserve that will take over when the sword is sheathed—have no such check, nor have they the officer's spur of visible responsibility. Their turn comes later. Till it comes they must work on honour, that they may be ready to uphold the honour of civilization. They have not long to wait. In a few years some of you must be working with our Allies at the administration of what may be left of Central Europe, where you will have to invent new systems to meet new conditions almost as swiftly as, during the war, new weapons were invented to meet new forms of attack. I say in a few years, because the youngest captain I know is twenty-one; the youngest I have heard of is nineteen. And so it will be on the civil side. The war has given the youth of all our world a step in age—additional seniority of three years. You may say—though your relatives are more likely to think it—that your youth has been taken from you. I prefer to put it, that your manhood has been thrust on you early—at the sword's point. Fit yourself for it then, not according to the measure of your years, but to the measure of our world's great need. You have seen and realized the very things which young Cecil felt would befall. As far as his short life allowed, he ordered himself so that he might not be overwhelmed by them when they were upon him. He died—as many of you too will die—but he died knowing the issue for which he died. It is well to die for one's country ["even better, for 'the country' of our desire," my friend interjected]. But that is not enough. It

is also necessary that, so long as he lives, a man should give to his country, as George Cecil gave, a mind and soul neither ignorant nor inadequate.'

"It was easy enough to see why my friend wanted that passage quoted. He had brought the book with him, and had handed it to me. Glancing through the pages, I noticed that he had marked this statement: 'It is by the things that we take for granted without word that we live.' This also, though elementary to a student of Theosophy, struck me as admirably stated,—and as always needing to be re-stated: 'Remember always that, except for the appliances we make, the rates at which we move ourselves and our possessions through space, and the words which we use, nothing in life changes. The utmost any generation can do is to rebaptize each spiritual or emotional rebirth in its own tongue.'

"'It is an admirable book, full of wisdom,' commented my friend—always either enthusiastic or disgusted over the last he has read. 'It pictures, though of course unintentionally, the very foundation of chéliship: loyal service, faithful comradeship, nobility of motive, steadfastness of purpose,—the standards without which no one can be counted as truly human.'"

"It is a joy to think and to speak of such things," said the Student. "Your friend's concluding comment recalls something that I read recently about Queen Victoria, whom it is rather the fashion nowadays to treat as a stuffy old thing, devoid of imagination or other merit. The Empress Eugénie, talking to Maurice Paléologue in 1912, of the days when she and the third Napoleon took refuge in England after the war of 1870, described Victoria as 'the most devoted, the most generous, the most helpful of friends,' adding: 'You could hardly believe in all the delicate attentions which she heaped on us, during the first bitter days of our exile. She continued to treat us as sovereigns, just as when we were the allies of England. She said to me one day: "You no longer have the sovereignty of power, but you have a still higher sovereignty—that of misfortune (*malheur*)."' Later, in 1879, when Eugénie was a widow, and when her only child, the Prince Imperial, was killed in Zululand, Queen Victoria rose to such genuineness of understanding and sympathy that, to honour and console the mother, she erected a statue to the Prince in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, among the tombs of the English Royal Princes. Now I say that a woman who was capable of that, and of *Vous n'avez plus la souveraineté du pouvoir, mais vous avez une souveraineté plus haute encore, celle du malheur*—not only proved herself great of soul, but by that single phrase, and by the generosity and nobility it revealed, proved, in anticipation, that she lived in a world unknown to her critics, beyond their comprehension and their reach. Her nature is as foreign to theirs, as Abraham Lincoln's beautiful simplicity is foreign to the artificialities and perversities of the men who disparage him."

"That was splendid of the old Queen," the Ancient commented. "All nobility that is worthy of the name, comes down from above, and therefore carries with it a touch of inspiration, a suggestion of divine simplicity. You remember, I hope, this incident during the retreat of the 'Contemptibles'

from Mons. They had been marching or fighting, as I remember it, for three days and nights, without sleep and practically without food. Outnumbered two to one—in guns also—they had narrowly escaped being overwhelmed by the right wing of the German armies; staggering in retreat, many of them wounded, in groups of twos and threes and twenties, along the main road through the central Square of Mons, with shells bursting everywhere,—their surviving officers did all they could to rally them, but with scant success, for they had reached that stage of exhaustion when men are deaf and dumb and blind. Then it was that Tom Bridges—a Colonel I believe—seeing a toyshop on the Square, and, behind its broken window, a toy drum,—seized it, began to beat it with all the air of a trained performer, and, marching up and down, making a fool of himself for love's sake, rallied those half-dead men and turned them once more into a weapon for King and country and for France." The Ancient paused. Then, in some curious, indescribable way, isolating himself from the rest of us until he seemed utterly alone in space, he said: "Dear and wonderful Lord, my Lord, I know what happened when Tom Bridges died. You met him, and you took him in your arms and blessed him; and there came a protest from someone or something not far off—'his sins, his sins, his sins'; and you, furious, turned, with 'to Hell with his sins,' like a living flame from your heart. And Tom Bridges went to his knees at your feet, sobbing,—for he had not known, O God, he had not known,—you; and now your kindness; he could not endure your kindness. But you, hearing only that drum in the Square of Mons, wrapped him in the folds of Paradise—the soldier's Paradise—where comrades greeted him with cheers and laughter!"

It was almost too much for one or two of us. The Ancient's imagination, linked perhaps with some former experience of his own, had moved him deeply, and had carried him—or so it seemed to us—within measurable distance of the truth. Yet the Recorder felt obliged to utter a warning. "So far as I am aware," he said, "'Tom Bridges', as he was popularly known in the British Army, is still alive, and has become a very important and prominent person in the service of the Empire."

"Thank you for telling me," the Ancient answered. "I hope you are right, partly because we need such men in our midst to-day,—more so than ever perhaps; but partly also for the chance you give me to bring out the deeper truths involved. First, that time in that world is very different from time as we know it here. Paradise necessarily contains the Past and the Future in what seems like an eternal Now. If I anticipated by ten or twenty years, it makes no difference: what will be, *was*. In terms of earth-time, many a man, in deep sleep, has been lifted, or indrawn (whichever you prefer), by the Master-soul who loves him, and has walked in 'the land of the leal' for a moment which *there* seemed like an eternity,—to recall no more, perhaps, on waking, than a sense of immortal youth, or of a joy transcending words. Second, what is 'death'? It is the abandonment of the body, and although, as a rule, it is a painful and distressing process, that is because we struggle against it. There were thousands of men, during the Great War, who, in

one supreme moment of *living*, abandoned their bodies, and thus, in the true sense, experienced 'death' as it should be experienced: not as an agony, but as a triumph,—and who are still alive. They had dropped all concern for, all attachment to, both the body and their personal interests. Have you forgotten the words of Claudel, the poet, quoted at the Convention of 1927? 'And then, at last, there where his spent body bends and where his will hesitates and ebbs,—he sinks his ship beneath him, and passes onward, on the wings of passion and desire.' Something greater than his own will carries him, and he becomes, spiritually, as a child in the arms of his Father, though perhaps behaving in this world like a lion at bay. . . . We need above all things to free ourselves from a mechanical view of time and space and causality. So, I repeat,—I know what happened when Tom Bridges died,—and someday, he will know too.

"What he did during the retreat through Mons has often struck me as the English equivalent of '*Debout les morts!*' Curious, how national psychology differs, and therefore how necessarily different are the ways of heroism. General Ludlow, sitting on the parapet of the trenches under fire at Santiago, reading *Light on the Path* aloud to encourage his men, is another illustration of the same thing: totally different, but exactly the same in spirit.

"It seems to come to this,—as conclusion to all we have been saying: we are the children of our Master, whoever that Master may be,—Christ or another, and whether known to us personally or not. Out of the Darkness of life he called us, that we, though still in darkness, might witness to his light. It is a light, not only of mind to illumine darkened minds; not only of hope, pointing from despair to worship: it is the light of a most human and most loving and most valiant heart,—the heart of a father in the heart of a King. And of a King long forsaken; of a King who has turned his back on Paradise that he may stand between his people and their doom; who, unseen, unrecognized, unthanked, forgotten, spends himself like water that the world may yet be saved; who answers everywhere the cry of a soul for pity, the cry of a soul for help,—but who, giving, for ever giving, must find in that his sole reward, since blindness cannot see, and each man's uttermost attention is riveted on himself and his little sorrows, on himself and his little needs. Surely it is for us to remember and never to forget; for we have been called—not because of our merits, but as proof that he, in this world, is well-nigh destitute. One of the Kings of Heaven, here he is less than a ghost. Should this not give us zeal, passionate desire, one-pointed determination to work unflinchingly that he and his equal brethren may be known and loved and obeyed? First, in the nature of things, we must *fit* ourselves to work. Merely to talk about the light, without possessing it, brings it to scorn, and the name of Masters to scorn. Tragically often that has been done, and not always with good intention; for if our motive be to listen to our own flow of wisdom, the motive is not good. Yet to be fit to work, does not mean to be perfect. It means knowledge of our own limitations, both intellectual and moral; it means deep and sincere conviction, of the will even more than of the head,—the honest

conviction which can come from one source only,—a genuine and constant effort to obey the best and highest we can see. If we do that, always thinking of it, and always trying, for *their* sakes, to see more truly and more nobly, *they* will supply the rest. We shall help without thinking we are helpful, and may hope that, in time, by our forgetfulness of self, by our sense of oneness with our fellows, and by our love of the Masters' spirit and purpose, the light of the Lodge, even in this world, will find place in which to shine."

T.

POSTSCRIPT:

A valued English member of The Theosophical Society is good enough to write us: "... the statement in the Screen of Time [THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1928; pages 39, 40] about the failure of our Broadcasting Corporation to transmit the speeches at the celebration at Ostend of the tenth anniversary of the British attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge. It is true that we did not broadcast the speeches on that occasion, but the reason given by a Belgian newspaper, and quoted in the Screen [the Engineer informs us that his quotation was taken from a "Special Cable" to *The New York Times* from Brussels, dated June 3rd], was not the correct one. I have my facts direct, and I can only ask you to believe my statement that the reason was quite different." The Recorder is most grateful to our correspondent, as it is the foremost wish of the QUARTERLY to state only the facts at all times. It is regrettable, in this case, that we are not in a position to give the facts, except in the form of a negative.

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

February 23rd, 1907.

DEAR ———

I go back many times to the pleasure of our visit to ——— last year and of meeting so many of the members there. I do not want the acquaintance which was then so pleasantly begun, to sink into forgetfulness, and as it is not likely that we shall meet soon again, you must pardon me if I write to you occasionally.

What we all need is greater earnestness. We do not maintain a sufficiently sustained attitude. We have periods of exhilaration, almost of exaltation, and then we drop back into our low daily level until something happens to raise us up again. We need more steadiness, more poise.

There are several things we can do to achieve this end. Of course there is always meditation. We still have no idea of the power of meditation. Indeed one of the Masters has told us that, in so many words. But I think the most fruitful way to attack the problem is by endeavouring to raise the level of our daily average. It is this daily average that really determines our spiritual condition and our progress, not our higher moments of exaltation.

Now the best way I know to raise our daily average is by adopting little practices, making little habits, which will give tangible expression to our devotion and our earnestness. Suppose we have a habit of lounging in our chairs. Let us determine that we shall sit up straight. Or suppose we cross our knees. Let us determine that hereafter we shall not cross our knees. Suppose we are usually cross or short-tempered at breakfast-time. Let us determine that we shall make a special effort to be sweet-tempered then. There are hundreds of things like this which we can take up, one by one, and do in a spirit of devotion, with very marvellous effects; for, while the thing itself is small and of no particular importance, the fact that it makes us think every few minutes of our aim in doing the thing, is of very great importance.

Such little observances as these help us enormously in much bigger ways, for we rarely sin deliberately; and if we had our attention directed to higher things at the time of temptation, as it might be if we were trying to keep one or more of these little observances, then the chances are that we should decide rightly in the important matter.

Anyhow it is the first step toward continuous meditation, and is immensely valuable from this standpoint. It keeps alive that spirit of earnestness and devotion which makes it easy to do and be good.

Please remember me to all my friends in ———, and with best wishes to yourself, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 17th, 1907.

Dear ———

I have been following your work in ——— with great interest and pleasure. You seem to have a nice lot of people there with some sort of vigour and go and push to them. . . . It will require a great deal of tact to keep all your members straight on fundamental principles. . . . We must remember that loyalty to Judge and the principles which he represented and suffered for, is a nearer duty than any vague idea of the desirability of a union of the several Societies. . . . However, I may be trying to cross a bridge before we come to it,—always an unwise thing to do.

In the meantime the whole Movement gets more and more interesting. I do not believe we appreciate and understand a tithe of the work. We fail to see many of the most important ramifications of our influence. We can see the effects which our work has had on literature and art and science and even the drama; but the deeper mainsprings of human action have been influenced in even a more marked manner, and it is here that our vision fails. For instance, I am convinced that much of the religious revival, which one sees all over the world, is directly traceable to the work of our Movement. I even believe that such a thing as the separation of the Church and State in France was made possible by the work of H. P. B. and her followers. We opened up, and keep open, centres of force in the world which the members of the Lodge can use; sometimes, perhaps most often, unconsciously to ourselves. They have the means to do things now which were impossible forty years ago, because of the lack of a basis, a "upadhi," in the world, through which they could work.

There are whole realms of activity like this, with which we are entirely unfamiliar, but which none the less are real and vital, and where wonders can be accomplished. It is a very big thought, full of possibilities, but not one that we want to speak from the housetops, for there are but few that could understand, and we should do more harm than good.

There is Socialism. It is a blind and mistaken expression of this new spirit, and will do incalculable harm if it should happen to get the upper hand. That is the trouble with great spiritual movements. There must always be an expression of their dark side, which does much of its work and derives much of its power and influence, from the real spiritual force, of which it is the travesty. I suppose it is for some such reason that the Lodge is so strictly limited in its power for good. It cannot inaugurate reforms, or bring about changes, until the world as a whole is able to oppose and conquer the opposite forces which are liberated at the same time.

But we can continue to make ourselves fit instruments for such work; we can so purify ourselves that the Lodge can use us whether we know it or not; and that, I think, is now one of our most important duties. Each hour of the day we should have the conscious thought in our minds: Am I acting so that the Masters can pour force through me, and so benefit the world in which I live? Am I in all things making myself a fit receptacle for their power and

influence? Such a thought will keep us from many an unworthy action, from much that is ignoble.

With all these great interests to occupy us, how silly it is to spend our time and energy discussing whether we shall have one kind of a by-law or another. What earthly or heavenly difference does it make, provided our name or our by-laws enable us to do our work?

What does matter and what is really interesting is that there is this power abroad in the world, stirring things up, making them fluidic, ready for change. And it is for us, and for others who have our high ideals, to see that the change, when it does come, is what we would wish it to be.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 3rd, 1913.

DEAR ———

* * * * *

Your mind does not need sharpening. We do not progress through our minds or understanding. We progress through carrying into effect, in detail in our lives, the teaching given us. We *always* know enough. You know far more than you put into practice.

Any reading can be spiritual reading, if we do it right. Even the newspapers may be read for knowledge and ammunition for the Masters' work. You should try to do any reading in this spirit. Do not read merely for distraction. Many people use reading as others use drink, to forget themselves and what they call their troubles for a while.

Remember that our distance from the Master is measured by our unlikeness to him; our closeness by our likeness. If you wish to reach him, be like him.

Do you think he ever has envious or unkind or critical thoughts? When you have them take them to him, say: "Master, ——— has hurt my feelings. I hate her": tell him just how you really feel. I think after one or two trials, you will be so ashamed of your feelings that you will not have them.

It has been said that one way of conquering suspicious, jealous, envious thoughts, is to try to realize that we actually are all the things that we suspect people of thinking us to be, and that we are much worse in ways they do not imagine.

If we feel that we have been left out of something because we are not worthy, face that fact, and try to realize that it is true that we are not worthy, and that it is only by the Grace of God that we are ever allowed to go anywhere or to do anything,—not because we are fit. Cultivate humility. Nothing in life is prosaic. The meanest and simplest duty may be made glorious if we do it to and for the Master.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.



The Migration of Symbols, by Donald A. Mackenzie; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. Ltd., London; Alfred A. Knopf, New York; price, \$4.00.

This volume belongs to a series, now in course of publication, on the "History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. It is a result of scholarly research into the universality of certain symbols, and their relation to beliefs and customs. The subject is of special interest to students of Theosophy, and they will find the facts in this book of real value. The frequent illustrations, and the detailed index, increase its utility as a work of reference. The author shows that ancient art is rooted in religious belief; the same designs are repeated in many different parts of the world, which seems to prove that they have a fundamental meaning. He suggests alternative theories to account for this; either the "diffusion theory", which presupposes that there is intercommunication, in ideas and art, among the different nations, or the theory of the "independent origin" of similar ideas in different parts of the world. A simpler explanation is the theosophic teaching of the existence of the Lodge of Masters as the common source of all religion.

It is a pity that the author's philosophy is not more profound, and that it fails to penetrate beneath the surface aspect of the different symbols. The truth is, of course, that without the teaching given out in *The Secret Doctrine* it is impossible to appreciate the fundamental significance of symbolism, or to have even a preliminary understanding of the magnitude of the subject. To those, however, who have studied that teaching, *The Migration of Symbols* may be of considerable service to further their investigation of this fascinating subject.

S. C.

To Be Near Unto God, by Abraham Kuyper, D.D. L.L.D., Former Prime Minister of the Netherlands. Translated from the Dutch by John Hendrik De Vries, D.D.; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1925; price, \$3.00.

His Decease at Jerusalem, by Abraham Kuyper; Translated by John Hendrik De Vries, D.D.; Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1928; price, \$2.00.

Dr. Abraham Kuyper was an extraordinary man. Born in 1837 in Maassluis, Netherlands, he died in 1920 after a life of astonishing accomplishment in an unusual variety of fields. Taken for a dull boy at school, he graduated from Leyden University with highest honours, and obtained his Doctorate in Sacred Theology before he was twenty-six. Entering immediately upon an active ministry, he added to his duties the editorship of *The Standard*, a daily paper, representing the "Christian contingent of the Dutch nation" in politics. For twenty years he was a leading figure in the religious, scientific, and political life of his country, publishing numerous books, and writing daily for his two papers. In 1898 he gave the "Stone Lectures" at Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1901 he was called by Queen Wilhelmina to be Prime Minister, which position he held till 1905.

The two volumes of Meditations, here reviewed, bear witness to the intellectual fecundity of their author, since they appeared from week to week in his papers, and are refreshing because of their simple, Protestant tone. Many, therefore, who do not care for the Roman Catholic manuals, may find the restraint, solid thought, reserved yet tender feeling, and flashes of mystical insight in these, more to their taste. The first volume offers one hundred and ten

Meditations on the single thought from Psalm 73: "As for me, it is good to be near unto God" On page 354, Dr. Kuyper writes: "The fellowship of being near unto God must become reality, in the full and vigorous prosecution of our life. It must permeate and give colour to our feeling, our perceptions, our sensations, our thinking, our imagining, our willing, our acting, our speaking. It must not stand as a foreign factor in our life, but it must be the passion that breathes throughout our whole existence." This expresses the theme and effort underlying the entire series.

The second volume offers fifty Meditations on the Passion of Christ, quite different from anything of the kind the present writer has ever read. Some, like the fourth on the betrayal of Judas, are full of tense, passionate feeling, and move both heart and will. All have originality of thought, and slowly, simply, but with gathering force, bear their message home to the reader, constantly appealing to his own daily experience, and helping him to connect that with the sufferings of the Master Christ.

One is glad to express indebtedness to the Translator for making these Meditations available to English readers, only regretting that both volumes, especially the second, are marred by many ungrammatical sentences, unidiomatic locutions, and such careless workmanship as sometimes actually to puzzle the reader.

A. G.

Life In The Stars, by Sir Francis Younghusband; John Murray, London; price 10s. 6d.

Sir Francis Younghusband will be remembered by readers of the *QUARTERLY* not only as the author of several delightful books, but distinguished, among other things, as chief of the British Mission to Lhasa in 1903, and also as one of the moving spirits in organizing the recent attempts to climb Mount Everest. This most recent book of his makes its appeal because of a kind of wide and clear simplicity, wide and clear like the starry heavens which inspired it. In contemplating the vastness of an ordered universe, it is not what Sir Francis Younghusband *tells* us which is so stirring, it is what he makes us *feel*; the mighty swing of the planets around their blazing, central suns; the silent, onward sweeping of whole solar systems through the unfathomable profundities of space; the evolution, dissolution and "re-evolution of stars"; life in unimaginable forms, calling from deep to deep—and all of this a "living Whole", "held together and directed by Eternal Spirit", every smallest part manifesting "the indwelling character of the Whole". Throughout his life the heavens at night have drawn the author irresistibly, and, wanderer that he has been, we picture him, as a very young man, alone in the heart of the Gobi Desert, or on a high, wind-swept spur of the Himalayas, gazing into the Infinitude,

"As wondering men have always done
Since beauty and the stars were one,"

—and he is not ashamed to have us know that he worships as he gazes.

It would be impossible, in so short a review, to do justice to his idea of a Hierarchy of Being, or to the suggested *esprit de corps* which, with his military habits of thought, he applies to this Hierarchy. His reasoning is speculative; he argues by analogy, translating to "higher levels" the ordinary conditions of life on our earth. We meet with "higher beings" of "exalted sensibilities" on "some of the stars", and, at the top of the spiritual ascent, we find a "World Leader", a "Genius of the Whole". There is interplanetary communication and interaction—vast currents of beneficent influences flashing through the immensities of Space, by which the "higher beings" assist the progress of those who, like ourselves, are still on lower levels. So life is seen to be not an aggregate but a Whole, with consciousness in every smallest part of the universe. Though the student of Theosophy may not be a complete convert to every detail of this cosmic philosophy, especially in its later applications, found at the very end of the book, he will at least feel it very reassuring that, in a self-seeking and materialistic age, a book of this nature, stressing the unity of all life and effort, should be written.

T. D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 339 (Continued from July, 1928).—*In what various ways can a new member of the T. S. qualify for "active membership?" That is a term I have noticed in the Convention Reports, and it appeals to me for I do not wish to be a drone in the Society.*

ANSWER.—In order to "qualify for 'active membership'" in the T. S., it is necessary to have some understanding of the principles and objects of the Society. These must be grasped first by the mind, through reading and study of our literature; then, by pondering and meditating upon them, they must be made a part of our being,—to be lived in our daily lives, through our thoughts and actions. Marshal Foch, in his *Principles of War*, insists upon the necessity of keeping the objective in mind. What is our objective? This was answered in Mr. Griscom's first Elementary Article—"The Purpose of Life"—in the *QUARTERLY* for April, 1914. This purpose he states to be: "That each human soul shall be reunited to the Central Spiritual Unity, with full self-consciousness, and self-realization." He then goes on to point out that "this reunion can be accomplished only by the giving up of self,—by the voluntary surrender of our free-will to the Higher Self," and that this gift of free-will was "necessary to enable the soul to realize itself,—to become self-conscious."

Surely, if one could accomplish this through the development of positive will, one would be enabled to qualify for "active membership." M.

ANSWER.—A member is "active" to the extent to which he does all that he can to co-operate in carrying out the purpose of the Society. The T. S. differs from other organizations, in that it is an instrument of the Theosophical Movement, which exists and works on all planes. A bed-ridden cripple, unable to move hand or foot, may be a most active and helpful member if he love and devote his heart to that for which the Society works. It has been said that the purpose of the Society is to keep alive the spiritual intuitions of mankind,—and those over which we have the most control are our own. We nourish them by meditating on them, attending to them, and above all, by living them: to do this is to work most effectively for the Society.

Having realized that Theosophy is the truth of his own soul, the meaning and purpose of his life, the road to happiness, he rightly longs to share this great discovery with those he loves. If he make the mistake, as most beginners will, of trying to do this by talking about it, bitter disappointment awaits him. The result is always the same—the antagonizing of friends who might otherwise have been drawn to the Movement at some later time. The only way to arouse interest in the great truths of Theosophy is to let its light shine through one's deeds, transforming them and him. Then others will long to acquire something that they see he has—and when they ask about it, is the time to speak. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The questioner would have been more likely to derive help from answers to his question, if he had given specific references (date, page, line) to the use of the expression, "active membership." If used by an older student, mere surface activity could not have been meant, but, primarily, an ever-deepening co-operation with the spirit of the Society. This can be achieved only by inner development, brought about in ways frequently outlined in our literature under the general head of preparation for discipleship. The questioner should read *Letters that Have Helped Me*, vol. I (the last section deals with the subject directly);

Fragments, vol. I, especially pages 73-81; 90-98; articles on Chelaship in *Five Years of Theosophy*; and many articles in back numbers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students" among them. X. Y.

QUESTION NO. 340.—*What should one do with wrong moods? We are told to pray and to meditate, but if one be in a mood that seems like a stonewall of resistance, must one not wait for it to pass?*

ANSWER.—All moods yield to right action. They are psychic unrealities, caused by thinking about oneself. Act as if the mood did not exist—which one can always force oneself to do—and it will disappear. Most moods are negative, and hence will yield to so simple a remedy as brisk physical movement, a quick walk, for instance. It would be interesting to see whether any mood would persist were it faced by a definite resolution which imposed and inflicted severe penance in case it had not disappeared by a given time. The difficulty is that in a part of ourselves we enjoy even those moods which appear to make us most gloomy and miserable. Lower nature will indignantly deny this enjoyment, but its reluctance to permit such simple action as would cure the mood, proves its wish to continue it.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—What is gained by deferring prayer until one is in the mood to pray? A great servant of God once wrote to a struggling friend, "Remember that what the Master desires is your will, not your feelings." When one is so dominated by a mood, joyous or depressed, that it has for the time being walled him in,—what a splendid opportunity he has, by piercing that wall, to offer the gift of a resolute and loyal will. E.

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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.

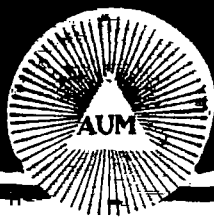
"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the
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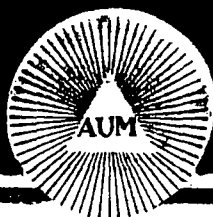


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PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXVI, No. 3

JANUARY 1928



THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

PUBLISHED BY
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JANUARY, 1929

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RAJPUT AND BRAHMAN IN BUDDHA'S DAY

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The view that the Buddha denied the existence of a soul in man turns on the misunderstanding, and therefore the mistranslation, of the Pali word *Atta*, which is a softened dialect form of the Sanskrit *Atma*. But besides the change of form, there is also, between Sanskrit and Pali, a profound change of meaning. It is true that in Sanskrit the word *Atma* covers a wide range, beginning as a simple pronoun, "oneself," the habitual personality, often including the body, and ranging upward through ascending stages of self-identification, and, in the great Upanishads, signifying the Higher Self, and, finally, the Supreme Self of all beings. A careful study of the Pali records of the Buddha's discourses indicates that, philosophically, the word *Atta* had suffered from the downward tendency which affected all India after the great war of the *Mahabharata*, when Kali Yuga, the Age of Evil, began. As the knowledge of the Divine Mysteries was steadily contracted within a narrowing circle of Initiates, and, it should be added, as able Brahmins, intellectually rather than spiritually developed, gained a steadily increasing influence in the religious life of India, mystical and philosophical conceptions were narrowed, and grand principles were hardened into dogmas. The word *Atma* shared the general fate, with the result that, in the Buddha's day, the conception had become intellectualized, and the noble intuitional ideal of the Divine Self had been replaced by an image, firmly rooted in the mind, of a "self" limited and set apart from the great total of Being, with definite

boundaries, even when it was described as infinite and everlasting. This steady concentration of thought on a "self" which was in reality only a mental image, gave rise to a type of intellectual egotism that was a far more serious barrier in the way to true spiritual progress than the passional egotism of the man of desire, since this more dynamic egotism may rend itself apart and burn out through its very intensity. Intellectual egotism may, and often does, co-exist with all the outward forms of virtue and purity; it may be the source of characteristics, in appearance seemingly excellent, and yet devoid of true spiritual life, because their root is poisoned; or, to put the matter in another way, these "virtues" can develop only up to a certain point because there is a deep-seated conviction of limitation behind them, which eternally blocks their expansion toward the great Liberation.

Certain of the Buddha's discourses, as recorded by his disciples, make it clear that this intellectualizing of the "self" prevailed among the Brahmans, both those who lived a worldly life under the protection of the princes, and those who, following the old tradition of renunciation, had abandoned worldly life and had become homeless ascetics, often practising bodily and mental mortifications of extreme severity, and carrying them on for years, with persevering honesty.

If we grasp this progressive intellectualization and hardening of the idea of "self", we shall find in it the clue to many different sides of the Buddha's teaching. To begin with, we shall see clearly that the presence of this obsessing thought in the minds of those who were in other ways fitted to become his disciples, made it necessary for the Buddha, as a preliminary, to break up this mental image once and for all, and, consequently, to over-emphasize and over-state the unreality of "self", thus lending colour to the view taken by Western scholars, that the Buddha flatly denied the existence of the soul. One is led to believe that the great Teacher clearly saw that, until this inner idol was broken to atoms, there could be no beginning of spiritual life; any seeming beginning would be a false dawn, a danger, not a real progress. He further saw, we may believe, that those who successfully passed through this shattering of the interior image of "self", would in due course enter the silence beyond the storm, and that the dawn of the true Self within their hearts would supply the positive truth, the supplement of his initial negative teaching.

There are many recorded conversations of the Buddha with learned and distinguished Brahmans, both wealthy landowners and homeless ascetics, which are fully intelligible only when we have grasped this clue of the intellectualization and hardening of the idea of "self". But in reality the problem is not limited to distorted philosophical views and the need of controverting them. The tendency which carried the Brahman type of intellect so far in this direction, was strongly operative in other ways also. Rightly to understand them, and to see how they affected the life of India then, as they affect it to-day, we must consider the history of the Brahmans through many millenniums. And it may be said in passing that the contraction of these long millenniums into brief centuries by Western scholars, under the influence

of a distorted dogmatic chronology, has immensely complicated the problem of Indian history, including the spiritual history of that ancient land.

While there has been race mixture among the Brahmans, they remain to-day, as they were millenniums ago, distinctly a white race; Brahmans of pure ethnical type sometimes have blue eyes, showing an ancient connection with the white-skinned, blue-eyed races of more Northern lands. Indeed, both tradition and the evidence of the oldest hymns indicate that the Brahmans, or the white race from which the Brahmans originated, entered India from the North, at a period immensely remote. It seems also certain that they were already in possession of what, for lack of a better name, may be described as a "magical" system, in part embodied in the chanting of the Vedic hymns; and that these hymns, or, rather, their manner of chanting them, represented a knowledge of magical powers, of "occult" forces, depending on the correlations of sounds and tones with forces in Nature which may be described generally as "etheric" or "electrical". If this be true, then the Vedic "divinities", the Fire-lord, the Wind-lord, and the rest of the Vedic hierarchies, were personifications of cosmic "electrical" forces, such as the science of to-day is beginning to reveal; and the "incantations" represent the technical method of controlling these forces.

There are indications that this science of subtler substances, of "celestial" electricity and magnetism, was a part of a more comprehensive science, mystical and spiritual in the fullest sense, possessed by the ancestors of the white Brahmans long ages before they crossed the Himalayas and entered India by the North-western passes; and that much of the deeper and more spiritual part of this ancient wisdom had become obscured, so far as the majority of that white race was concerned, before they crossed the Himalayan snows. The causes of this obscurity are hidden from us in an immensely remote past, but we can trace some of its effects. Indeed, these effects are clearly brought to light and underlined in certain significant passages of the great Upanishads. To make the matter concrete, we may say that the Brahmanical teaching, as represented by the hymns of the Rig Veda, does not contain, or, at any rate, does not reveal, the heart of the Mystery teaching: namely, the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation. The life beyond death, as set forth in this oldest Brahmanical system, pictures an under-world very like that of Babylonia: a limbo of shades, the wraiths of deceased ancestors, who were in danger of perishing from inanition unless they received yearly offerings of food from their descendants, in the Shrāddha sacrifice. At this point, two thoughts suggest themselves: first, that this view of the life after death is a shadowy memory of a fuller version of the Mystery teaching, such as we have supposed the remote trans-Himalayan ancestors of these white Brahmans of Upper India to have possessed millenniums earlier. This is suggested by the fact that these partial and limited beliefs will yield a consistent and much more spiritual meaning, if interpreted according to the principles of symbolism which run through the great Upanishads. To illustrate: the departed "shades" must be nourished by offerings of food made by their children and

The Theosophical Quarterly

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

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

July; October; January; April

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

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

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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.

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

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JANUARY, 1929

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grand-children; interpreted according to the principles of symbolism, this has at least two meanings. First, the "descendants" are future lives, future incarnations of the individuality; if spiritual progress gained in one life is to be maintained, this can only be done through sacrifice and effort carried forward in life after life. Again, the "descendant", the personal man, must ceaselessly offer sacrifice, if the higher, spiritual man is to be strengthened and sustained. On the one hand, then, there are perpetual suggestions of an inner, deeply spiritual meaning within the traditional Brahmanical doctrines, a meaning going back to a primeval Mystery doctrine in the fullest import of that term. On the other hand, there are clear indications that, at least for the great majority of the white race of the Brahmans, when they entered India, that meaning had been largely obscured. The technical method of effective "incantation" had been preserved, and a clearly marked type of intelligence, capable of wonderful development, had likewise been preserved, as both technical method and intelligence are preserved among the Brahmans to the present day.

Western scholars have traced with some fulness the meeting of these white invaders with older Indian races, especially with the yellow races now called Kolarian, dwelling mainly in the central belt of mountains, and the Dravidians, so called also in ancient times, who are the very dark races of Southern India, possibly remnants of an older Lemuria, like the Melanesians of the New Guinea region. This concussion of the white race with older yellow or black races has been clearly seen by our scholars; there are records of black Dasyus, and of yellow Dasyus, in the Vedic books. But in the ancient Sanskrit books there are equally clear records of yet another race, namely, the red Rajput race, which is by no means so clearly recognized by Western scholars. Yet the Sanskrit texts are explicit. The *Mahabharata* says that "the colour of the Brahman is white; the colour of the Kshatriya (Rajput) is red"; and, that there may be no obscurity, no supposition that these words are symbolical, describing moral qualities only, the word "red" is expanded into "red-limbed" (*rakta-anga*). Besides *rakta*, a second word for "red" is used, *lohita*, which means the colour of fresh iron rust. And, lest the matter should still remain in doubt, keen and able observers who know the Rajputs of pure race in their own Rajputana, tell us that these Rajputs are to-day exactly what the *Mahabharata* said they were millenniums ago: namely, red-limbed, a red race, distinguished from the white Brahmans by skin-colour and by a series of associated ethnical characteristics.

Once we clearly grasp the ethnical, physical distinction between the white Brahmans and the red Rajputs, we have taken the first step toward unraveling the tangled skein of ancient Indian history; if we follow the clues thus found, we shall be better able, on the one hand, to understand the attitude of the Buddha toward the Brahmans of his day, and also, perhaps, to gain some insight into the account outstanding between the Rajputs and the Brahmans of our own day, with the future possibilities which these differences imply.

There are no indications that the red Rajputs were a part of the Northern

race which crossed the Himalayas; for one thing, there are clear indications of white races, but not of red races, in Central Asia, from which these white invaders proximately came. But there were red races in ancient Egypt. The red granite of the Egyptian statues may have been chosen, not only for its excellent lasting qualities, but because it well represented the skin-colour of the ancient Egyptian race, as contrasted with whiter limestone or marble. This likeness of skin-colour may suggest an ethnical kinship between the ancient Egyptians and the remoter ancestors of the great races of Rajputana, whose pure descendants are a red race to-day. The symbol of the "eye of Osiris" has been found in Mesopotamia, probably carried thither by colonists from Egypt, and there is no difficulty in supposing that another larger colony may have reached the mouth of the Indus, the Western doorway of Rajputana, many millenniums ago.

Whatever their earlier home, the Rajputs as described in the *Mahabharata*, belong to a red-limbed, fighting race, clearly distinguished from the white Brahmans. But, to gain a full comprehension of the line of demarcation between these two great races, we must go to the far older Upanishads, and, in particular, to a vitally important passage, more than once translated and discussed, which reveals the true relation between Rajput and Brahman at a decisive point in the history of India.

Without repeating that story, we may say that it puts on record three profoundly important truths. The first of these, dramatically and also very humorously set forth, is, that at that immensely remote time, the Brahmans, here represented by a humble father and a conceited son, already possessed the Three Vedas, namely, the Rig Veda of the hymns, the Yajur Veda of the formulæ of sacrifice, and the Sama Veda of incantations; the three together constituting the practical method of using the command of cosmic "etheric" forces which was the hereditary treasure of the Brahmans. It seems further clear that the ability to operate these "etheric" forces through the rites which may broadly be described as "sacrificial ceremonies", gave the Brahmans their power and prestige, and led to their being employed (as "celestial electricians," if the expression be permitted) by rich princes and landowners, who thereupon bestowed largesse upon the successful operators, gifts of cattle and gold. The Brahmans of that earliest period of the Upanishads were thus in full possession of an ancient literary and ceremonial culture, which conferred definite and valuable powers over what may be called ethereal natural forces; this knowledge being an heirloom, what remained of the far more comprehensive knowledge of the Mysteries which their remote ancestors had possessed in some region of Central Asia, north of the Himalayas; a land that may then have flowed with milk and honey, but which slowly and steadily deteriorated under the influence of those far-reaching climatic changes that have made an arid desert of so much of Inner Asia, where streams flow down from the snow-clad mountains, to lose themselves in sandy wastes, and never reach the sea. It is altogether likely that this climatic deterioration of a once fertile region was the cause of the southward emigration of the white race,

whose arrival on the upper Indus marked the beginning of a new epoch in the history of most ancient India.

The second truth which emerges from the Upanishad story is that, while the Brahmans were in full and effective possession of this hereditary scientific and literary lore, they quite certainly did not possess, as a class or race, the far more vital knowledge of the Great Mysteries, and, in particular, a knowledge of the twin doctrines which are the heart of the Mysteries: the doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation. When the youth, "conceited, vain of his learning and proud," was asked five questions by the Rajput King—questions which quite clearly imply these twin doctrines, and which were, in fact, transparent leading questions—he failed completely to answer them; in his own words, "The Rajput asked me five questions; I did not know even one of them." If, as has been suggested, the remote trans-Himalayan ancestors of these Brahmans had of old possessed a full knowledge of the Mysteries, of necessity including these twin doctrines, then we are compelled to come to the conclusion that, at the time of the earliest and greatest of the Upanishads, the descendants of the white invaders of India, though retaining a partial knowledge of the Mysteries, with the effective mastery of etheric, electrical forces, had so completely forgotten the more spiritual side of that knowledge, that they altogether failed to recognize its central truths, even when laid before them in an almost transparent disguise.

The third of the three truths revealed by this ancient Upanishad story is the most important; it is the clue to the whole subsequent history of India, spiritual and political, through the millenniums down to the Buddha's day, and onward to the present and the still unrevealed future. It is that, while the Brahmans, father and son, though masters of the "magical" lore of the Three Vedas, yet admitted frankly that they were wholly ignorant of the heart of the Mysteries, on the other hand, the red Rajputs, represented by King Pravāhana, were in full possession of that deeper teaching. More than that, the text clearly implies that they had possessed this treasure for ages, and that it had been handed down in regular succession of Teacher and disciple in the Rajput race. This is explicitly brought out in the famous commentary attributed to the great Brahman Shankaracharya, who here uses the term *guru-parampara*, the technical meaning of which is the chain, or apostolic succession, of Teacher and disciple, through which a spiritual teaching is handed down from century to century.

Finally, we have the practical conclusion of this deeply significant story. On the occasion there described, the elder of the two Brahmans, because of his great humility and aspiration, was initiated into the Mystery teaching hereditary among the Rajputs, but which, as the texts explicitly record, "had never before been given to any Brahman." Here, then, is the key to all the later history of India, through the period of the Great War, the time of the Buddha's teaching, the later centuries of conflict between Brahman and Buddhist, and the whole modern period, as well as centuries yet to come.

The Brahman race had a great heredity, and possessed, and still possesses,

remarkable gifts. If the supposition be correct, that their remote trans-Himalayan ancestors were in full possession of the Greater Mysteries, a knowledge still testified to, by the probable symbolic meaning of the Rig Veda hymns, then this would mean an hereditary capacity for spiritual learning, which, even after the earlier knowledge of the Mysteries had been obscured, or even completely forgotten, would make it far easier for them to attain this spiritual knowledge, than would be the case with races possessing no such spiritual heredity. Yet it would also seem that the ancient tendency to obscurity would also of necessity be operative, and, in certain circumstances, might once again obscure or deflect the regained treasure of wisdom.

Both tendencies seem to have come into operation. It is certain, on the one hand, that the Brahmans, once the secret wisdom had been imparted to them by the Rajputs, made great efforts to assimilate that secret wisdom, and, on the whole, with remarkable success. The immense development of the philosophical systems of India, and in particular the system of the Vedanta, embodied in the Brahma Sutras and their commentaries, is sufficient evidence of this success. Yet in these highly philosophical systems, and even in the later Vedanta, the second tendency, the darkening of wisdom, is also evident. Intellect gained a remarkable development, but at the expense of intuition; or, to put the matter more definitely, the powers of transcendental reasoning were developed, rather than the far deeper powers of the awakened spiritual will. Brilliant knowledge took the place of real spiritual attainment, and, too often, the possessors of this intellectual brilliance devoted their powers, not to gaining spiritual growth, but to confuting their opponents. It thus comes that so many of the Sanskrit commentaries, whether of the Vedanta, the Sankhya, or the Yoga Sutras, are remarkable examples of intellectual gymnastics, rather than revelations of vital, spiritual realities. But it should be added that at every period there must have been Brahmans who overcame the defects of their qualities, and made a wiser use of their great hereditary gifts, and of the rich spiritual treasure which they had received from the Rajputs through King Pravāhana.

This deeply rooted tendency toward intellectualizing and crystallizing spiritual truth marks the whole history of the Brahmans. Something was said at the outset concerning its part in the days of the Buddha. But it is clear that such a fundamental misdirection of spiritual power as is involved in the over-intellectualizing of spiritual truths, would be certain to react strongly upon the moral nature. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the inherent tendency which, on the one hand, expressed itself in this intellectualizing, would be certain to express itself also in the moral nature, both on higher and on lower levels of that nature. On the lower level, its expression would be worldly ambition, the love of power, of wealth, the desire for rich possessions and for distinction, a deep and continued enjoyment of recognition and respect, from prince and peasant alike. This tendency to make spiritual gifts bear material dividends was, in fact, widely in evidence in the Brahmans of the Buddha's day. It was, indeed, in full play ages earlier, and a number

of ironical stories in the great Upanishads turn precisely on this Brahmanical weakness. Yet this worldliness was more or less on the surface of the moral nature. Far deeper, and therefore far more dangerous, was its inner counterpart, a form of spiritual ambition and arrogance, which might easily comport with the possession of great "virtues", ascetic rigours, bodily and even psychical purity; yet the whole edifice built upon a false and dangerous foundation of spiritual pride, and an exclusiveness which, shutting out other, less gifted human beings, at the same time and by the same tendency shut out any fuller revelation of the Logos, thus barring the way to the true path of Liberation.

If we keep these historical and spiritual considerations clearly in view, we shall be able to understand in detail the recorded relations of the Buddha with the Brahmans of his day, both the rich, worldly possessors of the Three Vedas, and the exceedingly dogmatic ascetics, depicted in so many of the Pali discourses. On the one hand, we shall be able to see why the Buddha devoted so much time and effort to rebuking and diminishing the spiritual pride and arrogance of the Brahmans, and to understand his repeated insistence on the higher rank and more ancient origin of the Kshatriyas (Rajputs); on the other hand, it will be clear that, granted the distinguished spiritual hereditary and inborn gifts of the Brahman race, the Buddha was fully justified, indeed, compelled, to make special efforts to enlist the best of the Brahmans among his disciples. One may say that he had set his heart on "converting" the Brahmans from intellectual brilliance to spiritual attainment; that he strove continuously to induce these Brahmans to become once more the disciples of the great Mysteries that, for long ages, had been the hereditary possession of the Rajputs. If he had fully succeeded in this great effort, we may well believe that the whole future history of India, and of the Eastern world, would have been transformed, in part counteracting the dark influences of Kali Yuga, and bringing a return of the Golden Age.

There were "conversions" among the Brahmans. Distinguished Brahmans sought and gained permission to become disciples, members of the Buddha's Order. Yet, apart from these individual victories, it must be admitted that, in the larger aspect of his undertaking, the Buddha failed. The evil characteristics of spiritual arrogance and ambition, with their outer counterpart of love of wealth and power, which made the Brahmans a permanent danger to the spiritual and social life of India, remained unconquered; these evil qualities, rousing themselves in fierce opposition to the Buddha's challenge, became a formidable and steadily increasing barrier in the way of his teaching, and after centuries of covert opposition, finally drove his disciples out of India, to the southern realms of Ceylon, Siam and Java, and northward across the Snowy Mountains to China, Tibet and Japan. The consequences to India were, and still are, deplorable degradation, and the establishment of a Brahmanical despotism, which is to-day as strong as it was when the Buddha made his mighty effort to transform the Brahmans.

Yet in justice it must be said that the Brahmans must not bear the whole burden of blame and condemnation. A heavy responsibility lies upon the

Rajputs also, the warriors of the race to which the Buddha and some of his great disciples belonged. The Rajputs themselves, or many of them, had also suffered deterioration. Their warlike energy had the defects of its qualities, and they were altogether too prone to fratricidal quarrels and rivalries. This had been true for millenniums. The war of the *Mahabharata*, besides its mystical meaning brought out in the *Bhagavad Gita*, has its historical side. It was a fratricidal war among the tribes and clans of Rajputs, waged with unrelenting ferocity, and it was precisely the weakening of the Rajputs in this internecine war that gave the Brahmans their opportunity to seize and hold predominant power in India, a power fully in evidence in the Buddha's time, and not less strongly operative to-day.

The influence of the Rajputs, weakened in the Great War, was never fully restored, though they always possessed, and still possess, many elements of moral and spiritual greatness. But, in part because of this weakening, the Rajputs were not able to give the Buddha the support which they ought to have given, in his campaign against Brahman arrogance and ambition. And it would further appear that their hold on their great hereditary possession, the sacred Mysteries, had been so restricted and impaired, that they were not able, as a race, to recognize the magnificent opportunity presented to them by the Buddha's mission, by his incarnation among them as a Rajput.

The available evidence tends to show that the failure of the men of Rajput race adequately to support the Buddha, not less than the spiritual arrogance and ambition of the Brahmans, contributed to hold the Buddha's mission back from full success, and was, therefore, one of the causes of its ultimate and humiliating failure, so far as India was concerned, a failure which has brought in its train centuries of degradation and spiritual bondage. Such failure is no new experience for the Masters of Wisdom; but, for them, failure is ever an incitement and a challenge, a signal to try again, with renewed effort and immortal valour.

FRAGMENTS

IT was just the grey hour before dawn. Whispers were coming out of the shadows, the tree-tops swayed a little; then the great stillness fell that is prelude to a new day.

I turned and saw him, casque and chain shirt, and the white, voluminous folds of his cloak, settling over his shoulders where the upspringing rays of magnetic light give the look of half-opened wings. He smiled, saluting with his sword.

In the eastern sky, though the dawn had not yet come, it was as if a vast curtain were lifting, and then behind it another curtain, and yet another, and so on and on, and in and in, as slowly each was raised. There was no light on this side, but on that a suffused brilliance that increased in intensity as curtain succeeded curtain, and sight was lost in the endless vista. The expanses between were filled, as one had never dreamed such fulness could be, with rank upon angelic rank, in perfect order and symmetry, each with colours and emblems, each with banners fluttering in some breeze blown from beyond the boundaries of Space. There was a pulsating movement amongst them that translated itself into interblending hues, as they seemed to mingle and yet remain apart. Then the chorus arose,—the great Army of the Heavenly Host chanting the Hymn of Adoration for the opening day.

Faint lines of rose and mauve were showing, light was creeping across the grass. The chorus grew fainter, the brilliance within receded, the curtains lowered, one by one. Then the wind gave a sigh, and I heard the twittering of the birds.

"No need for fear or heavy-heartedness," St. Michael said. "There is a strength that lies beyond all tears. There is a force that supplements all failure,—true symbol of the Everlastingness, that closes round, in its vast tenderness, the tiny circle of the dark world's nothingness. Fight on", he said.

I saw him in a shimmer of silver light, and again the flash of his sword, as he turned skyward.

Cavé.

OF CABBAGES—AND KINGS

*"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—"*

THE twin doctrines of evolution and involution are basic in the theosophical philosophy, and Theosophy has welcomed, and made its own, all the evidence upon which science has constructed the theory of biological evolution and through which it traces man's ascent, or descent, from lower forms of life. Yet as all truth is a two-edged sword, and as half-truths may be the worst falsehoods, cutting back against the hand that tries to use them, the thoughtful student of Theosophy is likely to consider the modern teaching of evolution as one of the gravest dangers of our time. In this, even if in little else, he finds himself in agreement with the late Mr. Bryan and those who are quite erroneously called "religious fundamentalists." The name is erroneous because the ground on which they take their stand is, in reality, neither religious nor fundamental; and the controversy between them and the "evolutionists" has been from the first a paradoxical contest between truth drawn from error and error drawn from truth.

The Scopes trial, three years ago at Dayton, Tennessee—the case of the young teacher who persisted in teaching his conception of evolution to his pupils in the public school, despite the State law prohibiting it—awoke laughter which has scarcely yet died down, but for the most part it was unthinking laughter, with little appreciation of the actual conditions that lay behind the fulminations of the self-appointed champions of "academic freedom" and evolution on the one hand, and of the literal interpretation of the book of Genesis on the other. Legally, the issue was very clear and simple, but both parties to the controversy did everything possible to shift it, and to make it appear that evolution itself was on trial, and that "the real question" was—as stated by Mr. Bryan and accepted by Professor Osborn—"Did God use evolution as His plan?" To attempt to settle that question by the vote of a jury of farmers and shop-keepers, drawn from a little country town, was, of course, supremely ridiculous; and the plain common sense of the jury scarcely needed the ruling of the judge to know that they could not, and did not have to, pass upon it. All that concerned them was whether Scopes had violated the conditions of his employment and the law of the State. Bryan's question lay far beyond their jurisdiction and could only become, even theoretically, pertinent after a whole series of other questions had been answered.

Some of these other questions are well worthy of earnest thought, and as it is probable that the conditions of the Scopes trial may soon be repeated in

other legal tests of State educational laws, it may be of value to consider them. In the recent elections an "anti-evolution" act was submitted by referendum to the citizens of Arkansas and was overwhelmingly approved. As set forth in the *New York Times* (November 25th, 1928), the bill provides "that it shall be unlawful for any teacher or other instructor in any university, college, normal, public school or other institution of the State, which is supported in whole or in part from public funds derived by State or local taxation, to teach the theory or doctrine that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of animals." The act becomes effective December 6th, 1928, and it has been announced that "its constitutionality may be challenged, and in any event the State Supreme Court will be asked to interpret its meaning."

The result of the Arkansas referendum has been widely proclaimed as a triumph of the "fundamentalists," and, equally widely, as indisputable and alarming proof of the backwardness and ignorance of our rural communities, hampering the advance of truth and showing themselves at least half a century behind the times in their disbelief in evolution. But it by no means follows, as a logical conclusion from their vote, that the people of Arkansas do disbelieve in evolution. It would be quite as logical to infer that the people of New York disbelieved in all religion, and had unmistakably asserted their atheism in the ordinance excluding from their public schools the teaching of religion. The questions passed upon in the two States were not whether evolution, and religion, were true or false, nor whether the majority of the population believed, or disbelieved, in either. The question in Arkansas was whether evolution, and the question in New York was whether religion, was so taught as to make it desirable to include this instruction in the system of public education designed to mould the State's future citizens and which all its citizens were taxed to support. It may be our personal opinion that both States decided wrongly, but it is difficult to defend the action of New York and condemn that of Arkansas. Nor is it easy to see how the principle of "academic freedom" is threatened by either. The teachers may believe what they choose, pursue such studies as they choose, and publish their beliefs and conclusions through any media that will accept them. They are required only to recognize that in the public schools they are employed to teach certain subjects and not others; and that if they wish to teach these other subjects they may not do so at the State's expense, making use of the State's facilities, and to children whose attendance the State compels, irrespective of their own or their parents' wishes.

It is at least theoretically conceivable, therefore, that the State of Arkansas, instead of being fifty years behind the times in its ignorance of evolution, is fully abreast if not in advance of them in giving consideration to the actual effects which the present teaching of evolution tends to produce, and in deciding that these effects are neither of such proved and universal beneficence, nor so valuable to the State as a whole, that they should be forced upon all children at the public expense, so that Brown and Jones should continue to be taxed to inculcate them in the progeny of Smith. There has been a vast

deal of loose thinking upon the subject of public education, and even our most distinguished scientists have not been free from it, in arguing as though there were no distinction between the truth of a theory or formula and the desirability of its universal dissemination. There are many true formulæ for the preparation of poisons and high explosives from simple materials; but however true, and even useful, these formulæ may be, it could not be sound policy to insist that all school children should be taught them, with no warning of their danger or restrictions against their misuse. If knowledge be power, education in its right use should precede its bestowal, and at no time in the world's history has this principle been so disregarded as it is in America to-day.

In a recent issue of a morning paper (*New York Times*, November 29th, 1928) there appeared two items which perhaps few readers will have related. The first records a sentence of life imprisonment upon a Mr. Tripp, aged thirty-seven, who, though of a blameless record in all other respects, had for the fourth time been found guilty of supplying intoxicating beverages to his fellow citizens of Michigan. The second is an extract from the annual report of the Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University. It is pointed out that two thirds of the students who take graduate courses never fulfil the requirements for degrees, but after graduation from college merely desire "to live a little longer in the groves of the academy," believing "that the atmosphere of a university provides good air to breathe." The Dean does not wish to discourage this, but considers that it presents a situation which is not understood and which should be studied,—as "the important thing is not the numbers that come, but what is done in consequence of their coming". In particular he recommends that means should be devised for the early "segregation of those who come here to work from those who come here to breathe"; and, second, for safeguarding the advanced and research courses, which "are not instituted for teaching purposes or for the benefit of individuals. They are instituted for the advancement of learning. Their value diminishes in proportion as they become pedagogical instruments and discipline, or are attended by students whose attitude is that of passive absorption. They should be strictly safeguarded for the purposes for which they exist". It is apparent from this report, therefore, that so far from the advancement of truth requiring its dissemination to those unready to make right use of it, research may thereby be hampered and not helped. What is not apparent, however, and what is far too little considered, is the effect of advanced courses upon students who merely "breathe" where work is required for right understanding and mental health. Those who work at first hand in any subject become clearly conscious of the limitations of their knowledge and gain some salutary sense of the vast unknown potentialities that lie beyond; but those whose attitude is mere "passive absorption" lack this corrective and are given to assuming that what they have heard is all there is to know. This is not so much "strong meat" as it is strong wine; and if our prohibition laws extended to mental intoxicants and narcotics, one wonders what sentences would be earned by university professors, popularizing their research for the consump-

tion of the immature. It would not be a question of the truth and purity of their teaching—as that teaching would be understood by their colleagues—but of its alcoholic content when unbalanced and unneutralized by first-hand knowledge, and of its actual effect upon the student.

Such sympathy as we may have with the State of Arkansas, therefore, need imply no disbelief in evolution. Our quarrel is not with the biologist's truths, but with their misuse and the mental intoxication which results when it is assumed that the biological theory of evolution tells us all there is to know about the origin and nature of man. We may accept, as fully as any modern biologist, the doctrine that all the multi-cellular organisms, including the body of man, have arisen in progressive ascent and development from unicellular life; that there has been a continuous adaptation of organisms to their changing environment; and that throughout all of nature "the simpler and more lowly forms always precede the higher and more specialized forms",—save that we might have to ask in just what sense the "simpler" is to be supposed "more lowly" than the complex which develops from it; for the theosophical view of evolution is that of a great helix, sweeping from the simplicity of unity through the specializations of diversity to realize unity again upon another plane. But to the student of Theosophy the evolutionary process is seen as primarily a movement of the spirit—a movement which causes, and is not caused by, the evolution of organic forms which the biologist traces. As man is more than his body, so is his evolution more than that of his physical organism; and therefore the biologist's truths, when taken out of their own field and applied to anthropology and history, psychology and sociology, become but misleading half-truths, acting sometimes as narcotics, sometimes as intoxicants, upon minds whose attitude toward them is "passive absorption". This is their mischief and their danger.

Examples of it abound. In one of his essays, called forth by the Scopes trial, Professor Osborn points out that, "In one of the great states of the world, Russia, the experiment is being made on a colossal scale to rule mankind by science alone, on a platform of atheism, of denial of all religious restraints and prohibitions, and of affirmation of atheism". In Professor Osborn's view it is bound to fail, because even the Russian peasants "are much more than machines; their bodies are easy to account for by evolution, their spirits and souls can be accounted for only through very long, continuous progress, closely akin to creation". Professor Osborn does not seem to see, however, that this colossal, tragic experiment, foredoomed to failure, this welter of murder and evil preached as good, would never have been tried had it not been for the way in which science has been mistaught, intoxicating minds with the thought that it is itself enough. But we do not need to look so far from home. It is difficult to find a modern book, dealing with these themes, which does not assume that man has risen from the beasts through long æons of savagery; that his most deeply rooted and fundamental instincts have a bestial or savage origin, his moral sense and religious beliefs, arising from savage taboos and superstitious ignorance; and that the right use of his very

newly acquired intelligence is to free himself from all that has been revered as sacred. "Nothing is more essential in our attempt to escape from the bondage of consecrated ideas than to get a vivid notion of human achievement in its proper historical perspective", writes Professor Robinson in his book *The Mind in the Making*. "We find in savage thought a sort of intensified and generalized taboo in the classification of things as clean and unclean and in the conceptions of the sacred. These are really expressions of profound and persistent traits in the uncritical mind and can only be overcome by carefully cultivated criticism. They are the result of our natural timidity and the constant dread lest we find ourselves treading on holy (*i.e.*, dangerous) ground. . . . In dealing with the relations of the sexes the terms 'pure' and 'impure' introduce mystic and irrational moods alien to clear analysis and reasonable readjustments. . . . Man, like plants and animals in general, tends to go on from generation to generation, living as nearly as may be the life of his forebears. Changes have to be forced upon him. . . . The conservative 'on principle' is therefore a most unmistakably primitive person in his attitude. His only advance beyond the savage mood lies in the specious reasons he is able to advance for remaining of the same mind. What we vaguely call a 'radical' is a very recent product due to altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances."

Such passages could be paralleled endlessly, and the smallest reflection shows the danger that lies in their popular acceptance. Professor Robinson himself points out that "The great mass of humanity has never had anything to do with the increase of intelligence except to act as its medium of transfusion and perpetuation. Creative intelligence is confined to the very few, but the many can thoughtlessly avail themselves of the more obvious achievements of those who are exceptionally endowed." He points out, too, that "Man has never been able to adapt himself very perfectly to his civilization", yet the whole effect of his teaching is that the age-old restraints of civilization should be cast aside, leaving the ordinary man only his passions as a guide.

Behind this whole body of thought lies the assumption that evolution has been an ascent from what is low to what is high, from unworthy to the worthy, from error to truth, so that whatever is ancient is to be left behind. But that is neither the meaning of the word, nor is it the theosophic view. Literally "evolution" means "the act of unfolding; a displaying"; and it is in this literal sense that Theosophy accepts it. The multi-cellular organisms arising, as biologists tell us, from uni-cellular life, display the potentialities that lay wrapped within the single cell. In it lies the basis of all its derivatives; destroy it and you destroy them. Truths do not owe their origin to falsehoods. Truths become known as the unfolding of the content of simpler—and profounder—truth, on which they rest. The propositions of geometry do not progressively reveal the falsity of earlier propositions and the unworthy "lowliness" of the simple axioms from which they have arisen. Rather do they progressively reveal the depth and breadth of content which lay within them. It is so with all evolution; that which comes earlier contains within

itself all that comes later; the past lives in the present; and to advance is to cause it to live more richly and completely, so that the end is the full realization of what was potential in the beginning. This view, accepting and making its own all the evidence on which the common theory rests, leads to diametrically opposite conclusions from those commonly drawn by modern writers who purport to apply the principles of evolution to sociology and psychology, but who really base their argument, as we have just seen, upon assumptions which evolution neither involves nor justifies, and which the biologists themselves do not attempt to defend. "The very operation of life," as Bergson has said, "consists in the gradual passage from the less realized to the more realized, from the intensive to the extensive, from a reciprocal implication of parts to their juxtaposition"; and though Theosophy adds that this process of evolution and differentiation is followed by an involution and renewed synthesis, gathering all up into a new unity of realized content and significance, it is clear that that which is realized in the end was implicit in the beginning. We cannot reject or eliminate our origins; we must fulfil them perfectly.

This principle is basic in theosophic philosophy, and governs each step in occult training and development,—for occultism is but man's conscious and full co-operation with the processes of life in nature and supernature. "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." This verse, quoted from the Book of Job by Professor Osborn in one of his replies to Mr. Bryan, has, for the theosophist, direct and immediate application to each stage of his path; for he knows that everything that is, from the "lowest" to the "highest", reflects some facet of his own being, so that to study nature is to learn of Self, and to study Self is to learn of nature. More than this, because he sees evolution as cyclic,—spirit reflecting and manifesting itself in matter, gaining fuller consciousness of itself as it unfolds its interpenetrating inner contents into separate elements in the sequences of time and space, and then infolds them again in a new synthesis and unity,—because he sees that "the first shall be last," he knows that it is the lowliest things that are the most fundamental and have most to tell him of the highest.

"I am that I am": it is the voice of the Most High, telling of Itself. But he who listens, hears the same self-revelation whispered by all substance. It is the voice of the mineral kingdom, of matter as matter, of the stuff with which nature builds—the first reflection of the spirit, the revelation of spirit's inmost and essential being. It is the speech of rock and sand, of mountain and valley, of the earth and the stars. Each is that which it is; nor can anything from without itself, change what it is. Storm and wind beat upon the mountain, wear and groove its face, but it remains itself, its integrity unshaken. We can crush a stone to powder, yet in its dust it is still stone. There, in the mineral kingdom, the first lesson of life is made manifest; there man's manhood has its roots.

Until this lesson be learned, there can be no passing into the vegetable kingdom; for the essential requisite of plant life is that it should be so intensely itself, yet so at one with what is about it, that it can draw and transform into

itself what is not itself,—that it can pass on the stamp it has itself received, and reproduce its kind. From the integrity of matter there has risen the integrity of the astral mould.

Science has not found it easy to draw the dividing line between plant and animal. In common thought the outstanding difference is that whereas the plant must live and grow where its seed has fallen, putting forth its roots from that unchanging centre, the animal, having gathered its roots into itself, has gained in mobility and can search in a wider range for food to nourish it. Yet here, again, as always, the new power rests upon and is derived from the old; and if the old power weakens, the new becomes vitiated.

It is of interest to reflect upon this, and looking into our own lives and into the lives of those we know, to note our need for the lessons which the vegetable kingdom should have taught us; to see that the virtues and powers of "cabbages" are indeed those of "kings", and that, without them, "shoes and ships and sealing-wax" are of little avail. The king, like the cabbage, must fulfil his destiny in his native soil. He cannot leave it for another, that seems to him more favourable. In his own kingdom, or nowhere, he must play his royal part, drawing into himself and both personifying and transforming into his own likeness, all the diverse elements of the nation that he rules. It is from these elements and none other that he must create his own and his country's greatness. If he abandon them, he abandons his kingship. The "shoes" in which he runs away, the "ships" that bear him overseas, the "sealing-wax" that takes the imprint of his abdication, are but means to his undoing, if, as king, he forgets the lessons he should have learned as cabbage. For a wandering, dethroned and exiled king is like an uprooted cabbage.

But it is not only kings that need to heed the lesson of the cabbage and to emulate its powers and virtues. How many times a day do we ourselves not forget them, and, abandoning the field of our own life and duty, seek to feed mind and heart upon exotic imaginings, striving to nourish ourselves upon fictions instead of drawing from the solid substance of truth?

Looking at evolution thus, we see that the first problem our newly gained intelligence must face is not at all how to free ourselves from the trammels of our "lowly" heritage, but is, in fact, the exact opposite of this,—how may we fasten upon our consciousness the lessons that our ascent should have taught us, and manifest, in our "higher" life as men, the unfolding qualities of the spirit which the "lower" kingdoms faithfully reveal? How are we to show that we have not skimmed our early lessons, and been "born too soon in human shape"?

H. B. M.

WAR MEMORIES

"IT'S WAR!"

IT is with a peculiar reticence, difficult perhaps to explain, that many of us who took part in the War speak of it and of our own War experiences, although very probably few of us have memories which are more tragically dear. To those of us who passed through it (even those who, like myself, played such very insignificant rôles), the world still continues largely to be divided into two parts—those who were "in it" and those who were not. This is not said with any sense of voluntary withdrawal, but because, if one must speak of it at all, one asks: "Where shall I begin? How can I ever end? And can I do even faint justice to so noble and great a theme?" Sir Philip Gibbs, attempting a narration to non-combatants who had not yet glimpsed war, of his experiences at the front, of what he had seen and shared, said: ". . . but it was only a few who understood." This was at the end of the first nine months. Of course, thousands of people, millions rather, have been added since that first year to those who did see and share, and who therefore understand; yet there are still too many to whom the Great War has become recorded history only, rather than the memory of intense life lived from day to day through those four crowded and immortal years. To some of us the experiences of those years are as though they had happened but yesterday—they are scarcely even memories, so persistently present are they. When we look back and think of boys, still in their first youth, with great ragged wounds, dying in our arms; or of women and children, hunted like animals, fleeing for their lives, overtaken and subjected to unspeakable outrages worse than death—to write of this is only adding one more chapter to the countless chapters which have already been written, and will the speaking again of that time make it more living? It seems incredible that the vividness of those days could ever grow dim; that there should be a necessity for recalling them, even to those who took no active part. Why are they not continually present with us all? Not the blood and the filth and the unspeakable weariness—these were, after all, small matters—but the majesty of it, the indescribable heroism of those who gave their uttermost. We remember those splendid men and women who answered the Great Call, and we turn away in shame and disgust at the pettiness of much that is in our lives to-day. Did they care whether they lived or died, so they could serve? Did they care who would be first or last, prominent or obscure? There was no first or last among those who gave their all. In war there are no inequalities among those who give all they have to give, and it is that self-giving which is the initiation into the brotherhood of soldiers. Those who did not give all they had, simply never took part in the War at all in any real or lasting sense. That self-giving

was spontaneous with some, it had to be learned by others, but if it did not come sooner or later, the War, and the War's deeper significance, remained a sealed book. If one had never seen whole-hearted sacrifice, one found it at last in the men who lived month after month in the trenches, thinking only of how they could give more, not less; among the stretcher bearers or those who drove ambulances under constant and deadly shell fire; among the women in field and base hospitals, where, tenderly, and under the most terrific strain and danger, they nursed the sorely wounded back to life, or, more tenderly still, closed their eyes when they died. I can claim no part whatever in such great and noble deeds, but I have watched them, and the splendour of them still shines into my heart, and always will. Must we then be *forced* to remember our silent dead? Is it possible to forget those who are still living—a living death? Those who are hopeless paralytics; those still crazed by shell-shock, or whose lungs are slowly rotting from the gas which Germany first used; those who are sightless; yes, those who have had their very faces shot away—what must *they* say to our ingratitude? Why should we have to write of these things again since we all know them? Yet there would seem to be the need, "lest we forget"—not the true War veterans, they never can forget; but for those to whom that magnificent conflict has begun to fade into vague and shadowy dreams.

When one attempts to write about one's own War experiences, one is instantly faced by a peculiar state of mind,—what was actually my own personal experience, and what has become so living to me that I *think* I saw it and took part in it? Many post-War writers have drawn attention to this phenomenon; I suppose, therefore, it is not an unusual one, but it is sometimes rather embarrassing if one is trying to record facts observed by oneself. With that strange blending of consciousness which was experienced at times by many of us during the War, who shall say that there was any real separation? A brother's peril was one's own; what he lived and suffered, one lived and suffered with him, and in moments of great danger the feeling of comradeship was so intense, our senses were so miraculously raised to unaccustomed heights, that many of us experienced "that release from the chains of ordinary life," of which *Through The Gates of Gold* speaks. "That you actually feel your own physical wound is a weakness of your limitation. The man who is developed psychically feels the wound of another as keenly as his own." This is but another way of explaining that strange state spoken of by post-War writers, and it was not as uncommon as the lethargy of peace conditions would try to persuade us. Yet the adventures of any one person are necessarily limited when gauged by the colossal dimensions of the World War, and in my own case they will, of necessity, be so especially. At least they have the advantage of being personal, however, and as such these "Memories" are written down.

The question: Who started it?—that question which appears to be troubling some strange people in these post-War years—did not trouble us at all. It

never even occurred to any of us to ask it: how could it? Austria had declared war on Serbia; Germany had declared war on Russia, and had invaded both France and Belgium. Therefore, those of us having the good fortune to be on hand when the first gun was fired, thanked that good fortune that we were there, and we simply enrolled ourselves, both outwardly and interiorly, as soldiers in our splendid cause, volunteering for active service in any capacity whatever, if only we might serve; volunteering, each under his own flag, whether that flag were inherited by birth, or, as in my case (being an American and therefore, alas, that unfortunate thing technically known as a "neutral") whole-heartedly adopted.

No use to retrace historical steps, or to follow the onward march of events between Fashoda and "the thirteen days," for in order to gain any moral light, it would mean going back at least as far as that picturesque African episode. No use even starting with the Serajevo crime in June of that year of years, 1914. Are there not histories—mountains of them? And do they not tell, each according to its own understanding, the rights and wrongs of the gigantic issue?

In one sense, we in England had not been allowed by circumstances to become wholly deaf to "wars and rumours of wars," but it was civil war that we feared, and few of us, at that time, paid much attention to the troubles abroad. I believe it can safely be said that up to the third week of July the best of our attention was given to the unhappy Irish question, and we seemed to have no eyes or ears for the great world across the Channel. The Home Rule Bill ruled the public mind, and the press was full of editorials and letters in favour of a "larger Ulster" or the reverse, as the case might be. We read about gun-running and its inevitable and tragic sequels. What would it lead to? The South and the West, while entertaining the greatest hostility to the North, appeared, none the less, to look upon the Ulster Volunteer Movement with a smile or a sneer. "One Catholic is the equal of ten Orangemen", it was maintained with a sarcastic shrug, and the Nationalist "Molly Maguires" were paraded as more than a match for any number of Northern Unionists, however well armed they might be. We read too, of the Conferences at Buckingham Palace; of the efforts of the King to pour oil on the troubled waters; of the attacks of radical newspapers on the King in consequence; of Mr. Asquith's immediate and scornful reply to these attacks; of Mr. John Redmond's demands and threats; of Sir Edward Carson's protests; of the final breakdown of the Conferences—and meanwhile the horrors of civil war continued to stare us in the face. In France, *L'Affaire Caillaux* was all that most people seemed to talk or think of, though certainly the Quai d'Orsay was far more aware of the cloud in the East than was Downing Street. Russia, somewhat enigmatic, while wrestling with her labour riots, kept a sharp eye on the Balkan situation, as well she might, for it was considered that the Austro-Hungarian demands on Serbia were an indirect, but none the less purposed challenge to her interests there.

The ever memorable "thirteen days", preceded as they had been by nearly

a month of comparative if somewhat ominous European calm, began, as all the world knows, with the Austrian Ultimatum on the 23rd of July. Such an ultimatum had, until that time, never been heard of. The delicate balance of European power, already wavering in its equilibrium, was dangerously disturbed, and we entered upon those "thirteen days" (though we did not then know them as such) wondering what the outcome would be. Never had the morning newspapers been so slow in reaching us; never had diplomacy appeared so halting and so shrouded,—though, as a matter of fact, I think that many of us find it somewhat difficult to remember what were at that time "open secrets", and what has since been learned and fixed into its chronological place by a later adjustment. Though the times were troublous, however, few of us seemed willing to believe that anything so cataclysmic as a vast European war *could* actually overtake us, and as late as the very last days of July (one might even say August 1st), most of us still clung boldly to our illusions, through the ups and downs of the tidings which reached us. Such an interlarding of good and bad news, of local and general! Side by side with the news of the Serbian reply to the Austro-Hungarian Note, came reports of the Dublin riots, causing us the greatest uneasiness; but the very next day we were told that the European situation was "perceptibly less threatening than it had been yesterday," and of course our confidence reasserted itself with all the greater assurance because of the recent depression. On the 28th, however, Austria had declared war upon Serbia, the most fearful danger threatened the whole of Europe, and urgent appeals were made in the English press to Irish loyalty. "Close the ranks, close the ranks!" was the call; "In the face of disaster let us stand together." So our hopes fell and rose, only to fall again.

Scenes of great excitement had been reported from Paris when the Serbian reply was made public. The usual Saturday evening military bands, marching through the streets, were cheered with unwonted enthusiasm by the strolling crowds. This stirred the indignation of an errant group of young Syndicalists who, setting up a protesting shout of: "*A bas les trois ans!*" were instantly mobbed by patriotic onlookers, shouting in their turn: "*Vive la France! Vive l'Armée!*" The German Ambassador, Baron von Schön, calling at the Quai d'Orsay, increased the general apprehension by his famous "communication" which, to many Frenchmen, appeared to be a repetition of the Agadir *coup*. President Poincaré and the Prime Minister, Viviani, were with the French Fleet, and there appeared to be some difficulty in maintaining uninterrupted communication with them. The utmost pessimism prevailed, and troops were sent to reinforce the frontiers.

In Russia, mobilization was rapidly going forward; the Austro-Russian tension increased hourly, ending in diplomatic suspension; and there was reported to be a concentration of Russian military forces on the Austrian frontier. In Belgium, precautionary measures had been started; soldiers on leave were recalled, and a general mobilization was being considered, while the forts of Liège and Namur were being placed on a war footing.

Precautionary measures had also been begun in England, the Admiralty issuing orders to the First, Second and Third Fleets to be in readiness in case of need. Day by day the situation grew darker; Europe was rapidly arming; France and Russia continued to strengthen their frontiers; little Belgium, mustering all her forces, determined to defend her neutrality, while Germany—well no one was quite sure, by this time, what was going on there! Yet, while all the world seemed bristling with war preparations, there were still many of us who did not think that war was inevitable. Surely it could be averted, even at the eleventh hour. There might be hot words and threats; Austria would of course have her revenge on Serbia, but war would be confined to a small spot in the far East, and Europe in general would cool down. So we, who had no political wisdom, argued, the wish being father to the thought.

I was in Cornwall with a little party of friends during this time, taking a much needed holiday, for I had been working rather hard in London (where I had been living most of the time since leaving Germany) all through the winter and spring. It was a tiny and very primitive little place on the South coast that we had settled in, some distance east of Falmouth, and with a long drive between us and Truro, where we connected with the nearest railway. News was slow in reaching us, and in that secluded spot the mere idea of a World War seemed even more remote than we ourselves were from civilization. That is why war actually burst upon us, in our quiet retreat, before we were fairly awake to the fact that war was even more than likely. For this same reason, when August 2nd came (August 2nd, which we now remember and speak of as "Black Sunday") with Bank Holiday, August 3rd, following on its heels, our newspapers were so much delayed that we did not know until some twenty-four hours later that Germany had declared war upon Russia, had invaded France at Cirey without any declaration of war at all, and had crossed the frontier into neutral Luxemburg. Even then we thought matters might be "patched up", incredible as it seems; we were still living in the illusions prevalent on August 1st. To reinforce our somewhat waning hopes, we read with satisfaction that Italy would give no support to the Triple Alliance, which applied only to a defensive war, and Italy did not consider this to be such.

It was on Tuesday, August 5th, that we knew beyond question what the situation really was, and what England had decided to do. I sometimes wonder if the "end of all things" will overtake us as suddenly and as silently as the World War did. The memory of that day is branded so deep that some of us find difficulty in speaking of it, even after all these years. It was a fine, breezy morning, and with one of my friends and her two children, I had started for an early walk along the rim of those magnificent, rugged bluffs overlooking the sea,—the glory of Cornwall. As we turned homeward, we saw in the distance the lonely figure of a man walking rapidly toward us. On he came. "Why it's Daddy!" cried one of the children delightedly, and they both ran forward to meet him, as he approached. We saw him stoop

and lift the little one up on his shoulder, giving his hand to the other, as he still strode on. Within a few yards of us he stopped, and sent the children chasing a rabbit which dashed past at that moment, bounding joyously through the low, sweet heather, and he came on alone. He held a crumpled telegram in one hand, and his face was like carved marble, but there was a fire in his eyes that I have always been glad I saw.

"Well, its war!" was all he said, looking at his wife. She did not need to be told any more; she knew the rest.

"How soon are you going?" she asked, quietly, steadily.

"Now," he answered, in an even tone. "Will you come back to the Inn with me and help me pack? Good-bye," he continued, turning to me. "May we leave the kiddies with you for a bit, and would you mind bringing them home—by and by?"

The children had run up, just then, and were tugging at his coat, eager to tell him about the rabbit. He kissed each one of them tenderly, and then, with his wife beside him, he walked silently away,—they were both very young, and life was dear. As they came to a dip in the cliffs which would hide them from us, he turned for a moment, and waved. I never saw him again,—so swiftly and so simply does an old world pass away. He went out to France at the earliest opportunity, and gave his own life for the life of a wounded comrade.

Later in the day I too packed my bags, intending to go up to London to offer my services. I did not yet know in what capacity, but that seemed to make little difference just then. To my dismay, I found that I was no better than a prisoner on that tiny spot of earth; that the Government, immediately war had been declared at eleven o'clock the night before, had taken full control of the railways of Great Britain, and that all trains, for a day or two at least, were to be used for the transport of troops, stores and food supplies only. I confess that I felt like a caged animal, and the day dragged itself out interminably; but of course, like everyone else caught napping, I had to make the best of things. As it turned out, however, I did not need to wait till I got up to London to have my first, if comparatively mild glimpse of war conditions, for after dark when, alone, I stole out into the soft Cornish night, and down to the beach not far from the small Inn where we were stopping—the beach where only the night before we had all sat happily watching the stars come out, and listening to the soft wash of the waves—there, to my great surprise, a short distance from the shore, a battleship lay, a huge, black mass, grim and silent. The home waters were being well protected by the Navy. One wondered how she had crept up so stealthily, for, an hour or so before, she had not been there, and as I looked and thought of what it signified to have a solitary battleship standing like that, close in to shore, I became aware of something else which made my pulse beat quicker. As though he had suddenly sprung from the very sands themselves, close to the water's edge, black and sharply silhouetted against the clear, grey silver of the sea, came marching the lonely coast-guard, erect and alert, in full service kit, rifle

on shoulder—I could see the sharp outline of the barrel as he moved. Now one knew that war had really come, and that over there, across the waters, lay France, and battle-fields, and burning villages, and dying men.

Turning home again, I passed in unnoticed at the little entrance gate, and walked through the silent garden, across the dewy lawn, past groups of great white dahlias shining like silver lamps in the summer darkness; the roses with a poignant fragrance scenting the still evening air, as though their sweetness were being pressed from their very hearts by the dark hours through which they were passing. But all this loveliness belonged to the old world which was gone—and gone so swiftly—for out there lay the great battleship, and not far away that lonely coast-guard watched and listened; and just across the Channel, France (the France we knew so well and loved) was fighting for her life.

I was able to get up to London some forty-eight hours later, and on the way became well aware that we were indeed irrevocably at war, for all the railway lines were closely guarded, especially at vulnerable places, and at many points we passed detachments of British soldiers, massed close to the lines, evidently waiting entrainment. Reaching town, I found a transformation which had taken place, as it were, over night. It was literally bristling with war preparations, and looked curiously unfamiliar; yet strangely enough, one felt that one was seeing, perhaps for the first time, the real community, as we may view an old friend suddenly awakened from the comfortable lethargy of ordinary, daily life, exalted, and on the eve of a great sacrifice, when we recognize that we are now seeing the real man, hitherto but dimly felt behind all the veils of the personality—the real man, the real friend whom we have always loved. When I had left London three weeks before, it had been in normal condition, with its endless streams of taxis, busses, delivery wagons drawn by sturdy, well-fed horses, and all the other familiar home sights. Now it was like an armed camp, largely khaki hued, where before it had been drab greys and blacks; unimaginably busy and electric. One of London's charms before the War, was its repose, its ease; but with the 4th of August one may say that the old-time quiet and deliberate calm passed away, never, perhaps, to return; and in the weeks that followed, while I was looking for my "chance", I often had to stop and collect my wits in order to assure myself that I was still living and moving in the old, lately familiar and dear haunts, for now, day and night, day and night, troops were marching through the streets. Often through the dark hours one heard them pass. Oh, the sound of marching men in the night! Can anyone who has heard it, in hours of danger, ever forget it? In the great parks and gardens, where formerly there had been strolling, leisurely crowds, one now saw soldiers in full campaigning kit; station platforms were filled with them, sometimes resting, their rifles stacked, while they waited further orders. In many of the squares and open spaces, raw recruits, without uniforms and carrying dummy rifles, were receiving their first instructions and their first drilling. In other open spaces, quantities of gun carriages were massed, ready for transport. Motor cycles,

with their despatch riders, dashed noisily to and fro; military cars, with important looking occupants, came from all directions, and drew all eyes. Carrier's carts, with their old legends still betraying their late owners and their legitimate employment, were driven through the streets, metamorphosed into ammunition wagons. Bow Street had issued warrants authorizing the military authorities to seize motor cars, horses—anything which was likely to be of use to the Army, and the requisitioning of horses, especially, had its humorous side, for the astonishment of the driver, swiftly and unceremoniously relieved of his horse, and sometimes left, whip in hand, still perched high up on the seat, was most amusing. Any well-conditioned horses, strong and fit for army use, were liable to find themselves transformed in the wink of an eye, from private "drays" into Government servants. Carter Paterson, that friend of all householders, is said to have furnished in those first days of the War a great quantity of horses which were shipped to Southampton forthwith, on their way to France and Belgium. Hospitals were being started everywhere, and travellers were swarming back from Germany with tales of hair-breadth escapes.

Whitehall was one of the most interesting sights in London. From Trafalgar Square to the Houses of Parliament it was a seething mass of humanity, crowds so thick that you wondered where all the people had come from, and if the rest of the London area had been emptied in order to furnish these crowds. At the entrance to Downing Street one could hardly push one's way through; in front of the Admiralty and the War Office it was a solid wall, —particularly did the War Office seem to attract the crowds. There was a reason for this, for after the temporary easing of the Irish situation, there were two things in those early days which, I think, heartened us all more, even, than we guessed at the time,—the splendid and generous response of the Dominions to the call of the Mother country: "When Britain is at war, we are at war" they declared; and the last minute recall of Lord Kitchener for home duty just as he was leaving England to return to his post in Egypt. I think the whole of the British Empire gave a deep sigh of relief when they knew him to be installed at the War Office, when they knew that he was at the helm; for even the severest of his critics had to admit that there was no one who gave to the public mind such a sense of security, while, at the same time, firing the public imagination as "K. of K." did. Whatever he said brought conviction; whatever he asked met with instant response. Thus, while at first many people declared that "the War would be short and bloody, and over by Christmas," there were always those who retorted: "Kitchener says it will last three years,—and he knows if anyone does." And when his first "call to arms" rang out, when he asked for the first hundred thousand men, the response was beyond all expectation, and was a conclusive proof not only of what he himself could accomplish, but also of Great Britain's appreciation of him. Great Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the London Recruiting District, was invaded as soon as war was declared, and within forty-eight hours, if I remember correctly, divisional recruiting stations had to be opened

in many parts of London, and, of course, in the provinces. There were steady streams of applicants; crowds of men in all walks of life gathered outside every recruiting office as quickly as it was installed, and in some cases the volunteers were so persistent and so eager, that mounted police had to be called up to hold them in check. It was reported that the army recruiting authorities found it necessary to keep some of these offices open all night in order to deal with the men who had waited doggedly through long hours for their turn, for, in general, only five or six could be admitted at once. The "weeding out" was put through with care but also with despatch. It was deeply stirring to watch the faces of those men who were, for one cause or another—weak heart, myopia, flat foot, etc.—disqualified for active service. They came out, some of them, with an air of dejection which did them great honour. No doubt many, if not most of them, found service of a different sort in less exacting fields, but the faces of some of the "rejected" are a dear and proud memory to me. No lukewarmness there! Kitchener's New Army was rapidly taking shape, and we civilians drew a deep breath of relief in consequence.

But it was not only the men who were mobilized. The volunteering of the women was magnificent; their response was Nationwide. From all parts of the country they came forward in a mass, clamouring to help, and soon the daily papers had to begin printing long articles of advice: "How to be Useful in Wartime." Women accustomed all their lives to the utmost luxury and comfort, turned their backs without a thought on the old life of ease, and eagerly embraced the new conditions of hardship and danger, or of very dull and unrelenting work. They petitioned for work of any sort. I remember so well at one of the Wartime Industrial Depots, hearing one day a most exquisitely refined-looking young woman say, with ill suppressed eagerness and evident and complete sincerity: "I'll scrub floors, I'll do anything if only you will take me. My husband has gone out as a common trooper, and I cannot bear that he should give more than I do. We women can at least try to do, in our small way, what our men are doing." Later I learned that she and her husband were well known in the world of letters. She was only one in thousands who *sought* toil and drudgery as their small contribution. Many women filled the posts left vacant by their husbands who had enlisted; or, if fitted, they volunteered as despatch riders or as ambulance drivers, or as mere carters, or for work on the land. Of course the Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance, being such ancient and honourable institutions, were, so to speak, always mobilized, and detachments of nurses needed but their marching orders to be in the field as quickly as transport could get them there; but there were also the V.A.D.s (those Voluntary Aid Detachments which were supplementary to the Territorial Medical Service, and of which many of us had never even heard until then); the Women's Emergency Corps and many other organizations, all of which were as busy as the Army Recruiting Stations. No one can ever say that there was any lack of response to the new conditions of life on the part of England's women, for they, like the men, rose to meet that call to arms.

We all felt the advancing horror like a ghastly hand stretched out to seize us; terrible rumours that, somewhere behind the first advancing line of invaders were unthinkable huge masses of men pressing forward, sweeping on like gigantic, incoming waves. We were warned in the press that we were on the eve of great events, perhaps little suspected by any of us, and must be prepared for shocks of all sorts. News of the wanton slaughter of civilians at Visé, that tiny town on the Meuse which was among the first to bear the full brunt of the treacherous attack, had told us all too graphically what was taking place; town after town was reported pillaged, burned, its inhabitants, women and children as well as old men, stood against the walls of their own houses, while firing squads shot them down like dogs. In rapid succession we read of the terrible fate of Dinant; of the sacking of Tirlemont; of the Burgomaster's execution at Aerschot; of outlying and lonely farms which were set on fire by roving bands of Uhlans after the farmers and their unprotected families had been butchered; of convents which were destroyed, the nuns and *pensionnaires* turned adrift, and worse. The flood gates of hell were opened, and it was but too evident that the German hordes had begun to "hack their way through", as the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg had, not many days before, told us they would do. To deepen, if possible, the sense of rapidly approaching calamity, the Belgian forts, Liège, Namur, fell, unable to withstand the terrific pounding of the German heavy artillery.

Meanwhile in London and in the provinces, we watched our men go,—the Old Contemptibles of undying fame; we watched them go to the roll of drums or the skirl of the bagpipes; we watched them go and for the most part it was to their death. Who can ever forget the magnificent sweep of troops through Hyde Park, with all of London turned out to wish them God Speed? Who can ever forget the dashing and gallant appearance of some of the Highland Regiments, passing through the streets on their way overseas, their "bonnets" tipped saucily on their heads, their kilts aswing, their pipes shrilling gaily and wheezily. In the months to come the Highlanders were to add to their already long established fame as fighters, for it was they who, because of their fierce and irresistible bayonet charges, won from a bewildered enemy (unable to explain the kilts) the enviable name of "Ladies from Hell." How well I remember the day (and a lump rises in my throat) when, walking along the King's Road, I approached the Duke of York's Military School and saw a huge crowd which blocked the traffic. With some difficulty I managed to work my way through the throng of onlookers, until I reached a spot where I could see through the palings, to the parade ground. Standing near two scarlet-coated, old Chelsea Pensioners, who had hobbled there from the near-by Chelsea Hospital, I watched what was taking place. A regiment of Regulars (I forget now which it was—we saw so many go!) was mustering for its march through the streets "to an unknown destination." There was no bustle, no hurry; just splendid discipline. The men stood in perfect alignment, row on row, like a carved reredos in some war-dedicated cathedral. The word

of command rang out, and the serried lines seemed to stiffen, if anything to grow firmer. Then, like one living organism, those men (as it were *one* man) marched away, most of them never to come back. To the thunder of drums they marched, to the crashing of martial music; heads up, eyes forward, as though seeing only their goal, with a kind of superb indifference to everything else. The crowds which stood watching were silent, awed by that sight, but men there were in plenty who quietly raised their hats, standing bare-headed, while the women's faces were aglow with pride, and even the children seemed touched by the greatness of that moment.

It makes me profoundly indignant whenever I read or hear it said that Great Britain went into the War for economic reasons. That is not true, and no one will ever forget the agony of those hours when England's politicians seemed to be wavering, and when, as we have learned since, some of them actually did waver. There can be no possible question regarding the feeling of England as a whole. Her people cared nothing whatever for economic reasons. They were outraged at what had been done; they felt that Great Britain's honour, and so their own, was in the balance, and when Germany's proffered "bribe" to England was made known; when the people at large understood that their country had actually been offered a "price" if she would remain neutral, public indignation knew no bounds. When war was declared there was a universal cry: "Thank God we are in it! We can continue to look the world in the face." Those of us who saw the men of the First Expeditionary Force march out, know better than to believe that they went for the sake of so cold an ideal as an economic reason. Besides which, we have been given too many accounts, by soldiers themselves, of their reasons for enlisting. Do we not remember (just to mention one) the story appearing first in an evening paper, about the London Scottish, "our Scottish", one of the "crack" Territorial Regiments, whose intrepid and resolute stand at Messines on October 31st, won such widespread admiration, and which General Allenby (as he then was) spoke of as "worthy of the best traditions of British Regular Troops." The story of the fight and its sequel has been retold by a young soldier who describes its effect on him before he had enlisted, saying that, as soon as he had read it, he hurried to the nearest recruiting office. It is an account of how a bare thousand men, alone and practically surrounded by "the cream of the Prussian Guard", but obeying the orders of their Colonel, fought on until two-thirds of them were killed. Three times they reformed their thinning ranks, and the third time the Prussians broke and fled, and what was left of the London Scottish returned to their lines. But they had picked up a wounded German officer (only slightly wounded he was) and they brought him in on a stretcher with their own killed and wounded. "In those days", so the tale continues, "(we have learned more since) we knew nothing of German *Kultur*. In those innocent, early days a wounded man was a wounded man, no matter what his creed, or his colour, or his race. So our boys took the German and treated him as one of their own." The doctor, in the greatness of his charity, and for the honour of the regiment, attended to him first, "while

our own wounded and dying lay waiting. . . . Gad, we were innocent, then! They had not even bothered to remove the Hun's service revolver, which dangled from a strap at his side;" and as the doctor leaned over the wounded enemy, there was a flash and a sharp report, and the doctor fell dead, shot through by a German bullet. "That was the story that came from the hospital cot in Flanders," this young soldier writes. "It was enough for me. I awoke. And when I got to the drill-hall there was no mistaking the place, for from a block away you could see the crowd. A long, thin line of young fellows wound in and out of the crowd, each in the grip of that story of the night before. I took my place at the end of the line and waited. Hours passed. In the meantime the line strung itself far out into the street, for all over the country men had come swarming in . . . crystallized into a solid, fighting mass by the story of the Marne and the tale of the London Scottish." Does *that* sound like an economic reason? When we remember the glorious Old Contemptibles as we saw them march away, have we no better monument to raise to them than that? For one of the most splendid memories which any of us can hope to keep untarnished is the air of serene detachment from all the lesser interests of life, the high-hearted equanimity with which they went. We have recently been reminded that the tradition of the British soldier is to "go out without a word." That is at all times wholly British—it is true whether a matter of facing death or of facing irremediable loss, and what is true of the Army as a whole is therefore true of individual soldiers. I have always loved the story about Lord Roberts who, at his club one day, during the South African War, was reading aloud to others assembled in the room, the latest casualty list, just brought in. As he read of those killed in action, and as name after name went by, suddenly he came upon the name of his only son, the first intimation he had of his death, but when he came to it he read it out as clearly and steadily as he had the rest, without a shade of hesitation, finishing the list, which was a long one, in the same quiet voice, and when he had finished, with a little nod to his companions, he turned, erect and soldierly as always,—and went out without a word. *That* was the spirit of the Old Contemptibles.

So we, still sitting at home in safety, watched our men go out, and read of the onrushing storm which they had gone to meet. In due course we were officially informed that the Expeditionary Force had been safely landed in France. Then casualty lists came pouring in, and as those fateful days passed, one by one, and as they shaped themselves into weeks, it became more and more a matter of consuming importance to discover how one could make the best use even of one's inefficiency. It was a simple matter for most men,—the taking of an active part in the War. They could fight, thank God! They could fight with pukka rifle and bayonet, or with trench mortars or hand grenades or any other kind of weapon as the case might be. But with us who were women it was not so easy, not if you wanted to get into the thick of it, which of course most of us did, and I soon found that "war work" under these conditions, did not drop into one's lap. It was not a question of *wanting*

to do the work; the question naturally was: "If we sent you to the front, what could you do? Are you a trained nurse? Can you drive an ambulance?" To both of these questions I, personally, was obliged to answer "No." But I had made up my mind that I was going to get abroad, even though I seemed to be regarded as lacking in all the requirements necessary for foreign service, and I refused to look upon the situation as an *impasse*. So I did whatever work I appeared to be fitted for, and in leisure moments I continued my active service search. I used to ask: "If I join such and such a unit, do you think it will be sent abroad?" "We cannot promise you that," was the usual answer, so I would turn away and go back to the rolling of bandages and the knitting of socks. At last I heard of a unit which was being organized by someone I knew, who told me, *sub rosa*, that she had every reason to hope that it would be sent to Belgium if its prospective members got certain First Aid Red Cross Certificates. The Red Cross classes had already started, but I got permission to join them, as a late comer, trusting to pass the examination when the time came. We all worked hard, attending lectures, at which we took copious notes; in the intervals bandaging unfortunate Boy Scouts, furnished us for the purpose; applying tourniquets until their poor little hands became quite black and swollen as a result of our inexperienced methods; trying every kind of First Aid experiment on them. We were very zealous in this work, and generally, by the time we had each got our Boy Scout's arms and legs done up in splints for imaginary compound fracture; had enveloped his head in yards and yards of gauze; had tied up his jugular vein; had wound thick compresses over his chest (pneumonia of course); and had added an abdominal band as a final touch, what was still visible of the original Boy Scout was really not worth mentioning—a mouth or an ear or two, no more. Had those small Boy Scouts, issued to us by the Commissariat for our private consumption, not been young and tender, and therefore very innocent and long-suffering, there would have been open mutiny among them. They certainly did their "bit"! Yet after all our efforts; after the class had successfully graduated, we were told that the official forming of us into a unit would not be done "for the present." No explanation. That settled it. "Bother units!" I said to myself, "I'm not going to sit here stuffily to be strangled by red tape. If I'm not careful the War will be over before I have so much as started, and efficient or inefficient, I'm going to get into it. I refuse to be 'organized'." So I began to look about for an independent opening, and, of course, I found one almost immediately.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

SYMBIOTICISM AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES¹

THE term symbiosis or symbiointicism is used by the biologist to signify an associational life of two dissimilar organisms. It may often happen that the association is mutually advantageous, but, on the other hand, it may as often come about that one of the partners gains at the expense of the other. Indeed it is all but impossible to draw lines of demarcation in a graded series of symbiotic associations which range from partnerships indifferent to both contributors, through various shades of mutualism, to the extreme of parasitism in which one symbiont preys upon and often ultimately destroys its companion. The lichen which lives upon a tree trunk derives a certain small advantage from its position. It is no longer subject to the destructive competition of the more robust soil vegetation; it is lifted into the light and air and it is able to obtain its slender requirement of food salts and water from a substratum which would be fatal to most plants. Likewise the Spanish moss whose grey, beard-like streamers hang from the trees in Southern woodlands, is but a harmless air-plant which has utilized the shoulders of a tall friend as a convenient method of getting up in the world.

But it is very easy to pass from such an innocent "leaning on" to a condition of true parasitism with its attendant degradation. Parasitic plants lose their leaves; their green colour, upon which depended their ability to live an independent life, is taken from them, and they become degenerate images of their independent brothers of the same family. Parasitic animals may lose their sense organs and their powers of locomotion. Their digestive systems may atrophy, and at the extreme of degeneracy, such as is seen in the parasitic crab, *Sacculina*, the whole body becomes a repulsive sac anchored to its host by cancer-like roots.

But the host, too, may be made to pay a penalty for submitting to the ravages of the parasite. There are certain flowering plants which become so dependent upon the fungi which invade them that they lose the ability to carry on their essential vital functions without aid. Their very seeds cannot germinate unless the fungus slave is at hand to feed the young seedlings, and the plant dies if its parasitic associate is torn from it. Yet the fungus is destined to be ultimately devoured. For a brief protection and a chance to feed on the kitchen scraps, it is willing to be offered up on the host's table. The relation reminds one of that of Sybarite and slave in some dark tale. The orchids are notable sinners in this respect. They are associated with

¹ Wallin, I. E., *Symbiointicism and the Origin of Species*; Baltimore, Williams and Wilkins, 1927.

certain fungi (mycorrhiza), and the association has become obligatory to both parties. Have we not been told in another connection that certain orchids "have an atmosphere which is distinctly evil"?

Our study at this time, however, is not concerned with parasitism, but rather with that type of mutualistic association which is beneficial to both contributors, and which, though it may well involve certain sacrifices, does not necessarily imply the weakening of either party. Seeking for illustrations, one is embarrassed by a wealth of pertinent material, though only a few examples need be given here. The hermit crab, which adopts an empty snail shell for its home, may carry about with it, affixed to its house, a colony of stinging sea anemones. The latter picks up fragments of the foods which escape from the voracious jaws of the crab, while the crustacean itself is protected from the assaults of its enemies by the living battery of stinging cells mounted upon its castle wall. Certain insects have entered into symbiotic relations with one another. Well known are the associations of ants with their "aphid cows". Another example is that of white ants, or termites, which provide themselves with insect pets much as we ourselves play big brother to cats and dogs.

The striking symbiotic relation between insects and flowers forms almost a science in itself. In extreme cases, such as that of the yucca and the pronuba moth, the relation is obligatory for both participants, since the moth deliberately pollinates the flower and then lays her eggs in the young fruits where her larvæ may feed upon the developing seeds.

All these associations involve rather complex multicellular animals or plants, and there is little possibility that the combination would be considered a single organism by the biologist; but certain microscopic races of living things effect such extremely intimate associations with their hosts that they sometimes seem to be integral parts of its body. For example, the ordinary *Amœba* is a colourless one-celled animal. But *Amœba* has two close relatives, *Chloramœba* and *Chrysamœba*, which respectively contain green and brown granules in their bodies. The green granules of *Chloramœba* are known to be symbiotic green algal cells (*zoochlorellæ*), while the brown granules of *Chrysamœba* are associated brown algal cells (*zooxanthellæ*). So the zoologist recognizes three distinct genera of these allied amœbæ, yet admits that two of them have arisen through an intimate association of the animal with certain algal cells.

Can it be possible that in this peculiar fact we have a long neglected key to the profound mystery of the origin of species? Darwin does not explain how new species arise; he merely shows how natural selection may work upon a basis of organic variations which are already provided, and, while conserving the "fit", may destroy those which are ill adapted to the environmental conditions. The question as to why there should have been any variations in the first place, is left as an unsolved mystery.

Can it, then, be possible that in a principle usually considered to be a mere biological curiosity and an aberration from the normal course of nature—

namely in symbiosis—we have all the time held in our hands the key to the mystery of variation?

In a certain sense there is a resemblance between symbiosis and true species hybridism. It is becoming increasingly evident that new species can arise through the latter process. In order, however, that hybridism may occur, the species must usually be rather closely allied if the germ cells are to unite, whereas in the theoretical genesis of new species by symbiontism the participants may be of widely diverse affinities and the blending involve the whole vegetative soma rather than the specialized germ plasm. It seems evident, however, that there is no fundamental difference between the origin of species by hybridism and by symbiontism: the former is but a specialization of the latter, and both are but manifestations of a tendency of cells to be attracted to one another.

It would be of interest to consider more fully the numerous and peculiar symbioses of algæ or fungi with sponges, hydroids, worms, moss-animals and even starfishes among animals, and with mosses, ferns, cycads and flowering plants; but such considerations would take us too far afield. It may be noted, however, that the associations between algæ and fungi are of particular importance in the present connection, since they constitute the group of plants known as lichens. In other words, every species of lichen is a symbiotic organism, yet the characters of these plants are so marked and they possess such a seeming autonomy, that the botanist has been obliged to give them definite species names, though he well realizes that he can cultivate both the alga and the fungus separately on nutrient media, and can even make new lichen species by combining various algæ and fungi into partnerships which they never assume in a natural state.

It is not the algæ and fungi alone of the microscopic races which play a part in symbiosis; the bacteria are of almost universal occurrence, and their gradational relations with their plant and animal hosts run the gamut from mere indifferent association, through mutualism to parasitism.

Before dealing with bacterial symbiosis in more detail, it will be well to turn aside for a moment and consider another profound biological mystery—that of the origin of the cell itself. Whence arose the primordial cells with their nuclear and cytoplasmic equipment? We believe that the present free-living, unicellular plant and animal population of the water, perpetuates the conditions of an earlier world of life. We know that each tiny organism lives an independent existence, and that the individuals of a species increase in number by the simple expedient of fission. Furthermore we are assured that from this swarm of discrete units the first multicellular organisms arose. Whether their origin was due to an assemblage of previously free-living cells (much as birds of a feather flock together), or whether it arose from the coherence, or better, the non-disjunction of the products of division of an original cell, would be hard to determine, but, in any case, the result was to bring into existence a new, and in this case, a multicellular species. Physical cellular units, through their aggregation, brought an Idea of higher degree

into manifestation, and started the declaration of the hierarchical principle of which the whole drama of evolution has been the progressive revelation.

There remains still the question of the genesis of the cell; it is unthinkable that it arose by a sudden leap out of inorganic matter. Such a supposition is as bad as Milton's specially created lions pawing their way out of the encompassing earth.

Speculations relative to the genesis and the evolution of the cell, have not been wanting. Professor A. H. Church cuts the Gordian knot at a single stroke: "the nucleated cell . . . arose from nothing at all but the ionized sea-water; there was nothing else to make it from." Very good, and in like manner man arose from an "amœba"; but it is not always necessary to neglect the intermediate links in a chain of causation. Professor Minchin has suggested a line of primordial chromidial particles arising from colloidal matter of the sea, to organize later into biococci (which he compares definitely to existing bacterial micrococci), to undergo reaggregation into a nucleus which secreted cytoplasm and became thereby a typical cell.

Such hypotheses have appeared so highly tenuous to most biologists that their discussion has been generally regarded as a waste of time, since they were but speculation resting upon no known facts.

But let us regard the problem more intimately. Just what is it that must be evolved out of ionized sea-water? The typical cell is a unit mass of cytoplasm containing a nucleus. The nucleus is a body of extreme structural and physiological complexity; it governs the activity of the cell and seems to bear the hereditary material of the organism in the form of a substance known as chromatin. The cytoplasm is a colourless, viscous emulsion made up of an elaborate mixture of chemical compounds. It carries many kinds of visible bodies, but the most important of these, from our present standpoint, are the chondriosomes or mitochondria. These are normal cytoplasmic constituents, and are sometimes present in such great numbers that, when properly stained, they become the most conspicuous bodies in the cell, reminding one forcibly of swarms of bacteria. They occur in the form of granules or rods, and seem to be ubiquitous in plant and animal cells. Reaching back no farther than 1890, when they were first described by Altmann, the literature upon these mysterious bodies has already grown to enormous proportions. Almost every conceivable function has been attributed to them. Benda (1899), and, later, Meves, stated that they became the myofibrils of muscle cells; Guillermond (1912) asserted that they became the chloroplasts of plants. Other investigators have attributed to them the rôle of transformation into a wide variety of pigments and secretions in both plants and animals.

Although in 1890, Altmann had named them bioblasts, and had described them as living bodies in the cell, and, in fact, as the ultimate units of living matter, his view was vigorously attacked and quickly lapsed from view. In 1922, Professor I. E. Wallin, in a published article, asserted that the chondriosomes are actually bacteria living in symbiosis with the cell. In 1927 appeared a book by the same author, entitled *Symbionticism and the Origin of Species*,

in which he reasserts his belief in the bacterial nature of the chondriosomes, and, in addition, puts forward the startling thesis that the cell arose from bacterial fusion, and that symbiosis is a dominant factor in the origin of species. His view rests upon a series of careful comparisons between bacteria and chondriosomes in regard to staining properties, chemical and physical reactions, etc. But as a crowning proof that chondriosomes are really bacteria, he claims to have cultured them free from the cell in nutrient solutions.

Wallin's view has not been widely accepted, and it is still too early to say with assurance that chondriosomes *are* bacteria; the work must be repeated by other investigators, and the broader theory must run the fire of scientific criticism.

It is this broader theory which interests us most, and we have already paved the way to its further consideration. Professor Wallin not only asserts that the chondriosomes are bacteria, but he boldly suggests that the cell arose in evolution from the symbiotic union of bacteria, and that the evolution, not only of the single-celled, but also of the multicellular races, was due to the successive invasions of different strains of these minute beings. It has long been known that the bacteria are without nuclei, and that in this respect they differ from all other organisms except their close relatives, the blue-green algae. They do, however, possess granules of chromatin-like material in their bodies, and this substance is supposed to be the essential material which forms the basis of the nucleus in higher organisms. Bacteria are the smallest known plants,—certain micrococci, for instance, are so tiny that 1,000,000,000 could be accommodated inside a cubic millimeter of water. Furthermore, bacteria and blue-green algae constitute the most ancient plant fossils known. In addition to all this, some species are capable of utilizing the carbon-dioxide of the air to produce carbohydrates, though they possess no chlorophyll, and they can also absorb free atmospheric nitrogen for protein synthesis. Organisms with such an assemblage of peculiar features, suggest an early earth where conditions for life were more austere than those which characterize the world to-day. So from a basis of structure, history and physiology there is nothing which negatives the idea that the bacteria may have been ancestral to the nucleated cell.

Professor Wallin suggests that bacteria of various kinds entered into symbiotic organizations to form the diverse, elementary, planktonic races of the sea. Their chromatin granules aggregated to make a nucleus, while the residue of their combined somas became the cytoplasm of the cell. The chondriosomes of our present cells are those more recent bacterial invaders whose fusion with the earlier cytoplasm is not yet accomplished fully, and whose entrance and blending with the original "sytoplasm" transforms the organism into a new species. The bacteria are supposed to yield their units of hereditary substance (chromatin) to the mass of germ-plasm already in the cell, so that the whole combination can be perpetuated by heredity. Such new species may be at first merely physiological—viz., characterized by a new

function which separates them from previous species, though, as is widely evident elsewhere, symbionticism is quite capable of bringing about morphological transformations. To quote Professor Wallin's own words: "It appears to the author that Symbionticism offers a rational explanation for many of the variations in the morphology and physiology of plants and animals. When these variations are of sufficient magnitude and permanence they constitute new species. The fact that mitochondria are universally present in the cells of all organisms higher than the bacteria, that mitochondria are bacterial in nature and that microsymbiosis can determine morphologic and physiologic changes in organs and cells, can lead to no conclusion other than that *Symbionticism is a fundamental causative factor in the origin of species.*"

And now, having listened to the words of a modern man of science, let us turn to *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 281, to a passage written by Madame Blavatsky in 1888. "Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organisms of both man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds; that from without we are threatened with the invasion of microbes with every breath we draw, and from within by leucomaines, ærobes, anærobes and what not. But Science has never yet gone so far as to assert with the Occult doctrine, that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants and stones, are themselves altogether built of such beings; which, with the exception of the larger species, no microscope can detect. So far as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, Science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and Physiology are the two great magicians of the future which are destined to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths."

Are our bodies, then, built up from bacteria and smaller lives? H. P. Blavatsky asserted it, and the findings of the modern trained scientist go far to corroborate her words. It will be noted furthermore that the above quoted passage refers to organisms too small for the microscope to detect. This, too, is significant in view of the modern problem of "filtrable viruses". It has been known for some time that no visible causal organism can be connected with certain transmitted diseases such, for example, as Texas cattle fever. Body fluids from diseased animals may be filtered through porcelain filters and yet the clear filtrate, seemingly free from particles so far as the microscope can show, will produce the disease if introduced into healthy animals. This has led to the theory of causal organisms outside the limit of microscopic visibility. It has been claimed that they can be cultured upon gelatine where they produce colonies visible to a compound microscope. Such colonies must, in theory, be made up of myriads of separate individuals. The very fact that they can build up visible colonies implies that they are living units possessed of reproductive power. Once more modern science tends to corroborate the words of *The Secret Doctrine*²:—"beings which, with the exception of the larger species, no microscope can detect."

² See also Vol. I, pp. 268, 269, 278, 279, 281 et seq. (1893 ed.)

One more scientific approximation to the great truths given out by the custodians of Wisdom many years ago. Slowly, year by year, their number increases while each scientific advance is hailed as a "new discovery". If, in truth, Symbiontism is a Principle which has played a considerable, or even a major, part in evolution, it holds a great significance for us. Principles have a way of being applicable to widely diverse fields. Here is a Principle which lifts organisms of diverse origin into a higher autonomy, to which each is indeed subordinated, but to which each contributes and from which each receives. Furthermore, it is evident that the newcomers may perhaps be the ones who will shift the association to still higher levels, helping to generate a new species or, in other words making it possible for the organism to manifest a new and more dynamic Idea.

R. E. T.

*To every man there openeth
A Way and Ways and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low.
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.—JOHN OXENHAM.*

LODGE DIALOGUES

VIII

The duties of each moment under their baffling appearances, conceal the truth of the Divine Will. They are, as it were, the Sacrament of the present moment.

DE CAUSSADE.

AT Recreation I joined a group of Brothers and novices sitting in the garden. As I slipped noiselessly into a seat I heard one of the Brothers saying:—

"No, I cannot altogether agree with you. God is a Unity, not a diversity; being a perfect Unity he contains all diversity. There can, therefore, be but one Religion, one binding of the soul to God; 'the Wisdom of God and the Power of God', which binds to God, must be One, else how could it consummate union with him? Yet, as there is great diversity of souls, in various stages of development, even in the limited range of consciousness available to our perception, so, this one Religion, to meet all those needs, must be subjected to a like diversity,—a diversity which, at times, may appear practically antagonistic, even as the souls to which it ministers are antagonistic,—but in essence still the same, springing from the same source, and binding back to that source. Would you hold a leopard and a butterfly with the same cord? God has an equal understanding in dealing with his children; and their diversity, which exists in him, is provided for by the corresponding diversity of custom and creed which also exist in him. See many religions as you see many kinds of men; see God, the Divine Light and Life, in them all,—the tolerance, the compassion, the unerring insight of the Law."

"The fault, then, lies in lack of insight?" asked a novice.

"Not fault, surely", the Brother answered, "but lack of evolution, of development. One thing that we greatly need is to take true measure of men, to see where they really stand; to expect neither too much nor too little of them; to stop measuring them by ourselves as yardstick. We are of little use in outer work until we have learned this. It requires great detachment: detachment from ourselves, first and foremost; then from 'human respect'."

"Charity also, I suppose", someone added.

"Charity is inseparable from detachment, nor can we have it without: 'it follows as the night the day'. Detached from self, we shall always be detached from 'creatures', and thus increasingly attached to God,—not above the world, nor apart from the world, but in the world, though not of it. Nothing entangles us with others or with life itself save self-love. Freed from that, we may behold those about us dispassionately, purely—therefore understandingly and with sympathy."

"I am so glad you did not say with kindness", murmured another novice. A Brother near him heard, and laughed.

"Yes, we have all suffered from kindness", he said, "it is usually a heavy affliction, the trouble being its personal quality,—the gratuitous assumption, too often in it, that what the doer likes is also to our taste. Those who have lived much with kind people, know its wonderful training in patience."

There was a general laugh at this.

"What you say proves my thesis", said the first Brother, "the necessity of detachment for charity. When a man works from himself as centre, his works will come back to himself: when a man works from God as his centre, his works will return to God, and diffuse a divine blessing,—not his, as in the former case."

"May we go back to the subject of religions?" asked one of the company—I fancied he to whom the Brother had been speaking when I came. "Since there is then really one Religion, there is some justification for the attitude of those religious and denominations of religious (and in one guise or another it is the usual attitude) who hold that their particular form is the one and only true form, or at least the best; they are feeling after a truth even though they pervert it."

"A perversion proves the existence of a truth in its vicinity," said a Brother.

"And I should go a step further," said the Brother who had spoken first. "The average understanding is still two-dimensional. Men think up and down and back and forth, some in a wide area, some in a narrow; but give them depth, make them think *in*, and they are confused, lost, feel themselves drowning in a fathomless ocean,—which it is, but no need to drown there. Now to minds of that type, whether good or bad does not matter, what is the use of trying to give them universal truths? They can have, with their instrument, no possible means of understanding what you say; and if you persist, and are successful in convincing them that there is something after all in what you are saying, your accomplishment is probably deplorable in its results. You will have robbed them of some of their zeal and enthusiasm. Unable to go *in*, their thoughts will spread over a portion of the larger territory you have given them and, become shallow, cease to have their strength of current; you will have injured, not have aided them. Take from an average Christian the idea that Christ is unique as a Master, and you run a serious risk of taking Christ away from him altogether. It is characteristic of the two-dimensional mind to consider its truth in terms of superiority—the superiority that consists in being on top, *on the surface*; for to it, what is not on the surface is *below*; must therefore be wrong. His inherent feeling is that his Master, or his Church, must be the one and only Master or Church, or else it is not a real Master or Church at all. Here an incomplete instrument gropes after the profound truth that that which is divine must be One and indivisible; but brought to the surface of this mind it can be seen only in terms of surface, proportioned to its limitations. What Master has ever failed, in any demonstration of himself, to recognize this?

Has not the Christ, in all ages, appeared, to those who could see him, in forms of their understanding, in terms of their 'religion' and their time? Catholic to Catholic, Protestant to Protestant. What folly for either to claim that his vision is true and the other false. What folly upon folly to weaken the hold of either vision by explanations that cannot explain, by knowledge that obscures. O little man, of little knowledge, hold thy peace, lest a like fate befall thee. Give to thy brother more of his Christ, by deepening his love and devotion for what he can see, by purifying it, and increasing its power upon him. Stop there: his Christ, in the fulness of time, will do the rest.

"So of all the religions; convert their followers to their own, not to yours. At the heart of each lies the one Religion sprung from the heart of God. Who am I to say by what cord God will have a soul bound to him? But when, by means of his cord, the soul has been drawn in to the Centre from which he came forth, nay, long before he has reached that Centre, cords he no longer requires. When the soul enters the magnetic circle, he is drawn, drawn by the Love about him, by the Love within him. The cords fall away. He is not bound: he is a part."

On the last words sounded the Compline bell. In silence we prayed:

"Save us, O Lord, while we wake, and watch us while we sleep; that we may watch with Christ, and rest in peace. Amen.

"O Lord hear, O Lord grant, O Lord forgive."

Amen. Amen.

Into the shadows of the quiet garden we silently dispersed.

M.

True philosophy is that which renders us to ourselves, and to all others who surround us, better, and at the same time more content, more patient, more calm, and more ready for all decent and pure enjoyment.—LAVATER.

ELEUSIS

Blessed is he who has seen these rites (the mysteries) before he goeth beneath the hollow earth, for he understandeth the end of all things, and their source, which is divine.

PINDAR.

THE traveller at Athens who has the opportunity to drive out to Eleusis, will find much to interest him. The modern road follows the line of the Sacred Way for some fifteen miles, till it reaches the place hallowed in antiquity by the celebration of the mysteries. On leaving Athens the road passes the gardens which occupy the site of Plato's Academy; then it winds through olive groves, and on past a barren country of hills covered with scanty undergrowth. Half-way to Eleusis is the deserted monastery of Daphne, which is probably on the site of a sanctuary to Apollo, mentioned in Pausanias' *Description of Greece*. Further on is a shrine of Aphrodite, where the Greek peasant girls still make their offerings of garlands and flowers, though now in honour of the Virgin Mary. The road unexpectedly emerges onto a low plain, and the sea is in view; there is the splendid sweep of a wide bay, and in the distance can be seen the outline of the beautiful island of Salamis. The Sacred Way leads along a causeway, built over the low-lying marsh land, and, skirting the bay, ends at Eleusis.

Beyond the present village can be seen the site of the precinct venerated in ancient times as the place of initiation into the Eleusinian rites. Excavations have revealed a number of sanctuaries, of which there remain little but scattered stone columns and monuments. There is a grotto, in the slope of rising ground, known as the "Cave of Pluto"; but far the most interesting of the archaeological ruins is the great Hall of Initiation. Only the paving stones remain of what was once a vast square chamber, its roof supported by rows of columns; tiers of steps rose all round the Hall where the initiated sat to watch the performance of the mysteries. On one side, the tiers (which still remain, cut in the rock) lead up to a terrace, which continues along the hillside; thence the "enlightened" could obtain a splendid view towards the West, over the gleaming sea. Further on is a museum, with statues and carved reliefs which have been found on the site. One plaque, in particular, is of interest as showing all the deities of Eleusis, who are seen subordinate to two central figures, designated as Theos and Thea, the unknown or unnamed God and Goddess who presided over the sacred rites. The great Hall is unique in Greek worship, perhaps the only place of meeting, or *ekklesia*, of its kind, and different in structure, as in purpose, from the usual temples, the abodes of the deities.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty to reconstitute a consecutive account of the Eleusinian rites, from the scanty references found in classical literature.

The pledge of secrecy was binding on all who approached the mysteries, and the penalties for divulging the teachings were severe. Yet, in classical times, the great number of those who took part in the rites would seem to show that there was no rigid selection and examination of candidates for initiation, for the ceremonies had become a popular ritual, within the reach of all who were not of depraved character. In the fifth century B.C., Aristophanes, in his comedy of the *Frogs*, could afford to laugh, without fear of penalty, at the procession of candidates making their way to Eleusis. At the same time, Socrates incurred some criticism for refusing to apply for initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. It is probable that, by that time, the ceremonies were valued chiefly on account of the advantages they afforded to the initiated at the time of death, from the knowledge gained as to the underworld. Some writers criticized this, as providing an unfair advantage. Perhaps it was somewhat similar to the merit gained by pilgrims in the Middle Ages, who undertook certain journeys, or penances, or ritual acts, as affording plenary indulgence "applicable at the hour of death."

Whatever the conditions may have been in the fifth century B.C., it is certain that the origin of the Eleusinian mysteries went back into a far distant past, co-extensive with the "ante-Phidian sculptors and the pre-Homeric poets," when, in truth, the Mysteries held the "world of thought and beauty." By the time of the classical epoch of Greek history, the light that illumined that earlier age had grown dim; the Mysteries were no longer understood by men. It has been suggested in an article in the *QUARTERLY* (July, 1922) that the "publication and vulgarization (in the literal sense) of the substance of the Mysteries" may have been either a cause or an effect of the "spiritual degeneration of Greece." An attempt to reconstruct the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries, as it has come down to us, may serve to show that the origin of all such ceremonies was divine, dating from the time when the Mysteries were kept very secret and holy, and divulged only to the few. Indeed, it has been hinted in *The Secret Doctrine* that all exoteric ceremonial shows traces of divine foundation, often misunderstood and travestied by popular superstition. All that the historian can do is to collect and set down the evidence, and leave it to the intuitive to clothe the facts in living thought,—to make the dry bones rise.

There were definite stages in the ceremonial, which led from a preliminary purification (*catharsis*), through the united performance of sacrificial or ritual acts (*sustasis*), towards a revelation (*teleiē* or *muesis*), and on to a crowning vision (*epopteia*). The sequence is interesting, and it may be noticed that much importance was attached, in Greek worship, to the need for purification. The Greater mysteries were held every year, after the harvest in the month of September; but all candidates for initiation must have received preliminary instruction in the Lesser mysteries, celebrated at Athens in the early spring, during the month of February. The candidate might then aspire to initiation as a *mystes*. Before the celebration of the Greater mysteries, heralds, in many of the Greek cities, proclaimed a "sacred truce." The immediate preparation,

at Athens, extended over several days. On the first day the candidates assembled, and the herald made proclamation: "Come all ye who are pure of heart and whose speech can be understood. Whosoever hath not clean hands, whosoever hath not intelligible voice, must not assist at initiation." It seems that considerable importance was attached to the pronunciation or chanting of certain formulas, and, from this, the exoteric necessity for an "intelligible voice" can be understood; it was perhaps some recognition of the power that dwells in a mantram.

All the candidates had to undergo rites of purification. It is thought that there may have been instituted, by the priests, some system of "confessional," but authorities are not agreed as to this. The next day the cry went up, "To the sea, Mystics," and a procession was formed to take the candidates to the ceremonial bathing, in two consecrated lakes near the Sacred Way. On the following day each candidate had to provide a pig, drive it down to the sea, and there make sacrifice. Possibly the pig was symbolic of lower nature. Aristophanes makes much fun of the procession of pigs, as affording useful comic relief in a series of ceremonies which extended over some time, and which involved considerable strain and fatigue. Rigid fasting was ordained on the third day, and every form of recreation or pleasure was banned. Various processions took place, and finally the candidates assembled at nightfall for the march to Eleusis, a distance of fifteen miles. Candidates were required to walk along the Sacred Way, but it was decreed that if any woman chose to ride in a chariot, she should pay a heavy fine for the privilege. All bore torches, and wore wreaths of myrtle, symbol of immortality. They were in charge of the *mustagogoi*, leaders of the procession, and sang songs to Iacchos (Dionysus), and to the Maiden-Mother (Demeter). Various refrains contained the invocation IAO, which, in *The Secret Doctrine*, is given as the mystery name of the Deity.

Once the procession had arrived at Eleusis, the actual ceremonies were performed in the great Hall. It is difficult to reconstruct a consecutive account of what took place. The ceremonies consisted of ritual acts, which were followed by "revelations." Some critics have suggested that the "revelations" were elaborately staged by the priests, with the help of underground apparatus and scenic effects. But the investigation of archaeologists has shown no subterranean structure, or secret places in the great Hall. It is certain that some kind of mystery drama was enacted, to typify the mournful wanderings of Demeter in search of her daughter Persephone, who had been carried off by the god of the underworld. Possibly the drama also symbolized the wanderings of the soul in the regions of darkness, before it has attained the true light. The effect, on the spectators, was supposed to be one of fear and foreboding. Then suddenly, from a sacred place screened off in the centre of the Hall, the curtains rose and displayed a brilliant light. This constituted the first degree of initiation. Information as to the second degree is very confused, but it is believed to have included some form of sacred marriage ceremony, typifying union with the Divine. The third degree was the most solemn of all, showing

the result of that union, revealed in the fulness of knowledge. It is probable that a sacred feast formed part of the ceremony. Clement of Alexandria, who claims to have been initiated in the second century A.D., afterwards disclosed the pass-word: "I have fasted, I have drunk the barley-drink, I have taken things from the sacred chest, tasted, and placed them back in the basket, and again in the chest."

The initiate pronounced the words, "I am free," and then uttered an invocation, including a promise of secrecy, which ended with the words: "So help me, Word of the Father which he spake when he established the whole universe in his Wisdom." These words resemble well-known verses in the opening chapter of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word. . . . All things were made by him." They are also curiously similar to an Hermetic fragment quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, which included an invocation,—"by the Word, only Son of the Father, who upholds all things." The writer of *The Secret Doctrine* comments on the fact that the invocation is exoteric in form, since, in esoteric teaching, "to speak of God is impossible." Possibly the esoteric truth was concealed, at Eleusis, in the worship of Theos and Thea, the unknown God and Goddess who presided there over all the other deities. They are unique in Greek worship, though, in later times, St. Paul, when in Athens, found an altar to the Unknown God: "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

The celebration of the mysteries was terminated by the hierophant with the words, "Conx ompax," which are said to mean, "Watch and do no evil," though it is not necessary to assume that this was other than a "blind" to their true meaning. They are supposed to have been Egyptian in origin, and to have been the same as those used at the conclusion of the mysteries of Isis. More than one writer—in particular Paul Foucart in *Les Mystères d'Eleusis*—has drawn attention to the similarity between the Eleusinian mysteries and the Egyptian ritual. He concludes that Demeter is the same as Isis, and that Dionysus is Osiris; and this supposition is confirmed by various other authorities. It is impossible to overlook the significance of the deities presiding over the Corn and Wine. It is said that in the third degree of initiation the most important "revelation" was an uplifted stalk of wheat, as showing, perhaps, the eternal cycle of birth, death and resurrection; which necessarily remind us of the words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. . . . I, if I be lifted up. . . ."

In Orphic teaching, much consideration was given to the eternal cycle of growth and decay; the terms to denote this are *anodos* and *kathodos*, which are perhaps akin in meaning to involution and evolution. The idea of communion with the Divinity, foreshadowed in the Eleusinian rites, was further developed in Orphic ritual. There have been found, in Southern Italy, a number of Orphic tablets, inscribed on gold, said to express greetings to the initiate soul:

"I am the son of Earth and starry Heaven."

"I am perishing with thirst, give me to drink of the waters of memory."
 "I have paid the penalty of unrighteousness."
 "I have flown out of the weary sorrowful wheel (*kuklos*) of life."
 "Out of the pure I come."
 "Thou art become God from man."
 "O blessed and happy one, thou hast put off thy mortality and shalt become divine."

In the last sentence one is reminded once more of St. Paul,—“that mortality might be swallowed up of life.”

Foucart denies that there was any outer connection between the Orphic brotherhoods and the Eleusinian rites, though he stresses constantly the Egyptian origin of the mysteries. It is clear in any case that while identity of teaching is noticeable in the study of every true religion and brotherhood, this proves their unity of origin rather than any outer connection.

At first sight it is somewhat confusing to find Plato, in a number of dialogues, referring with great reverence to the sacredness of the Mysteries, while his teacher, Socrates, refused to have anything to do with the Eleusinian rites. This is probably explained by the fact that in the time of Socrates, the ceremonial at Eleusis was a mere travesty of the original teaching, which had its source in a distant past. As to the true Mysteries, there are illuminating passages in Plato. It is well to remember that he has been accused of divulging too much about the secret doctrine, to those not yet prepared to receive it. In the *Phædo* is given the dramatic and moving scene of Socrates in prison, surrounded by his disciples who have come to be with him until his last hour, when he is compelled to drink the poison, and fulfil the sentence of death passed upon him. Socrates, in eloquent words, has described the glory and beauty of the immortal soul, and he comments: “I fancy that the men who established our mysteries had a very real meaning; in truth they have been telling us in parables all the time that whoever comes to death uninitiated and profane will be in the mire, while he who has been purified and initiated will dwell with the gods. ‘For the wandbearers are many’, as they say in the mysteries, ‘but few the god-possessed.’ And by these last are meant, I believe, only the true philosophers, in the number of whom, during my whole life, I have been seeking, according to my ability, to find a place.” The “wand” of initiation is said to have been similar to that used by Prometheus, when he concealed the fire from Heaven in a hollow stalk. It was perhaps afterwards used, during the ceremonial, as a torch. Students of Theosophy will connect this with what *The Secret Doctrine* says about Kundalini.

In the *Phædrus* are many passages, of wonderful beauty, showing the joy that attends the study of true philosophy. It is said that he who recollects divine teachings and employs his memory aright, “is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes perfect; he forgets earthly interests and is wrapped in the divine.” Of the true philosophers it is recorded: “We beheld the essence of beauty and were initiated into mysteries. . . . which we

celebrated in our state of innocence . . . admitted to the sight of apparitions, shining in a pure light, ourselves pure, and not yet enshrined in that living tomb in which we are imprisoned, as an oyster in its shell." It was a well-known teaching of the Orphic brotherhoods that the body was a tomb. A direct allusion to secret teaching can be found in Pausanias: "He who has seen the mysteries of Eleusis, and read the Orphic books, knows what I mean."

The death and resurrection of Dionysus was perhaps the central fact of Orphic ritual. It is not known to what extent this drama was re-enacted at Eleusis. A pæan, found at Delphi, tells of places sacred to Dionysus, and declares, "he is worshipped at Eleusis, under the name of Iacchos." In the Eleusinian rites the more important deity was Demeter, the great Earth-Mother, who searched in sorrow for her daughter Persephone. The myth is well-known: the Maiden wandered too far in the fields one day, picking narcissus and other spring flowers, when Pluto, god of the underworld, suddenly appeared in his dark chariot, and carried her off to Hades. The girl's Mother sought her, disconsolate, and all earth mourned with her, and all growing plants drooped and died. Finally a compromise was effected whereby Persephone should dwell for six months with her Mother, and for six months in the regions of darkness. The seasonal death and resurrection of all nature was thus connected with the journey of the soul, through darkness and through light. The whole legend is given, with a wealth of detail, in the Homeric hymn to Demeter, which dates perhaps from the seventh century B.C. It is said that the Mother, in her wanderings, came to Eleusis, disguised as an old woman, and was kindly received by Celeus and Metaneira. They entrusted her with the rearing of their child, Demophoon, and Demeter decided to make him immortal. For this purpose, she fed him on ambrosia, and concealed him by night in the glowing fire on the hearth. One day this was discovered, and made known to the panic-stricken parents. Once the secret was revealed, Demeter could no longer work the charm to make the child immortal. Instead, she gave to Demophoon (some say to his brother Triptolemus) a dragon-chariot, and seeds of wheat. She taught the people of Eleusis the methods of agriculture, and revealed the cult of the mysteries. The Hymn concludes: "She showed them the manner of her rites, and taught them her goodly mysteries, holy mysteries which none may violate, or search into, or noise abroad, for the curse from the gods restrains the voice. Happy is he among mortals who hath beheld these things. And he that is uninitiate, and hath no part in them, hath never equal lot in death beneath the murky gloom."

The significance of the wheat, in the Eleusinian rites, can be readily understood. Other symbols are of interest. An ancient statue of Demeter shows the goddess with a handful of poppies, as well as a sheaf of corn, and the poppies seem to have entered into the ceremonial at Eleusis,—a symbol, perhaps, of the sleep of forgetfulness that enwraps the soul, or of death the "twin-brother of sleep."

Another flower connected with the mysteries was the narcissus, which was perhaps used during the spring celebrations of the Lesser mysteries. In

legend, the beautiful youth Narcissus fell in love with his own form, seen reflected in still water. Unable to reach the image, he pined away and died, and was changed into the flower which bears his name. The flower, a six-pointed star, is sometimes taken as symbolical of the soul which has become enamoured of corporeal life, and has "fallen" into generation. It was the beauty of that flower which led Persephone away from the calm abodes of the deities, to be enticed into the region of darkness, there to learn, through suffering, before her return to the light of day.

The comments of classical authors all show considerable reverence for the Eleusinian rites. Even Aristophanes, who has the comic-poet's privilege of laughing at everything, while he jests, in the *Frogs*, about the procession of the candidates, yet describes the chants of the mystics in lyrics of surpassing beauty, which have been freely translated in these lines:

"Let us hasten, let us fly
Where the lovely meadows lie,
Where the living waters flow,
Where the roses bloom and blow,
Heirs of Immortality."

It is probable that the teaching at Eleusis testified to the truth of Reincarnation, and that Pindar gained his hope of immortal life from the same teaching, with knowledge as to the end of all things, "and their source, which is divine." Isocrates, in a panegyric, writes: "Demeter bestowed two priceless gifts, cultivation of the fruits of the earth, and the ceremony which brings to the initiated the sweetest consolation at death, and hope of immortality." It is true that the materially minded looked on such knowledge as a safe guide-book to the journey after death, rather than as an incentive to earn immortality in this life. Plato refers to the fact that, in his day, the teaching of the mysteries had become degraded, by popular superstition, to the advantage of the "mystery-mongers,"—a condition of things which provides a striking analogy to what has happened in this century, since the swing of the pendulum of popular thought has led multitudes from scepticism to over-credulity in regard to any new or mysterious teaching. There is a passage in the *Republic* which tells of mendicant prophets who produce works by Musæus and Orpheus, persuading people and cities that thus atonement may be made for sin—"processes which they call initiations, that free us from the pains of Hades." Such teaching, which tended to destroy the sense of responsibility in man, became a menace, providing a cheap way of obtaining salvation, only comparable with the "Sale of Indulgences" during the most corrupt period of the Middle Ages.

Pausanias writes of the halo of antiquity that surrounded the rites at Eleusis: "The Greeks of an earlier age esteemed the mysteries as much superior to all other religious exercises as they esteemed the gods superior to heroes." Aristotle declares that the finer few were changed for the rest of their lives by what they saw at Eleusis, and those few were the makers of Athens. He says:

"The initiated do not learn anything so much as feel certain emotions and are put into a certain frame of mind," and he comments on the absence of dogmatic teaching. It is possible—though this is a conjecture of the present writer, unsupported by historical evidence—that although great numbers of people were admitted to the rites at Eleusis in classical times, perhaps only very few attained to the higher degrees of initiation. There were three known degrees, and at least a year had to elapse between the second degree, of *mystes*, and the third degree of *epoptes*, or seer. Possibly these were only preliminary stages, to prepare those who had sufficient intuition to seek for themselves where the true teaching was to be found. "Knowledge exists and is attainable," and earnest students might be led to undertake the essential discipline and training necessary before they could discover these truths for themselves, in the secret places of the heart, or find them confirmed by those who had both knowledge and experience. The full ceremonial of the Eleusinian rites extended over nine days, said to symbolize the fall of the soul through eight spheres (which included seven planetary regions), down to her dwelling on this earth; but the true philosophers realized that a life-time (or, rather, successive incarnations) of purification, aspiration, and contemplation, was but a light price to pay for the immortal glory or real initiation, the "beatific vision" of the true mystics.

Plutarch writes of the beauty of life after death in the following passage (which has been condensed): "The soul, at the moment of death, experiences sensation as at initiation into the Greater mysteries,—wanderings in darkness, fear, shuddering, terror. Then it beholds a marvellous light and fair places and sacred words and divine apparitions. Man, made perfect, walks without fear, crowned with a garland, and he walks with holy men." Diodorus suggests that the mysteries came from Egypt, by way of Crete; and that that which was openly performed in Crete, was revealed only to the initiates at Eleusis. Speaking of the mysteries celebrated at Samothrace (which are referred to in several passages of *The Secret Doctrine*), he says that "those who participate become more religious, more just, and in all ways better."

The celebration of the mysteries at Eleusis continued, without interruption, through Roman times. Cicero declares: "Much that is excellent and divine does Athens seem to me to have produced and added to our life, but nothing better than those mysteries by which we are formed and moulded from a rude and savage life, to humanity; and indeed in the mysteries we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily, but also to die with a fairer hope."

The external control of the Eleusinian festival was taken over by the city of Athens in the time of Solon, but the regulation of all details concerned with the ritual and teaching was in the hands of a special tribe of priests, the Eumolpidæ. It is worth remembering that at Athens there were no professional priests; any citizen of good repute might be elected by lot to perform, for one year, the priestly functions connected with the city. But at Eleusis the priests were experts, who gave time to study and meditation, and were required

to lead holy lives and to remain celibate. They obtained office by right of inheritance in the priestly tribe. There were a number of different officials connected with the mysteries. The hierophant revealed the sacred symbols; the torch-bearer led the procession; the herald made solemn announcement; previous initiates introduced the new candidates. There remains an inscription on a statue of a hierophant named Glaucos, to the effect that "for nine years he revealed to men the radiant ceremonies of the Goddess; in the tenth year he went to the Immortals. It is surely beautiful, that mysterious secret which comes to us from the Blessed; for mortal men, death is not only not an evil, it is a good."

There is an interesting record that Apollonius of Tyana, in the first century A.D., came to Eleusis and desired to be admitted into the mysteries, and that the hierophant refused, on the ground that Apollonius was a magician. Apollonius conjectured that the refusal was due rather to the fact that the hierophant was afraid of him, because he knew so much more about the initiatory rites than the priests themselves. The hierophant gave way; but Apollonius would not then accept the privilege, and declared that he would be initiated at some other time, foretelling the name of the priest who would then receive him. This actually took place, four years later, and Apollonius was perhaps given priestly rank. An inscription to confirm this has been found at Eleusis on a statue erected to a hierophant: "Ask not my name, the mystic packet has carried it away to the blue sea." A later writer added below: "This is the famous Apollonius."

It would seem that the character of the priests and the conduct of the ceremonies at Eleusis were maintained on a high level, nor have any valid accusations been made to the contrary. It is true that some of the Christian writers, in the early centuries, made various allegations which were, however, probably unjustified. They can perhaps be attributed to the fear, on the part of the Christian priests, of too great influence proceeding from the Eleusinian mysteries, which bore, in several respects, such striking resemblance to Christian ceremony.

The Neo-Platonists found deep significance in the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries, interpreting the legend of Demeter in several ways, and on different planes of being. It is perhaps a little confusing that they refer to the Greek deities Demeter, Persephone, Dionysus, by their Roman appellations Ceres, Proserpine and Bacchus. There is a valuable article by Thomas Taylor on the subject, published in 1816,¹ which is referred to in *The Occult World*. Taylor affirms that "the intention of all mystic ceremonies is to conjoin us with the world and the gods," but he declares that the profound truth as to immortality, was not given to all candidates for initiation, but merely a preliminary training. He declares that Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, interpreted the external form of the mysteries, but not their recondite meaning. Virgil's description, none the less, has many points that are significant, and probably

¹ *The Eleusinian Mysteries*, by Thomas Taylor; published in "The Pamphleteer," Vol. VIII, 1816.

had considerable influence on the thought of a later mystic, Dante, in the *Divina Commedia*. Æneas has to find his way through a dense wood, which symbolizes the material world, till, under the guidance of the Sibyl, he reaches the mouth of Hell. It is said that the wise men of old "universally considered Hades as commencing in the present life." The hero encounters various shapes and monsters, but finds his sword of no avail against these ghostly phantoms. At last he meets his father Anchises, who reveals to him the spiritual origin of all Creation, in the grand passage,—“An inner Spirit gives life, and Mind moves the whole mass of matter.” Before he returns to the world above, Æneas is given further instruction in the mystery teaching concerning Reincarnation and Immortality.

Thomas Taylor has made a study of Neo-Platonic commentators, and gives useful quotations on the subject of the mysteries, as, for instance, from Proclus: “Initiation and inspection (vision) are symbols of ineffable silence, and of union with mystical natures, through intelligible visions.” The teaching as to the divine appearances in the mysteries was confirmed by Plotinus. Taylor condemns the arrogance of the critics of his day, who declared that the “illumination” was merely a mechanical contrivance of the priests. He would be even more scornful of modern scholars—the Germans in particular—some of whom, having examined the evidence from every aspect, and being baffled by the secrecy surrounding the teaching, have confidently declared that there really was no secret to discover! The various interpretations of the legend of Demeter suggested by the Neo-Platonists, are rather too elaborate to give in detail; but it is interesting to note that Taylor derives his authority from manuscript writings “in possession of the few.” Perhaps it is with intention that he does not comment on the symbolism which is, possibly, of central importance in the Eleusinian rites,—that of the stalk of wheat, shown to the “enlightened.”

The mystery teaching can be traced back to the records of ancient Egypt; its language is to be found in the writings of St. Paul, the apostle to the Greeks; the similarity of its ceremonial with Christian ritual is marked and significant. Those who believe in the fundamental unity of religious teaching will appreciate Taylor's concluding statement: “As to the philosophy, by whose assistance these mysteries are developed, it is coeval with the universe itself: and however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world.”

S. C.

A REVERSED TRIANGLE

When his emotion follows the powers in their action it carries his perception away, as the wind carries a boat away to sea.

BHAGAVAD GĪTA.

"THE soul is in the body", said Pythagoras, "as a prisoner in a dungeon", and Plato added, completing the thought, that the ambition of the soul is to live disembodied. We misinterpret the great philosopher's idea, if we assume that by disembodiment he meant the separation of the soul from its physical vesture by death or by some astral dissociation during life. The "body" which is the veritable dungeon of the soul, is the vehicle of passion and ignorance, the elemental personality, the *kama rupa*.

The traditional object of the Mysteries of antiquity was to reveal to the aspirant the way to liberation from the realm of Pluto, the dark Hades of elemental consciousness. To that end he was instructed in a "secret doctrine" which was a commentary upon "the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The significance of that teaching for him naturally depended upon the degree of his understanding. But growth in understanding was the reward of a complete acceptance, in thought and deed, of the maxim: "Let truth prevail though the heavens fall." Therefore, he was enjoined not only to exercise his mind, but above all to cleanse it and to still its perturbations, so that when an image of truth was reflected in his consciousness, it would not be deformed beyond recognition. In the last analysis, this mental *catharsis* involved the realignment of the whole array of his desires. In the fire of a selfless devotion he was to consume and transform the passional elements which deflect the rays of truth entering the mind.

It seems that very few succeeded. Madame Blavatsky described in a sentence the fate of the ancient Mysteries and of the many efforts to reestablish them: "Every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has hitherto ended in failure, because sooner or later, it has degenerated into a sect, set up hard-and-fast dogmas of its own and so lost by imperceptible degrees that vitality which truth alone can impart" (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 193). If the Theosophical Society has succeeded where other movements have failed, it is because it has not degenerated into a sect. Although many of its members have reason to believe in the truth of the Mystery teaching transmitted by Madame Blavatsky and others, no member or clique of members has ever been able to commit the Society as an official unit to a dogmatic acceptance of this or of any other belief. In spite of the fact that no obvious danger threatens the continuity of this tradition of true tolerance, it must be remembered that the future of the Society depends upon the ability of its members to keep free from dogmatism and to grow in understanding. If any of them desire to

become "aspirants" of the restored Mysteries, such freedom and growth must be regarded as indispensable for the work to be done. Therefore, it is not amiss to reflect a little upon the very real perils which are latent in every dogmatic expression of the mind.

The term, dogmatism, has certain connotations which may make us forget its essential meaning. It is usually associated with the pretensions of theologians, especially of those theologians who have been thoroughly discredited by science and common sense. But it is not confined to theology. There are probably few living men who do not daily make innumerable positive assertions which are incapable of proof. Consider, for instance, the platitudes about democracy and international peace which are the common currency of our present public opinion.

The essence of dogmatism seems to be the spirit of *active* misunderstanding, and this explains why its appearance in the mind is fatal to the appreciation of truth. When the mind conceives an idea imperfectly, its conception tends to crystallize as a dogma. One can think of many reasons for this,—inertia, inadequate mental training, self-satisfaction, and so on. However, there is one cause of active misunderstanding which may be said to include all the others. In every case which can be submitted to self-examination, it appears that we believe what we *desire* to believe. If we desire truth in itself, we shall believe that this truth exists, but we shall not be unduly impressed by the efforts of our minds to assimilate or to symbolize it. If we desire to justify ourselves, it will not be the truth which concerns us but some mental formula authorizing our desire. Such a formula has all the qualities needed to define a dogma. To be convinced of this, one need only recall the mental processes which are most active when two or more people are engaged in a religious or political argument. What is at first a minor difference of opinion, or only of definition, becomes, through the desire of each speaker to justify himself, a difference of dogma enhancing in each heart the sense of separateness.

When the subject of misunderstanding is some phase of the Mystery doctrine, one may believe that the resulting evils are much greater than when two very ordinary minds engage in a battle of notions which are quite devoid of any significance in themselves. It seems that a dynamic truth cannot be dragged down to the plane of elemental desires without suffering a perversion which becomes more or less potent in proportion to the original sublimity of the truth.

It is possible to illustrate such a perversion by reference to what appears actually to have happened during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, when a great effort is said to have been made to revive a true understanding of the Mystery doctrine among the European nations. It is only too obvious that this effort ended in a veritable orgy of misunderstandings, until at last the spiritual maxims of the Mysteries were reflected upside-down in the minds of those who made use of them. At the same time and according to the degree of their inversion, they assumed a gross and dogmatic colour. Thus one sees, in some old "seals of Solomon", the lower triangle filled with a murky light and half-materialized into the shape of a devil. Finally, the

perverted power of the corrupted formulæ blended with other forces to produce an external cataclysm, the French Revolution.

One original form of the Mystery teaching may be studied in the writings of Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin, who was, according to Madame Blavatsky, "a true Theosophist,"¹ and who is traditionally associated with Mesmer and Cagliostro in the attempt to establish a "Theosophical Society" during the Eighteenth Century. His work has a peculiar and tragic interest, because he is stated to have originated the famous triad of the Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which he called *le ternaire sacré*.²

Even a very cursory examination of his philosophy reveals the contrast between his interpretation of the sacred ternary and that of the materialists who adapted it to their own ends. It is the difference between an image or ideal of spiritual evolution and a fatal political dogma.

According to Saint-Martin, liberty, equality and fraternity are inalienable attributes of the soul. He follows Pythagoras and Plato in his explanation of the fact that the earthly experience of man is, nevertheless, marked by tyranny, injustice and fratricide. These evils are not represented by him as the effects of external causes. The soul has brought them upon itself, for it has allowed itself to be enslaved by the passions and ignorance of its bodily instrument. By virtue of its birthright of liberty it can free itself, if its will be rendered active and turned in its proper direction.

In his book, *Des Erreurs et de la Vérité*, published in 1775, he discusses at length the problem of liberation. The following quotation makes clear the meaning which he gave to that word.

"I say then that the true faculty of a free Being is to be able, by its own powers, to maintain itself in accordance with the law prescribed for it, and to preserve its force and independence by a voluntary resistance to the obstacles and objects which tend to prevent it from acting conformably to its law. The possession of the faculty of resistance implies the possibility of succumbing in the struggle; for to suffer defeat, it is only necessary for a free Being to cease to will the acts which are appropriate. . . . Thus we discover that man can degrade and enfeeble his liberty at every instant, and this explains why the human species is less free to-day than it was in the beginning. . . . Nevertheless, the chains of a slave prove only that he is no longer able to act according to the full extent of his natural forces; they do not prove that he was never free. On the contrary, they suggest that he could move freely at this moment, if he had not brought a condition of servitude upon himself" (Vol. I, p. 21-22).

In a later passage, Saint-Martin reconciles the theory or axiom of the *potential* equality of all souls with the observed fact that social institutions have been based upon the *actual* inequalities of human creatures. His argument recalls the teaching of Mahayana Buddhism in which every soul is held to contain within itself the seed of Bodhisattvaship or enlightenment. "In

¹ *Theosophical Glossary*, p. 264.

² Mrs. Nesta H. Webster: *World Revolution*, p. 7.

the natural Order", writes Saint-Martin, "if each man manifested all his potential excellence, then every man would be a King." But in fact all men have not evolved their true natures in equal measure. There are souls in various degrees of bondage and there are other souls which are altogether free. If fraternity or brotherhood be the natural relationship of souls, if the individual soul be, indeed, an emanation and an undivided part of the Universal Soul, then the unity of spiritual life provides that the strong must serve the weak. This service they perform by acting as governors or directors of the weak who are unable to govern or to direct themselves. This is the philosophical basis of the "divine right of kings".

"The man who has the courage and the good fortune to preserve himself from the pitfalls of elemental darkness, will have disfigured the ideal of his Principle less than other men who have not made the same efforts. Because he is their superior, because there is between those others and himself a real difference based upon his possession of faculties and powers which they do not equally possess, they will have need of him. . . . Moreover, he who finds himself thus endowed with a temporal empire over others, can be happy only in so far as he stands firm in the *virtues* which have brought him dominion" (Vol. II, p. 20, *seq.*). He makes no distinction between his own interests and those of his subjects.

Under the form of an apparently political discussion, Saint-Martin seems to make explicit certain phases of the ancient teaching concerning the nature and destiny of the soul. He admits that few historical rulers have manifested to any degree the assemblage of high qualities with which he endows the "real Sovereign". There are many who are evil shepherds of the people or who rule in name only, but the viciousness or anarchy of so many actual governments is not the product of hazard or of diabolical ingenuity. It is the fatal consequence of the blindness and lack of aspiration of the fallen race of men, who have the rulers whom they desire and deserve. Nevertheless, mankind has never been deprived of the inner support of its true rulers. "I beg you to believe that real Sovereigns are not imaginary beings, that such beings have always existed and always will exist, because such is the nature of the Order of the Universe."

These real Sovereigns, whom we may identify with the Masters of Wisdom, are ready to serve us if we yield them our loyalty and willing obedience. Their supreme service consists in aiding us to become ultimately their equals in power and understanding, through the communication to us of all their privileges and authority. "They signify that which every man can and ought to become, even in the midst of the impure realm which he inhabits to-day."

These quotations sufficiently illustrate the nobility of Saint-Martin's thought, and its essential identity with the ideas which were re-born with the Theosophical Movement of the Nineteenth Century. The "sacred ternary" of liberty, equality and fraternity seems to have been his formula for the universal theosophical ideals of liberation and brotherhood, these ideals being based upon the affirmation of the oneness of all souls with the

Oversoul. Thus the sacred ternary may be conceived as the ideal form of being within the nature of the First Logos. If the whole Universe be the manifestation of the Logos, the desire to realize that form will be the guiding motive of every creature according to its degree of evolution. In man, that motive ceases to work spontaneously. He must coöperate with Nature, in order to make it an effective power in his life, and such coöperation implies an increasing understanding of his objective.

We know that the Revolutionists and the *intelligentsia* of Eighteenth Century France did not interpret the sacred ternary in this way. They converted it into a dogmatic affirmation of *personal* rights. They misunderstood or, rather, disregarded the central idea of the original doctrine, that liberty, equality and fraternity cannot become manifest as political, social and economic realities until they have been evolved as attributes of the self-consciousness of the soul. They demanded their application at once to the actual political and social state of mankind, without waiting for the soul's development or in any way concerning themselves with it. In other words, they appropriated the rights which belong to the soul alone and claimed them as the natural prerogatives of the psychic personality. There was, in fact, nothing unique or original in their misunderstanding. Since the dawn of human history, the lower man has lived by stealing the fire of the soul. "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers."

The ideas transmitted by Saint-Martin were *inverted* to provide the basis of modern democratic theory. But if we compare the inverted image with its model, we shall notice that in addition to its reversal of aspect it is a very imperfect copy. It is as if we were looking at some object reflected in a convex mirror. Certain features are grotesquely exaggerated, while others are blurred or scarcely outlined at all.

The idea of liberty was thus distorted into the notion of freedom from any obligation to respect the rights of others, and the idea of equality was used to justify the expropriation of the goods of one's neighbours who possessed more than oneself. Fraternity was mirrored in the elemental world as class consciousness. It was calculated that when a number of men share the desire to possess their neighbours' goods, the chances of gratifying the desire are improved if they band together and hunt in packs. It is quite useless to attempt to recognize in detail the prototypes of such notions in the original attributes of the sacred ternary of Saint-Martin, for they have practically reached the limits of deformation. On the other hand, one most important aspect of the Martinist doctrine hardly appears at all in the Revolutionary inversion of it. Saint-Martin had described progress in terms of the evolution of consciousness, and had emphasized the rôle of the real Sovereigns or "Adept Kings" of mankind as the wise and strong sustainers of the weak and ignorant. The Revolutionists who wanted their liberty and equality here and now were not evolutionists, and they could not tolerate the notion that there might exist on this planet other beings wiser and stronger than themselves. The suspicion of such a possibility seems to have haunted Robespierre like a nightmare.

Doubtless, many of the Revolutionists—homicidal maniacs, like Marat, and *amateurs* of political power, like Danton—were intellectually detached from the dogmas of the new democracy which they regarded as mere formulæ wherewith they might cloak their ruling passions. But it may be taken as a fact that without these dogmas to support it the Revolution could never have taken its actual course. They were already present in the consciousness of the nation as dynamic centres of active misunderstanding before the political upheavals began. It is significant that the Abbé Sieyès could assert without challenge before the Convention that the Rights of Man were "so clearly known and so self-evident that their extreme simplicity is without doubt the only reason why anyone ever imagined that the truth could be otherwise". There is historical authority for the view that the dogmas of the Revolution were primarily the product of an intense Masonic activity during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, and that the debasement and failure of the Masonic lodges preceded the convulsions of the First Republic. When the lodges were brought into contact with the Mystery doctrine through the work of Saint-Martin, Cagliostro and others, the response, indeed, was great, but the wrong elements responded.

In a recent article,³ M. Louis Rougier seems to touch the most active cause of that wrong response. He hints that there are some people who cannot enjoy the opera because they are in the family circle, while others—no better than they, of course, only richer—have seats in the orchestra. Such persons as these are easy converts to the cult of equality. It is an allegory illustrating the hatching of a dogma. Perhaps, the dogmas of the Eighteenth Century were the fruit of similar meditations dictated by similar envies and resentments. Rougier imagines Rousseau and his followers saying, in some moment of lucidity, exactly what they meant: "We want to be free, but we are not as free as we want to be. To legitimize our desire, we decree *a priori* that we have a right to liberty, and that any state refusing our demand is in the wrong."

It would seem that the student of Theosophy can learn much for his own guidance from reflection upon the causes of the failure of past efforts to preserve or to revive the Mystery teaching in the world. The failure of the Eighteenth Century, of which a tentative and fragmentary sketch has been attempted, is, perhaps, the easiest to study because the data are, in general, more available, and because certain reliable information has been published concerning some of the individuals who were then active in France as agents of the Lodge.

It has been suggested that their labours were frustrated by the active misunderstandings of those who received their teaching, and that these misunderstandings resulted in the conversion of a doctrine, intended to move the soul, into a system of dogmas which expressed and "sanctified" the passions of the elemental man. In this way the *theosophy* of Saint-Martin and his

³ *Mercur de France*, September 1, 1928; art. "De la Mystique démocratique," by Louis Rougier.

associates passed from mind to mind until at last it appeared in the outer arena as a motive of sedition and self-assertion, as a generator of acts which were the reverse of what had been intended by the authors of the original doctrine.

All this may seem remote to the contemporary student who has no intention of joining the Bolsheviki. Nevertheless, the history of the Eighteenth Century illustrates the potencies which are contained in any active misunderstanding of a spiritual truth. If misconceptions be essentially the productions of wrong desire, they are *ipso facto* the moulds of wrong actions. The more noble the truth which is travestied, the more destructive will be the ignoble act which ultimately gives physical form to the travesty.

The student will recall the statement that the Mystery teachings are concerned with universal principles and that no intellectual view of them, in our present condition of consciousness, can possibly be other than partial and imperfect. The value of an intellectual view is that it may fire our imagination with some intuition of a cosmic purpose in which we are privileged to participate. But we cannot effectively participate in it, if we seriously pretend that any mental form by which we symbolize our intuition can be the image of all the truth that there is in the Universe.

As so often, one must resort to a paradox. "One thing I know, that I know nothing", said Socrates, rebuking some opinionated youth. To understand, or rather to grow in understanding, is to recognize at every instant how little one actually knows.

Intellectual humility can and must be cultivated. But our efforts to nurture it will be vain if we do not practise constant discernment between the mortal and the immortal elements of desire. The *intelligentsia* of the Eighteenth Century were intellectually arrogant, but their arrogance was the mental expression of a host of passions, envies, jealousies, vanities, and ambitions.

A philosopher has said that the Good is the true object of every desire, but that in their ignorance men confuse reality with some warped reflection of it in the mind. The essence of a desire is real and its true object is real, but, between them, the imagination, misguided by egotism or passion, inserts a false object, a counterfeit of reality. In order to fortify the illusion that the counterfeit is the real, we make a dogma and assert that it must be so.

S. L.

WHY I REJOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MANY members of the T. S. have told us in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY why they joined the Society. It is interesting to students of Theosophy to note the various circumstances which have influenced their comrades of quite different religious beliefs and ideas to take so important a step.

I happen to be one who joined and left the Society, but who became subsequently thoroughly convinced that the only consistent course was to seek for re-admission. Since this return no misgivings have arisen as to the value of that great opportunity, which every member enjoys, of learning the real meaning of theosophical life and work. It may be of interest to record some of the considerations which led me to retrace my steps, and link my life again with those who are associated in the effort to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour.

A Catholic by birth, much of my thought had been given to the ideas of death, judgment, hell, and heaven; to the doctrine of the vicarious atonement; to the efficacy of prayer; the virtue of the sacraments and the necessity of obedience to authority. Authority was really the axis upon which these values turned, for they derived their weight from teachers who inculcated them before the mind was capable of estimating their merits or determining their validity.

A child born of Catholic parents is instructed, as a rule, in the catechism at a very early age, and the preconceived notions of his parents are sedulously packed into his unfolding intelligence. Later on, he is sent to a Catholic school, where the same doctrines are further insisted on in the name of authority delegated by Jesus Christ. He is taught that the goal is the saving of his own soul, so that a sublimated form of self-preservation becomes the motive power of his spiritual battery. His basic presuppositions are: (1) That Jesus Christ is God and Man in one Person. (2) That Jesus Christ founded an exoteric Church identical with the institution of the Papacy.

Anybody subscribing to these propositions is said to be logically committed to Catholicism. These constitute the Rock on which the Church is founded, but, as a writer has wittily said, the Rock itself is in the air.

The religion of Catholic authority held me with a tight rein until my thirty-fifth year. About that time I was much attracted by Florence Marryatt's book, *There is no Death*, in which the main ideas of modern Spiritualism are graphically expounded. Spiritualism paved the way to acquaintance with a number of mediums—to "materialization" séances—clairvoyant delineations

—and puzzling psychic phenomena. *Spirit Teachings*, by the late Stainton Moses, and similar books, gave the first shake to my faith in religious authority. But when the fascination of spiritualistic wonders had worn off, a disillusion set in. The vast majority of the alleged communications from the "other side" were too undignified to be ascribed to the human entities we had known and loved before death took them out of sight. Then the wearying repetition of tests had very little point when once the fact of extra-mundane communication had been established. Nor was I much impressed by either the intellectual or the moral status of the leading exponents of Spiritualism, who had apparently no safe guidance to offer in the most vital and sacred requirements of the human soul. Turning to the lives of the great Catholic saints and mystics, I frequently found the soundest advice and the most uplifting example in the record of their luminous experiences. Anybody who compares the wonders of grace which illumined their ways with the paltry tricks and morbid vulgarities of Spiritualism, cannot but feel that the saints were genuine disciples in the spiritual life.

A note of interrogation, however, had forced its way into nearly every page of my book of faith. The hidden assumptions of dogmatic teachers and the mind-fashioning element in religious concepts, were subjected to a criticism which led me further away from the religion of my childhood. The saints seemed right, yet the Church seemed wrong! Where was the master-hand which would conduct the soul to the light and freedom of the one, and out of the obscurantism and intransigence of the other?

It was while persistently searching for guidance in this quandary that I came across some members of the Theosophical Society. The numerous difficulties I put to them were answered in a way which showed a living Power was at work, pointing to some Truth towards which all minor verities gravitated—to some Reality in which all reflections were resolved back into their original Light. An eager study of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY followed, and after attending every available meeting for a few months, I applied for admission into the Society. By this time I was pretty well outside the fold, as Roman Catholics understand it. There was a flow of life in the T. S. comparable to the sacramental influx, but without any of those dogmatic limits and obstructions which the Roman hierarchy imposes.

This change, however, was not achieved without some conscious re-actions. All outward religious expression had been dropped, and the loss of the haunting liturgy and impressive ritual of the Church was keenly felt. This may have accounted for a lively interest in a neo-Platonic group devoted to the Greek wisdom. It had a ritual all its own, and a brotherhood which contrived to bring into harmonious concourse, for a time, persons of many social grades and attainments, under an inspiring enthusiasm for spiritual achievement. One of the members of this group introduced me to a Kabalistic Order in which a still more solemn ritual was progressively unfolded. Somewhat to my surprise, I discovered that several Roman Catholics held office in this Kabalistic Circle, and it was eventually through an influence they brought to bear that

I was persuaded to return to the Roman Catholic communion. When it became a question of receiving the sacraments some account of my lapse from the faith became necessary, and my theosophical leanings were disclosed. The good Father who heard my confession, acting under his Archbishop's special instructions, made my resignation from the T. S. a condition of his priestly absolution. I was reluctant to take this step, but felt that, while resigning outwardly from the Society, no authority could interfere with my deep appreciation of the theosophical writers in the *QUARTERLY*. As M. Loisy says: "You cannot kill ideas with a big stick." Moreover, there was probably some confusion in the Archbishop's mind, owing to Theosophy in England being so generally identified with Mrs. Besant's activities, so that a condemnation perhaps was touching me which should have been reserved for others. Once again, then, I was cradled in the Catholic Church, but gazing this time with interest through the network of the cradle, at other great religions and philosophies now a little better known to me than before. It seemed impossible to silence the thousand voices of enquiry which kept up a forum in my thoughts, even under the roof of orthodoxy. Echoes of the philosophy of freedom followed me everywhere, while critical intuitions startled me with their invading light. The Spirit of Modernism danced in and out of my soul leaving me sometimes puzzled and wondering, sometimes anxious and apprehensive. Meanwhile, I had kept up a little correspondence with some of my old comrades in the T. S. Occasionally we crossed swords on some doctrinal question; but behind the points I tried to emphasize there was a desire to reconcile Catholic theology with Eastern mysticism.

It was clear that the T. S. as such, being entirely free from any doctrines as obligatory upon its members, did not come into conflict with the adherents of any religion. After all, could there exist any RELIGIOUS body which objected to the formation of a spiritual nucleus of humanity?

Yet there was a certain challenge in the fact that the Church put forward her dogmas and regulations in the name of authority from the outside. The T. S. sounded rather a clarion call to the slumbering spirit within man. The Church said "Obey"; the T. S. said "Examine". The Church offered a crutch; the T. S. said "Walk"! Here seemed the parting of the ways between the religion of authority and the science of the spirit.

But the invitation of the T. S. is not to an empty platform, as Professor Mitchell pointed out in his 1927 Convention address. Truth seekers are not merely urged to a *terminus a quo*, such as the religious aspect of Modernism has initiated. On the contrary, it is clear that a very definite and profound philosophy is put forward for examination, and that most students of long standing in the T. S. accept the principles of this philosophy as outlined in *Esoteric Buddhism* and more fully expounded in *The Secret Doctrine*. Spiritual monism being at the base of the esoteric philosophy, presents at once a challenge to the dualistic foundation of Catholic doctrine. Catholicism, though claiming Jesus as its founder, has retained a Jewish conception of God which he repeatedly discountenanced. In *The Secret Doctrine* we are reminded that

Fichte reveres Jesus as the great Teacher who inculcated the Unity of the Spirit of man with the God Spirit or Universal Principle. The breach widens as the sequences of this fundamental divergence develop. Like contortions produced by some central shock, out of the dualistic foundation has come the whole Catholic Christology—the divorce between religion and science—the smothering of the “divine idea” by the institution—and the development of explicit teaching from an alleged *depositum fidei* whose original terms have remained in *abscondito*.

There are many members of the T. S. who are able to reconcile adhesion to the Christian faith with theosophical ideals—why not indeed? But surely it is impossible to accept the fundamental formulæ of *The Secret Doctrine*, without putting oneself outside the pale of institutional Catholicism.

Faced with this dilemma, I sought for some solution in the pages of writers such as Coventry Patmore, Miss Maud Petre, Fr. George Tyrrell, and others, who looked to the spirit rather than the letter of religion; but my study of their views landed me on a negative path, aside from all the roads that led to any positive criterion. It was then that a friend obtained for me an invitation to attend a group engaged in learning the art of “harmonious development” under the guidance of Mr. Ouspensky. He set us working along the line of introspection; of non-mechanical thought and action, *i.e.* non-identification with our own mental and emotional states. Behind Mr. Ouspensky, there was an establishment at Fontainebleau where an extraordinary régime was carried out under the leadership of Mr. Gurjieff, but circumstances prevented me from following up these studies. One day, in reply to my question, Mr. Ouspensky referred to the Eucharist in connection with a certain original provision in the Mysteries, and his remarks were the occasion of another blow to my Catholicism.

Scarcely knowing whither to turn for sound counsel and spiritual lucidity in this *mélange confus de bien et de mal*, I felt impelled to look once more to the T. S. for light. When I reconsidered the answers it gave to the problems of human existence; the foundation of all religious doctrines it disclosed; its absolute freedom from dogmatic tyranny; the results it had produced in the characters of its living exponents; its seen and unseen resources in the work of spiritually educating the devotees of all churches and the students of all philosophies,—I realized that no other step was possible for me than to apply once more for admission. I saw the T. S. as a prismatic organism informed and governed by a spiritual Unity of Divine Light. I assured myself that not even the meanest soul could become linked with so great an instrument, without sharing in that spiritual uplift of which humanity is in so great need to-day.

It then became my privilege to set to work with others like-minded, and to help to win this blessing for others; to become the means, if possible, of putting others on the track of those mighty Truths which have come down to us under the name of The Wisdom Religion or THEOSOPHIA. X. R.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART II, SECTIONS 1-24

CORRESPONDENCE AND EMANATION

IN the second Section of this great Upanishad, Instruction for Disciples is carried a step farther. The principle of Emanation and the great law of Correspondence are illustrated by a series of natural symbols, all of them familiar even to the youngest student of the sacred Wisdom. They are told, first, what it is that emanates, revealing the manifested worlds from the unmanifested Logos. And the triune being of the Logos is once more made clearer, this time by a play of words, based on several meanings of the word Sama, besides its primary meaning, as the system of magical intoning which is the heart of the Sama Veda. The three meanings of Sama are Abundance, Grace, Goodness. They correspond to the True, the Beautiful, the Good of Plato's sacred triad, or to *Sat, Chit, Ananda*, Being, Consciousness, Bliss, of the Vedanta of Shankaracharya. The hidden Logos becomes manifest through the mighty music of the Word, the music of the spheres,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubim,

and this magical music emanates the worlds.

The series of emanations, earlier illustrated by groups of three, is now pictured by a series of five, beginning with the Earth; that is, beginning from below and ascending; then comes the return, the descent from above, once again in a series of five degrees: Earth, Fire, Mid-space, Sun, Aether; Aether, Sun, Mid-space, Fire, Earth. For him the Regions build, both the Powers going upward and the Powers returning, who rightly understands this. This takes the disciple upward from the stage where he must begin his course, the stage of natural life on earth, through the fire of purification to the mid-space of the first inner world, through this to the sun, here, as always, symbolizing the Logos, and thence to the Aether, which represents the Eternal, Parabrahm, the ultimate goal of the eternities. The progression of cosmic emanation is in the reverse direction: from the Eternal, the Logos comes into manifestation, from the Logos comes the manifestation of space, from this again the fire of manifested life, and, finally, the earth, representing completely developed organic life. Here, the progression is given in both directions. Thereafter, the disciple is left to work it out for himself, only one direction being given.

Through the whole runs an inner meaning. Thus, the Waters mean, as always, the cosmic deep, the waters of space. In the Waters he goes not astray, of the Waters he is lord, who rightly understands this. He wins a home in the air, and afterwards in the ether, who knows this.

The same inner meaning is present in the enumeration of the Animals. The word *aja* means "goat"; it is also *a-ja*, "unborn", the symbol of the Logos. The sheep, the celestial flock, are a familiar symbol in the West. The cow has long been a symbol of the Logos in India, as the giver of sustenance. Similarly, the horse symbolizes the power of the Logos, with its swift extension through the worlds of space, as the manifested worlds. *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* opens with the symbol of the sacrificial horse, the Logos sacrificially offered in the manifestation of the worlds.

Then the fivefold symbol is expanded to seven, the names of the successive parts or stages of the Sama chant being used to illustrate it. Once more, the universe is the Divine Song, rising from the first tone, at cosmic dawn, to the loud chant of fully manifested day, and sinking again to the closing tone in the evening twilight of cosmic day.

The symbolism of the Sun as the Logos is then more fully developed. The sevenfold Logos, the sevenfold Host whose united consciousness and powers constitute the consciousness and power of the Logos, are symbolized by the seven stages of the day from morning to evening twilight. And seven classes of manifested lives are in like manner symbolized by animals, men, birds, devas and so on. This is followed by an exercise in arithmetic, based upon the seven stages of emanation, each threefold, with the One, unchanging Being, the whole numbering twenty-two.

The divisions which follow, dealing with a series of forms of Sama chants, had a much richer and deeper significance for the young disciples of those ancient days, than they can have for us, since they were familiar with these magical songs. We may illustrate one of them: the Gāyatrī is the great verse from the Rig Veda, attributed to the Rajput sage Vishvamitra:

Let us meditate on the excellent radiance
Of that Divine Sun!
May He guide our souls forward!

Each division takes a symbol which illustrates a stage of the great cosmic process. Each division speaks of the victorious might of him who, attaining, becomes Master of these cosmic powers.

Then, after a passage which appears to give a clue to the magical correlations of the tones, comes an outline of the life of the disciple, beginning with sacrifice, study, generous self-giving, leading onward through fervour of meditation and will in the "family" of his Master, to the great victory.

The three periods of the day, beginning with early morning, symbolize the three great stages: disciple, adept, Master. Advancing, he invokes each divine Power: "Open thou the door of the realm! Thrust back the bar!" The symbol is universal. To the disciple, it is said: "You must be ready to lift the bar of the Golden Gate." Through the ages, the Master says, "I am the door."

FROM DISCIPLE TO MASTER

Om! Reverence of the Sama in totality (*samasta*) is good, in truth. For what is good, that, in truth, they name Sama (abundance). What is not good, they call not-Sama (lack).

So likewise they say: With Sama (graciousness) he came to him; the meaning is, With good will he came to him. Or they say, With not-Sama he came to him; that is, Without graciousness he came to him.

So likewise they say: Verily, we have Sama (that which is good), if it be good; the meaning is, This is good. Or they say, We have not-Sama, if it be not good; the meaning is, This is not good.

Among the Regions, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:

Earth is the First Tone.

Fire is the Opening Praise.

Mid-space is the Loud Chant.

Sun is the Response.

Aether is the Closing Tone.

Thus among the Powers going upward.

And so among the Powers returning:

Aether is the First Tone.

Sun is the Opening Praise.

Mid-space is the Loud Chant.

Fire is the Response.

Earth is the Closing Tone.

For him the Regions build, both the Powers going upward and the Powers returning, who, thus knowing this, among the Regions reverences the Sama as having five forms.

In the Rain, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:

Rising wind is the First Tone.

Cloud forming is the Opening Praise.

Rain falling is the Loud Chant.

Lightning with Thunder is the Response.

Clearing after Rain is the Closing Tone.

For him comes Rain, he causes Rain, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Rain.

In all Waters, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:

Cloud condensing is the First Tone.

Rain descending is the Opening Praise.

Waters rolling eastward are the Loud Chant.

Waters rolling westward are the Response.

Ocean is the Closing Tone.

In the Waters he goes not astray, of the Waters he is lord, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Waters.

In the Seasons of the year, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:

Springtime is the First Tone.
Hot season is the Opening Praise.
Rains are the Loud Chant.
Autumn is the Response.
Winter is the Closing Tone.

For him the Seasons build, of the Seasons he is lord, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Seasons.

In Animals, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:

Goats (*aja*) are the First Tone.
Sheep are the Opening Praise.
Cows are the Loud Chant.
Horses are the Response.
Man is the Closing Tone.

For him Animals are multiplied, of Animals he is lord, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in Animals.

In the Life-powers, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms, most excellent:

Life-breath is the First Tone.
Voice is the Opening Praise.
Seeing is the Loud Chant.
Hearing is the Response.
Mind (*manas*) is the Closing Tone.

Most excellent, verily, are these. His is the most excellent, most excellent worlds he wins, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Life-breaths.

And so concerning seven forms. Let him reverence the Sama as having seven forms in Voice:

Of Voice, whatever is *hum*, is the First Tone (*hin-kāra*).
Whatever is *pra*, is the Opening Praise (*pra-slāva*).
Whatever is *ā*, is the Beginning (*ā-dī*).
Whatever is *ud*, is the Loud Chant (*ud-gītha*).
Whatever is *prati*, is the Response (*prati-hāra*).
Whatever is *upa*, is the Diminution (*upa-drava*).
Whatever is *ni*, is the Closing Tone (*ni-dhana*).

For him Voice milks milk, which is the milk of Voice, of food he is lord, an eater of food is he, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having seven forms in Voice.

And so, of a truth, let him reverence yonder Sun as the Sama having seven forms. Because it is the same for all, it is the Sama. Toward me, toward me, it shines, they all say; because of this sameness it is the Sama. Let him know that all beings here are correlated with the Sun.

The time before sunrise is the First Tone. Animals are correlated with this, therefore they sound the First Tone; for they are partakers in the First Tone of this Sama.

And so sunrise is the Opening Praise. Men are correlated with this, therefore they are lovers of praise, lovers of laudation; for they are partakers in the Opening Praise of this Sama.

And so the time of the early gathering of kine is the Beginning. The birds of the air are correlated with this, therefore they fly hither and thither bearing themselves upward in mid-air without support; for they are partakers in the Beginning of this Sama.

And so when it is exactly mid-day, this is the Loud Chant. The Bright Powers are correlated with this, therefore they are best of the offspring of the Lord of Beings; for they are partakers in the Loud Chant of this Sama.

And so when it is past mid-day in the early afternoon, this is the Response. Children unborn are correlated with this, therefore they are upborne, they descend not; for they are partakers in the Response of this Sama.

And so when the afternoon is past, before sunset, this is the Diminution. The Forest Lives are correlated with this; therefore, seeing a man, they make themselves small in a hiding-place, a den; for they are partakers in the Diminution of this Sama.

And so when the Sun has just set, this is the Closing Tone. The Fathers are correlated with this, therefore they make offerings to the Fathers; for they are partakers in the Closing Tone of this Sama.

Thus, of a truth, he reverences yonder Sun as the Sama having seven forms.

And so let him reverence the Sama having seven forms, self-measured, passing beyond Death. The First Tone (*hin-kāra*) measures three syllables; the Opening Praise (*pra-stāva*) measures three syllables. This is the same measure.

The Beginning (*ā-di*) measures two syllables; the Response (*prati-hāra*) measures four syllables. Moving one from this to that, makes the same measure.

The Loud Chant (*ud-gītha*) measures three syllables; the Diminution (*upa-drava*) measures four syllables. Three and three are the same, with one syllable remaining. Measuring three syllables, it is the same.

The Closing Tone (*ni-dhana*) measures three syllables; this is the same. These, verily, taken together measure two and twenty syllables.

With one and twenty he gains the Sun, for yonder Sun is one and twentieth from here. Through the two and twentieth he wins the realm beyond the Sun. This is Rest, for this is free from sorrow.

He gains, of a truth, the victory of the Sun, yea, his victory is beyond the victory of the Sun, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama having seven forms, self-measured, passing beyond Death,—reverences the Sama.

Mind is the First Tone.

Voice is the Opening Praise.

Seeing is the Loud Chant.

Hearing is the Response.

Life-breath is the Closing Tone.

This is the Sama of the Gāyatrī, woven on the Life-breaths.

He who thus knows this Sama of the Gāyatrī woven on the Life-breaths, is a lord of the Life-breaths, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Great in mind should he be: this is his vow.

He whirls the fire-stick; this is the First Tone.

Smoke is generated; this is the Opening Praise.

Flames arise; this is the Loud Chant.

Red embers are formed; this is the Response.

It sinks to quiescence; this is the Closing Tone.

It reaches complete quiescence; this is the Closing Tone.

This is the Rathantara Sama, woven upon Fire.

He who thus knows this Rathantara Sama woven upon Fire, is a lord of Divine Fire, he is an eater of food, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not sip water and spurt it upon the fire: this is his vow.

Sunrise is the First Tone.

The risen Sun is the Opening Praise.

High noon is the Loud Chant.

Afternoon is the Response.

Sunset is the Closing Tone.

This is the Brihat Sama, woven upon the Sun.

He who thus knows this Brihat Sama woven upon the Sun, is a lord of Radiance, he is an eater of food, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not blame burning heat: this is his vow.

Vapours float together; this is the First Tone.

The rain cloud is born; this is the Opening Praise.

Rain descends; this is the Loud Chant.

It lightens, it thunders; this is the Response.

The sky clears; this is the Closing Tone.

This is the Vai-rupa Sama woven upon the Rain.

He who thus knows this Vai-rupa (variformed) Sama woven upon the Rain, gathers cattle of various form, of fair form, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not blame falling rain: this is his vow.

Springtime is the First Tone.

Hot season is the Opening Praise.

Rains are the Loud Chant.

Autumn is the Response.

Winter is the Closing Tone.

This is the Vai-rāja Sama woven upon the Seasons.

He who thus knows this Vai-rāja (radiating) Sama woven upon the Seasons, he radiates through offspring and cattle, through Divine Radiance, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Let him not blame the Seasons: this is his vow.

Earth is the First Tone.

Mid-space is the Opening Praise.

Aether is the Loud Chant.

Space-directions are the Response.

Ocean is the Closing Tone.

These are the parts of the Shakvari Sama woven upon the world-realms.

He who thus knows these parts of the Shakvari Sama woven upon the world-realms, he is lord of the world-realms, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Let him not blame the world-realms: this is his vow.

Goats are the First Tone.

Sheep are the Opening Praise.

Cows are the Loud Chant.

Horses are the Response.

Man is the Closing Tone.

These are the parts of the Revati Sama woven upon Animals.

He who thus knows these parts of the Revati Sama woven upon Animals, he is lord of Animals, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Let him not blame Animals: this is his vow.

Hair is the First Tone.

Skin is the Opening Praise.

Muscle is the Loud Chant.

Bone is the Response.

Marrow is the Closing Tone.

This is the Yajñāyajñīya Sama woven upon the parts of the body.

He who thus knows this Yajñāyajñīya Sama woven upon the parts of the body, he is lord of the parts, not through any part does he fall short, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Through the year he should not eat the marrow: this is his vow. He should not eat the marrow, verily.

Fire is the First Tone.

Wind is the Opening Praise.

Sun is the Loud Chant.

Star-spaces are the Response.

Moon is the Closing Tone.

This is the Rājana Sama woven upon the Divine Potencies.

He who thus knows this Rājana Sama woven upon the Divine Potencies, successively advances to oneness of realm, oneness of power, oneness of being with the Divinities, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not blame knowers of the Eternal: this is his vow.

The threefold Vedic wisdom is the First Tone.

These three realms are the Opening Praise.

Fire-lord, Wind-lord, Sun, this is the Loud Chant.

Star-spaces, winged birds, sun-rays, this is the Response.

Serpents, seraphs, the Fathers, this is the Closing Tone.

This is the Sama woven upon the All.

He who thus knows this Sama woven upon the All, he is one with the All.

Therefore, there is this verse:

Whatsoever things have five forms, in threes each, than them naught else is greater, higher.

Who knows this, knows the All. All world-spaces carry the offering to him. Let him pay reverence, saying: I am the All: this is his vow. This is his vow.

I choose the loud-toned Sama like the voice of kine. This is the Loud Chant of the Fire-lord. The undefined tone is of the Lord of beings. The defined tone is of the Lunar lord. The soft and smooth tone is of the Wind-lord. The smooth and powerful tone is of Indra. The tone like the curlew's call is of the Great Preceptor. The descending tone is of the Water-lord. Let him make use of all these, yet let him set aside that of the Water-lord.

Let me sing immortality for the Bright Powers (thus let him sing): oblation for the Fathers; fair hope for the sons of man; grass and water for kine; the heavenly world for the Sacrificer; food for myself, let me sing. Meditating these things in his heart, let him sing this praise unperturbed.

All vowels are selves of Indra. All breathings are selves of the Lord of beings. All contacts (consonants) are selves of the Lord of death.

If one reproach him concerning vowels, he should say: I have taken refuge with Indra, Lord of power; he will answer thee!

And so, if one reproach him concerning breathings, he should say: I have taken refuge with the Lord of beings; he will pulverize thee!

And so, if one reproach him concerning contacts, he should say: I have taken refuge with the Lord of death; he will consume thee!

All vowels are to be voiced with full sound, with power, saying: In Indra, Lord of power, let me give power! All breathings are to be voiced distinctly, not suppressed, open, saying: To the Lord of beings let me give myself over! All contacts are to be voiced clearly, unblurred, saying: From the Lord of death let me withdraw myself!

There are three branches of the law of righteousness: Sacrifice, study, giving,—this is the first. Fervour, verily,—this is the second. Service of the Eternal, dwelling in the family of a Master,—this is the third, entering and establishing himself perfectly in the family of a Master. All these lead to holy realms. He who stands firm in the Eternal goes to immortality.

The Lord of beings brooded with fervour upon the realms of life. From them, brooded upon with fervour, the threefold Wisdom emanated. On this Wisdom He brooded with fervour. From it, brooded upon with fervour, these imperishable syllables emanated: Earth, Mid-world, Heaven.

Upon these He brooded with fervour. From them, brooded upon with fervour, the sound Om emanated. Therefore, like as by the leaf-stalk all the leaflets are threaded together, so by the sound Om all Voice is threaded together. The sound Om, verily, is this All. The sound Om, verily, is this All.

Those who possess the Word of the Eternal declare that to the Powers of life belongs the morning sacrifice; to the Powers of force belongs the mid-day sacrifice; to the Sun-powers, the All-powers, belongs the third sacrifice.

Where, then, is the world of the sacrificer? If he know not this, how may he do it? So let him who knows do it.

Before beginning the early morning recitation, let him seat himself behind the household fire, facing the North, and intone the Sama to the Powers of life:

Open thou the door of the realm!

Let us behold thee for sovereignty!

So he makes the offering, saying: Obeisance to the Fire-lord, earth-indwelling, realm-indwelling! Discover the realm for me offering sacrifice! This is the realm of the sacrificer! I shall enter! I, the sacrificer, when my span is fulfilled. Adoration! Thrust aside the bar! Having said this, he rises. To him the Powers of life grant the morning libation.

Before beginning the mid-day recitation, let him seat himself behind the altar-fire, facing the North, and intone the Sama to the Powers of force.

Open thou the door of the realm!

Let us behold thee for wide sovereignty!

So he makes the offering, saying: Obeisance to the Wind-lord, mid-world-indwelling, realm-indwelling! Discover the realm for me offering sacrifice! This is the realm of the sacrificer! I shall enter! I, the sacrificer, when my span is fulfilled. Adoration! Thrust aside the bar! Having said this, he rises. To him the Powers of force grant the mid-day libation.

Before beginning the third recitation, let him seat himself behind the fire of oblation, facing the North, and intone the Sama to the Sun-powers, the All-powers:

Open thou the door of the realm!

Let us behold thee for sovereignty of the Self!

Thus for the Sun-powers. So for the All-powers:

Open thou the door of the realm!

Let us behold thee for final sovereignty!

So he makes the offering, saying: Obeisance to the Sun-powers, to the All-powers, Heaven-indwelling, realm-indwelling! Discover the realm for me offering sacrifice! This is the realm of the sacrificer! I shall enter! I, the sacrificer, when my span is fulfilled. Adoration! The bar is thrust aside! Having said this, he rises. To him the Sun-powers, the All-powers, grant the third libation.

He, verily, knows the full measure of the sacrifice, who knows thus, who knows thus.

C. J.

It is submission to the will of God which sets all the value upon our sacrifices; which gives merit to our sufferings; which sanctifies our joys; which takes the bitterness out of our afflictions, and the poison out of our prosperity; which stabilizes our irresoluteness; which calms our fears; which upholds our courage; which regulates our hopes; which puts our zeal in safe keeping; which, in a word, insures all our virtues, and makes even our imperfections useful. This it is which inspires good counsel; which is answerable for the success of our undertakings; which makes us masters of circumstances; which sanctifies every condition of life, and which determines every duty.—MASSILLON.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder began the proceedings by saying that some readers of the QUARTERLY appeared to misunderstand the attitude of our contributors when dealing with national and international questions.

"What ought to be our aim?" he asked. "Surely, to reflect, so far as we are able, the attitude of the Masters. I do not see how that can be questioned. Next, what is the attitude of the Masters? Here, the analogy of a father or mother with a number of children may help us. The father, let us hope, is profoundly interested in the development of each one of them. It is his duty to see both the best and the worst in them, and, where these overlap, to foster the growth of the best, and to do everything in his power to discourage the worst. He may have to be severely outspoken at times, and will not hesitate to 'speak out' about one of them in the presence of the others, if by so doing he thinks he can impress the delinquent more deeply. He is just, and distributes praise or reproof as his children deserve. He expects more of the older children than of the younger, and, while he has no favourites, his hopes for some may properly be greater than for others.

"With that picture and feeling clearly in mind, let us see how it works out in the case of the Lodge of Masters *vis-à-vis* to the nations of the world,—their children. One child savagely attacks another. Point number one: Masters are far from being *au-dessus de la mêlée*. Point number two: depending upon the circumstances, as, for instance, the provocation received (if any), they will be more or less angry with the aggressor. Point number three: they will be determined to see justice done, although it may not be possible for them to accomplish this immediately. Point number four: should the offending child prove unrepentant and recalcitrant, it may be necessary to cut him off from the rest of the family until he says he is sorry, and proves it.

"This may help to explain the attitude of the QUARTERLY during and after the Great War.

"But now we come to times of so-called peace, such as the present. One child, say America, is terribly pleased with itself, and the father says so,—right out before the other children (and if the Lodge is compelled to speak through the QUARTERLY, for lack of a better instrument, who should complain?). This does not mean that every citizen of America is pleased with himself: we know too many of its citizens who are painfully self-depreciatory! It means that the spirit of the country, as revealed in its newspapers, in the speeches of its politicians, and in other ways, is one of, 'I am holier, richer, more intelligent than you are.' It is a spirit that needs to be banged, and to be banged hard.

"Point number one under this head: when a father speaks to his children, there is no such thing as 'washing one's dirty linen in public.' There is no

public. It is all 'in the family.' Clearly, from the standpoint of Masters, all nations are members of one family,—even though one or more of them may have become instruments of the Black Lodge.

"Point number two: there is an absolute difference between the criticisms of a man like Lloyd George, writing for the American press, and attributing evil motives to the actions of his own Government—addressing the American mob as a politician, in the hope that the feeling he arouses in America will strengthen his hands in England (that he writes for money may have no bearing on the case)—and the criticisms of those whose opinions appear in the *QUARTERLY*; for the *QUARTERLY* is written only for those who are looking for the Truth, regardless of politics and votes; whose minds are open in regard to the existence of the Lodge, even when they do not as yet actively believe in it; who turn to the *QUARTERLY* in the hope that it will give them further light on the principles of Theosophy, and who thus deliberately place themselves within the range of Lodge influence.

" 'There is no revelation but the ever-continuing.' Just as the Masters gave knowledge to the world—which really means 'to the few'—in the early days of the Society, first in *Isis Unveiled*, then through the pages of *The Theosophist*, *Lucifer*, *The Path* (so long as H. P. B. or W. Q. Judge were connected with them), as well as in many books, such as *The Secret Doctrine*, *Light on the Path*, *The Voice of the Silence*,—so they have continued to share something of their knowledge with 'the few', using the pages of the *QUARTERLY*, as the organ of The Theosophical Society, for that purpose. They have treated its readers as 'within the family.'

"This does not mean, of course, that the criticisms of nations, which occasionally appear in the 'Screen' or in other articles, are any more inspired by Masters than are contributions dealing with totally different subjects. All we claim for the *QUARTERLY* is that it stands for the same universal and eternal principles which have inspired The Theosophical Society since its foundation in 1875, and a knowledge of which we owe directly to the Masters and to their disciples, H. P. B. and Judge. Deductions drawn from those principles may be drawn by anyone. Instead of wishing that the present contributors to the *QUARTERLY* had a monopoly of *that* task, our chief desire in life is that many others would share the responsibility with us. Nor do we ask others to accept our conclusions. For instance: the attitude of a father or mother toward a large family of children, as throwing light upon the attitude of Masters toward the different nations, is an analogy which may or may not be accepted by other students of Theosophy; if not, we should be happier than we can say to publish a better one. The same thing is true of the inferences drawn from that analogy. As further instance: some of us may think that France is the most promising of the Masters' 'children', in spite of her deplorable aberrations; others may put America or England in that position: there is ample room for amicable difference of opinion. I have a friend, a Hollander, a very intelligent and widely travelled man, who manages to think that Holland is the most enlightened among the nations. One

can get along with this sort of thing, because no one, I think, would dare to claim that any nation is perfect.

"Point number three: just as individuals have a higher and a lower nature, with many characteristics and motives that are 'mixed', and the inevitable 'defects of their qualities',—so is it with nations. Further, just as a father may become almost distracted because of the way in which his son is led astray by the defects of his qualities—kind-heartedness perhaps manifesting as a total inability to say 'No' at the right time—so we can imagine the Masters, not as 'distracted', but in a corresponding frame of mind, when they see some nation—one of their children—pursuing a course of action that is inherently foolish, and that is bound to lead that nation and others into trouble. In a certain limited sense, the better the child (the better its general intentions), the more distracted is the father likely to become when he sees that child repeatedly doing the wrong or foolish thing. His attitude toward a bad child is different.

"Point number four: just as we can think of the human personality as made up of hundreds or thousands of elementals, grouped under certain dominant heads, some good, some bad, so is it possible to think of a nation as made up of countless persons divided into groups, all these groups sharing certain basic national tendencies, but differing in vital respects,—one group representing the acquisitive, perhaps the grasping tendencies of that nation; another group the 'sporting' or 'fair play' tendency ('complex', if you prefer that word); yet another, the sense of self-preservation, and so forth. Until the real and inner self has become paramount, the character of the nation, as of the individual, depends upon the established balance between these different groups, and upon which group is most frequently dominant.

"Thus, through the predominance of egotism, Germany became an instrument of the Black Lodge; but this does not mean that all Germans are dominated by egotism, or that all Germans are blind to the condition of their country. Even in the case of an utterly selfish individual, there may be an undercurrent which sees better things, and which regrets the uncontrollable impulses and tendencies of the rest of the nature,—too feeble a minority to do anything about it, but aware, none the less, of its existence. I shall speak of this minority in Germany, later.

"There are detestable things in the French, and exasperating things in the English make-up. (Is any one of us free from tendencies which, at least to ourselves, seem detestable? Do we never exasperate our friends,—those closest and dearest to us?) By way of example: there is an element in France which will condone such a play as 'Napoléon IV', by that unspeakable Maurice Rostand, in which the author suggests that Queen Victoria of England was responsible for the Prince Imperial's death at the hands of the Zulus in 1879,—the truth being, as Paléologue has recently shown, that the old Queen had thought of the Prince as a possible son-in-law, and, as related in the last 'Screen of Time', was kindness and generosity itself to the boy's mother and father. That element in France is thoroughly hateful, as is the political

element typified by Caillaux; but neither of them is *France*, any more than an individual's lower nature is *himself*, unless he permits it to dominate him.

"In the same way there is an element in England which those who love England find peculiarly exasperating, partly because it expresses the defect or perversion of a very fine quality, and partly because of the self-complacent stupidity which it engenders. The quality is a sense of fair play which really amounts to a sense of *noblesse oblige*,—as rare among nations as it is among men. The perversion of this quality is shown in the attitude of a great many English people toward Germany since the war: it is 'grown-up' and superior to be 'just', and justice, in this case, means that you should always be ready with a good word for the 'defeated' party, and equally ready to criticize your late Allies, especially France. There are boys who, having done something rather splendid, react from it by adopting an attitude of 'calm detachment' from themselves and their own performance. Somewhat mortified by their moments of self-forgetfulness—by their enthusiasm and sacrifice—they will go so far as to impugn their own motives rather than have it supposed that they are what they had seemed to be. There are men whose ideals carry them no further than being kind and gentle, and who, if 'held up' by a highwayman, would find it more congenial to invent excuses for his behaviour than to defend the women in their care. Having done violence to their inclination, they seize the first opportunity to shake hands, very gently, with the man they have knocked down. They are being what they call 'just', but what some of us call, idiotic. Further, they are encouraging the highwayman to renew his assault and to finish his job more effectively next time. Always judging others by themselves, they are convinced that highwaymen long for peace—for a quiet home in the country, among lambs and chickens—and are grieved if you fail to accept their view.

"There is a baser element, of course—the tradesman element—which combines readily with the well-intentioned (and we know how the road to Hell is paved). The tradesman element is governed solely by a short-sighted sense of expediency: to trade with Russia and with Germany will be profitable in the present; let the future take care of itself. This element would consider it necessary to pay its bills, in order to maintain its credit; but its appreciation of right and wrong is primitive, to say the least.

"So, in England, you find a combination of different elements, all inclined to shut their eyes to facts and probabilities whenever these are uncomfortable,—a Christian Science attitude such as existed before the war; a general desire to be friends with everybody and not to 'take sides'. The theory seems to be that nations are neither good nor bad (that evil is an old-fashioned illusion), and that if 'Peace, Peace' be uttered often enough, Peace will endure for ever. It is the popular tune to sing. Consequently, the majority of politicians—Conservative, Liberal, and Labour alike—are now singing it, some, because they helped to compose it.

"'There is no religion higher than Truth' is *not* their motto. If it were, I believe they would know the truth, for those who seek, find; and the truth

is that the White Lodge and the Black are at war perpetually, with the souls of men and the souls of nations 'in jeopardy every hour'. Stupidity arising from blindness, which in its turn arises always from some moral defect, such as self-satisfaction or laziness,—stupidity can be used by the Black Lodge as a means to its evil ends, and when a nation behaves stupidly, those who love the White Lodge and who strive to serve its purposes, feel as if they wanted to catch that nation by the scruff of its neck and shake it, not because they are 'down on it', but because their exasperation is a distant echo of that which must be the paternal feeling of the Lodge.

"Take one other instance: do you know of anything more foolish at the present time, internationally, than the way in which England kow-tows to America? English statesmen, so-called, announce almost daily that their chief aim in life is to please and to co-operate with this country. By so doing, they invite snubs,—and who can blame Washington for administering them freely? Such servility is not the attitude that creates respect here; so that England defeats her own ends and constantly weakens the bond that ought to unite the two countries,—a bond which, in the opinion of some of us, the Masters would wish to see strengthened. If England were to forget America, and were to proceed with its own affairs on a common-sense basis, this country would soon be asking for notice. Ambassadors, living in Washington and thrown chiefly with 'statesmen' and politicians, are the worst possible judges of American public opinion. . . . But have I made our attitude clear?"

"Not altogether, I think," the Philosopher suggested. "It will seem to some people that you have put internationalism in the place of patriotism,—which is not in the least what you mean, but which would be inferred by those whose idea of patriotism is, 'My country, right or wrong.' The question of course is: What is true patriotism? The answer, as usual, is to be found in the example of Masters. No one can question the tragic devotion of the Master Christ to the country of his birth—Palestine. 'And when he was come near, he beheld the city (Jerusalem), and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.' Yet no Jew ever lived who understood his people as he did, or who condemned the largest section of them so outspokenly: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' He certainly did not identify himself with the Scribes and Pharisees! The Master K. H., in *The Occult World*, reveals the same attitude, and is equally outspoken about the land of his birth. In other words, the patriotism which is not keenly alive to national defects, and fearless in condemnation of them—which is not working consciously to change evil into good, and good into better—is just as foolish and untheosophical as the so-called love of a mother, whose children, because hers, are perfect."

"What were you going to say about enlightenment in Germany?" the Student now asked the Recorder.

"One of our German members was good enough to send me several copies of a weekly newspaper called *Die Menschheit*, published at Wiesbaden, the motto

of which is: 'For the Peace of Nations and the Progress of Nations through Self-knowledge.' The sender marked an article which shows the existence of a minority in Germany whose opinion of their country is very similar to our own. It is a pleasure, therefore, to quote it in rough translation, and to express satisfaction that this minority (representing the remaining conscience of Germany) still exists, for, no matter how feeble, the least remnant of conscience is better than none. The analogy with an individual is exact.

"The writer of the article in question says: '*Die Menschheit*, in one of its recent issues, reported the conflict in Louvain between the Rector of the University (who caused the Latin inscription on the new Library: "Destroyed by German war fury, restored by American aid", to be removed, in deference to future German guests of the University, and in the interest of European reconciliation) and the American architect Whitney Warren, who wished, with the help of the students, to have this inscription replaced. Public opinion in Belgium has been strongly aroused over this conflict, and passionately discusses the questions of principle involved.

" 'In the true interest of Germany, we should be unconditionally in favour of retaining the original inscription, with its reference to "Furor teutonicus", and we agree with the Belgian newspaper which wrote of the Rector of the University's reference to "charity": "True brotherly love requires precisely that I should not spare my brother the duty of bending before the inexorable might of Justice and Truth." In our opinion, it is far from a real service to our people, whose political consciousness is still in a very undeveloped and unenlightened condition, to build the reconciliation of the nations on mere forgetfulness; to spare the German public the honest explanation of what happened, and the actual judgment of foreign nations regarding the past. Ours is fundamentally a very unchristian people. "Guilt" is after all not something which has to do with our fellow-men only, and which therefore can simply be cancelled like a financial account at one's pleasure; no, every guilt is before all a challenge of the invisible Powers, who are not satisfied until the crime has been retracted, recalled and repaired. Had what was perpetrated by Germany against Belgium been condemned and regretted, even by an *élite* of the German people, in such a way that a genuine consciousness of guilt had been made manifest,—then everything would be different. Instead of this, Belgium has once more been accused by an official German Commission. Such conduct causes shame, and should not be encouraged by harmful illusions of reconciliation. Pestalozzi justly said that he who too easily excuses the guilt of a stranger, is in reality preparing to treat his own faults lightly. How much "modernism" is involved in what purports to be Christian readiness to be reconciled, when, in truth, through mere feebleness, every forceful moral support of the better life in other men is betrayed! But Christ is not softness: he is the Judge of the world, the awakener of the dead, the cleanser of the temple. We decline to accept that imitation Christianity without any bone-forming substance, which pardons and forgives when there has been no repentance or restitution; which opens

all doors to obdurate insolence, and which lacks the courage to refuse recognition. This appears to us to be the worst form of unfriendliness to Germany, which will finally ruin our nation, and give its most undesirable constituents the confidence that one may permit oneself the wildest barbarity in the house of a stranger, and yet, after a time, without any word of excuse or sorrow, may visit it again, and that no further allusion to the barbarity committed will be allowed. So, then: We should wish, for the enlightenment of German youth visiting Louvain, knowing nothing beyond the official lying fable—that unfortunate German soldiers had to protect themselves against Belgian attack—we should wish that the words might remain,—*Furore teutonico diruta, Dono americano restituta.* ”

“Most satisfactory!” the Philosopher exclaimed. “Is it a signed article? It is! Well, that is what I call real patriotism, because Germans who say such things in Germany are ostracized, when not actively persecuted, by the immense majority of their fellow-countrymen.”

“Speaking of patriotism”, began the Student, “there has been a Presidential Election, and ———”

“No politics in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY,” the Recorder interrupted severely.

“I was not going to talk about politics, but about politicians”, protested the Student.

“Worse and worse!”

But the Student would not be discouraged. “Now really,” he said, “I could not be hired to talk politics. What is more, I shouldn’t know how. But the principles, or lack of principles, underlying politics, are just as much the concern of a student of Theosophy, as the principles underlying war and peace, or any other department of human behaviour. Don’t you agree?”

We agreed.

“I have been reading a life of *Kitchener: Soldier and Statesman*, by S. Stuart Starritt, published very cheaply, though well, by The Religious Tract Society. It is an appreciative account of a man who was not a politician. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a gentleman. The ways and motives of politicians were as foreign to him as the ways of earth-worms or bats. He was, in my opinion, the only great man of the World War.”

This was certainly a challenge. Someone suggested Foch. “No”, said the Student; “Foch is a great soldier—a real man—and a man of honour; but he still tries to justify the Armistice, accepting full responsibility for it, while washing his hands of the Peace which followed. Foch knew that the terms of peace would be settled by the politicians, and as he had suffered terribly at their hands all through the war, he should have foreseen what happened later at Versailles. It was inexcusable not to realize that his Armistice was premature, and that the German armies should never have been allowed to return to Germany, armed, and with flags flying. Incidentally, all honour to General Bliss, representing the United States, who urged that the Germans should be totally disarmed,—the opinion of Sir Henry Wilson also.

"Kitchener alone among the Allied Generals insisted from the first that the war would last for several years, and based all his plans accordingly. It was this, and his refusal to send every available soldier to France during the early months of the war—declaring that he must keep some in England to train his armies of the future—that did as much as anything to undermine his influence. Sir John French, Sir Henry Wilson, Joffre, Foch,—all of them vociferated that the war *must* be over within a few months, and that it was little short of criminal to refuse them the men they so badly needed."

Said the Engineer: "I thought it was Kitchener's failure to produce sufficient shells that turned the British Cabinet against him."

"That was the pretext of his detractors", the Student replied; "but the facts are that shortly after Lloyd George was put in charge of munitions, replacing Kitchener, shells began to pour in—everyone of them the fruit of Kitchener's initiative and preparation, although naturally, being what he was and is, Lloyd George took to himself the credit that belonged to the man who was not a politician and who 'did not advertize'. Nearly a year after the Ministry of Munitions had been formed, the manager of Kynochs assured Commander Bellairs, who repeated this in the House of Commons, that his company had not turned out a single article as yet to the order of the Ministry of Munitions, and that everything was still being done on the basis of earlier orders from Kitchener."

"Kitchener was a mystic,—a very practical mystic: that is why he is of special interest to us. The politicians could not understand him, and sensed his complete distrust of them. They were afraid of him at first, but, like wolves, little by little they gathered courage, pushed to it by *vox populi* in the person of Northcliffe, until, in June, 1916, when he left England on the 'Hampshire' for Russia, he was practically *dégommé*, to use the slang of that period. They are a crew!

"Many years ago, H. P. B. told a young member of the T. S. that if he carried out his intention of becoming a lawyer—a barrister—it would ruin him theosophically. Preferring his own opinion to hers, he studied law, became a member of the Bar, and in due course completely justified her warning. He is still alive, but of course has a very poor opinion of her! The law does not necessarily ruin all men, but its study and practice are likely to accentuate certain tendencies—such as hair-splitting and disingenuousness—if these exist already. Politics, as a career, is more debasing than any other known to me, and with every year that passes it seems to sink lower in the scale. King Edward VII certainly had had a long and intimate acquaintance with politicians, and what his opinion of them was, not long before his death, may be gathered from an incident related by General Smith-Dorrien in his *Memories*. He was at Biarritz, where the King was staying. 'One day His Majesty, on meeting me, asked in his deep voice if I had heard that a certain Captain in the Army was leaving it to become an M. P., and added: "Fancy a man leaving the Army to become a politician; a nice profession that, nowadays."'

"One need only think of what men have to do in order to succeed: first, curry favour with certain political leaders so as to obtain a nomination; second, appeal to the mob to vote for you. Think of it in terms of The Theosophical Society, which we must imagine, however, to be divided into two camps, with a number of uncertain votes to be won by this party or the other; and which, by a further stretch of the imagination, we must suppose to be served by officers on a salary basis, instead of without pay of any sort, either direct or indirect,—this being, of course, the way in which The Theosophical Society is officered, none of its members receiving the smallest compensation for their services. So then: at a preliminary caucus, I have been nominated for the office, let us say of Treasurer, with salary, 'appointments', and other 'advantages'. Before the next Convention, at which the election of officers takes place, it will be necessary to visit all the Branches, and even the unattached members, to solicit their votes. Try to conceal it as I may, what I shall really be saying will be: 'Fellow members, please observe what a superior person I am. The other man who is running for this office is quite obviously my inferior. Think of all I have done for the Society, and how little he has done. I rely upon my looks to persuade you to vote for me!' 'Perish rather The Theosophical Society,' before we come to that; and yet that is the accepted procedure in national politics. Worse,—for if a candidate for office be married, he must drag his wife around with him, and exhibit her on platforms, in order to convince the public that she is 'presentable' and will not disgrace the White House or the Executive Mansion in Little Rock or Topeka. If he visits Chinatown it will be to solicit votes, which means that he must kiss Chinese babies and pretend that his lack of a queue is one of the deeper sorrows of his hard and service-loving life. He must be photographed splitting logs in his own backyard, with the legend attached, 'This is how he spends his Saturday afternoons', and, in order to appeal to another type of voter, he must be photographed in 'plus fours' on the links, swinging a golf club, smiling expansively, with the legend, 'Our candidate takes a day off.'

"Now I protest that even if a man can begin that sort of thing with self-respect (and I don't see how he can), it is bound to turn him into a mountebank at the end of a week or two. Therefore when people say that politics is in the hands of low class men because better class men selfishly keep out of it, my answer is that a better class man necessarily becomes low class as soon as he touches it,—and that the fault lies with the system, and with the whole theory of government upon which that system is based."

"Well, what is the remedy?" asked the Historian cheerfully.

"You imply", answered the Student, "that if there be no remedy, nothing is gained by complaining of the condition; but there I should not agree with you. If a man were a leper and did not know it, I should say that the first step would be to start him looking for a cure, and that this could be done helpfully, even if his informant had no panacea to offer him. So long as a sick man thinks he is in blooming health, he is likely to go from bad to worse. The world to-day is delighted with its achievement of democracy. The first

thing to do is to convince it that it is seeing things upside down—in the astral light or thereabouts. This may take several hundred years. I do not know. But clearly it is for students of Theosophy, who recognize the ultimate objective, to *begin* the process of disillusionment, a step at a time. There is no fear, I imagine, that we shall precipitate a revolution! I do not find that the world is unduly concerned about our opinions. Yet we are not wasting our breath if, as a result of the vision that has been given to us, we keep alive, *among the few*, the light which the Ancient Wisdom, Theosophy, throws on this and similar subjects. A very little leaven finally leavens the whole lump. That is our mission: to leaven the lump."

"But what is the ultimate objective?" asked the Recorder, to draw him out.

"What is, or should be, the objective of an individual? One way of expressing it would be,—to put wisdom in the place of folly. The hydra-headed monster within him, instead of governing, should be governed by his own Higher Self. In exactly the same way, there will be no peace in the world—no true prosperity, if you prefer that word—until nations are governed by their own Higher Self. Ultimately, this means by a Master or his delegate; but long, long before that happy stage is reached, the nations must learn, first, that they do not know how to govern themselves, second, that Masters exist and are the best of all governors. What the intermediate steps will be, I have no idea, but, speaking for myself, I should rather be governed by a man like Kitchener, who was neither a sentimentalist nor a theorist, than by a Congress or a Parliament. The difficulty would lie in finding the man like Kitchener, and then in persuading him to accept such a thankless task. Almost inevitably the people would tear him to pieces after a few months or years, and if he were fit for the position, he would foresee his end from the first."

"Are you the new Avatar?" asked our New Visitor suddenly (she was both young and 'modern': an Accident, an awful Accident).

Most of us jumped. But the question had been addressed to the Student, who steadied himself, and then rose to the occasion rather well I thought.

"No," he said; "we are not running an Avatar just at present."

"Oh!" said our New Visitor. "I like the way you talk; and then you are thin—an Avatar must be thin; so I thought—you know what I mean—rather jolly to be an Avatar, don't you think?"

"I'm not sure", the Student replied, warming up. "For the moment I've forgotten the experience. It may come back to me if you'll give me time. It's very worrying for other people though. You never know what an Avatar will be up to next. We do not grudge Mrs. Besant her monopoly of Avatars, perhaps for that reason. In fact we are rather sorry for her, in a mild kind of way,—a satisfactorily remote kind of way, if you know what I mean. She has one called Krishnamurti, and a World Mother too, and lots of Adepts and things: such a responsibility, for a woman too!"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind it in the least", she said. "It would be great fun, I should think."

"No", the Student insisted earnestly: "a great worry, I assure you. You may have to provide for them in the first place, and then some of them may develop ideas, and ideas are always a worry. Whatever you do, never trifle with ideas; they're dangerous."

"But I'm full of ideas!" she protested, clasping her hands delightedly.

"Well, well", he said; "and you're never anxious about them?"

For a moment she looked puzzled. Then she said: "Not *very*; though there are moments, of course, when one is not busy. . . ."

The Student took a card from his pocket. "I received this some weeks ago from a friend who was then in England. It is headed: 'Overheard in an Orchard', and there is a picture at the bottom, of a robin, sitting on a twig of holly, talking to a sparrow. These are the words:

" 'Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

" 'Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me." ' "

"Oh yes", she said eagerly; "that explains it; that's why I don't worry; thank you so much."

"Not at all", he replied; "but I really like those verses, and decided as soon as I read them that I would drag them into the 'Screen' somehow; so I am your debtor, you see, for having given me my opportunity. I did not introduce them as a joke."

"As a joke?" she questioned.

"I never joke", he said solemnly.

Some of us felt that the atmosphere was becoming a shade too rarefied, and were relieved when the Engineer, rather hesitatingly, asked if he might speak. Assured that his contribution would be welcome, he said: "A few days ago I had an imaginary conversation with a Master,—with my Master, as I like to think of him. It occurs to me that the fruit of it may be of use to others who stand, as I do, at the very beginning of the Way. I was dressing, and was feeling grateful for things that had happened the day before. I caught myself saying very clearly in my mind: 'Oh my Lord, I do love thee,—deaf, dumb and blind as I am, I do love thee. . . . Well, you have something better to do than to listen to that sort of talk; and what could you say anyhow, even if I could hear you!' Came a mental reply: 'Why don't you listen and find out? I might have something to say after all!' To which I replied, almost aloud: 'Listen! But I can't hear; you know I can't hear!' Again came a mental reply: 'Of course you can't hear; you don't try to hear.' Then, though the words, if there were any words, escaped me, I had a clear

mental picture of a man who could not distinguish between fine shades of colour, and who said so; and of a man who knew the difference between a pigeon and a robin, but who was quite unable to recognize the difference between the dozen different kinds of warblers which he had been told were to be encountered in his garden; and I realized at once that either of these men could easily cultivate the art merely by doing the thing he could not do,—that is to say, by making himself notice differences, until he became able to give the differences their correct names. And I saw that exactly the same principle applied to my inability to 'hear', and that all I need do is habitually to examine the quality, so to speak, of my thoughts, so as to distinguish, at first roughly, between those that 'come down from above', and those that reach me from below, following this with a more careful and particular discrimination, until I am able to distinguish the voice or 'quality' of X. or Y. or Z., in what, so far, had merely been a 'voice from above',—a voice from some wiser section of my own inner consciousness. An infant must go through exactly the same process as it learns to recognize the difference between its nurse's voice, and its mother's, its father's, and so forth."

"Whose voice was it that told you to listen?" our New Visitor asked.

The Engineer laughed. "How should I know? Judging it by its fruits, it cannot have been a bad one. Sometimes I think that one of our barriers lies in adopting the attitude, quite unconsciously, that unless it be the voice of a Master, it is not worth listening to. Surely, if a Master galvanizes our own inner self, so as to enable it to reach the personal consciousness, the result is sufficiently satisfactory. If a great King should desire to make me a present, and were to send his servant or representative to convey it to me, should I be in a position to say, 'The King himself must bring it'? Truth is truth, no matter what its source, and it seems to me that our first effort should be to determine whether an idea be true or not, rather than to decide whether it comes from a Master, or one of his chélas, or from our 'Guardian Angel', or from some higher level of our own consciousness."

"Thank you", said the Philosopher. "I know that all of us must be feeling grateful to you, as I am, for having broken through your shyness. As Judge said, 'the soul is shy'. And the subject you have touched on is of great importance. Quite recently my attention was called—though not for the first time—to what has come to be known, in the Episcopal Church, as 'Buchmanism'. It is a movement which lays great stress on the need for complete self-surrender to the will of God, and then on the inspiration of the Holy Spirit as daily and hourly guide in all the affairs of life, both inner and outer. At first sight, it is the sort of teaching that necessarily arouses sympathy in a student of Theosophy, and although further consideration will force him to see its dangers, his sympathy will not be lessened. We know too well that every spiritual truth is a two-edged sword; that most people grasp it by the blade instead of by the handle, and that even when they grasp it by the handle, they usually manage to cut themselves for lack of practice in its use."

" 'Buchmanism' is nothing new. It is as old as the everlasting hills. To depend chiefly upon the 'inner light' was the basis upon which the Society of Friends (Quakerism) was founded. There have been many similar movements in the Roman Catholic Church,—that of Molinos, to mention only one of them. Fundamentally, Lao-tsze taught the same doctrine. Its danger lies in the tendency of the untrained—of the uninitiated, to speak more accurately—to confuse the voice of God with the voice of their own desire. Right discrimination can come only as the result of years of self-study and discipline under the direction of an expert. Take the Engineer's analogy,—that of learning to distinguish between different kinds of birds. It is not easy to do this without a teacher. It is notorious that the neophyte, no matter how conscientious, is easily mistaken: no ornithologist would dream of accepting his 'say so'. In the same way, imagine a lot of College boys, suddenly convinced that they could hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, and undertaking to guide their own lives accordingly! Inevitably they would blunder, perhaps terribly.

"Theosophy makes it clear that to follow inner guidance is both a science and an art, and that—as in any science or art—thorough acquaintance with past achievements and failures is essential to success. Respect for experience, and for the experience of the entire human race, is the foundation upon which Theosophy would build the advances of to-day and to-morrow,—always checking the 'inspiration' of the present moment in the light of the past. In that sense, Theosophy is most conservative, while always striving to deepen and broaden the understanding of its followers by encouraging them to be fearless in interpretation, and ardent in their search for inner illumination,—insisting, above all things, that no one can hope to hear the Voice of the Silence—which is the voice of Masters—correctly, until he has learned to recognize, and utterly to disregard, the voice of his own self-will.

"That 'Buchmanism' has been condemned by many on grounds entirely false, goes without saying. The *Churchman*, for instance, attacks it on the ground that 'the Christian ideal of life in its larger social aspects as it faces the inequalities and injustices of human relationships is given no consideration except such as the most elementary goodwill may promise'; but the *Churchman* is significant only because it is so curiously heathen in its outlook: a square meal for everyone, at the same table and, if possible, out of the same dish, appears to be the height of its ideal. True, it would wish Christ to bless the meal; but why, it has never explained.

"My own criticism of this new-old movement would be that it tends to cheapen the spiritual life, and the life of discipleship, by making it appear far easier than actually it is. On the other hand, I believe it contains more of genuine religion than most of its critics have ever dreamed of in their philosophy, and I hope it will grow and prosper. The world is not ready for Theosophy. Meanwhile 'Buchmanism' could do much for the world if the world would let it."

"Would its benefits outweigh its dangers?" the Historian questioned.

"I think so", the Philosopher answered. "It is certainly far less 'dangerous' than the materialism of the *Churchman*. Mr. Griscom's 'Letters to Students' throw valuable light on the whole subject, for they constantly deal with the principles involved. As you know, he was a birth-right Quaker when he joined The Theosophical Society. It is difficult to imagine that, before this issue of the *QUARTERLY* appears (the magazine he founded), we shall have commemorated the tenth anniversary of his death; and yet,—what an eternity it seems! The last of his letters will appear in this issue, and how we shall miss them. They have been of immense help to hundreds of our readers. What a friend he was,—the most loyal of friends; and certainly not less so now, though his physical absence leaves an irreplaceable gap in our ranks."

Someone—he shall be nameless—who has been a member of the Society for many years, now remarked that he had read Mr. Griscom's letters with the greatest pleasure, in spite of the fact that they dealt chiefly with the subject of Chelaship, while he, the speaker, was 'too old' for that, and could not hope to do more in this incarnation than pave the way for success in a future life.

"That is nonsense and disastrous nonsense", the Ancient expostulated. "What you call 'age', as if it were an excuse or an alibi, is no more than a life-long accumulation of small self-indulgences. You are like a man the cellar of whose house is packed with rubbish—the accumulation of a lifetime—old letters and broken furniture and empty bottles and worn-out clothes—and who says he is too old to have them thrown out and destroyed. His children or his executors or somebody, will have to do it when he has 'passed on'. Yet he is quite strong enough to go to a concert, or to Europe if he feels like it; he can, in fact, do anything he really wants to do. Further, in your case, it is not your children who will ever be able to get rid of your accumulation for you. In your next life, you will be born with that same dead weight on top of you, and with the likelihood that you will add to it terribly during the inevitable years before you become aware, *as you now are*, that Chelaship is the goal of existence."

"That is all very well", grumbled our friend, "but if, as you say, my real trouble is 'a life-long accumulation of small self-indulgences'; if, as you suggest, I am weighted down with that,—is not the result the same, namely, practical immobility?"

"Not unless you insist upon it", the Ancient retorted; "for there is that within you which is *not* weighted down, and which remains untouched and untrammelled by the nightmare of the personality. Your cellar, as I suggested, is full of rubbish; but you need no longer eat and sleep in it, as you have been doing. There is a ladder to upper floors. You can climb that ladder to a place of light and freedom, purity and peace. It is within you,—a level of your consciousness which it is easier, in some ways, to reach when you are old than when you are young. Reach it; recognize it as your true self; continually identify yourself with it; study both worlds through its eyes (as it were). Even one step up that ladder will give you vision and

strength enough to hurl some of the litter from your cellar. Try it and see!"

A spoiled child; an indulged and self-indulgent child! That was evident; but if he could have heard, as some of us heard, the undercurrent of passionate regret in the Ancient's voice—for wasted gifts, for lost opportunities—and the fear of what lay ahead, not in this life, but in the next—I think he would have realized that, behind and beyond the Ancient, 'the ever-lasting arms' were wide outstretched to welcome his smallest efforts.

"There are people everywhere", concluded the Ancient, "who say that they long to know; that they have tried to find their Master, but have failed,—and, they add, what is the use? My answer is that they have not tried and that they do not long to know; for if a man longs, really longs, to solve some problem, or to find some hidden treasure, or to discover some unknown country, or to acquire the mastery of some art, he will live his life accordingly: he will study, labour, prepare himself, with his objective ever in view. He will not 'give up' other aims; other aims will disappear for utter lack of attractiveness. And how many, seeking in that spirit, have failed to find! I say,—none. It may seem dogmatic, but I speak from observation and experience, not from theory; and my observation is that a man finds what he seeks, and if he seeks Christ or any other Master, he cannot fail to find him. But he must seek,—not just for half an hour or an hour a day, forgetting his search during other hours; he must seek with a hungry, passionate, devoted heart; he must seek with intelligence, imagination, determination. He is asking for the utmost that life has to give,—for more than wealth, more than worldly honour: he asks to look Heaven in the eyes. . . ." Then, after a pause, he added: "Oh Light of the World, Light of the World, thou art so near, so still, so kind, so wonderful,—nearer always to the humble than to the wise,—we who have failed thee in a thousand ways can only plead: call swiftly, strongly, surely, that souls may arise to fight thy battles and to fill the world with thy praise. Open their ears that they may hear; lift the veils from their eyes that they may see. We, who have not earned this or any gift from thee, yet know thee as the boundless giver. In that is our hope,—that a new love may be born, a new fire be lit, a new light may shine, to carry onward and for ever the tidings of thy kingdom and thy peace."

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

January 21st, 1914.

DEAR——

Thank you very sincerely for your note. Such things constitute a large part of the joy of discipleship, and encourage us to continue doing what we can to help others.

But indeed you must not apologize to me for any shortcomings you may have, or may think you have. You have not caused me pain or trouble. Our intercourse with all the younger members is nearly always a pleasure and a happiness that they do so well. We must regret their mistakes, but these are natural and therefore to be expected, and only make us the more eager to aid. Your honesty and devotion and effort are a very real joy, the more as we know what it means to the Master whom we all seek to serve. What if you are not perfect in all particulars? That is asking far too much and cannot be expected.

I am very glad that the last meeting had the effect of rousing your will and your desire to a still greater endeavour,—you cannot have too much of these,—and of course I shall be delighted to help you in any way I can.

As for courage, you do not lack it. Your instincts are true and hold you back in the matter of criticism. You would welcome, and I believe do welcome such criticism as you can digest at the present time. More than this would not do good. True, you must wish to increase your capacity, since that is the path of growth. You will be wise to keep this very steadily in mind and you can do much to further it by developing impersonality, especially as regards yourself. But you must not fret or grow impatient; these, too, are barriers. Patient, unfaltering effort is what tells.

I hope that the strenuous time with —— has eased up. These tussles bear much more hardly on you than they should. There is nothing more natural in the world than a naughty child which needs a spanking. It is not a tragedy, but a heaven-sent opportunity to teach the child something it needs to learn and was sent to you to be taught. In a way you should *welcome* the opportunity, no matter how much you may deplore the necessity.

* * * * *

Your fatigue may be due in part to the misdirected use of physical, psychic and mental energy, and you should never forget the axiom:—"The unnecessary is the immoral." Force expended in productive directions does not exhaust, but always yields a harvest of renewed strength and inspiration.

We all make mistakes: it is the way we learn; and so long as we pick ourselves up without discouragement and go on, we have gained a valuable lesson and the final result is good. We shall continue to make mistakes, until we are perfect, and that is a long way off. Let us then have the humility to

recognize that we are not perfect, that mistakes are inevitable, and then work out what the ideal attitude of mind should be when we do wrong.

* * * * *

With kind regards and best wishes,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 27th, 1914.

DEAR——

You are much in my mind these days of trial and stress,—I am so very sorry that you should have had the burden of ——'s pain and illness on top of the rest of your load. I wish there was something I could do to help.

One thing: about your getting plenty of sleep and rest. I think you may misunderstand your duty in these matters. The Master will not force them upon you. He cannot do that. It is your duty to seek them, and as much of them as you ought to have. It is just as much your duty to rest as to pray. You must make opportunity for both, so far as you possibly can.

These times of trouble all have their meaning and their purpose: they are not accidents. It is often hard—sometimes impossible to discover this meaning and this purpose, but that does not matter. Then we must have faith. Some day we shall understand. . . .

Do the best you can and nothing more will be expected of you. I mean exactly what I say—Do the best *you* can. Not what you think you ought to be able to do if you were stronger, or had more time or more knowledge, or less demands upon you, or anything else that makes things different from what they are.

You have your work, your duty, laid out for you by circumstances, so that there is no doubt what you ought to do all the time. You are fortunate that it is so, for the way is not so clear for most of us. Follow this path and all will be well.

I have not bothered you with letters or comments, because I do not feel that you need them just now. Your path is very plain. Yes, there are certain things you must try always to remember,—platitudes if you like, but deep spiritual laws none the less.

1. Remember that you can find the Master in your home, in your daily routine with children and house, not only as well as if you spent your time working at ——, but better, for your *métier*, your easiest path, is obviously at home, or your circumstances would be different.

2. Remember always that it is what we *are* that counts; not what we do. Holiness is acquired by struggle and effort—doing small things heroically well, not by doing heroic things. Anyone, almost, can make occasional sacrifices—can work themselves up to a point of great self-sacrifice—even to the loss

of life; but only the saints can do perfectly the small duties of everyday—day after day and year after year. It is thus that Heaven is gained.

3. It is your motive in doing your daily tasks that turns them from mechanical drudgery into life-giving, spiritual forces. If you are puzzled between two courses of action, it is some comfort to realize that so far as others are concerned it probably matters little what you do, if your decision is based on proper motives. The powers of life can use either course of action for the benefit of others, if you put vitality into it by your motive: and the amount of power in it will be in proportion to the purity of your motive.

4. We ought to try to make these decisions, these daily, hourly efforts at self-conquest and self-repression, yield a harvest of joy, yield inspiration and a strength that will enable us to carry on the fight still more aggressively. We are too prone to lose the benefit of our self-denial and the value of the discipline life imposes on us. We must meet it and digest it—these experiences—in order to get the full benefit from it.

Do not think too much about "dead" spots. We all have them, and we all live through them; learn by degrees to pump life and vitality into them. Think of your lower nature as a child you are bringing up. It hates to go to school: it hates the discipline and restraint which school imposes: yet you persist, because you know that teaching it to read will open a whole new wonderful world, which will many thousand times repay the trial and pain of learning. It is so with the spiritual life.

With best wishes,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Xmas Day, 1914.

DEAR——

I asked —— to take you my Xmas greetings, but I want to supplement them with some direct expression of my interest and affection. You are doing well,—some things very well. Do not allow that old cloud of doubt and distrust to rise between yourself and your real happiness. The Master can only give us our heart's desire on terms and conditions that will make it permanent. Help him. Do not hinder him. Help him by surrendering everything to him with the complete trust of a little child. Others may fail you, may not understand, but he always will. I do not think it necessary for you to talk to me about these things. Even if I do not know details, they are not necessary so long as I express the laws that govern.

* * * * *

With best wishes for a happy New Year, for the complete realization of your real desires,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

New Year's Day, 1915.

DEAR——

I do not want the day to pass without my having the pleasure of wishing you all good things during this coming year.

The past year has been a busy and trying one, and therefore should have been full of useful lessons and productive of much fruit. I trust very sincerely that its results will enable you to live 1915 in a still better and higher manner. We *must* go forward. This is the only way: all others mean pain and useless waste of time.

I hope 1915 will find you appreciably further on the road to the Master.

* * * * *

I have nothing new to say to you. We are trying to learn the Science of Life. A man spends four years at a great university learning the elements of one of the secular sciences, and then spends the rest of his life trying to master more and more of it. We must have patience, therefore, in our task: it is a huge one. Our duties, our daily work, are our school-time, through which we learn our lessons; and we learn them well or ill, according to our disposition. It is all in our own hands. We all know what we ought to do. It is a question of doing it. You are no exception.

I do not think that either of the faults you enumerate is a besetting sin. Look rather to forms of self-will, to a quiet, but none the less very definite, determination to have your own way. You are a very obstinate little person when it comes to having things as you want them. Work out something definite to do about this.

With best wishes,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 22nd, 1915.

DEAR——

* * * * *

It seems to me that your resolution to stop and fold your hands at the hours is an admirable one and I recommend that you keep it up. Any physical practice of that kind, no matter how trivial, done with "intention", makes one positive, and helps the will. Only we must strive to be faithful. So far as rest is concerned, please do not get confused about it. You are correct in saying that in one sense you—we all—have no "right" to rest, but that does not mean that we must not rest. It may be, and often is, our duty to rest, and the fact that we want to do it does not alter this. Treat your body as you would a valuable and favourite horse. Feed it proper food, give it proper exercise, and do not overwork it. At times you may have to drive and whip and spur to carry past some emergency, but the daily routine ought to be well

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within its normal capacity. Rest is essential to the proper performance of all your duties.

Thank you very much for your desire to help me. Your "intention" does, I am sure, and I appreciate it and am very much touched by it. At the same time there is nothing the matter with me. You must not let the over-enthusiastic speculations of others disturb you. We none of us have a bit more to bear than is good for us and than we can bear with ease, if we behave as we should. The fact that I may have shown evidence of fatigue or something, simply means that I have not been doing what I ought to do, in the way I ought to do it. There is no way out of this conclusion.

Do not forget that, although you may hear many methods discussed, and have a great variety of suggestions made to you, Occultism consists in being good. The object of all this striving, of all our efforts, is to be good. Being good means being like God, like the Master. Prayer, meditation, a rule of life, all these things are simply aids to being good, to being like the Master. Think of them from this point of view. It will give point and reason to them.

Remember, too, that you can be good at home, looking after your house and children, just as well, and more easily, than while doing anything else, anywhere else. The environment the Master has given you is that in which it is easiest for you to grow.

I hope you are not finding this very hot day trying. I have always thought children very warm companions for a hot day!

With kind regards,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 7th, 1916.

DEAR——

* * * * *

There is one point upon which I should like to comment. You speak of critical thoughts of others, and you say truly that this comes from self—from self-centredness.

It also comes from misunderstanding. You see the facts, the outer facts, and often there does not appear to be any doubt about them. But your mind misinterprets them, not only misjudging, but actually mistaking their real meaning, and this often causes you pain.

Most of the pain would disappear if you could see truly, could really understand what actually is. Your self-will and self-love stand in the way of this understanding; but you should try for it. Whenever you have pain of this kind, realize that it is a signal that *you* are doing or thinking something wrong. Stop thinking about the event, and search for your wrong attitude and misunderstanding.

* * * * *

It seems to me that your occasional practice of doing all day what ———, or some one else wants, regardless of your plans and desires, is an excellent way of thwarting your self-will; but remember that you have the subtle self-will of the woman, which can *want* to be thwarted!

Be good, be kind, be considerate, to servants, to friends, to children, to husband. Seek for ways of doing what has to be done in the way that will be easiest or pleasantest for them, regardless of your way, your will, your desire. Yet use common sense. You are not very well, and you must not over-tax your nerves and strength.

With kindest regards,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Instead of deploring that roses have thorns, I am glad the thorny stem is capped with roses and that the tree bears bloom.—JOUBERT.

REVIEWS

The Nile and Egyptian Civilization, by Alexandre Moret; translated by M. R. Dobie; Alfred A. Knoff, New York, 1927; price, \$7.50.

This book, like one reviewed in the last issue of the *QUARTERLY* (*The Migration of Symbols*) belongs to the series entitled the "History of Civilization", edited by C. K. Ogden. M. Moret, a Member of the Institut de France, and Professor at the Collège de France, is well known to Egyptologists, and this latest work of his is wholly convincing in regard to one of the most important aspects of Ancient Egyptian life,—the enduring inner unity which underlay its manifold outer expressions. Many writers, unconsciously attempting the impossible when commenting on the civilization of Ancient Egypt, endeavour to shed light on the subject by approaching it from some pet angle of their own; by an almost impeccable array of historical facts; by a wide survey of cultural habits and mannerisms; by a careful and often (though by no means always) sympathetic analysis of the religious aspects,—the Pantheon, the ritual, life in the temples, and all. These, however, are but isolated rays illuminating some small area for a brief moment. M. Moret has gathered these rays together as the separated rays of the spectrum may be gathered, assuring us that in Ancient Egypt there were "no dividing lines." As the Sacred River kept open the channel of communication from end to end of the "Two Lands," from the austerity of the upper reaches to the low, sweet pasture lands of the Delta, reconciling the sharp contrasts of the long, narrow valley, leaving its peculiar mark on the outer conditions of living, so, we are told, "There were no water-tight compartments separating State from religion, the civil services from the priesthood, profane art from sacred art, science from dogma. In Egypt . . . what we call religious feeling was at the bottom of institutions of all kinds." *Religious feeling*—not religion, for that had many forms; religious feeling, or what in Theosophy we might term a consciousness of the reality and meaning of inner things, was what cemented into one powerful whole, political ideas, art, literary and scientific inquiry. It was this ingrained and deep rooted conviction of the reality of an invisible world, of its closeness to the visible, of the powers which lie hidden from the ordinary senses of men, which made possible the amazing continuity of this most amazing civilization, enabling it to survive all vicissitudes, to leap across vast periods of social and political obscurity, to rise magnificently above the shame of conquest and the humiliations of defeat. In the early, golden days, when Egypt was young, it was in Pharaoh (whom students of Theosophy would think of as the living representative of the Lodge) that the "Sacred Force" was vested, and so long as he remained supreme, the ancient Faith lingered. With the gradual passing of his greatness; when many of the royal obligations were delegated to others; when in short, democracy began to creep in, the "mystical conception of power" began to wane, and while there followed a long period of highly moral tendency, this era was, in fact, moral rather than spiritual. When it had reached the point where there was no longer "the profound feeling that godhead is a vital force, a creative energy," the end was at hand, and Egypt became, according to the words found in an ancient papyrus, "a body without a soul, a chapel without a god." The book closes with a famous Lament written by a Sage who lived in the twilight of Egypt's glory. It is a bitter cry of the heart, because of the passing of the splendour which had once irradiated the "Beloved Land":—"Oh Egypt, Egypt,

of thy doctrines only fables will be left, in which thy posterity will no longer believe, and there will survive only words, engraved on stones, to tell of thy piety."

T. D.

Living India, by Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York, Toronto, 1928; price \$3.00.

Under certain heads, the author has compressed much valuable and accurate information concerning India, in a singularly readable book. He has read much, studiously and thoughtfully. He has travelled much in India. He has a gift for descriptive writing. He is eminently fair minded. He has intellectual and moral earnestness; India and her problems have deeply moved him, and he communicates his feeling for India to his readers.

Unfortunately, concerning ancient India, he sees only a part of the truth. This is due in some measure to the confusions introduced by the first generation of English Orientalists of the days of Warren Hastings, whose minds were warped by the false chronology of Archbishop Ussher, with the result that they crowded millenniums into centuries and blurred the perspective of a splendid past. It is in part due to the fact that the white Brahmans have rewritten Indian history in their own interest. Arrogantly claiming to be representatives of the gods on earth, they have so coloured the story of past ages that the real greatness of the more ancient Rajputs is overshadowed. Savel Zimand repeats an ancient parable concerning the four castes, which illustrates this. The Brahmans, says this parable, proceeded from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatriyas, or Rajputs, from the arms of Brahma; the Vaishyas or cultivators, from the waist of the Divinity; the servile Shudras, from his feet. Therefore the Brahmans claim pre-eminence. Yet the true meaning of the parable would seem to be not mystical but geographical. The Divinity here represents the sacred land of India. From the head, the North, where the Five Rivers descend from the Himalayas to the plains, came the white race of the Brahmans, entering through the mountain passes from Central Asia. The arms of India, stretching from Western Rajputana to Ayodhya, the modern Oudh, are the home of the red Rajputs. The yellow Vaishyas cluster across Central India, about the Vindhya Hills. The black Dravidians, from whom were drawn the Shudra caste, inhabit the South, the feet of Brahma Varsha, forming, it may be, a remnant of an ancient Lemurian population.

While he gives us an excellent account of the whole span of Indian history, so far as it can be summed up in a few chapters, and adds many vivid pictures of India to-day, Savel Zimand is especially interested in the movement of the modern reformers, agitators, home-rulers, beginning with the Indian National Congress. While he clearly sees that Brahmans have been the strongest and most intelligent element in all these modern movements, he does not draw the logical conclusion: that this modern agitation is an outcome of Brahman policy, the priestly hierarchy which has so long enslaved India now fighting to prolong their power in a new way, and using the modern weapons of constitutionalism for their own ambitious ends. He does bear testimony to the fact that the Brahmans demand for themselves the highly paid positions now held by Englishmen. But he does not clearly see that, if the fullest demands of the Indian home-rulers were granted to-morrow, the vast majority of toiling peasants would be no better off than before. Priestcraft and the tyranny of landlords, many of them Brahmans, would bear as hardly upon their necks as formerly. The solution of India's problem is not so simple as it appears to the Western friends of the Indian agitators.

J.

QUESTIONS ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 341.—*It seems to me that one of the most terrible things in life would be to lose a child,—to miss all the interesting things in the growth of the child. In the next life, that is, after death, does the child grow to maturity as we know it? If so, are there records or pictures of some sort to which a mother may, after her death, have access, and so not entirely lose knowledge of the development of that child?*

ANSWER.—Of one thing we may be certain: nothing in the universe ever permanently separates us from those we love. Love is the strongest bond there is, and will inevitably draw together in future lives, on this and the other side of death, those whose love is real. This drawing together becomes in time an actual union of consciousness, not a watching and yearning from the outside, as at present.

Of course, the real child—the soul—did not die; it had dwelt for a time in a child's body, and then left it. That may have been a young soul or a very old one; in any case, it and all other souls, including the mother's, should go on growing toward "maturity", to a state of splendour beyond our present imagination. That process will take, not a few score years, but thousands of lives. Both "child" and "mother" have already lived many lives before this one, and if they really loved one another, will be drawn together in the future as they were drawn together this time. Obviously, the development of the glorious potentialities of the soul is far more interesting to watch than the growth of a personality for a single life.

In the astral light there are pictures of all that has ever happened. These can be seen by those who have the power and the right to look. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—To lose a dearly loved child must indeed be a grief most difficult to bear. It would be far more terrible, however, to see such a child grow up, if the direction of its growth were toward selfishness and evil. Apart from that, it seems to the present writer that when the querent speaks of missing "all the interesting things in the growth of the child", much has been overlooked. Ask a mother who has brought her child to maturity whether joy or agony were the greater, as she fought for life against death, for virtue against vice, for high standards against bad example; and although she well may put the joy of her achievement first, she will not have forgotten the suffering.

The nature of the after-death states depends entirely upon the stage of evolution attained by the Ego who *was* the child. If, in a future earth-life, I were to die in infancy, I hope most sincerely that it would *not* be necessary for me to "grow to maturity as we know it" in any after-death state; because I hope that I should not have lost my "maturity" in *that* world, when incarnating. No one, however, is robbed of his desire: we find what we seek. The Red Indian finds his "happy hunting-ground"; the mother finds either the baby, or the soul, depending upon which her longing has been fixed. And if it has been fixed on the child she lost, at just that age and of just that sweetness,—she will find the same child awaiting her, utterly unchanged; and the child will grow before her eyes, just as she had longed to see it grow,—and there will be no pain or sorrow or crying, for the former things will have passed away. Yet,—there are better things, for in that world there are "many mansions", and, in the course of time, she may find better, deeper meanings (meaning within meaning) in the promise: "for the former things have passed away". T.

QUESTION No. 342.—*Observation of the motives from which I habitually act has shown me constant self-reference—the desire to get what I liked, to appear wise and good and yet please self, to avoid what was distasteful or required unwelcome effort, to give others what I thought they ought to want, to stand in the limelight. Or else, my acts were prompted by the lowest possible cause, just nervous energy. Please express this in strictly theosophic terms, using the seven Principles.*

ANSWER.—The phenomena faithfully recorded by the questioner lead one to suppose that his or her self-consciousness is mostly centred in the lower quaternary. The various forms of desire which are outlined, are characteristic of *Kama-Manas*, the mental-emotional nature with which most of us so persistently identify ourselves. *Prana*, the life-force, would seem to be the source of the "nervous energy" which we should control but which usually controls us. *Linga Sharira*, the astral body, may be conceived as a medium preserving the force which is put into every mental or physical act, so that a dynamic memory-image of the act is always present at some level of consciousness. This image tends to produce the desire for repetition of the experience which created it and thus to strengthen the kamic principle. The physical body, *Sthula Sharira*, is the vehicle through which *Kama-Manas*, the *Linga-Sharira* and *Prana* come into contact with the material world.

However, the questioner has a lively conscience, as is proved by the honesty of the self-examination and by the sense of dissatisfaction which the question reveals. *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, has emerged from the condition of abstract potentiality, though it may be far removed from real self-consciousness. *Higher Manas*, the power of aspiration, is overshadowing the lower nature, for otherwise the conscience which is latent in *Buddhi* could have no means of manifestation.

As to the highest principle, *Atma*, it must be present as the essence of all the other principles; but it is probable that only the highest Masters are self-conscious as *Atman*. For the questioner, as for the rest of us, it is the abstract source of all the aspects of our being. It is the rain which falls upon the just and the unjust. It is the divinity which supports and makes possible the whole series of manifested existences. Therefore, as Aquinas said, even the devil, in so far as he has power, is divine.

V. S.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There will be meetings on,—

January 5th and 19th
February 2nd and 16th
March 2nd, 16th and 30th
April 13th and 27th (Convention Meeting)
May 11th and 25th

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

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



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

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

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

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

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

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

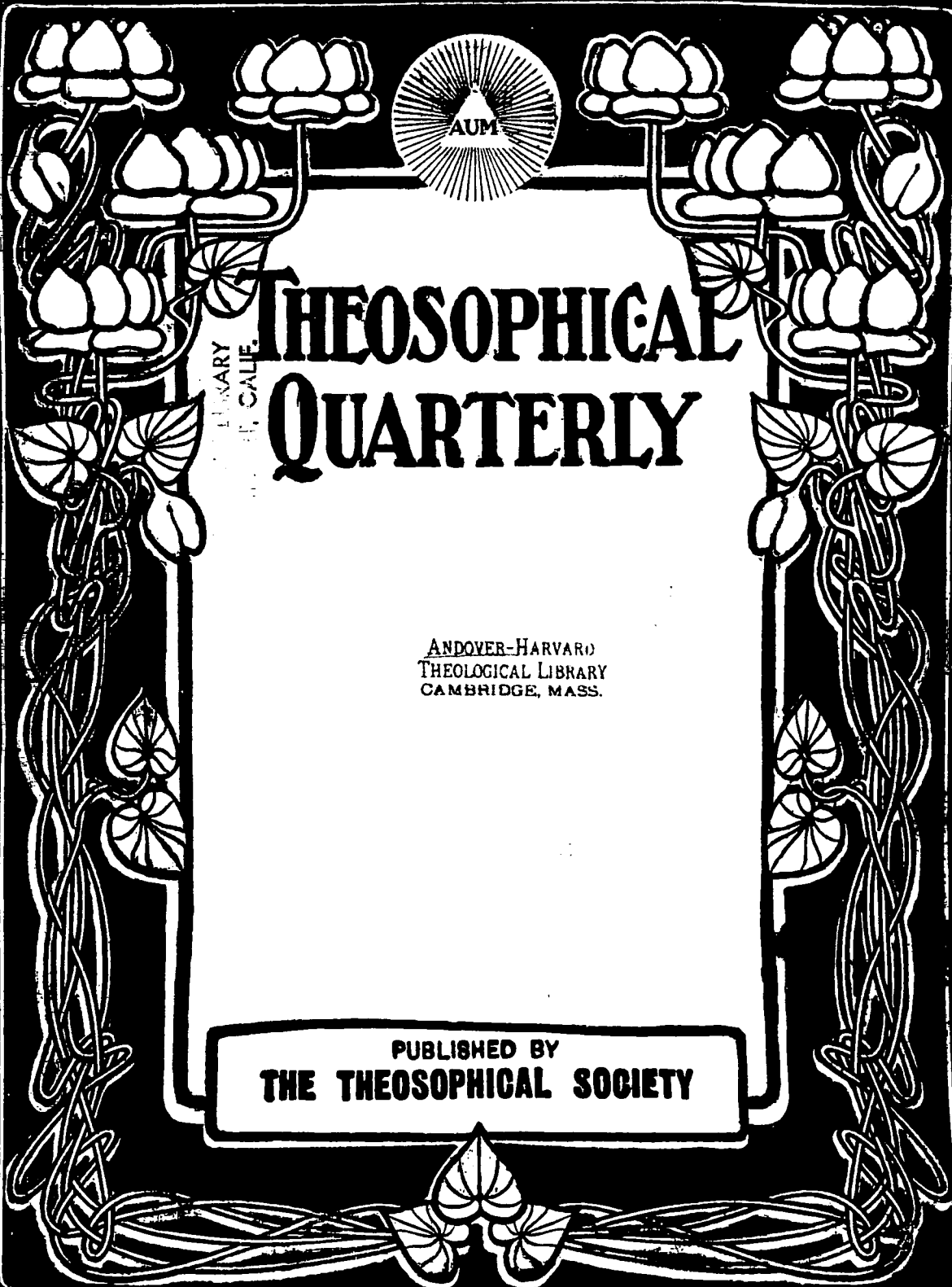
"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

VOL. XXVI, No. 4

APRIL, 1929

No. 104



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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

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

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

July; October; January; April

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

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

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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.

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

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The Theosophical Quarterly

VOLUME XXVI

JULY, 1928—APRIL, 1929

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK

A HARVARD
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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APRIL, 1929

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"FOR I DESIRED MERCY, AND NOT SACRIFICE"

TOWARD the close of the nineteenth century, it was the custom among Occidental students of Buddhism to maintain that the Buddha had not laboured to establish a spiritual religion, but rather a somewhat bleak and arid system of morality, whose essence was negation, and whose inexorable goal was death, complete annihilation of conscious being. It has, perhaps, already been made clear, in these Notes, that Gautama Buddha sought to establish a rich and living spiritual system, the heart of which was a realization of the hierarchy of Masters, above whom was the still higher and more august Celestial Hierarchy, and that the rules of conduct, of meditation and intellectual training, which hold so large a place in the Buddha's teaching, are precisely the rules of discipleship, a lucid and detailed description of what the disciple must do and learn, in order to draw closer to the Masters of Wisdom, to come consciously within the aura of the Lodge of Masters, to follow in the footsteps of those great Beings, and, if he win full victory, to join their ranks and help to bear their burden. And this has been shown, not from the more transcendental and mystical texts of Northern Buddhism, but from the Pali Suttas of the Southern School, the School of Ceylon and Siam: these most ancient and authentic Buddhist records are "full of the sparkle of esotericism," the heart and essence of that highest Occultism which our Theosophical studies enable us to recognize.

Our studies should have shown us this, and something more. We should have come to understand that the Buddha had clearly in view, and wisely and consistently laboured for, a great moral and spiritual reformation of India; for one reason, because India then represented, and even now represents, an immense investment of spiritual capital, an effort of millenniums by the Lodge of Masters; for many centuries a submerged and buried capital, almost

an investment that has gone astray; yet an investment which the Lodge is bound by spiritual law to recover, though the effort may take centuries.

In the "Notes and Comments" for January, 1929, an attempt was made to discover what this spiritual investment was, and through the operation of what forces of human sin and folly it became submerged. It was there suggested that the spiritual history of India was in the main the history of two great and ancient races: the red Rajputs, coming, perhaps, from mystical Egypt; and the white Brahmans, who, at some time a good many millenniums before our era, came down from Central Asia through the high passes of the Himalayas, and, beginning among the Five Rivers which unite to form the Indus, in time spread southward and eastward through the Ganges valley. The red Rajputs, when we get our first view of them, were already in possession of the Greater Mysteries, which are imparted through Initiation; those teachings which our Western scholars mistakenly think of as the mystical "speculations" of the Great Upanishads; mistakenly, because they are the fruit, not of speculation, but of spiritual experience, of direct vision. The Brahmans, those of the white race who settled in the plains of India, do not appear to have known the Greater Mysteries. Of this, there is twofold evidence: first, the often stated fact that, in the hymns of the Rig Veda, the spiritual heritage of the Brahmans, there is no teaching of Reincarnation and Liberation, the twin doctrines of the Mysteries; and second, and even more explicit, the statement of the two greatest Upanishads, that these twin doctrines had never reached the Brahmans until they were imparted to the father of Shvetaketu by the Rajput King-Initiate Pravahana; until that time these teachings "had been among all peoples the hereditary teaching of the Rajputs alone."

But the Brahmans had nevertheless a great and exceptional spiritual heredity; their Vedic hymns are full of remote echoes of hidden wisdom, of a teaching which, perhaps, their earliest ancestors had fully and consciously possessed on the high plateaux of Central Asia, unnumbered millenniums before the descent through the snowy passes to the Indian plains. In virtue of this remarkable spiritual heredity the Brahmans, as soon as the Rajputs opened to them the doors of the hidden wisdom, became apt pupils, thenceforth supplying many recruits to the Lodge of Masters.

As against this credit, two less advantageous factors must be counted. The first is the tendency of the Brahman mind to over-intellectual development, as a result of which much of the practical mysticism of the Rajputs was transformed into fine-drawn metaphysics; the commentaries of the groups of Sutras, for example, are filled with long and subtle disputations, loaded with the contentious reasonings of opposing advocates. What belonged to the spirit and the soul was dragged down to the plane of the mind, and there flattened out into lifeless intellectualism.

The second adverse factor had a wider reach. The intellectual "superiority" of the Brahmans reappeared as ambition, which by degrees sought to dominate, and did in course of time completely dominate, the whole mental, moral and social life of India, and, to a large degree, also its political life, a domina-

tion which lasted for millenniums. It would seem that, as an echo of their earlier and fuller spiritual inheritance, the ancestors of the Brahmans, when they entered Northern India, still possessed what one may call a system of practical magic based upon incantation, or the Occult correlations of sound, and on an understanding of personal, mental and psychical "magnetism." This system they used, from the beginning, to establish their power and influence. They sought and received rewards from those of the princes who were not Initiates, for the performance of magical ceremonies whose general purpose was to secure success and prosperity by influencing and dominating psychic conditions, by establishing a favourable and positive psychic atmosphere, much as a magnetically gifted orator establishes an ascendancy over his audience, largely by using, even though unconsciously, the same Occult powers of the voice, which carries and spreads his personal magnetism. So, in the Upanishads, we find many stories of Brahman practitioners of this magical system of magnetic sound invited by princes to perform ceremonies making for success. And we find that they receive as their reward large herds of cattle, in which, as in other ancient lands, wealth mainly consisted. Many of these earlier ceremonies centred about an altar on which burned a sacred fire, symbol of the Hidden Fire of the Spirit, and personified as the god Agni, Lord of the Sacred Fire, to whom are addressed the first series of hymns of the Rig Veda. Worship of the Hidden Fire, symbolized by an ever-burning sacred flame, is of immemorial antiquity; it goes back to the immensely remote time before a branch of the white Central Asian race made its way to prehistoric Persia, carrying with it the spiritual essence of Zoroastrianism.

Thus "sacrifice," in this earliest period, would appear to have consisted wholly of adoration of the sacred, perpetual fire, into which melted butter was poured as an offering of consecrated fuel, symbolizing the offering of the personal powers to the divine Spiritual Fire, the Logos. There was a second form of rite, namely, the Soma "sacrifice," with which the Sama Veda is largely concerned. The Soma appears to have been a stimulant, or narcotic, which, by rendering quiescent the physical powers, gave the psychical powers freer play, thus liberating the faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience, much as these powers may be liberated to-day by the methods of hypnotism. It is true that there was also a "divine Soma," a genuine spiritual influx, of which the natural Soma became the symbol; yet it seems certain that the physical Soma, the magical narcotic, was widely used in the system of practical magic hereditary among the white Brahmans. It may be noted, in passing, that a very similar cult exists to the present day among the remoter pagan tribes who inhabit the high mountains of Western Mexico; they prepare a magical potion from certain kinds of cactus, which they hold sacred, and by its use their magicians induce "prophetic" states, that is, psychical states of clairvoyance and clairaudience. To make the parallel closer, the aboriginal Mexicans have a cycle of immemorial songs or incantations used in these rites only, which may well be compared with the verses of the Sama Veda, chanted by the Brahmans at the Soma sacrifice.

Besides these two earlier "sacrifices" of Agni and Soma, a third and more sinister form of "sacrifice" gradually established itself; namely, the sacrifice of animals, with profuse offerings of blood, in the forms which play so great a part in the system of worship embodied in the book of Leviticus.

For these animal sacrifices, so widely spread both in space and time, it would seem that three different motives may be assigned. First, the desire to gain the goodwill of the supernatural powers for the flocks and herds by an offering corresponding to the first fruits of the fields. Second, there was the quite intelligible but not quite creditable wish of the priesthood to obtain a free supply of food: "Thou shalt bring the meat offering that is made of these things unto Yahweh . . . and that which is left of the meat offering shall be Aaron's and his sons' . . ." The third purpose is more sinister; it rests on the belief that freshly shed blood is a potent aid to invocations of ghostly powers, whether human or elemental. It is, in effect, a phase of what is called black magic.

It is probable that all three motives entered into the gradual adoption of animal sacrifices by the Brahman priesthood, and it is also probable that the system of animal sacrifices had prevailed for ages among the darker races of Southern India, among whom many forms of black magic, generally associated with mesmeric influences, have always prevailed. At any rate, it is certain that the Brahmans very generally adopted the practice of animal sacrifices as an additional means of extending the despotic power of their priestcraft over the princes and peoples of India. Already in the oldest Upanishads there is much evidence of their success in this effort.

When the Buddha began his mission, this system of animal sacrifice was firmly established. It need hardly be said that in it his Order, pledged to abstain from animal food and from the taking of life, could have no part whatever. But it seems clear that the Buddha's plan went far beyond the establishment of an Order as a direct recruiting ground for the Lodge. He desired also to bring about the redemption of the Brahmans, to break up the great, tyrannous system of priestcraft, and so to purify the Brahman race that its exceptional qualities and gifts might be turned in the direction of spiritual development and attainment. To gain this end, he worked along several lines. First, he made many appeals to the best and highest elements in the character of the Brahmans, to their ancient, submerged spiritual heredity, and in fact succeeded in winning many disciples from their ranks. How far the Brahmanical minds of these new Buddhists were influential in changing his directly practical teachings into the somewhat wire-drawn dialectics of certain schools of Buddhism, just as earlier Brahmanical minds had metamorphosed the spiritual discipline of the old Rajput schools into controversial philosophical systems, is an interesting subject of inquiry which we cannot at present pursue.

The Buddha made a second attack on Brahman priestcraft by flatly denying, at every opportunity, the claim of the Brahmans to rank above the Rajputs, or Kshatriyas, and to hold the highest place among the four great

classes of Indian society. The Buddha in general refused to discuss questions of cosmogony, or, indeed, any questions which did not bear immediately on discipleship. It is of immense interest that on almost the only occasion when he did speak of cosmogony, giving an exceedingly interesting account of the development of the early races of mankind in the present world-period, the practical moral to which this cosmogonical teaching was made to lead was the superior rank and antiquity of the Kshatriyas, or Rajputs, and the inferiority of the Brahman priests. So consistently is this purpose carried out that, while in enumerations of the four classes in all Brahmanical books, the Brahmins invariably stand first, this is never the case in the Buddhist scriptures, which as invariably give the precedence to the Kshatriyas. This became such an ingrained habit with the Buddhist recorders that even when they tell of a Brahman enumerating the four classes, they make him yield the first place to the Kshatriya, something which no Brahman would conceivably have done.

Finally, the Buddha threw the great weight of his influence against the whole system of animal sacrifice, which was one of the means through which the Brahman priestcraft riveted its power upon the people. He worked toward this end both by example and by precept. The disciples of his Order were pledged, as we have seen, not to take life. Further, his teaching of Karma, and of Liberation through spiritual effort, ran directly contrary to the Brahmanical system of expiation through the sacrifice of animals; it was the exact equivalent of Paul's affirmation: "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." The Buddha further faced the problem directly, in a discourse which is recorded in one of the Suttas named after the Brahman Kutadanta, who is the central figure of the episode there related. It is a part of the fine, pervading humour of the Suttas that the name of this distinguished Brahman means "peak-tooth," as though with reference to his creophagous character.

The recorders of the Sutta begin, as always, by painting in a rich Oriental background, against which the leading figures presently come forth, represented dramatically, by their own words, rather than descriptively. We are told that the Buddha was journeying through the country of the Magadhas, accompanied by about five hundred disciples, and that, coming to the settlement of Khanumata, he was encamped with his followers in a garden where young mango trees were planted; their deep shade offering a pleasant resting place.

Now it happened that a part at least of the land of this region, very fertile and teeming with life, had been bestowed by the King of the Magadhas, Seniya Bimbisara, on the distinguished Brahman Kutadanta, just as large tracts are granted to Brahmins in Rajputana to-day; the Brahman Kutadanta had succeeded to that extent in establishing himself and acquiring worldly wealth. Perhaps as an act of gratitude, he had formed the design of offering a great sacrifice of animals: seven hundred bulls, seven hundred bullocks, seven hundred heifers, seven hundred goats and seven hundred rams had been assembled, to be slaughtered for the glory of Kutadanta, and many Brahmins

had gathered together, to take part in the sacrifice, and, we may suppose, in "the leavings of the sacrifice," according to the phrase of the *Bhagavad Gita*.

When the Buddha and his disciples encamped in the mango garden, the fame of his coming went abroad among the people, both the Brahmans and the householders of Khanumata, and they said among themselves: "The ascetic Gotama, in truth, the son of the Sakyas, he who went forth from the Sakya family, has come with many of his disciples and is encamped here in the mango garden. Concerning the Master Gotama fair fame has gone abroad, that this Master is an Arhat, a perfect Buddha, full of wisdom and virtue, a welcome one, teaching the way of salvation to devas and men. He teaches a law of righteousness lovely in its beginning, lovely in its middle, lovely in its consummation. It is good, in truth, to go to see such an Arhat as he!" So the Brahmans and householders of Khanumata went forth in larger and lesser groups toward the mango garden.

Now, at this very time it happened that the distinguished Brahman Kutadanta had mounted to the upper terrace of his dwelling, shaded and cherished by cooling breezes, to enjoy a "day-sleep," as the Pali phrase goes, and, seeing the groups of Brahmans and householders going past toward the mango garden, he asked his major-domo what this concourse might mean. His major-domo repeated to him what the Brahmans and householders were saying to each other, concerning the coming of the ascetic Gotama and his high spiritual rank.

Wisely and logically the Brahman Kutadanta determined within himself that, since he was contemplating a great sacrifice, and since the ascetic Gotama was reputed to be learned concerning sacrifice, it would be well to visit the ascetic Gotama, and to consult him regarding the proper consummation of the threefold sacrifice with its sixteen concomitants. So he sent the major-domo to the Brahmans and householders of Khanumata, who were on their way to the mango garden, asking them to await his coming, for he too desired to visit the ascetic Gotama. So the major-domo carried the message.

The recorders of the story, with their love for round numbers, say that several hundred Brahmans had come to be present at the great sacrifice which the Brahman Kutadanta had prepared. When the major-domo brought his message, they asked somewhat incredulously among themselves whether it could be true that the distinguished Brahman Kutadanta was planning to visit the ascetic Gotama.

The Brahmans raised their voices in protest, declaring that it was not seemly that the highly distinguished Brahman Kutadanta should visit the ascetic Gotama; a Brahman deeply versed in Vedic lore, a teacher of disciples, a holder of rich lands from the king of the Magadhas, and, withal, a man venerable and full of years. On the contrary, it would be more fitting that the ascetic Gotama, who was a much younger man, should first visit the distinguished Brahman Kutadanta. It would seem, then, that this event took place comparatively early in the Buddha's long mission, while the fact of his relative youth was still very noticeable.

But the worthy Kutadanta held to his purpose. The ascetic Gotama was an Arhat, a Buddha, supremely enlightened; moreover neither in birth nor lineage did he at any point yield to the good Brahman himself. So Kutadanta would go, in spite of protests, to visit the ascetic Gotama.

So not only did he go, but carried with him the whole Brahmanical company, winning them over to his view. So they all went together to the mango garden and greeted the Master, taking their seats in silence beside him.

Then Kutadanta the Brahman spoke thus:

"It has been heard by me, Sir Gotama, that the ascetic Gotama knows well the successful conduct of the threefold sacrifice with its sixteen concomitants. But I myself do not know well the successful conduct of the threefold sacrifice with its sixteen concomitants, yet I desire to offer a great sacrifice. It were a fortunate thing for me, if the worthy Gotama would instruct me concerning the successful conduct of the threefold sacrifice."

The situation is deeply humorous, and was so felt by every devout Buddhist hearer of the Sutta. That the Master of mercy should be consulted regarding the right method of slaughtering hundreds of bulls and rams, and that, instead of reproaching Kutadanta and condemning the whole proceeding without stint, the Master should appear to give the advice which was asked for, of necessity appealed to the keen sense of humour which runs through these ancient books, a humour whose characteristic is, that it is invariably coupled with a high spiritual purpose. Further, it is profoundly characteristic of the Buddha's method, that he put himself as far as possible in the position of his questioner, accepted that questioner's views, and then proceeded, always from the questioner's standpoint, so to unfold the principles involved, as to bring the questioner gradually to accept the truer, deeper view, to adopt the principles of the Buddha's teaching. In pursuance of this wise method, the Buddha said nothing to the Brahman Kutadanta regarding the evils of the system of animal sacrifices or the sin of taking life. Instead, he answered with his habitual courtesy:

"Hear, then, Brahman, paying good heed, and I shall declare the matter."

"So be it, Sir!" the Brahman Kutadanta replied. The Master said:

"In by-gone days, Brahman, there was a king, Maha-vijita by name, whose kingdom was great, who had much wealth and stored-up gold and silver, with great treasure of wealth and grain, with full treasury and barns. Once, when the king had withdrawn himself in secret, he reflected, thinking, 'I possess all the good things a mortal can desire, the wide circle of the earth have won for my pleasure. It would be well for me to make a great sacrifice, to gain long life and prosperity!' And so King Maha-vijita summoned his household priest and told him the thought that had come to him when he was withdrawn into solitude, and of his purpose to make a great sacrifice, securing long life and prosperity, and asking to be instructed as to how the sacrifice should be made to this end.

"Thus addressed, the Brahman household priest replied to the king, saying that the king's realm was disturbed and troubled, beset with highwaymen

and robbers. Should the king levy a contribution at such a time for a great sacrifice, the king would err. Or should the king determine to visit these evil-doers with swift punishment, this also would not avail, for those who escaped would continue as before to do deeds of violence. But there is a better way: not to punish, but to help. Wherever there are those in the king's realm who are engaged in husbandry, let the king give them seed-corn. Wherever there are those in the king's realm who are engaged in trading, let the king give them money. Wherever there are those in the king's realm who are in the king's service, let the king give them food and payment. Then these men will no longer trouble the peace of the king's land, the revenues of the king's realm will increase, the land will enjoy peace, men will rejoice and dandle their sons in their arms, and none in the kingdom will bolt his door.

"The king did even so, and all went as the Brahman household priest had said. The revenues of the king's realm increased, the land enjoyed peace, men rejoiced and dandled their sons in their arms, and none bolted his door.

"Then the king summoned the Brahman, his household priest, and said, 'Tranquility is restored, revenue is increased, contentment reigns. I desire now, Brahman, to make a great sacrifice. Instruct me how this may be done, for long life and prosperity!'

"Thereupon the Brahman, the household priest, counselled the king to gain the consent of four great classes of his subjects to the sacrifice: first, the Kshatriyas who governed lands under the king; second, the Kshatriyas who were ministers in the king's service; third, the Brahmans of distinction, whether in the country or in the cities; fourth, the rich householders, whether in the country or in the cities. The king sought their consent, and all gladly gave it. Thus all these classes were made partakers of the sacrifice."

Then the Buddha enumerated eight virtues, eight gifts and graces which the king possessed, and in like manner four virtues possessed by the Brahman, the household priest. These twelve gifts, together with the consent of the four classes, making sixteen in all, became the sixteen concomitants of the sacrifice. And further, a generous attitude of the king's mind, thrice repeated, completed the threefold nature of the sacrifice, according to the traditional rule. The Buddha continued:

"At that sacrifice, verily, Brahman, no cattle were slain, nor any goats, nor fowl, nor swine, nor was any living thing deprived of life; no trees were felled, nor was sacred grass cut to strew upon the ground; nor was any compulsion used upon those who helped. Only clarified butter, oil, fresh butter, curds, honey and the juice of sugar-cane were offered in making that sacrifice."

Many beneficent results followed in that ancient realm. And among those who heard the Buddha, the results were not less happy. All the Brahmans applauded, saying, "That was a true sacrifice! That was a successful sacrifice!"

All, indeed, applauded excepting only Kutadanta. Then the Brahmans who had come with him asked him whether he did not approve. Kutadanta replied: "I do not withhold approval from what the ascetic Gotama has said,

but this thought came to me: 'The ascetic Gotama does not say, "Thus did I hear," nor does he say, "Thus should it be!"' The ascetic Gotama says instead, "Thus it was." Therefore I thought within myself, 'Of a truth the ascetic Gotama was at that time the king, or the Brahman, the household priest!'" The Buddha answered that he was the priest.

Thereupon Kutadanta asked whether there might not be some better, higher sacrifice, noble though that ancient sacrifice had been. And in answer the Buddha revealed to Kutadanta the path of discipleship, as the true offering. Kutadanta was completely won, and straightway sought and gained admission to the Master's Order.

There remains the practical outcome of the story. The Brahman Kutadanta countermanded the great sacrifice that he had planned, and gave orders that the cattle and sheep and goats he had assembled should be spared, and should live their lives in peace. In that instance, at any rate, the sacrifice of animals came to an end.

Concerning the larger results of this teaching, it may be profitable to quote what Professor T. W. Rhys Davids wrote, a good many years ago, concerning this Sutta:

"On this question, as on the question of caste or social privileges, the early Buddhists took up, and pushed to its logical conclusions, a rational view held by others. And on this question of sacrifice their party won. The Vedic sacrifices, of animals, had practically been given up when the long struggle between Brahmanism and Buddhism reached its close. Isolated instances of such sacrifices are known even down to the Muhammadan invasion. But the battle was really won by the Buddhists and their allies. And the combined ridicule and earnestness of our Sutta will have had its share in bringing about the victory."

This is, perhaps, too optimistic; for it is certain that the sacrifice of animals, under Brahman auspices, lingers in India to-day, for example, at Kalighat. Further, it is worth noting that the sacrifice of the story, which met with such hearty approval from the Buddha's listeners, namely, the pouring of melted butter or oil into the consecrated fire, was more truly the original Vedic sacrifice, as contrasted with the sacrifice of animals, which was probably taken over from the dark races of Southern India.

Finally, Rhys Davids speaks of the long struggle between Brahmanism and Buddhism coming to an end. We should remember that it ended in the complete defeat of the Buddhists, and in their violent expulsion from India, a violence whose heavy Karma still weighs on that afflicted land. Brahman priestcraft was completely triumphant. Though the Buddha may have won the lesser victory, the partial abolition of animal sacrifices, he failed in the great heroic effort, the spiritual redemption of the whole Brahman order with its rich possibilities for good. There have been, and are, many noble and pure-hearted Brahmans; nevertheless, the Brahman order, as a whole, remains a tyrannous and ambitious priestcraft, the greatest barrier to the spiritual regeneration of India.

FRAGMENTS

SILENTLY they come to us across the twilight spaces,—intimations of the spiritual world, dim memories of the past, whispers also out of the future. Silently they come, like lines of golden light upon a sunset lawn; lengthening as they reach us, we of the shadows; creeping toward us, closer and closer as we watch and wonder, until they touch us, touch our feet, our faces, then reach and touch our hearts.

What do we do with them then, when we are conscious of that magical touch, when the sweet pain of its yearning sweeps over us? Are we frightened? Do we find unbearable that stab and quiver, that sense of something strange, that force which holds and compels? Do we struggle to get free of it, to awaken into the understood and wanted? Yes, many times, alas; but God is patient; and the experience returns again and again, with its wealth of opportunity, returns with added reproach and beseeching, with an invitation from which, perhaps, once more we fly.

Yet there it lies across our lives, like golden light across a sunset lawn; and however we turn we cannot forget; however much we deepen our shadows, there remains the memory of that tender glory with all its poignancy of longing and regret.

Some day we shall not deny it; trembling, it may be, but with hope, we shall yield to its embraces. Then we shall have found heaven upon earth, heaven here and beyond: then we shall live in the radiance of union with the Master.

CAVÉ.

THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY*

I HAVE been asked to speak to you to-night upon those recent advances in the field of physics which are revolutionizing the scientific view of the physical universe, and which, as formulated in Einstein's Theory of Relativity, have been given wide notoriety—though little intelligibility—through the public press. It is a theme which is of special interest to students of Theosophy for two reasons. First, because the break-down of the old, accepted theories, and the nature of the new, both confirm, to a remarkable degree, the contentions of Madame Blavatsky as set forth fifty years ago in *Isis Unveiled*, and later in *The Secret Doctrine*; and, second, because it offers an opportunity to make clear the answer to a question which is, perhaps, not often asked explicitly, but which must, none the less, be present in many minds. This question is why we of the Society do not throw more of our weight and effort into the furthering of modern scientific research, but rather seem to hold back from it, though it is so patently pressing toward the very truths which Theosophy has proclaimed and of which the Society was, at one time, almost the only champion in the Western world. The answer is, that knowledge of outer things which is not based upon knowledge of inner things, knowledge which is gained from any other standpoint than that of spiritual reality, must always be deceptive; and intellectual attainment, not rooted in moral attainment, must ultimately act to its possessor's undoing. It was through this unbalancing of man's nature that the great civilizations of the past were destroyed, and the same causes must act always to the same end. Truth, to be truth, must be universal, and knowledge which is sought and found only on the plane of the intellect is thus robbed of that which makes it true. The more accurate such knowledge is, the greater its achievement, its appeal and glamour, the more dangerous it becomes in ensnaring and holding man in the shadow-land of illusion, concealing from him that it is illusion, through its reference of shadows only to shadows, and thus shutting him out from the causal world of the real,—the spiritual world, which alone enables him to rise above the merely relative and temporal, and where, only, he can realize his true being.

I hope that I may be able to return to this question and answer, and to consider the bearing of these new scientific views upon the theosophical philosophy and attitude, but whether it will be possible to do so this evening, or whether it must be postponed to another meeting, I do not know; for I have first the task of attempting to give an intelligible outline of the new theories, and of making clear the change that they require in the habitual concept of the physical world. The readjustments demanded are radical, and at first

* From the stenographic notes of an address before the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society February 16th, 1929.

seem very strange, so that the task is one of no small difficulty. That I am able to undertake it at all is in large part due to the brilliant expository genius of Professor A. S. Eddington, Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, from whose work I shall draw freely. Though his technical *Report on the Relativity Theory of Gravitation* requires more than usual mathematical knowledge, his two popular books upon the subject—*Space, Time and Gravitation*, published in 1923, and *The Nature of the Physical World*, which has just appeared in book form, embodying the series of Gifford Lectures he delivered in the University of Edinburgh in 1927—can be read by anyone who is really interested in the subject.

Revolutionary as is the change in view which the Theory of Relativity asks of us, it is not without precedent. It is directly comparable to that involved in ceasing to think of the earth as fixed and flat, and conceiving it, instead, as a globe in very rapid motion. It is comparable in its difficulties and paradoxes, in its causes, and in its results. How great these difficulties were we do not now often pause to recall, though I fancy most of us encountered some of them in our own childhood when we thought of the antipodes. Lactantius, a contemporary of Constantine and a man of no mean intellectual ability, reflects the attitude of his time towards those who maintained the sphericity of the earth and that people might live upon its other side.

"How can there be anyone so absurd," he says in the *Divina Institutiones*, "as to think that men can have their feet higher than their heads; or that in those parts of the earth, instead of resting on the ground, things hang down; crops and trees grow downward; rain, snow and hail fall upward onto the earth? Who indeed can wonder at the hanging gardens, which are reckoned as one of the seven wonders, when the philosophers would have us believe in hanging fields and cities, seas and mountains? . . . If you ask those who maintain these monstrous notions why everything does not fall off into the heavens on that side, they reply that it is of the nature of things that all objects having weight are borne toward the centre, and that everything is connected with the centre, like the spokes of a wheel; while light things, like clouds, smoke and fire, are borne away from the centre and seek the heavens. I scarce know what to say of such fellows who, when once they have wandered from truth, persevere in their foolishness and defend their absurdities by new absurdities. Sometimes I imagine that their philosophizing is all a joke, or that they know the truth well enough and only defend these lies in a perverse attempt to exhibit and exercise their wit."

That is quite the tone and temper of many lay discussions of the modern Relativity Theory. It is the paradoxes which strike us first, and upon which we are most tempted to dwell; but that is not the way in which we can come most quickly to some understanding of the theory itself. For this we must look to what can be said in its favour, rather than in disfavour, and consider the reasons which have led to its adoption. These reasons are, as I have suggested, comparable to those of which Lactantius was so scornful, and to those which later led to the abandonment of the old Ptolemaic system in the

triumph of Galileo and Copernicus. Though it is not the usual method of approach, I believe we can come to the heart of the matter most easily by making use of these parallels.

For the sphericity of the earth, there were good observational reasons,—not apparent in small areas of the earth's surface, but becoming evident when observations at distant points were compared. So far as we can go back in the history of astronomy, we find that the shape of the earth was known to the learned, though not popularly accepted. It was as correctly given in the Ptolemaic as in the Copernican system. For the theory that the earth revolved around the sun, however, there was no observational or experimental evidence whatever. On the contrary, the evidence of the senses was all against it. One could see the sun rise and set; the stars circle through the night, their motion known through the ages, charted and predictable. Copernicus had to overthrow this evidence of the senses, and to point out that in the very nature of things no one could tell from observation whether it was the earth or the heavens which moved. All one could say was that they moved *in relation to each other*. Here he took his stand upon the first principle of Relativity, and challenged his opponents to overthrow him. Of course it supported his view no more than it did theirs, but it nullified the advantage they had had and the evidence on which they had relied. It left a fair field for either theory, so that what actually determined the adoption of the Copernican system was the greater simplicity of the motions it assumed, and the relative ease of mathematical calculation,—these, and the feeling which we all have, but which is often erroneous, that the simpler is the more probable. It seemed far more probable and simple to suppose that the earth was turning on its axis than that all the heavens were revolving around it; and by assuming that it revolved around the sun, the complicated epicycloids of the apparent motion of the planets could be reduced to simple circles or ellipses. It was then simplicity, and only simplicity, that led us to the theory that the earth moved round the sun, instead of the sun moving round the earth. In all other ways the system of Ptolemy was as accurate, as successful in predicting events, as that of Copernicus,—and was far more closely in accord with the familiar appearance of things; for to trace the motion of the stars as we see them, we have still to translate back from Copernicus to Ptolemy.

But what if the sun itself be also moving? Let us think for a moment of the way in which motions compound. We are on a train; when, as Eddington says, we look out of the window and see a cow gliding past at fifty miles an hour, "we remark that the creature is enjoying a rest." The train draws out from the depot; we walk back along the aisle, moving with regard to the train, but, for a time, keeping abreast of the same point in the platform. The platform itself is moving with the motion of the earth, turning around the earth's axis, hurtling through space around the sun; and there is no reason to assume that the sun itself is at rest. What is at rest? What is our actual motion? May all these different motions actually nullify one another? Is there any means of telling?

This is the question that Michelson and Morley asked themselves forty years ago, and thought that they had found a way to answer it. It is a well known fact, easily proved by arithmetical calculation or experiment, that it takes less time to swim a hundred yards across the current of a river and back, than it does to swim a hundred yards up or down stream and back. You go through more water, in that sense your course is longer, in the latter case than in the former. If then, as science supposes, the earth is moving through the æther like a boat through the water, or, what is the same thing, if the æther be flowing past the earth, it should take a swimmer in the æther longer to go a given distance and back in the direction of the earth's motion, than to go the same distance and back at right angles to that motion. Michelson and Morley performed this experiment of racing two beams of light, as swimmers in the æther, to distant mirrors and back over courses at right angles to each other. They confidently expected that one would return before the other, and that so the direction of the earth's motion through the æther would be determined. Greatly to their surprise the result was a dead-heat. They turned the apparatus around and tried it again, but with the same result. The two rays returned at the same time. They waited six months, so that the earth's motion around the sun should have reversed its direction; but again there was a tie. This negative result appeared to contradict all theory and experience. Two equal runners are set unequal courses, yet return at the same time. How explain the contradiction?

For a while there was no explanation. If we can imagine that Ptolemy and Copernicus were watching the experiment, it may be supposed that Ptolemy would have had his revenge; for if the race appeared to prove anything, it seemed to prove that the earth was at rest in the æther,—that Copernicus was wrong and that Ptolemy had been right. But by this time the concept of the earth's motion has been too closely interwoven into the whole fabric of science to be easily extricated, and, so far as I know, the possibility was never even suggested. The negative results of the Michelson-Morley experiment, and of others which confirmed them, remained a mystery until FitzGerald advanced the theory that our ideas and measurements of length were themselves dependent upon motion, and that the handicap which it had been thought had been imposed upon one of the two beams of light was therefore illusory. It had been made to travel more miles, but each "mile" had been shortened.

This at first seems a very wild assumption, but we must remember that all our measurements of length are ultimately equivalent to measurements with a foot rule or yard stick—the application of a rigid rod, end to end over the distance to be measured,—and so depend upon the assumption that that rigid rod maintains the same length. Now we know that certain things, temperature for instance, change the length of the rod. The length of the rod represents, in the scientific view, a balance between the forces drawing its particles together, and the motions which tend to keep them apart. To increase the temperature is to increase the motions, and so to lengthen the rod. This is

understood and allowed for, the length of the rod being "corrected" for temperature. But it had not occurred to anyone, before, that a similar allowance might have to be made for any increase in the forces drawing the particles together. These forces are of an electro-magnetic character. The particles are charged with electricity, and when an electric charge is set in motion it generates a magnetic field, or force. This magnetic force acts to draw the particles closer together in the direction of the motion given to the rod, so that when it is moved in the direction of its length, it becomes shorter than when it is moved at right angles to its length. For small velocities the contraction is negligible, but for large velocities it is by no means negligible. Calculated theoretically, upon the basis of Maxwell's electro-magnetic laws, it is found to be exactly what is required to account for the result of the Michelson-Morley experiment. The increased number of metres, which had to be traversed by the ray in the direction of the earth's motion, was exactly balanced by the shortening of each metre along that course.

This introduces us into *Alice in Wonderland*. As I point my walking stick in one direction or another its length changes. I turn my body and grow thin and broad, or deep of chest and narrow of shoulder. I lie down on a bed with my head to the north and am of different length than when I sleep with my head to the east. Why do we not notice it? Because everything keeps the same scale, the same appearance, and so the fact is concealed from us,—at least this is the explanation that Relativists ask us to accept. But as they point out that all motion is relative, the effects of motion must also be relative, and therefore would only exist for an observer with respect to whom we were in rapid motion, as we are not in respect to one another. The result would, we are to suppose, be very noticeable to some observer on another planet, or to the consciousness of a "beta" particle shooting by us at something less than the speed of light. But to ourselves, our own motion, and the effects which it may produce, cannot be apparent. One effect must always neutralize another. This is what has been called the first or restricted Principle of Relativity: "It is impossible by any experiment to detect uniform motion relative to the æther."

Indeed, if we try to think of what motion through a perfectly continuous and homogeneous medium might mean to us, we shall find the idea replete with difficulties. We can think of motion through water, because we conceive of water as composed of particles. We leave one particle behind and come to another. But we cannot do this if there be no particles—if all be homogeneous and continuous. As Madame Blavatsky long since pointed out, the scientific conception of the æther is a congeries of mutually contradictory properties, and science to-day confesses this. It is a highly illogical conception, though it has been a useful one; and there is every indication that it must be revised—as Madame Blavatsky contended.

The *General* Relativity Theory—as distinct from the first, restricted theory—may be approached, not through the motion of the earth, but through its sphericity; for this theory has, as one of its first and most important results,

the idea that space itself must be regarded as curved, not as flat. We want to find out what that involves, because it must be a quite unintelligible statement to the ordinary man. Let us, therefore, consider the position of the "ordinary man," who in the past thought of the world as flat, and see what he had to do to conceive of its surface as the surface of a sphere.

The first thing to notice is that, in the primitive conception, the earth was really thought of as extending only in two dimensions,—in the horizontal directions in which men were free to move around (mountains being mere irregularities). As we have said, we know no time in history when this was the conception of the learned, but it was the practical notion of the ordinary man. A third dimension was of course known to him, the up and down direction; but this was not directly associated in his mind with the idea of surface extension, but rather with *thickness*, the distance down to the back of the turtle, or the shoulders of Atlas, with which he was not practically concerned. He knew about it but disregarded it. The first thing he had to do, in order to understand the views of the learned, was to give heed to this disregarded dimension and to add it to the other two, turning his attention away, for the time being, from the mere surface of the earth, and thinking of its solid substance as extending in all three dimensions at once. When he had done this, and had the solid in his mind's eye, he could recarve a surface for it in any way he chose, and the "scientific" view, that the true surface was a spherical one, was no longer difficult of comprehension. What he had thought of as a plane, simply curved around through the dimension he had been neglecting.

We are asked to follow the same process with regard to space itself, but one step higher up. We have been thinking of extension as three-dimensional, embracing north and south, east and west, up and down. We, too, are cognizant of another dimension, but we have not commonly thought of it in connection with the extension of space,—only as a sort of "thickness" of space, *duration* in time. We have to put all these four dimensions together, and think of *duration in space*, "space-time," as a single whole, thus making our idea of extension a four-fold thing where now it is generally but three-fold.

This is, of course, a very familiar concept to students of Theosophy. Madame Blavatsky presents it at the very beginning of *The Secret Doctrine*, and stresses it over and over again. "The real person or thing does not consist solely of what is seen at any particular moment, but is composed of the sum of all its various and changing conditions from its appearance in the material form to its disappearance from the earth. It is these 'sum totals' that exist from eternity in the 'future' and pass by degrees through matter to exist for eternity in the 'past'. No one would say that a bar of metal dropped into the sea came into existence as it left the air, and ceased to exist as it entered the water, and that the bar itself consisted only of that cross-section thereof which at any given moment coincided with the mathematical plane that separates, and at the same time joins, the atmosphere and the ocean. Even so of persons and things, which, dropping out of the to-be into the has-been,

out of the future into the past, present momentarily to our senses a cross-section, as it were, of their total selves, as they pass through time and space (as matter) on their way from one eternity to another: and these two constitute that 'duration' in which alone anything has true existence, were our senses but able to cognize it there" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Ed. 1888, p. 37). Science has not learned to make the use of this concept that Theosophy does, but it is at least now recognizing its necessity.

Let us think of the life of anyone we loved, who is now dead. It is present to us in a unity it did not always seem to manifest in life; the succession of temporal states have become merged into one enduring whole. Or again, think of a book—the biography of George Washington, let us say. We can imagine that each page of the biography gives a picture or an account of Washington, and of his actions and environment, at a certain time, stratifying his life, as it were, into a succession of temporal states. Those leaves of the book illustrate our own ordinary notion of temporal existence. Here is a certain condition of affairs, here and now. Here are all these space relations, existing now. At another moment there is another set of space relations. We have stratified our life into a succession of temporal states just as the leaves of the book stratify the life of George Washington. But it is the book as a whole that is his biography, and this stratification is artificial and arbitrary. We can conceive of it as having been written, and consequently stratified, in a very different way: George Washington as soldier, as statesman, as mystic. The temporal sequence need not be observed, but may be cut across in many ways, once we have before us the whole life of the man. It is this whole, unified life, that it is important to grasp. So Eddington says, "We shall see more clearly the real mechanism of the physical world if we can rid our minds of this illusion of stratification. The world that then stands revealed, though strangely unfamiliar, is actually much simpler. There is a difference between simplicity and familiarity. A pig may be most familiar to us in the form of rashers, but the unstratified pig is a simpler object to the biologist who wishes to understand how the animal functions."

We may see from this how, once we have put space and time together, we may recarve them in new forms, no longer in flat stratifications, but in what would correspond to curved surfaces,—space curving, as it were, through the dimension of time. We may see, too, that it should be possible to do this in many different ways; so that what is pure time, for one man, might be a mingling of space and time for another,—that the direction of time is not rigidly fixed and the same for all, under all conditions. There is nothing new to us in the thought that Washington's life as mystic may have proceeded at a very different pace and in a direction different from his life as soldier or householder; or that those who approached him differently should measure him by different standards and mark his progress by a different time-sequence of events. Men are for ever measuring others by themselves, and their judgments tell us as much about them as about those they judge. This is not new, but what is new is that physical science should have begun to recog-

nize that these differences, and dependence of the judgment on the judge, have their direct correspondences in the physical world; and that the most material properties of "inanimate" bodies, their mass and energy, their size and shape, their presence in the "past" or "future"—all those qualities which seemed most constant and independent of the personal colouring of our consciousness—are relative, and vary with the motion of the beholder, though this beholder be but a mechanical, scientific instrument in a laboratory. Science, it is true, has not yet recognized that this relativity and mutability of the outer world is but the reflection of the richness and depth of the inner world—and therein lies our quarrel with science; but it has at least begun to recognize that the outer world has no permanence and definiteness of its own; that it is but a shadow-land of shifting symbols.

We said, a moment ago, that what is merely time for one man may be a mingling of time and space for another. Professor Eddington illustrates this by a clock striking the hours. Our clock here has just struck nine; an hour from now it will strike again; and for us these will be two events which, occurring in the same place, were separated only in time,—an hour apart. But for an observer on the sun, if we imagine him to see the fall of the hammers, the two events would not have occurred in the same place, but about seventy thousand miles apart, for that is approximately the distance that the earth travels in an hour on its orbit around the sun. When we speak of a "distant event," we may mean "distant" in space, or in time, or in both, for both separate events. The Relativist, seeking greater definiteness, speaks of the "interval" between two events, this interval being made up of two components, one of space and one of time. Its measurement is a matter of the geometry of space-time; but, as we have just seen, each of its two components is relative, and different observers, in different states of motion, would divide them up differently. This opens a very fruitful field of paradox, where it would be amusing and interesting to linger, if we had not so much else claiming our attention. But as it is, we must seek the simplest view, and this is perhaps offered by the analogy that we used before. When our predecessors began to think of the earth as a sphere, they had to realize that what were "horizontal" and "vertical" for a man in one latitude were quite different from what they were at another. Between the pole and the equator they would be completely reversed. At the equator the North Star would be on the horizon; at the pole it would be directly overhead. This may make it seem less extraordinary that space and time should be relative in the same way.

But there is a real difference between them, just as there is a real difference between horizontal and vertical, a difference that we cannot ignore. As the force of gravity acts vertically, not horizontally, upon us, so time acts on us as space does not. Though we put time and space together into a single whole, it does not mean that they may therefore be indiscriminately confused and recarved in *any* way. Our notion of time is really dual. There is an inner time and an outer time, and we cannot take the liberties with the inner that we can with the outer. As the two are not unrelated, there are limits to

what we can do even with the outer. After all, time, as distinct from duration, depends upon the law of cycles, upon recurring phenomena. We measure it by things which recur: by our breath, by our pulse, by the phases of the moon, by days and years, by the beating of a pendulum and the revolutions of the hands of a clock. It is a marvel that so many of these hang together as well as they do. It is perfectly patent that time measured by our pulse does not always agree with that measured by the moon, nor does the time of our inner experience always jibe with Naval-Observatory time. It has been the habit of "the ordinary man" to think rather slightly of the time of inner experience, as something purely personal and relative; but science is now assuring him that it is really the Observatory time that is "relative".

We must come now to gravitation, and here I must explicitly remind you of what I sincerely hope you have realized all along, that I am doing my best to present a definite scientific theory, which has rapidly gained favour and has received very striking confirmations; but these confirmations do not prove that it is correct in all its assumptions, and as it stands, and as I shall try to portray it, it is neither my own view nor that of Theosophy. In certain particulars, notably in its abandonment of the classic form of Newton's laws, it is in accord with some of Madame Blavatsky's contentions; but in others it does not accord. Nor is it probable that it has yet been given its final form. Within the past month, Einstein has announced an extension and modification, and there is every likelihood that others will follow.

We can again approach our problem through a comparison with that which faced our predecessors. When the earth was thought of as flat, gravitation could be stated very simply: things tended to fall down if they were not held up. It was simple, universal and in perfect accord with experience; everybody knew and understood it. But when the earth was found to be a sphere, it was obvious that this simple law was too simple to fit the facts. Either things fell "up" on the other side of the earth, or what was meant by "down" had to be redefined, and instead of being a fixed direction, the same everywhere and for all things, "down" had to be seen as a merely relative and local thing, different at every different point on the earth's surface, different, too, at every different moment of time. This changed the meaning from a spacial or geometrical concept to something dependent upon matter—a pointer directed to matter, to the centre of the earth, wherever the earth was and wherever the pointer was. Gravitation no longer appeared as a universal and uniform law, describing how everything tended to move in empty space, but as a local phenomenon, or disturbance of the uniform condition, due to the influence of the earth. Newton's great achievement was, of course, that he conceived a similar disturbance to be created by all matter, not only by the earth; and this restored to gravitation something of the generality it had had in the primitive concept. But it did not restore all of that generality, for now it was dependent upon the presence of matter where before it had not been so conceived. It was now a physical concept instead of a geometric concept. This completely robbed it of its primitive simplicity and uniformity.

Standing on a flat earth, the ordinary man had seen everything tending to fall vertically downward, tending, if left to themselves, to move in parallel lines perpendicular to the flat surface on which he stood. In the new theory these parallel lines were all taken away and replaced by star-rays, radiating from every centre of matter and criss-crossing one another in a most bewildering and inextricable manner. Instead of a neatly ruled space, across which the crystal globes of the heavens majestically revolved, he had a dotted and spotty space, each dot pulling against every other dot and trying to draw to itself whatever its influence could reach. It seems a most unattractive picture, as the plain man must have seen it.

Perhaps this old notion of ruled lines persisted in Newton's mind when he formulated his first law of motion: "all bodies tend to remain at rest or in uniform motion in a straight line, except in so far as they are compelled to change that state by an external force." But the trouble was that, once we had abandoned the idea of a fixed, flat earth, it was perfectly apparent that, whether bodies *tended* to move in straight lines or not, we could find no body that did *actually* so move. Nor could we find any that remained at rest. Therefore, if Newton's law of motion was to hold, *every* body must *always* be acted upon by an external force. The ever present, always active force, whose necessity was thus perceived, was called gravitation.

Professor Eddington invites us to examine this reasoning. Everything, the teacher says, tends to move in a straight line. How do we know this? We throw a stone, and it does not move in a straight line. Yes, the teacher comments, that is because gravity pulls it down. How do we know gravity pulls it down? Because if gravity did not, the stone would move in a straight line. The argument is clearly circular; the only support of either assumption is in the other. The Relativist, pointing this out, points out also the logical conclusion: that this universal mystery of Newtonian gravitation, which has puzzled the human mind for centuries, which we could explain neither by "direct action at a distance", nor account for, without contradictions, as a strain in the intervening medium,—that this mystery was not something inherent in the nature of the universe, but was only inherent in Newton's assumptions; that, in plain terms, instead of being a natural force, it was the mathematical correction that had to be applied in order to reconcile the way in which Newton said that bodies tend to move, with the way in which they actually do move. As Professor Eddington remarks, the suggestion that bodies (like people) really want to go straight, but some mysterious agent makes them go crooked, is picturesque but unscientific.

Questions of motion are mostly questions of geometry. On a plane, for example, one can move in a straight line; but one cannot do that on the surface of a sphere. There, the best one can do is to move on a "great circle", the shortest (or longest) distance between two points. Relativity, therefore, observing that bodies do not move in straight lines but in curves, and appear to move differently in the neighbourhood of matter than when at remote distances from it, asks what kind of a geometry of space-time (for time must

be involved as well as space) would account for this, so that bodies should tend to move as they do move. The question may admit of more than one answer. Basing his work upon that of Minkowski, and approaching the problem as one of pure mathematics, Einstein has found several different solutions. Though differing in detail, however, they are all of the same character, and have successively "explained" geometrically a widening range of physical phenomena. As a result, gravitation was first identified with inertia, and, within the last few weeks, with electro-magnetic phenomena as well,—as Madame Blavatsky always said it should be. The mathematics cannot concern us here, and our imaginations do not function very easily in the four-dimensional space-time with which the mathematics deals. But if we content ourselves with trying to draw a sort of two-dimensional picture, representing space as a surface, it is not hard to form a rough idea of what that surface should be like. In the first place, it must be curved,—not flat; and, where there is no matter, this curvature must be smooth and uniform. But wherever there is matter, there must be a hummock, or hill, breaking the smooth curvature. If you tried to walk across such a surface, these hummocks would deflect your course, and your path in their vicinity would have a different curvature. Relativity theory, therefore, returns to a geometrical picture of gravitation; but instead of the flat space and ruled vertical lines of the primitive picture, it has a curved, hummocky space, and curved lines, and it contends that the Newtonian conception was the result of trying to force this curved, hummocky surface to lie flat on a plane.

This has been illustrated by the distortion that inevitably appears whenever we try to draw a flat map of a considerable portion of the earth's surface. For small areas, the distortion is negligible; but for large areas, if we preserve one feature, we inevitably distort some other. Most maps are drawn so as to preserve direction: that is, the north and south lines run parallel up and down the page. Now on the surface of the earth itself these lines are parallel at the equator, but all come together at the pole. On the map they are kept parallel, and the consequence is that a little circle around the pole is stretched out to the size of the equator, and all the northern regions are absurdly exaggerated in size. Professor Eddington asks us to imagine how this would be interpreted by some ancient inhabitant of Greece, let us say, who adhered to the flat-earth theory and had found that flat maps represented quite correctly his own familiar country. He would naturally assume that they were equally correct in their representation of Greenland, and that the distances shown in his map were the true distances. But if he were to travel in Greenland, he would find that these distances certainly seemed much shorter than they "really" were as given on his scientific map. He would find that he walked very much faster in Greenland than in Greece, and was able to travel in a day what would have taken him weeks at home. How would he explain this? Professor Eddington suggests that if he were an ordinary man of his time, he would suppose that there was a demon living in Greenland who helped travellers on their way; but that if he were a scientist he would "invent a

Græco-Latin polysyllable" to denote the mysterious force or agency which made the journeys seem so short. Relativity exorcises the demon of gravitation by pointing out the curvature of the physical world.

When we put together time and space into a single whole, it is necessary to devise some common measure, or means of comparing distances in time with distances in space. In Relativity theory this is done through the velocity of light, which is about 186,000 miles a second, so that one second of time, what seems to us a very short period of time, corresponds to 186,000 miles, which seems to most of us, who are not astronomers, a fairly long distance in space. If we try to imagine what a single second of our bodily existence would look like in space-time, we must see it as very small—no more than a few feet—in the space directions, but as stretching out 186,000 miles in the time direction. When we realize that to picture our whole physical life, from birth to death, we should have to multiply this length by the number of seconds our life lasts, we reach an idea in rather startling contrast to our ordinary notion that "life is short". It has been likened to an earth worm; but it is a very thin and very elongated earth worm. It is often called our "world-line" stretching through time and space. Every physical body can be so represented.

This affords us another way of illustrating gravitation geometrically. As we did before with space alone, let us now try to imagine a surface model of space-time. We shall have to condense all three dimensions of space into one, representing extension in space by distances measured along one edge of this table top, and extension in time by distances measured along the other edge, at right angles to the first. The table cover, lying flat, would then serve to represent a flat space-time, in regions where there was no matter. Now let us try to introduce the picture of two material bodies in that space-time. We can do this by making two ridges or wrinkles in the table cover, taking care to keep the rest of the cover smooth. As we trace their course, running back from the front edge of the table (along the time direction), these wrinkles may approach or diverge, just as any two bodies may approach or diverge. Of special interest to us, however, is the fact that they can run parallel. This is in flat space-time. But, Professor Eddington points out, if we try to make two similar puckers or wrinkles in a cloth lying on a curved instead of a plane surface, we shall find that it is not so easy to make them run parallel and to keep the rest of the cloth smooth. My coat sleeve wrinkles at the elbow, but those wrinkles do not run parallel; they run together, just as two bodies tend to do.

I have but a few minutes left of the hour generously allowed me, and despite my best efforts the hour proves all too short for even the bare outline I have attempted. I have, of course, had to omit far more than I could suggest; particularly I have slighted the paradoxes with which Relativity Theory is replete. It is these which are usually dwelt upon when Relativity is discussed; but it seems to me that if they are introduced before the central ideas are grasped, they tend to obscure rather than to clarify the subject. Therefore,

I have deliberately omitted them. There are, however, certain conclusions, to which the theory leads, that I ought not to omit, though I can do no more than note them,—since an adequate discussion of any one would require an evening in itself. As you hear them, they will remind you of familiar tenets of Theosophy, and it is distinctly interesting that they should now be advanced by a growing school of modern science as revolutionary discoveries. Once more I must remind you that they are not my conclusions, but those which science is now advancing.

1. The first point I would note, the most significant and profound change in the scientific view is *the disappearance of causality from the physical world*. Force could be regarded as causal; but geometry can scarcely be so regarded. Physical science, in becoming geometrical, has thus become purely descriptive, abandoning all effort to find or deal with causes. It sees the physical world as but a "shadow-land". Professor Eddington insists upon this over and over again. It has no causal properties; it merely registers effects. Nor has it any "reality" in itself. Professor Eddington is not quite sure what others mean when they use the word "reality"; but, in his own thought, that which lies behind the physical universe must be something in the nature of "mind-stuff", not always, perhaps, rising to the level of consciousness (or self-consciousness), but still of the same nature as our own minds, which give a significance to the physical world it would not otherwise have.

2. Cyclic law is imbedded in the stuff and shape of nature. All things move in cycles; and as cycles are the basis of time—in contradistinction to duration—time is relative, as cycles are relative.

3. Space-time (manifestation) is not flat but curved, returning upon itself through a great sweep that yet is not infinite,—like the return upon itself of the surface of a sphere whose radius is in the neighbourhood of a thousand million light-years (a light-second being 186,000 miles). The physical universe is thus finite, but unbounded. All that reaches us physically, all that our senses can perceive, comes to us from within this sphere. Its centre is everywhere; its boundary nowhere. So Theosophy has spoken of the "Egg of Brahma", and of the great cycles or Maha Kalpas of manifestation.

4. The physical universe has a grain in its structure, like the grain in rocks or trees, which is not merely relative, but inherent, and the same for all. This grain is revealed by the track of light, and the velocity of light is the limit which the velocities of material particles may approach, but never reach. At the velocity of light, mass and inertia become mathematically infinite, and time stops. "Let there be light" formed the grain, the structural line of all that followed.

5. The light and heat and magnetism which radiate from a star out into space, and which are not intercepted and absorbed by other bodies, return again, through the curvature of space-time, to reconverge at the point of their departure. Thus there may be "ghost stars", indistinguishable from a substantial star as a source of light and heat, but in which there is no physical substance. So Theosophy traces the reconvergence of the skandhas,

the nucleus for the rebirth, or reincarnation, alike of stars and men and universes.

6. Matter has become wholly immaterial, unsubstantial. Mass and energy are inter-convertible and pass one into the other. Inertia, gravity, electro-magnetism, are likewise seen as different aspects of one another, and all are relative, the aspect that they show, or the effect that they appear to produce, depending upon the motion of the observer.

7. In all physical experiments and measurements of space and time and mass and force, we either gain only relative knowledge or else discover we are facing a mere truism. The reason for this is that we are viewing, or *attempting to view the physical universe from within the physical universe*, and are thus always measuring things against themselves. Our very notion of "length" is derived from what we try to measure by that notion. It is thus like measuring a length by taking as a unit a fixed fraction of that length. Everything is four fourths of itself, or ten tenths of itself. Such measurements yield mere truisms; and all purely physical "laws" are no more than such truisms.

Over and over again Madame Blavatsky contended that no real knowledge of any plane of being could be gained from within that plane; that to see it truly, and as it is, it must be seen from above. This is fundamental in the whole procedure of occultism. Relativity theory—or more truly, as I believe, the genius of Professor Eddington working on that theory—now enunciates the same conclusion. It, too, insists that no real knowledge can be gained that way. There are no true and independent standards by which to measure. The causes operative are not there. It is a mere shadow-land; but science has not yet recognized that the more we compare shadows with shadows, the less we perceive the one important thing about them that it behooves us most to perceive—the fact that they are shadows.

They are of significance only in that they are shadows of something real; and that reality is to be seen, not by looking at the shadow or where it falls, but by turning ourselves about until we face that which casts the shadow. To become absorbed in the play of shadows, to think of them as our own world, and to identify ourselves with them, is to make ourselves, also, but the shadow of ourselves.

The one outstanding merit of Relativity Theory is that it makes it so easy for us to see this; to recognize the shadowy emptiness of the physical world, and so to turn away from it to the world of causal reality—to the world of spiritual consciousness and spiritual being—to the world to which Theosophy points and to which it would lead us.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

WAR MEMORIES

III

"THE RACE TO THE SEA"

ABOUT the middle of September, 1914, the world began to waken to a realization of the fact (still only dimly felt, however) that the War was entering a new phase; that the theatre of the fiercest conflict was to change, and those of us in England who were straining at the leash in our eagerness to get "over there", breathlessly snatched at any and all news which came from the front. Looking back upon that time, now that the years have given us not only a clearer knowledge of the actual military situation, denied us at the moment, but also a perspective, we can see that the rapidly moving and seemingly tangled events, so bewildering at all times to civilians, were in reality steadily shaping themselves into an orderly plan. The Germans had failed to reach Paris, and the Battle of the Marne had been followed by the Battle of the Aisne, which has often been spoken of as a transition battle; but while the enemy had succeeded in forming a new line stretching eastward from Noyon to Verdun, and was attempting a new offensive, hoping to bring about the decisive victory which they had failed to win at the Marne, the French High Command began their great flanking movement west of the Oise, turning around the German right, aiming first at St. Quentin in the hope of cutting off one of the chief lines of communication, then heading north toward Flanders. The Germans, of course, recognized the new danger. If the Allies should reach Belgium, they would join the Belgian Field Army still guarding Antwerp and stretching along the Scheldt, and the German occupation of Belgium would become very precarious indeed; further, and of well nigh equal concern, all hope of taking the Channel ports—which it was now realized should have been taken at a much earlier stage of the War, when it would have been comparatively easy—all chance of seizing this most important strategic position, opposite the English coast, would be lost, and a trench deadlock would ensue. Hence during the latter half of September began the first phase of the "race to the sea", now so famous in history; that dash northwards by the two opposing forces, in their gigantic struggle each to outflank the other, the result being an incredibly swift extension of the active front almost due north and south, instead of west and east, as formerly. If the Germans won in this desperate race; if they could seize Antwerp and annihilate the little Belgian Army, it would enable them to wheel sharply to the west, and by quick marching reach the coast (where in late September there was still a wide stretch of country between the Allied line and the sea) and sweep southward, seizing the Channel ports as they went, Calais being the special objective.

This is a very crude outline, even though viewed as it is now in retrospect, of the general military situation at the time that I first went to Belgium. Of course, only military experts could guess what was taking place. Civilians like myself, living in the very midst of the bewildering comings and goings of troops, could have only a vague and general idea of what was actually happening—even if we had had the time to think much about it. We saw but a small corner of the vast drama which was unrolling; the particular small corner where our work placed us, and I speak of this great phase of the War merely because it may be well to remind those who have momentarily forgotten the mighty "race to the sea", what that "race" really was, and what it meant; also because it naturally affected everything that we who were working in Belgium wanted to do or tried to do.

I have said that during the first days of the War I joined some Red Cross classes in London, in the hope of getting abroad with a recognized unit, but that, when the classes came to an end, there followed an unaccountable pause, a sudden cessation of activities. We were all left, as it were, dangling in mid air. The organizer of the classes had been an acquaintance of mine in pre-War days, and she had urged me to join them, telling me that she had every reason to expect an Ambulance Corps to be formed from those students who successfully survived the examinations, a Corps which would probably be sent to Belgium. I now determined to go to her boldly and ask what the trouble was, and what her next move would be, for I was sufficiently "informed" to realize that one must have an official excuse for getting abroad; without it one would find it almost impossible to secure the necessary *visa*. The trouble turned out to be the not unusual one—misunderstanding with the Higher Authorities. "Red Tape" again. But she had not given up all hope of her Ambulance Corps, for she was leaving London early the next morning, alone, for Belgium, to "look over the ground" with an eye to establishing a foothold.

"I am convinced that the great thing is to be on the spot," she said. "No earthly use to be planning work on one side of the Channel, when you yourself are on the other."

"That is exactly my idea," I exclaimed, "I'm going with you."

There followed a somewhat animated discussion. She preferred, not unnaturally, to go alone, since she had no idea what she would be getting into "over there", and I felt that she owed me at least this chance, since after all, she had urged me to join her classes, and I had in consequence lost all that good time. I frankly told her that I was merely making her my "official excuse", because once in Belgium I had no intention whatever of volunteering in her Ambulance Corps unless it materialized immediately. Once on Belgian soil I intended to strike out for myself. On this basis she agreed to my joining her.

So it came about that on that late September morning, after a rather

hectic night spent in hurried preparations for the unimaginable venture on which I was embarking, I found myself, with a heavy tweed coat and a small hand bag (my only equipment) on the Ostende departure platform of Victoria Station, looking for my travelling companion. She came beaming cheerily through the queer, mixed crowd, evidently reconciled by this time to my presence. The platform was packed with every conceivable kind of traveller—save one. The usual tourist was conspicuous by his absence; it was no place for him; or, if he was there, he had been transformed beyond recognition into something serviceable. There were, of course, officers returning to the front; nurses going out either for the first time or after a short period of rest; war correspondents; chaplains; non-descript men in innocuous Norfolk jackets, who did not "look the part", though somehow you knew that the Norfolk jacket was disguising a real mission; women in indescribable attire, half masculine, half feminine, for in those first weeks, before so much individual effort ceased to be purely individual and became organized (and that meant an acknowledged uniform), many of us snatched at whatever we thought would be practical, appropriate, and indicative of that into which we hoped we were plunging. It was a strange medley; men and women of all degrees and kinds, outwardly perfect strangers, yet held together in the grip of one consuming desire—to be "in it", "to serve". So this morning, toward the end of September, we gathered on that departure platform of Victoria station, saying our last words, or taking our last look at the dear old barn of a terminus. Then the guard gave his signal; in got the stragglers; we waved good-bye to real or imaginary friends standing there, and off we were—to what?

The crossing was uneventful, we reached Ostende in safety, and by great good fortune at once secured the *laissez-passer* enabling us to push on to Ghent, which was our destination. The military authorities, knowing what we had come for (our passports told that clearly enough, and we had valuable letters besides), offered us the necessary transport in an east bound military car just leaving, so we were soon under way, tearing over the broad Ostende-Bruges-Ghent highroad in the gathering dusk and the deepening shadows of the night; racing through the open country side with its wide, serene expanses—those "Flanders Fields" as yet undyed with blood; dashing at breakneck speed through hamlet and village and town; into Bruges and out again, through Eecloo,—and Ghent at last. It was, of course, full night by now, and the town itself was dark—too near the firing line for much illumination to be safe; there were villages little more than four miles away where desperate fighting was going on. We were fortunate in finding an hotel which could squeeze us in, and we went to bed wondering if we had ever passed a day so packed with a variety of emotions as that day had been.

The next morning, after each getting a *permis de séjour*, we parted, as we had agreed we would do on arrival; my travelling companion went in search of information regarding her cherished Ambulance Corps scheme (which I may say was never, so far as I know, heard of again), and I went out to look for an occupation such as would justify my being in Ghent at all at this time.

If before leaving London, I had had any misgivings about being able to find immediate and useful employment, these misgivings were soon dissipated. There was work and to spare in helping to feed and tend the refugees who were pouring into Ghent by every road from the east. They came washing in on the flood-tide of calamity, terror-stricken yet dumb at the horrors they had seen, at the immensity of the disaster, at the swiftness of their own utter ruin; and Ghent, the lovely, dreamy old town of pre-War days, turned itself generously into a vast asylum, transforming the great *Palais des Fêtes* (grim irony!) into a place where at least they had a roof over their poor heads, where they lay, bedded on straw hastily put down on the floors of the great halls; packed so close, men and women and children, that at dusk (which it was when I first saw them) you could hardly distinguish their separate forms. There was no privacy, not even decency for most, and the clean, wholesome out-of-door life they were accustomed to, had been changed into what inevitably became irksome and wearisome surroundings. The first night that I went there, which was the night after my arrival, there were nearly eleven thousand, if I remember correctly, and they were still pouring in. Some of these poor creatures, after a day or two, or as soon as they were able to walk again, got up and staggered westward to the sea, and so by boat to England, or south, on foot, into France; others lay inert, too stunned to care what became of them,—lay inert until the fall of Antwerp and the evacuation of Ghent, when, joining the fresh, on-rushing tide of human misery, they fled.

The stories that they brought were so black, so foul, so unspeakable, that, had it not been for the look in their faces (a look strangely alike in all, as though the profundity of their suffering had gone to the very roots of Being, unifying them, giving them a kind of mysterious and tragic sameness)—had it not been for that look, you would hardly have been able to believe what was told you. One cannot repeat most of these tales, they are too iniquitous, but the many War records will tell the truth about these inconceivable outrages. Day after day, of those first days of mine in Ghent, I watched these poor human derelicts come crushing, thronging, surging. They had been herded in front of marching German troops, a human screen to protect the enemy which had ruined them; they had seen those they loved shot dead while praying at the foot of their wayside shrines,—shot dead for no reason other than the lust of blood; they had watched their wives and children driven into their cellars, there to be burnt alive, or driven out of their cellars where they had sought shelter, into the village square—to be butchered. Faint with exhaustion they came, many of them with terrible gaping wounds which, in the precipitate flight, had not been tended; bayonet thrusts and jagged wounds made by flying shrapnel, where human flesh had been torn to rags. Those who could not walk, and for whom there was not even primitive transport, came limping or almost crawling; children were born by the wayside, young girls and women and old men, with injuries past healing, fell and died where they fell, and remained there, still and deserted, just as they had fallen, while the endless caravan of human woe passed on, and left them. Perhaps

they were happier to have died. Sometimes they came in families, sometimes utterly alone. I have seen young women carrying babies scarcely two days old, hardly able to drag themselves along, and you asked: where were their husbands, their brothers? At the front, they supposed. Was there no one to care for them? Where were their parents? They had seen them dragged out and shot only yesterday. How had they themselves escaped? They did not know,—*le bon Dieu* had saved them, they supposed. An old man, bent and silent, holding the hand of a little girl of three or four, who was trotting, trotting by his side—the poor little trotting feet of the weary child forced to move faster than little feet can go. Where was the child's mother? you asked. He did not know. Was it his grandchild? No. He did not know to whom the child belonged, or even where she had come from; what village she had lived in. He had just found her trotting, trotting, in the midst of the great on-sweeping crowds, choked with dust, dropping for lack of sleep and with fatigue,—lost. We all know the pitiful stories of the lost children of Belgium; but it is a terrible thing to remember them as they actually were and looked at that time. Quite as terrible were the women who had lost their children, who had in an unaccountable way been separated from them. The hungry mother-look in the eyes of some of these women was a thing you could never forget. Most terrible of all, however, worse than anything I saw during the whole course of the War, were the children utterly crazed with the horror of what they had seen, or wantonly mutilated by abominable and hellish cruelty.

So day and night the fugitives came swarming in, from Termonde, Alost, Lokeren and beyond, and all with that strange look branded on their faces. What were they going to do now that they had come to Ghent? you would ask. They did not know. If Ghent were to be evacuated, where would they go then? They did not know. If their home village had been burnt, where would they live when the War was over? (We thought at that time it would be over soon.) They did not know. Their own misery seemed in a curious way to interest them little, so stunned were they, but if you spoke to them of the injury to their country (I have heard many workers among the refugees remark on this), they were roused immediately, for one of the finest qualities in the Belgian character is an intense and fiery patriotism. Their country had done right not to let the Germans pass, but why had the Germans come? Then question would follow question, over and over, in a kind of horrible nightmare repetition: What does it mean? What has our little Belgium done? Why has this happened? We do not understand. Yesterday we were tilling our fields; we did not know that the enemy was anywhere about: then bands of soldiers appeared suddenly and shot most of us before we had time to move. Then they went into our houses and killed our wives and our daughters—killed them and worse—and then they burnt our village. But why? What have we done? What has our Belgium done? Yesterday we were out in the sunshine, tilling our fields, and to-night we have nothing and we are here. But why? What has our little Belgium done? Your heart almost burst with the monotonous agony. Yet with all this you saw no tears; that is one of the

things you remember. Three years before the War, a German, speaking on behalf of the powerful Pan-German League, had written: "War must leave nothing to the vanquished except eyes to weep over their misery,"—but these Belgian peasants did not weep; they could not. I hardly ever saw a tear.

So these simple dwellers of the country-side came flooding in, silent for the most part, with a kind of heroic acceptance which you would not have had otherwise, but which hurt beyond belief. Their poor shattered human loves, their wrecked homes, were memories only; yet that was accepted too. A man who stood watching that stream of appalling human misery wrote of it afterwards: "They were unimportant people; had they all stayed in their homes to be slain there, the great world would not have missed them, would have got along quite comfortably; probably not a dozen of them had been known beyond a radius of ten miles from his native hamlet; I dare say they really didn't matter—but they were uncommonly like you and me."

According to the Prussian Creed: "The sight of suffering does one good; the infliction of suffering does one more good." It is to be regretted that the German High Command could not have witnessed that pitiful entry into Ghent of the non-combatants whom they had first dispossessed, then mutilated, and finally hunted.

I had been at the *Palais des Fêtes* three or four days only, but time seemed to be moving with lightning speed; new Wartime experiences came crowding, one on the heels of the other, and event followed event with such rapidity that it was as good as listening to a quick-firing gun. Already the first days of October were slipping away, and we were warned that the Germans were closing in on us. That race northwards of the opposing armies from the region of the Aisne, was being felt all over Belgium. Rumour constantly whispered that the enemy was actually entering the town, that Ghent must be evacuated immediately—but they had not yet come. Antwerp was still holding out, though we knew that the heavy siege guns had long since been brought up from Namur, and were pounding at the outer forts, and two of these were said to have fallen. We were told that there had been fighting at St. Nicolas, yet it was still possible to get through by car to Antwerp. (We civilians could not, of course, always distinguish between rumour and reality.) There was fighting everywhere, or so it appeared; Termonde and Alost were constantly being shelled, and news, terrible news, came sifting in of desperate hand to hand encounters in outlying villages, where the wounded still lay untended, though the Belgian Red Cross Ambulances shot to and from the firing lines with unflinching and untiring heroism, while ambulance trains, packed with wounded, brought in their sorry freight from Antwerp. The hospitals in Ghent were filled with wounded and dying—what if the Germans did come? How would the wounded be carried away to safety? Ghent began to lose some of its earlier self-assurance, the feeling that it was immune; for day by day, like the stern hand of Fate, a Taube hung overhead in the blue vault. Would the expected French and British reinforcements never come?

Then some cheering news reached us. We heard that French troops were

being concentrated at Courtrai; rumour whispered that they were in great force there, and shortly after, to our boundless joy, we awoke one day to find Ghent swarming with them. Our hopes rose, and we waited breathlessly for the promised coming of the British. They also came at last. Suddenly one evening (everything happened like a shot in those days) the streets were full of them. Those British Marines came liltng into town, serene and sunny, with "Tipperary" on their lips, and a smile in their eyes, and the people of Ghent went swiftly and utterly mad. It was positively pathetic to see the welcome that they gave "*les Anglais*". They could not believe that they had really come. It was not in the least that they loved the British better than the French, but the French were always their neighbours; they had always been at their side, and I question if many of the Belgians at this moment remembered Mons, or realized what the British had already done. It was as though they had just entered the War, and were come as new Allies to fight for the first time. So they passed on their way to Antwerp, and following in their rear—a whole galaxy of London "General" motor-buses, carrying ammunition and supplies. That was really a humorous touch to lighten the grim shadow of War. As the Marines had come singing, so the buses came lumbering—"Shepherd's Bush", "Hendon", "Kentish Town", "Holborn",—dear old home names! It was not a week since I had been living in the midst of them, but it might have been a century. The next morning as I hurried out to work, turning a corner sharply, I ran right into a Cricklewood bus, drawn comfortably up at the side of the road,—you might have expected someone to be serving "early tea" from its rear platform, so cosy and homelike did it look. I could not help stopping to give it an affectionate pat, and to wish one or two of the Tommies standing there, "God speed". So far as I can remember, I have never been in Cricklewood in my life, but that old Cricklewood bus was like a kind and steadying hand in the rush and fever of those stirring days.

I have no idea how many French or how many of the British came at this time. It is perhaps difficult to realize, with the War so far behind us, how very little those of us who were in the midst of moving armies, really knew of what was going on. It is easy now to sit in a chair and read some history of the War, and get things all neatly arranged in one's mind: but at the moment we looked at the passing show, the rapid movement of troops, more as it was related to our work, perhaps, than as fitting into the great whole, for the simple reason that few of us non-combatants on the spot had a long enough view of the situation to know much about the great whole. Besides which, we were so desperately busy just trying to keep up our small end. I cannot hope, therefore, actually to record many of the interesting things which I must have witnessed, because I saw relatively too small a portion of those great and terrible days to realize always what was important and what was not, and rather trivial things were sometimes those which impressed one most at the time, though it could also be said that as everything was almost violently interesting, everything seemed on that account to be

of the utmost importance. There was so much to see, however, that inevitably you missed a lot. While, for instance, you would be noting the difference between the marching of the Poilu and the Tommy, you would forget to note some of the regiments as they passed, and now you probably wish you had kept a sharper lookout. So, as I have said, I have no idea how many French and British I saw come into the town. It is stated, however, that in these last days, before the fall of Antwerp, there were between 25,000 and 30,000 Allied troops concentrated in Ghent, and I often wonder where we all put ourselves!

At the end of my first three or four days at the *Palais des Fêtes*, it was suggested to me that instead of working among the refugees there, I should join a kind of scouting organization, members of which were sent out into the surrounding country to pick up some of the countless refugees who, unable because of utter exhaustion to go any further, were literally in danger of dying of starvation if not from open and untended wounds. It was a small Belgian unit, and I think it was chiefly owing to the fact that I was an American that I got into it. The good Belgians looked on us with a kind of dog-like trust, counting always on the help and sympathy of our country, and as I look back on those early days of the War, I am always astonished at the things that Americans could do; the doors which suddenly opened; the facility with which we could move about. We could go almost anywhere, right into the German lines without any apparent preliminaries—I knew of several most curious cases while I was in Ghent—because, being “neutral”, we were therefore Hun-proof; this meant, or was supposed to mean, arrest-proof; and it did mean this if you could establish your identity satisfactorily. It might have included bomb-proof—but of course, that was asking too much.

I joined this small organization, then, and with it scoured as much of the countryside as was left us to the east, for, as I have said, the actual firing line was often not more than four or five miles distant. This work took us into lonely and dreary places indeed; into semi-destroyed and abandoned villages which had been the scenes of sharp and terrible fighting in the interminable advance and retreat of the battle lines—sharp and terrible fighting as the bullet-spattered walls and the heaps of fallen bricks and shattered glass told us, and great gaping holes in the sides of the houses where some shell had burst; always, too, solitary and half starved cats creeping noiselessly through the ruins, adding an air of indescribable desolation. We found our abandoned refugees in all kinds of corners, wherever they could drag themselves for imaginary shelter; often in the cellars of the demolished houses where they had crawled, to die like animals, out of sight. It was a heart-breaking occupation to go down to fetch them from there, for on hearing our footsteps they usually thought at first that we were Germans, and their terror, even in their half dead condition, was a dreadful thing to see.

I remember one night with special vividness, for this was the first time that I had seen certain aspects of modern warfare save in pictures. We had been sent out very late (nearly midnight, I fancy) some distance on the

Antwerp road, beyond Lokeren, toward St. Nicolas, for some special cases in that general vicinity which had been reported to us. The password had been given us, of course,—“Marne”, or “Mons”, or something like that I think—so we had no trouble in getting by the sentries who were at short distances apart, and who came creeping out of the shadows to accost us, the red lanterns which they carried giving them a look of unreality, like figures on a stage, and we drove along, in a dim, sad moonlight, over the roughly paved road, through mile after mile of Belgian troops camped on either side of the road; past acres of barbed wire entanglements, or wide stretches of ground thickly staked—those cruel, sharp stakes which have made so many people think of them as the sowing of dragon's teeth—pale, ash-coloured sand bags piled high and in long, thin lines which stretched away into the darkness, looking like chalky dikes running out into a gloomy winter sea; sombre and indistinct masses of cavalry, the horses tied close together, curiously tranquil, as though dreaming in the moonlight; silent men stealing phantomlike here and there; the occasional, distant bark of some restless “police dog”; and hundreds of dying campfires, throwing up their strangely-shifting, swift-moving shadows, as if the dead had come back to life to strike just one last blow; and off to the south the glare of burning villages. That night scene is indelibly engraved on my memory, and perhaps I felt a premonition of the change that was to come over it before many hours had passed.

Then came the terrible day that we spent at Melle, a village less than five miles away on the Alost road which runs southeast out of Ghent. Melle had not been evacuated, and the Germans, entrenched just beyond the end of the town, and trying (I believe for the third or fourth time) to seize it, were being repulsed with great loss on both sides. The French were playing their usual gallant part by the side of the Belgians that day, and the street fighting—that deadliest of all kinds, because of the close quarters and the intolerable, echoing din caused by the narrow streets and the crash of falling walls—the street fighting was of the severest. Our small unit was not, of course, mixed up in this, because unfortunately that was not our rôle; we were organized for civilian relief; but as we came into the town, in response to the call we had received, and in search of those we had come to help, the fight was still going on, though now at the far end. We were told to keep as close as possible to the houses, however, avoiding the middle of the street, and so diminishing the risk of being struck by bullet or shrapnel. The noise was terrific, for, beside the tangled street fighting below, shells were shrieking overhead, though none were actually bursting in the town itself. The reason for this (so we were told afterwards) was that the German lines being on one side of the village and those of the French and Belgians on the other, each side was trying to prevent the bringing up of reinforcements; they were carefully avoiding the village itself for fear of hitting their own men. We had come at an exciting, even if at a last moment, for as we crept along in the shelter of the houses, a company of French Marines rushed suddenly out from a side street,

and, the order given, they dashed forward down the main thoroughfare in the direction of the fighting. Then without warning, and like a whirlwind (from heaven knows where—everything was happening with bewildering rapidity) there shot past us two or three of the famous Belgian *mitrailleuses-à-chien* batteries, the dogs straining valiantly at their collars, more eager than anyone to get their small guns into action. That really was a wonderful sight (in miniature, as it were), for so small are the gun carriages that one forgets what deadly work those little batteries can do. We soon heard them giving a good account of themselves, though just how or where I never knew—that fight was more noise to me than anything else; I saw little of it, for we had come too late. It was evident that the Germans were being pushed back (they came on again later, I believe, and with more success), and the sound of the fighting gradually subsided. As we advanced we saw how desperate and how determined the assault and the defence had been a little while before we had arrived. The straight main street, at some period of the fight, had been raked by *mitrailleuses* from a part of the German lines not two hundred yards beyond the village limit, and it was a place of horror; the dead piled high, in ghastly, inanimate heaps, just as they had fallen—hundreds together. There was no time to bury them for days, I was told afterwards. Though Red Cross Ambulances were there, many of the wounded had not yet been carried away, but lay half propped against the walls, or stretched out on the hard paving stones. Some of the fields around the village were also filled with dead and dying and sorely wounded—there, where the shells had been falling—and there were some Belgian Red Cross Volunteer women, belonging to an Ambulance Corps, whom I shall never forget. They did the most splendid work that day. Without previous experience of warfare, they went straight across those fields, the enemy guns trained on them because they could not of course keep out of sight, bringing in the wounded on stretchers too heavy for them, or tending the dying as they lay in their last agony; never pausing for rest or food; careless of themselves; mindful only of the suffering of those who had fought so bravely and who now needed their care. It was at Melle, too, that I first came to realize what the priests of Belgium did on the battlefields. They were everywhere, and they were heroic; true soldiers of Christ. They went where only the hardest veterans were to be found; into the trenches, under the most murderous shell fire, exhorting the men there to remember God and to fight to the death for King and country; they were to be seen in burning villages, pulling the helpless out of charred ruins; on open battlefields, exposed to bursting shells and ceaseless rifle fire; and when there seemed to be nothing else to do which was more strictly within the supposed limits of their priestly vocation, they seized a rifle themselves from the hand of some dead trench-comrade, and fired at the enemy with hearty and vigorous abandon. The soldiers adored them, and no wonder. They were their staunchest friends. So this day at Melle I had an opportunity to see for myself what the Belgian priests were like, for there were two Curés—I do not now remember where they came from, but one belonged to Melle itself, I believe—who,

according to the village folk, had been working without pause for three or four days and nights; who were always to be found where the fighting was the hottest, showing a supreme contempt for death; who picked up the wounded when bullets were flying and shrapnel was splintering all about them, bearing them away on stretchers or in their arms if need were; who, kneeling beside the dying, in the open field and in full sight of the enemy, their cassocks soaked with blood gushing from the open wounds of those they were succouring, administered the last rites, without haste, in an immense and tender compassion. Such were the priests of Belgium. Nothing could daunt them; torture itself could not silence them; from first to last they showed the true Belgian spirit in all they did.

As soon as we were able to get there, we went to the Convent of Melle where we had been told there were wounded non-combatants needing help, for although for the most part they had kept to their cellars during the terrifying hours of the street fighting, some had been forced into the open by falling roofs or gaping walls, and so had been caught by bullet or bayonet thrust. The sisters were of course overwhelmed with work, but there was a curious peace reigning in the convent. As we entered it, out of the dead-filled street where hell had been let loose, we passed as one would pass from the tumult of a boiling cataract to the still, untroubled waters at the river's edge. There was almost a twilight stillness, for the cool, white walls, and the silent ministrations of the nuns, gave a feeling of rest and calm despite the misery which greeted us. It was a pathetic scene. Lying about, in all kinds of positions indicating mental as well as physical pain, were some of the simple people of Melle, also some refugees from distant villages who had been caught here in their flight to Ghent, and the good sisters were moving noiselessly among them, speaking little save to offer some gentle encouragement, while giving them really skilful medical attention; compassionately practical, and with a sweet and gracious wisdom. They knew their poor townsfolk well. The War annihilated many beautiful things, but I doubt if the peace of that little convent at Melle could suffer death. To me, that day, as I passed through its humble door, from the hideous blood-soaked streets, it was as though something out of the Eternal had touched me, and later, when we left with the few refugees we had come for, I knew that I was carrying away with me a memory which would never grow dim.

In my own mind I always think of that day at Melle as ending the first phase of "the race to the sea", for, immediately after, Antwerp fell, and that was the signal for the second phase. The stubborn fighting at Melle is now a matter of recorded history; the village was, on the day of which I have written, in the very midst of the danger zone, and it was one of the last of the towns to hold out against the German rush toward Ghent.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

THE CAVE OF THE NYMPHS

By what stars shall we direct our flight and by what means avoid the magic power of Circe and the detaining charms of Calypso? For thus the fable of Ulysses obscurely signifies, which feigns him abiding an unwilling exile, though alluring spectacles were continually presented to his sight, and his stay was invited by everything that could delight the senses and enchant the heart. But our true country, like that of Ulysses, is that from whence we come and where our Father lives.

PLOTINUS.

IT has been said that Theosophy is the revelation that there is a purpose of life. That purpose has been represented as the discovery by each human being of the real and enduring Self which is both the cause and the objective of his personal existence.

By virtue of its divine ancestry, the soul inherits the right to know the Real, but it must earn the privilege of exercising its right. Thus, the moment of the discovery of the Real has been likened to the culminating adventure of a romance. Before the Real can be known, the aspirant must be fired with the desire to know it, and he must learn to stand firm in the conviction that, in spite of every lying appearance, knowledge exists and is attainable.

The ordinary language of metaphysical demonstration cannot do justice to this theme, for the reason that its subject-matter overflows the limits of the intellect as at present constituted. Therefore, the sages and philosophers who have described the quest of the Real, have been forced to illustrate their exposition with parables and allegories symbolizing the experience of the heart.

The quotation from Plotinus is an example. The philosopher is trying to make his audience realize that the longing of the soul for the world of divine beauty is not an abstract mental condition, but an intense and moving state of consciousness. After exhausting the resources of his powerful intellect to illumine his meaning, he calls in the aid of a poet. He compares the nostalgia of the soul, exiled in the body, to the homesickness of Ulysses. It is the parable of the Prodigal Son.

The *Odyssey* has been read by many as a mere tale of earthly adventure with no other significance than that which is obvious upon the surface of the poem. The wisest of the Greeks, however, did not regard it in this way. For them, Homer was more than a great poet; he was a seer, a mystic. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were cherished as mystical scriptures, as treatises revealing through the veil of romance and allegory the sacred destiny of the soul and the process of initiation into the Mysteries. Especially during the late afternoon of the Greek day, during the Platonic Renaissance which extended from Ammonius Saccas to Proclus, the best minds of the disappearing race

seem to have turned back to meditate upon the glorious dawn of its cycle. The greatest of the commentators upon Homer were the later Neoplatonists.

In the view of the Neoplatonists, Ulysses was the type of the human soul adrift upon the waters of illusion, but saved from annihilation again and again by the ministrations of Pallas Athene (Divine Wisdom), the initiated Guide who responded in compassion to the prayers of the homesick wanderer. Whether we accept or reject their claim to have discovered an underlying mysticism in Homer, we shall be forced to admit that there are passages in his poems which are senseless if interpreted in any other way. And there are other passages which recall portions of the *Divine Comedy*, such as, for instance, the episode when Pallas Athene, like another Beatrice, unseals the inner sight of Ulysses after his return to his native island of Ithaca. Without the aid of the Goddess, he could not see the true outlines of the dear country which he had reached at last.

In the same Thirteenth Book where this scene is enacted, there is a description of a hill above the little harbour where Ulysses had landed, and of a mysterious cave which passes through the hill. It seems that this cave caused much wonderment among the ancient readers of Homer. The discussions which revolved about it suggest, incidentally, that matter-of-fact people existed in antiquity, just as they exist in modern times. There were those who argued that there was such a cave on the island of Ithaca, and there were those who argued that the cave was only a fiction of the poet.

Fortunately we possess a treatise by the Neoplatonist, Porphyry, in which the philosopher considers what may have been Homer's purpose in introducing the description of the cavern at this particular point in his narrative. Porphyry comes to the happy conclusion that it is quite irrelevant whether the cave was or was not a feature of the Ithacan landscape, for the grotto depicted by Homer is the cave of initiation. He believes that Homer, speaking to those who had ears to hear, intended to convey the idea that Ulysses, landing on his island, had completed, as it were, a cycle of mystical experience, and had thus gained a definite status in the spiritual world.

A work must be judged by its merits, but it is certain that Porphyry did not come wholly unqualified to his task. He was the most distinguished disciple of Plotinus and, after his master's death (270 A.D.), was the leading exponent of the Neoplatonic doctrine. Though much of his time was devoted to the paraphrasing and editing of the works of Plotinus, he holds independent rank as one of the great figures of the Platonic Renaissance. Madame Blavatsky refers to him as "the most practically philosophical, and the soberest, of all the Neoplatonists" (*Theosophical Glossary*, 239-240). In 1823, Thomas Taylor translated *The Cave of the Nymphs*, and his version with its valuable foot-notes, has been followed by the present writer, who has, however, taken the liberty occasionally of paraphrasing Taylor's phrases when their wording has seemed too technical.

The following are the verses from the Thirteenth Book of the Odyssey which serve as Porphyry's text.

"High at the head a branching olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 A cavern pleasant, though involved in night,
 Beneath it lies, the Naiades' delight:
 Where bowls and urns of workmanship divine
 And massy beams in native marble shine;
 On which the Nymphs amazing webs display,
 Of purple hue, and exquisite array.
 The busy bees within the urns secure
 Honey delicious and, like nectar, pure.
 Perpetual waters through the grotto glide.
 A lofty gate unfolds on either side;
 That to the north is pervious to mankind;
 The sacred south to immortals is consigned."

The cave, says Porphyry, is the symbol of the material universe and of the human body which is the microcosm of that universe. "The exterior of a cavern is pleasant, but its interior is obscure and its very bottom is darkness itself." Similarly, physical Nature may be conceived as a cavernous island in a boundless space filled with the light of an undivided, divine consciousness. Embodied existence, being separated by the walls of illusion from the direct radiance of the Central Sun, is qualified by limitation and darkness. It is narrow and obscure, like a cave.

It is scarcely necessary to prove this point. The body has the appearance of being a thing quite complete in itself, so that the consciousness identified with it, suffers the delusion of being distinct from all other consciousness, embodied or disembodied. As this incarnated "self" is limited in space, so is it limited in time, for the physical basis of its existence is in itself only a transient aggregate of molecules which has no being beyond the confines of birth and death.

Embodied consciousness is dark, since only an infinitesimal portion of the light of the Real filters through the barrier of the body. This is true, in the most concrete and physical sense. The eye is sensitive to one gamut of rays and blind to the rest. The other senses respond to various gamuts of vibrations, but each is operative in a zone which has the dimension of a point in relation to the unlimited sphere of being which surrounds it.

It would seem that there are three possible attitudes to take towards bodily existence. There is the irrationally hopeful acceptance of its limitations and darkness, which is the attitude of the vast majority of mankind. This rests upon the continued resurgence of the psychic desire for sensation, coupled with the notion that the body is designed to be an instrument for the gratification of psychic impulses. Then, as opposed to this general view of the body, there is the opposite extreme of that false asceticism which loathes and scorns and abuses the sum-total of physical nature. This false asceticism is, in a way, symbolized by Simon Stylites sitting motionless on his pillar, and

seems to have taken deepest root in the East. Its votaries have, indeed, freed themselves, to an extraordinary degree, from the vulgar craving for sensation, and from the illusion that incarnation is desirable as an end in itself; but they have not imagined that incarnation may still have its function in the economy of Nature.

Porphyry suggests a third attitude toward the body, conceiving it to be the matrix from which the real self-consciousness of the soul is born. In the words of an Indian sage, "Maya is the Shakti of Atman." The dark and narrow cave of the human body becomes, then, a place of probation for the Ego which has voluntarily submitted to limitation and darkness for the purposes of its own evolution. "The ancient Persians occultly signifying the descent of the soul into sublunary regions and its subsequent reascent, initiated the mystic in a cavern."

From this point of view, the body becomes a prison only when the soul lingers within it longer than is necessary for its instruction. In truth, it is a corridor through which the soul passes from a lower to a higher stage of being. The Mohammedans have preserved a saying of Jesus: "Life is a bridge. Pass over it. Do not build upon it."

"Perpetual waters through the grotto glide." Porphyry comments: "In consequence of containing perpetually flowing streams of water, this cave is not a symbol of a spiritual substance but of a material essence." It is the quality of sensuous, animal life which is suggested by the image.

Heraclitus, speaking of disembodied souls, says that "we live their death and we die their life," as if the animal life of the "separate" self in the body appeared to the spiritual man as a chilling contraction of the partless consciousness of the Logos in which he participates. Certain properties of water aptly symbolize the night which darkens the soul's vision as it descends into generation and which compels the soul, as it were, to evolve specialized organs of sensation in order to feel its way in the dark, as a blind man develops and enhances the sense of touch. Thus, to mention two phases only of the animal consciousness in which the soul's powers are condensed, it is aware of things outside the body to the extent that their superficial aspects are reflected on its own surface, as a stream mirrors more or less clearly the trees and rocks on the banks; and it is in a state of continuous change, like a river with many currents and eddies.

The animal consciousness may be compared to a mirror enclosed in a set of lenses which absorb or deflect most of the rays directed towards it, so that the images which it receives are fragmentary and inadequate representations of things-in-themselves. However, in the animal kingdom, this apparent warping of consciousness seems to be normal, and to be designed by Nature as a means of compelling the animal to develop the germ of mind. In other words, if the instinct of an animal were virtually omniscient, if its consciousness were a perfect mirror of everything in its physical environment, it might escape suffering and prolong its life quite indefinitely, but there would be no incentive for it to become actively intelligent, for intelligence would only

spoil its perfection. The animal is also forced by the struggle for existence to distinguish between the image of its own body and the images of other bodies, and this isolation and magnification of one image, at the expense of all the rest, would seem to foreshadow the rudimentary state of psychic self-consciousness, when the image of the body is regarded as a separate self.

The animal consciousness is again marked by an endless series of displacements. William James often compared the continuous succession and transformation of our ordinary moods and desires to a stream. There results from this condition a state of unremitting hunger and dissatisfaction. The desires of the animal nature cannot be completely and permanently satisfied, for each separate desire transmits part of its content of force to a new desire which succeeds it, while another portion of its force is mysteriously stored away as a *skandha* or seed of some future counterpart of itself. It has been suggested that the stinging power of appetite is the great agent of evolution in the animal kingdom. Without its incessant stimulus, for example, the animals would never have gained and retained the faculty of locomotion.

The "moisture" of animal life, therefore, seems to provide a necessary medium for the subsequent development of two of the great "principles" which the soul can only acquire, as it appears, by reflecting itself in the bodily consciousness. These "principles" may be defined as *individualized* mind and desire. As Heraclitus said, "Souls like to get wet."

Porphry's comment is, perhaps, less cryptic than it sounds: "The ancients thought that (living) souls are incumbent upon water which is inspired by divinity, as Numenius says, who adds . . . that the Spirit of God moves on the waters. The Egyptians, likewise, represent the Sun and all the Planets, not standing on anything solid, but on a sailing vessel; for souls descending into generation fly to moisture."

"The cave is sacred to Nymphs," he continues, "not to Nymphs in general but to a particular order, the Naiads. We give the special title of Naiads to the nature-powers that preside over waters; and this term is also commonly applied to all souls descending into generation."

The Naiads are the Reincarnating Egos of the Eastern Wisdom. Retaining their inalienable identity as an angelic host, they are, nevertheless, mysteriously immersed in the waters of animal life. Out of the substance of the water they weave vestures, "purple webs admirable to the view." "To souls descending into generation, what symbols can be more appropriate than the instruments pertaining to weaving? . . . The purple webs are evidently the flesh which is woven from the blood. Thus also Persephone, the guardian of everything produced from seed, is described by Orpheus as weaving a web; and the Heavens were called by the ancients a veil, in consequence of being, as it were, the vestment of the celestial Gods." Furthermore, the webs of the Nymphs are suspended from beams of marble, "as the formation of the flesh is on and around the bones, which in the bodies of animals resemble stones." It is interesting to recall, in reference to the last sentence, certain

passages in Volume II of *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is suggested that the appearance of thinking man on this planet is correlated with the development of the skeleton.

The purple web symbolizes the blending of spiritual and physical natures. The personality or psychic self, born of this fusion, was described as a composite entity (*suniheton*) by the Neoplatonists. In the image of the web the design seems to stand for the spiritual or noetic element which comes from above, the purple dye signifying the fluid life of animal sensations over which the noetic element moves, like the Spirit of God, while the substance of the web is differentiated matter.

According to a beautiful interpretation, the Nymphs finish on Earth the weaving which they began in Heaven. There is this passage from the Commentary of Proclus on the *Timæus* of Plato: "Orpheus says that Persephone, while she remained on high, weaving the heavenly world, was only a Nymph, as yet undefiled; but that, proceeding from her proper habitation, she left her web unfinished and was ravished by Pluto, the power of the lower world. The unfinished state of her web indicates that the Universe would be imperfect or incomplete if nothing inferior to the celestial Gods were produced. Hence Plato says that the one Demiurgus calls on the many Demiurgi to weave together the immortal and mortal natures; thus reminding us that the addition of the mortal genera is the perfection of the textorial life of the Universe."

We now come to the most suggestive part of Porphyry's treatise. There are "bowls and urns of workmanship divine" within the cave, and "the busy bees within the urns secure honey delicious, and like nectar pure."

Two meanings are latent in these verses. The first is the superficial. Earthly honey is a symbol of the sweet intoxications of sensation, as the bees represent the restless desires of the psychic self which collect drops of pleasure from objects of sensation. "According to Orpheus, Saturn was ensnared with honey by Jupiter. For Saturn, being filled with honey, was intoxicated, his senses were darkened, and he slept."

However, Porphyry stresses another and more significant meaning. The powers of the mortal man are identical in essence with the powers of the immortal, and the mortal can be transformed into the immortal through the purification and re-direction of the faculties which he now corrupts and misuses.

"The stony bowls in the grotto are, indeed, the symbols of Bacchus, since they are bodies of earth that have been submitted to fire; and these are cognate to the vine, the gift of the God, since the fruit of the vine is brought to a proper maturity by the celestial fire of the Sun." The honey which is deposited in these bowls is, according to the philosopher, not the pleasure of the senses. It is the nutriment of the soul which is gathered from the hearts of flowers, that is, from the essence of things experienced. When this nectar is poured into "the bowls of workmanship divine," they are purified and filled with a divine energy. In St. Paul's words, "This corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality."

It is clear that, with the introduction of these new symbols, we have come to the turning-point in the cave, where the path of the immortals diverges upwards from the path of the mortals. That turning-point corresponds to the moment when the soul awakens in the body and becomes aware of the cavern walls which hem it in, at the same time that it remembers with passionate nostalgia its own bright home in the heavens. Hitherto it has passively submitted to the delusion that the body is its self, and that the body's desires are its desires. Now it sees that delusion as grotesque and monstrous, for it recognizes that its real Self overflows the boundaries of the body and that its real desires cannot be satisfied by any sensation of the body.

In the *Odyssey*, this moment of repentance or "turning back" occurs when Ulysses deprives the Cyclops of sight. "This deed became the occasion of reminding him of his errors, until he was safely landed in his own country. For one is not automatically liberated from this life by the simple act of blinding the Cyclops (who is the "natal demon" of the lower nature) and of paralyzing its energies. He who dares to do this, as Ulysses dared, will be pursued by the anger of the marine and material 'Gods', whom it is first requisite to appease by sacrifices, labours, and patient endurance, at one time, indeed, contending with the passions, and at another, employing enchantments, and by these various means transforming himself ever more completely, in order that, being at length divested of the torn garments, by which his true person has been concealed, he may recover the ruined empire of his soul."

Thus Porphyry describes the war in which the soul engages from the instant when it sees and seriously begins to combat the errors which its psychic personality has committed in its name. It is a battle to the death, for the vanquished loses independent existence and is transformed into the substance of the victor. Thus the triumphant soul can return home, enriched by the powers of self-consciousness which it brings back from its adventures in the lower world, and which it could not conceivably have acquired if it had not gone forth and staked all upon the issue.

The vision of its errors and the desire to return home are the two great factors which move the soul to begin the ascent towards the outlet of the cave of initiation. From this point of view, one can scarcely fail to be moved by the great beauty of the Homeric imagery, as the Neoplatonists have interpreted it.

The nectar which is the essence of things, is the beverage of the Gods. Thomas Taylor, quoting from the *Scholia* of Hermias on the *Phaedrus* of Plato, brings out the inner meaning of these lines from the Fourth Book of the *Iliad*, describing an Olympian banquet.

"Now with each other, on the golden floor,
Seated near Zeus, the Gods converse; to whom
The venerable Hebe nectar bears,
In golden goblets; and as these flow round,
The immortals turn their careful eyes on Troy."

Hermias says that ambrosia, the food of the Gods, is analogous to dry nutriment, and signifies their spiritual and incorruptible natures, whereas nectar is analogous to moist nutriment and indicates their providential attention to mortal natures. "When the Gods are represented as energizing providentially, they are said to drink nectar."

The pleasures of the Immortals "must belong to the pure soul only and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united." The Gods long to share the elixir of life with the children of earth, and so they instil a drop of it in the heart of every terrestrial flower, where it is duly found by the soul which goes forth in quest of it.

One can now perceive a new significance in the image of the bees. "All souls proceeding into generation are not simply called bees, but those who will live in it justly and who, after having performed such things as are acceptable to the Gods, will again return to their kindred Stars. For the bee loves to return to the place from whence it first came, and is eminently just and sober. . . . We must, therefore, admit that honeycombs and bees are appropriate symbols of a spiritual nature, which is wedded to the nature produced by generation." It would seem that an Eastern scripture, the *Prashna Upanishad*, completes the thought of the passage from Porphyry: "Like as the bees all follow the honey-makers' king when he departs, and all return when he returns, so did voice, mind, sight and hearing."

The symbolism of the two gates of the cave is rather involved, being cast in the technical language of astrology; so that it is impossible here to attempt more than to produce a cursory sketch of Porphyry's commentary. It may be suggested, however, that the two portals are adapted to the needs of two classes of beings, of those who are forced by their own needs and desires to reincarnate time after time in the cave of the body, and of those who enter the cave only for the salvation of others. Such a distinction between earth-bound and liberated souls, is frequently set forth in the scriptures of India. Thomas Taylor, in his remarkable essay on *The Wanderings of Ulysses*, suggests that Ulysses himself "was by no means such an exalted hero as Hercules, or Pythagoras, or Plato, or Socrates; for they largely benefited others, but he only benefited himself. For all his companions perished prior to his arrival at Ithaca." Therefore, Ulysses may be taken as the type of those souls who descend through the portal of the mortals, but who do not reascend by the way they have come, because they discover during physical life the way of the immortals. While yet alive he is endowed with the consciousness of immortality.

There is another aspect of the symbol. Its astronomical correspondences illustrate the cosmic implications of the soul's evolution. The progression of the soul towards self-consciousness is an expression of a universal law equally active in the formation of atoms and solar systems.

"It has been asserted", says Porphyry, "that the two portals of the cave are the Zodiacal Signs of Cancer and Capricornus; that Cancer is the gate through which souls descend and Capricornus that through which they ascend."

It is necessary to recall that Cancer is the sign of the summer solstice, after which begin the shortening of the days and the retreat of the year towards the darkness of winter. Capricornus, the sign of the winter solstice, marks the re-birth of the year and the promise of the return of the solar warmth and light. Incidentally, the traditional date of the birth of Christ practically coincides with the period when the Sun enters the sign of Capricornus.

The universality of the old Mystery language is indicated by these lines from the *Prashna Upanishad*, which seem to express in some detail the ideas intended by Homer.

"The circling year, verily, is a Lord of beings. Of it there are two courses, the southern and the northern. Therefore they who worship, saying, Offerings and rewards are our work! win for themselves the lunar world. They, verily, return again. Therefore those seers who desire offspring follow the southern path. Matter, verily, is this path of the Fathers.

"And so by the northern, by fervour, by service of the Eternal, by faith, by wisdom seeking the Divine Self, they win the sun. This is the home of lives, this is the immortal, the fearless, this is the higher way; from this, they return not again. This is the resting place."

Thus, according to one interpretation of the Homeric image, the souls who pass through the northern gate towards the south descend into exile, into limitation and darkness. The souls which emerge through the southern gate "ascend through the Sun to the Gods" along the path of the immortals. "Let it be noted that the poet does not say that this is the avenue of the Gods. It is, indeed, the way of the immortals, this being the appellation of our souls which are *per se* or essentially immortal."

"One particular remains to be explained, and that is the olive planted at the top of the cavern. . . . The growth of the olive in such a situation is not fortuitous, as might be suspected, for it illumines the mystery of the cave. Since the world was not produced rashly and casually but is the work of divine wisdom and a spiritual nature, it is proper that an olive tree, the symbol of this wisdom, should flourish near the cavern which is an image of the world. For the olive is the plant of Athene, and Athene is wisdom." As the olive symbolizes wisdom, so also it signifies inner security and peace, the reward of spiritual effort, the crown of life. The initiate who has emerged from the purgatory of the cave receives as a token of immortality a wreath of the olive's ever-flourishing leaves.

"In this cave, therefore," says Homer, "all external possessions must have been left. And now, assuming a suppliant's habit, subjecting the bodily powers, casting aside everything superfluous, indifferent to the energies of the senses, the initiate sits at the foot of the olive and consults with Wisdom by what means he may complete the destruction of the hostile rout of passions which still lurk in the secret recesses of his nature." Ulysses was in his native land, but not yet in his home, when he conversed with his divine Companion. A dangerous adventure lay before him, for he had to destroy the Suitors, the enemies of his inner household.

Porphry concludes: "Indeed, as it appears to me, it was not without reason that Numenius and his followers thought the person of Ulysses in the *Odyssey* represented Man, who passes over the dark and stormy sea of matter and generation, and thus at length arrives at that region where tempests and seas are unknown and where dwells a nation,

" 'Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.' "

STANLEY V. LADOW.

If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things through the narrow chinks of his cavern.—BLAKE.

THE HAKO: AN INDIAN RITE

PART II

THE cycle of rituals which constitute the Hako Ceremony takes five days for completion, and follows immediately upon The Preparatory Rites which were described in the preceding instalment of this article. As stated therein, a commodious earth lodge with a long passage-way leading to the outer entrance, which must of necessity face the East, has been prepared and dedicated for the enactment; in the centre is the hearth, back of which, to the West, is the Consecrated Holy Place where the Sacred Articles now lie at Ceremonial rest in readiness for the approaching drama. Back of them sits the Father, flanked by the bearers of the Calumets and the Eagle Wings, while the Son occupies the "place of humility" at the north of the entrance-way. Other members of the Father's party are ranged along the south wall, and as the Children assemble they form an opposite line on the north.

When all are gathered within the Lodge, the Fathers rise, lifting the Sacred Articles, and the Kurahus addresses the Children, telling them that they must help him by reverent conduct as he tries to perform faithfully the rites handed down from their fathers; he further explains:

"It is the duty of the Kurahus to teach these things; he has received them from an older Kurahus, who has received them from a still older Kurahus, and so on through many generations back to the time when they were revealed to our fathers through a vision from the mysterious Powers Above; the vision and its promise came from the East; they always descend from The Above by that path. None of the songs of this ceremony can be changed; they must be sung accurately just as they have been handed down to us, for the words speak of the Powers Above and their gifts to us, and we must be careful of such words.

"A Kurahus must devote his life to learning these songs and their meaning and the acts which accompany them; he must spend much of his time in thinking of these things and in praying to the Mighty Powers. We have been told that in a vision our fathers were taught how to make the Feathered Calumets, how to use them, how to sway them to the songs so that they should move like the wings of a bird in flight. It was in a vision that our fathers were told how they could cause a man who was not their bodily offspring to become a Son, bound to them by a tie as strong as the natural tie between father and son. For this knowledge we give thanks.

"The Fathers have prepared for the Children a sacred feast of corn as a symbol of the loving care of a parent for his child; but before it can be tasted the thoughts of all must be lifted to Tirawa-atius; so we carry the Hako about the Lodge, waving the Feathered Stems over the heads of the people and sing-

ing' that Tirawa is indeed the Father of all things here below and of the Lesser Powers which come to us in dreams. He sends help by these Lesser Powers because they alone can come to us so that we can see and feel them. And then we sing of Mother Corn, who has led us on our journey, who has entered before us the Lodge of the Son, and who brings promises of peace and plenty. When the song is over, the Children are given the feast which we have in readiness, and then they go to their homes to remain until evening.

"When the sun has set and it is dark and the stars are shining, then again all gather in the Lodge; wood is piled on the fire, and when the flames leap high the Kurahus and his party, bearing the Hako, rise from their position behind the Holy Place of the hearth. Although the Lodge in general is typified as a nest, the Holy Place at the west, back of the fire, is its special representative, and there when not in action the Hako is always laid at Ceremonial rest.

"Slowly we make the circuit of the Lodge singing the invocation to the Visions, which begins with the words:

'Hither come we pray you, come unto us
Bringing with you joy';

the spirits of the birds on the Feathered Stems join our spirits in this call, and high in their dwelling-place above, the Visions hear this call, joined to the call of our spirit, and descending by the Eastern Path, they pass over the quiet Earth. The song tells that they approach the door of the Lodge, that they cross the threshold, that they fill the Lodge with their Presence and that they

'Touch the children, gently touch them
Giving dreams of joy'—

concluding with the words,

'They the sky ascending reach their dwelling;
There they rest above,
They their dwelling reach—holy Visions,
There they rest above.' "

During the last stanza of this ritual, as the Kurahus and his assistants with the choir and the drum-bearers march around the Lodge, the song is taken up by all the people, men, women and children, until the walls fairly vibrate with the sonorous melody. Miss Fletcher tells us that the face of her old friend was radiant with joy as he described and dwelt upon the happiness brought to all by the Visions which attend the Hako.

It is now past midnight, and at the close of the great chorus the people go to their homes to sleep and dream of their happiness. The Son remains at his post near the inner door, while the Kurahus and his assistants keep watch from behind the Holy Place where the Sacred Articles again lie at Ceremonial

rest. The fire burns to embers, the noise of the camp dies slowly away, and darkness and silence settle down within the Lodge.

As the night at length draws to a close, a server is ordered to lift the skins which hang at the inner and outer doors of the long entrance-way, and to watch for and report the first glimmer of light. "When he comes in with these tidings, we rise, take up the Hako, and, looking toward the East, we sing the first song of the Dawn ceremony. We sing slowly and with reverent feeling, for we speak of the mysterious and powerful act of Tirawa in the birth of Dawn.

"In the first verse we call to Mother Earth, the Mother-who-breathes-forth-life, who has been asleep and resting during the night; the life which she breathes forth she receives with the breath of the Dawn from Tirawa:

'Awake oh Mother from sleep!
Awake, the night is far spent!
The signs of Dawn are now seen
In the East whence cometh new life';

Mother Earth hears the call, she awakes, she arises, she feels the breath of Dawn; the leaves and the grasses stir, all things move with the breath of the new day. Everywhere life is renewed.

"This is very mysterious; we are speaking of something very sacred, although it happens every day.

"Next we call upon the Mother Eagle to awake. She represents the Powers which dwell above, and which are sent by Tirawa to bring us help; she soars there where these Powers dwell, and she can speak with them; with her all the Lesser Powers awake and stir, and all things below awake and stir, for the breath of the Dawn is upon them; the breath of New Life which has come with the first signs in the East, is everywhere.

"Now Mother Eagle, messenger of the Powers Above, stands within the Lodge and the Kurahus hears her voice as she tells him what the signs in the East mean. She tells him that Tirawa, the All-Father, moves on Darkness and causes her to bring forth the Dawn. It is the breath of new-born Dawn, child of Night and Tirawa, which is felt by all the Powers, all things above and all things below, giving life for the coming Day.

"In song the Kurahus answers and tells Mother Eagle that he understands the words she spoke to him while standing there in the Lodge; that now he knows the meaning of the signs in the East,—that Night is in truth the Mother of Day, and that it is by the Power of Tirawa moving on Darkness that she gives birth to the Dawn, his child! The Child comes to awaken Man, to awaken Mother Earth and all living things that they may receive the breath of New Life for the coming day.

"This is the meaning of these songs; the words do not tell all that a song means; the meaning has been handed down from our fathers and taught to the Kurahus, who may teach it to any one who is serious-minded and truly

desires to learn these sacred things, which were first taught to our fathers by Kawa, the Mother Eagle.

"Last of all we summon the Son, who has been asleep and resting in the Lodge. He hears the call and he too looks to the East and sees the signs of Dawn.

"Now all the Powers above and all things below have risen and received the breath of New Life; Mother Eagle has stood and spoken in the Lodge, the Kurahus has heard and understood, and the Son too is awake and standing with us, awaiting the coming of the Morning Star. Morning Star is one of the Lesser Powers. Our fathers performed sacred ceremonies in his honour, and we are reverent toward him.

"Morning Star is like a man. He is painted red all over, for that is the colour of life; he is clad in leggings, and a robe is wrapped about him, and on his head is a soft, downy feather; this feather represents the soft, light cloud that is high in the heavens, and the red is the touch of the coming Sun. It is also a symbol of breath and of life.

"The Star comes from a great distance, too far away for us to know the place where he starts. At first we can hardly see him, he is so far off; then we see him again for he is coming steadily toward us all the time; we watch him approach; he comes nearer and nearer, and now we see him clearly, standing there in the heavens, a strong man shining brighter and brighter. The soft plume in his hair moves with the breath of the New Day, and the ray of the Sun touches it with colour; as he stands there so bright he is bringing us strength and new life.

"Then as we look he grows less bright, he is receding, going back to the dwelling-place whence he came; we watch him vanishing, passing out of sight. He has left with us the gift of life which Tirawa sends him to bestow.

"Still we stand looking eastward through the long passage-way, watching and singing till we see the Dawn itself approach. Nearer and nearer it comes, its brightness fills the sky, the shadowy forms on Earth become visible and more visible, and then the Dawn also slowly recedes; it is following the Morning Star, back to the place whence it came—to its birthplace.

"The Day is close behind, advancing along the path of the Morning Star and the Dawn; as he approaches, the Dawn vanishes wholly from our sight, and we sing:

'Day is here! Day is here, is here!
Arise my Son, lift thine eyes!
Day is here! Day is here, is here!
Look up my Son and see the Day!
Day is here! Day is here, is here!
Day is here, is here!'

"We sing this song with loud voices; we are glad. We shout 'Daylight has come! Day is here,' for the light is over the Earth. As we look out through

the door of the Lodge we can see the trees, and all things stand out clearly in the light. Still we sing and shout, 'Day is here! Daylight has come!' We call to the children to awake, that all the animals are coming forth from the places where they have been sleeping. The deer leads them, she comes from her covert bringing her young into the light of day, and our hearts are glad as we sing:

'Lo, the deer! Lo the deer, the deer
Comes from her covert of the night!
Day is here! Day is here, is here!
Lo, the deer! Lo the deer, the deer!
All creatures wake and see the light.
Day is here! Day is here, is here! "

Miss Fletcher comments,—“Such is the drama of the Dawn, the mystic birth of Day as conceived by a Pawnee fully versed in the beliefs of his people. The aged Kurahus has given us a glimpse of its imagery and meaning from the very centre of the magic circle, when otherwise we should have to content ourselves with the superficial view of an outsider. As he shows it to us, the simplicity, beauty, and reverent feeling, cannot fail to appeal to everyone who has watched the silent majesty of a breaking day, whether on the sea or the hills or the widespread prairies.”

This pæan of praise ushers in the second day of the ceremony, the day devoted to celebrating the masculine qualities of virility and strength, typified by the Sun-Father. There is a charming personification of his Messenger as the Bright Ray which alights like a bird on the Lodge, then enters it from above and moves about within, touching for a moment the centre of life, the fireplace, and which, departing, rests as a bright gleam on the western hills. This ritual is in two distinct divisions, the one enacted as the Morning Sun approaches, bearing life and strength, the other as he withdraws in the evening, leaving with the people “those gifts which Tirawa sent him to bestow”. In the interval between is a cycle of songs, the first beginning, “Hark the sound of their wings”, which likens the noise and bustle of the Hako to a vast flock of birds, and continues with specific allusions to the master birds which are bound on the Feathered Stems.

This second day is brought to a conclusion in the evening by a repetition of the Invocation to the Visions, with a stronger emphasis on the supernatural origin of the rites, and the promise that the revelations shall again be vouchsafed to the Children through the Hako.

The third day, when the feminine forces are honoured, is very like the second in general plan, with the Dawn ritual as a prelude and the third and last Invocation to the Visions as its closing ceremony. The songs are to Mother Earth and to all which she brings forth to sustain the life of the people. “We sing: ‘Behold here lies Mother Earth, of a truth she lies here to bring forth, and we give thanks that it is so; we give thanks for the fields of corn, and for

spreading trees and for the streams and rivers which flow over her. Of a truth we know that Mother Earth brings these forth by the power of Tirawa-atius, Father of All Things.'

"When these songs are finished, we make the smoke offering to Tirawa through the Mother Eagle Calumet, and then I, as Kurahus, sing the songs which teach the lessons of the birds to the Children, beginning with one about the nest where the eggs lie in safety. We learn from the birds that we must care for our children even before they are born; that we must be cheerful and thankful for all that we receive; that we must protect and guide our families, and be faithful in storm and in sunshine, by day and by night. Through following these teachings we shall receive in full measure the gifts of the Hako. The words of these songs are few, but the story has come down to us."

When the Visions are all invoked for the third and last time, there is an especial summons to the shades of the Ancients, who are besought to come from their abode on high to give recognition to the Son; and furthermore to sanctify by their presence the rites which have already taken place, as well as those which are to follow on the fifth and last day, when the secret and most sacred part of the entire ceremony will be celebrated.

"The Visions come in answer to our song; they hover over us and recognize him who has been made our Son, and we all rest and are quiet in their presence. As they depart to their dwelling place above, we give thanks in our hearts that they have come to us."

The departure of the Ancients ends the outer ceremonies. In them all the Powers in turn have been called to the Lodge; in response, the birds of the Hako have flown thither, the Visions have descended and entered, the Dawn and the Stars and the Day have brought their gifts, and throughout it all the abstract idea of the great creative forces in their cosmic aspect, has been firmly held in mind.

There ensues a day of rest, after which the definite promises made by the Fathers to the Children must be fulfilled in a most sacred rite, which is carefully concealed from all but the immediate participants. The mystic stirring of the Dawn birth, the brooding fruitfulness of Earth and Mother Eagle, the virile potency of Sun Father and the Man Eagle, and, above all thinking, the overshadowing spirit of Tirawa, are to be focussed and concentrated in the one person of a Chosen Child, a little son of the Son; through the investiture he will become the child of the tribe, the bearer of new life to the coming generations.

This inner ceremony, which is the very heart of the drama, lasts only a few hours, beginning shortly after sundown of the fourth day with a review of the lessons already inculcated, which are summed up by the Kurahus as follows:

"We have now made the four-times-four circuit of the Lodge. In the first circuit we have recollected Mother Earth, and the Corn symbols; in the next, the Eagles which are messengers of the Powers above; in the third, the prayer and offerings of this ceremony, and in the fourth the Powers themselves, the

Mighty Power above, and all those which are with the Hako. Four times four means completeness. The night is nearly over and the children leave the Lodge and go to their homes.

"At the first signs of morning, when Dawn is again coming to birth and all the creatures are beginning to stir with the life of the new Day, the Fathers rise and, taking up the Hako from its ceremonial rest, they march forth singing, to seek the Chosen Child. The song is the same one which we sang when we first entered the village and sought the Lodge where the Son was awaiting us. We have been four days and four nights in that Lodge, singing the songs and performing the rites, and now we seek the Son's own dwelling, that we may carry the Sacred Objects to his fireplace and there touch with them his Child, that the promises we have brought may be fulfilled."

Before this dwelling of the Son the group pauses, singing the last stanza, and at its close a party of warriors, a purely masculine element, storms into the lodge as though to capture and hold it, shouting and recounting, all at one and the same moment, the deeds of prowess and daring which are their special gifts from Tirawa. Then as the Babel of boasting dies down, the Hako itself, with gifts of Peace and Quiet, enters the passage-way, and going straight to the boy, endows him with powers of endurance, wisdom, and fruitfulness; and lastly the Kurahus, holding the joined Calumets, one close-wrapped within the feathers of the other, touches him with Creative Power.

Thus encompassed with all the forces of life, the little creature is coaxed by a crooning song to move and take for himself the four steps which symbolize the progress of existence; and straightway when he has complied, he is gently lifted to the back of one of the Ancients and borne to the ceremonial Lodge, followed by the Kurahus and the Hako group, all singing together. Within the Lodge the child is seated in the Holy Place, while the members range themselves in their prescribed positions, forming a close circle about him; and this inner group is in turn shielded from all observation by a curved line of warriors which stretches from wall to wall, shoulder touching shoulder, so that their robes, reaching the ground, form a solid screen. The face of the child is to be inscribed with the signs of Tirawa, and no profane eye may be a witness. Invisible symbolic lines are traced first with living water and next with a brush of fresh grasses,—two of the Lesser Powers; next comes the sacrificial ointment, the sign of plenty, and the red pigment which is spread over his entire face to show that the full radiance and vigour of the Sun are upon him; and lastly all the lines of the symbol are carefully retraced in blue paint, the colour of the Above, and the visage of Tirawa-atius is made visible. The arch of the sky is across the forehead, and from the middle point, the zenith, a line which is the breath of Tirawa descends straight to the point where it can become one with the breath of the child and be indrawn to his heart. Forthwith the aged Kurahus, standing above him, opens his hand and lets fall over the dark hair, downy breast-feathers taken from a spot near the heart of the Mother Eagle, so that he appears to be resting among the soft white clouds of Tirawa's abode; while a tiny white feather from the Man

Eagle is tied in such wise that it flutters over his head without ceasing as if it were indeed the ever-moving breath of the spirit.

Thus completely invested with the sacred signs, the Child is made to gaze in silence upon his reflected image. The mirror prepared for the rite is the direct gift of the Earth Mother, for it is made of wood from her forests, fashioned into a bowl shaped like the inverted dome of the sky, and it is filled with water from her living streams. As he gazes upon its clearly reflecting surface, he is for a moment shown his own young visage blended and made one with the symbolic visage of Tirawa-atius, and immediately thereupon, the black covering which must veil the mysteries, is thrown over and about him. "Only Tirawa looks on them and knows all they mean. We do not look on them for they are holy."

Now, centred around the Holy Place of the hearth, circles are drawn at the Four World Quarters to represent the nests of tribal life and of kinship groups; "and as we draw these circles on the ground we think that Tirawa has made the Earth, where all the people live, quite round like a nest. If you go on a high hill and look about, you will see that the Earth touches the Sky on every side and that it is a circular enclosure."

Into each of the inscribed circles, the Child, freshly endowed with the life of Tirawa, is carried in turn and allowed to rest for a moment, while at his feet is laid an oriole's nest containing certain symbolic objects. Thus he bears the good gifts of the Hako to his people. This act is carefully hidden from sight by an enshrouding robe, and no one but the officiating priest knows what is happening beneath it, "For no one knows when a bird lays its eggs or when a new birth takes place. Only Tirawa knows when life is given."

After the four requisite repetitions of the mystery, the Child is again seated on the Holy Place while an offering of incense is made by throwing sacrificial ointment and aromatic grasses on the glowing coals of the fire. Silently the participants watch the sweet-smelling smoke curl upwards until it is well on its way to Tirawa, and then the Kurahus waves the Hako Articles back and forth through it, and, with hands impregnated by the odour, strokes the Child. Thus he receives its blessing, and in turn the smoke as it rises will bear a witness of him to Tirawa. When the other members of the party in like manner have shared this benediction, all traces of the tribal nests and of the incense fire are painstakingly obliterated, and the Father bears the Child, still veiled, outside the door of the Lodge to watch the presentation of gifts.

This is a joyous interlude; deeds of heroism are recounted and enacted, while two youths weave with indescribable grace and lightness the intricate pattern of an Eagle Dance, and one by one the Children lead up the ponies which are given to the Fathers in grateful recognition of the blessings they have brought.

When all the presentations have been made, the group of inner participants once more and for the last time retires within the Lodge, and the Child is again carried to the Holy Place behind the fire. With gestures which follow

the downward path of Tirawa's breath, he is stroked with the Corn Symbol and with the Mated Stems, while the Kurahus bows over him singing:

"Breathe on him!
Breathe on him
Life thou alone can give to him!"

Concerning this part of the ceremony the aged Indian said to Miss Fletcher: "The whole purport of this song is hidden from the people; it means, 'All that I have been doing to you, little Child, has been a prayer to call down the breath of Tirawa-atius, to give you life and strength and to teach you that you belong to him,—that you are his Child'; and now I pray with all my spirit to Tirawa to come down and touch with his breath the symbol of his face and all the other symbols that are on the Child. This is a very solemn act because we believe that Tirawa, although not seen by us, sends down his breath as we pray, calling on him to come.

"As I sing this song now in Washington with you, I cannot help shedding tears. I have never sung it before except as I stood looking down upon the little Child and praying for him in my heart. There is no little Child here, but you are here writing all these things down that they may not be lost, and that our children may know what their fathers believed and practised in this ceremony. So as I sing I am calling to Tirawa-atius to send down his breath upon you. I am praying for you with all my spirit."

When the stroking motion has been made the requisite number of times, and the song is finished, the Father of the Hako kneels, and with utter gentleness divests the Child of the painted signs and of all the sacred symbols. Wrapping these together with the other Hako Articles in the wildcat skin, he lays the bundle in the boy's arms, and taking him by the hand leads him to the place where his own father, the Son of the Hako, is standing, ready for the closing act of the ceremony. The special promises of the Hako, New Life and Fruitfulness, Peace and Security, are in the arms of the Child, consecrated and dedicated to be their bearer; and as the Son accepts the proffered symbols from the hands of his own offspring, the desired tie, as strong as the tie of kinship, is established and complete.

The Child released from his official greatness runs out into the sunlight to play; and, after a general exchange of courtesies, the people return to their daily avocations while the Hako party is free to break the long fast, which has lasted from the afternoon of the previous day, with a farewell feast before the Fathers depart on their homeward way.

As this account draws to an end I feel more and more deeply the difficulty of conveying its actual quality in any abbreviated form, for its sheer length, the wealth of the inter-related and significant detail, are the warp and woof of its character. It is the meticulous and formal care with which materials for the sacred articles are gathered and prepared, the insistence on special potencies inherent in red and blue and yellow pigment, which gives the symbols the

impress of magic power; the very meaning of a song may lie in the fact that it has an eight-fold form or is given a four-times-four rendition; each prolongation of a syllable or change of rhythm is a necessity—for thus the mind is held one-pointed and concentrated in supplication, thus the High Powers are assured of unbroken attention. I have throughout sternly resisted the temptation to suggest parallels or interpretations, or in any way to interfere with the Kurahus' straight-forward explanation, and I will end simply with his final words to Miss Fletcher, when at long last their joint task was finished:

"During the days I have been talking to you, and during the days and nights that we have worked together, my heart has gone out to you. I have done what has never been done before; I have given you all the songs of this ceremony and explained them to you. I never thought that I, of all my people, should be the one to give this ancient ceremony to be preserved, and I wonder over it as I sit here. I think over my long life with its many experiences; of the great number of Pawnees who have been with me in war, nearly all of whom have been killed in battle. When I remember all the people of my tribe who have died during my lifetime, and of those in other tribes who have fallen by our hands, they are so many they make a vast covering over Mother Earth. I once walked with these prostrate forms; I did not fall but passed on, wounded sometimes but not unto death, until I am here to-day,—doing this thing,—singing these sacred songs into that great pipe (the graphophone) and telling you these ancient rites of my people.

"It must be that I have been preserved for this purpose, otherwise I should be lying back there among the dead."

E. A.

All knowledge begins and ends with wonder, but the first wonder is the child of ignorance, the second wonder is the parent of adoration.—COLERIDGE.



A HINDU CHÊLA'S DIARY *

FROM *THE PATH*, VOL. I, NOS. 3, 4, 5, AND 6, JUNE TO SEPTEMBER, 1886.

[In the month of December he arrived at Benares, on what he hoped would be his last pilgrimage. As much as I am able to decipher of this curious manuscript, written in a mixture of Tamil—the South Indian language—with Mahratta, which, as you know, is entirely dissimilar, shows that he made many pilgrimages to India's sacred places, whether by mere impulse or upon actual direction, I know not. If he had been only an ordinary religiously disposed Hindu we might be able to come to some judgment hereupon, for the pilgrimages might have been made in order to gain merit, but as he must long ago have risen above the flowery chains of even the Vedas, we cannot really tell for what reason these journeys were made. Although, as you know, I have long had possession of these papers, the time had not until now seemed ripe to give them out. He had, when I received them, already long passed away from these busy scenes to those far busier, and now I give you liberty to print the fragmentary tale without description of his person. These people are, you know, not disposed to have accurate descriptions of themselves floating about. They being real disciples, never like to say that they are,—a manner quite contrary to that of those famed professors of occult science who opportunely or inopportunely declare their supposed chêlanship from the house top.—TRANSLATOR.]

“ . . . Twice before have I seen these silent temples standing by the rolling flood of sacred Ganges. They have not changed, but in me what changes have occurred! And yet that cannot be, for the I changeth not, but only the veil wrapped about, is either torn away or more closely and thickly

Note.—“A Hindu Chêla's Diary” was reprinted in the *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY* of April and July, 1916; but as it is a classic in our literature, we reproduce it again for the benefit of those to whom the back numbers of the *QUARTERLY* may not be accessible.

All the footnotes are exactly as they appeared in *The Path*; and the signature [ED.] with which some of them end, refers to the Editor of *The Path*, William Q. Judge.—EDITORS OF THE *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*.

* The original MS. of this Diary as far as it goes is in our possession. The few introductory lines are by the friend who communicated the matter to us.—[ED.]

folded round to the disguising of the reality. . . . It is now seven months since I began to use the privilege of listening to Kunâla. Each time before, that I came to see him, implacable fate drove me back. It was Karma, the just law, which compels when we would not, that prevented me. Had I faltered, and returned to the life even then so far in the past, my fate in this incarnation would have been sealed—and he would have said nothing. Why? Happy was I that I knew the silence would not have indicated in him any loss of interest in my welfare, but only that the same Karma prevented interference. Very soon after first seeing him I felt that he was not what he appeared exteriorly to be. Then the feeling grew into a belief within a short time so strong that four or five times I thought of throwing myself at his feet and begging him to reveal himself to me. But I thought that was useless, as I knew that I was quite impure and could not be trusted with that secret. If I remained silent I thought that he would confide to me whenever he found me worthy of it. I thought he must be some great Hindu Adept who had assumed that illusionary form. But there this difficulty arose, for I knew that he received letters from various relatives in different parts, and this would compel him to practise the illusion all over the globe, for some of those relatives were in other countries, where he had been too. Various explanations suggested themselves to me. . . . I was right in my original conception of Kunâla that he is some great Indian Adept. Of this subject I constantly talked with him since—although I fear I am not, and perhaps shall not be in this life, worthy of their company. My inclination has always been in this direction. I always thought of retiring from this world and giving myself up to devotion. To Kunâla I often expressed this intention, so that I might study this philosophy, which alone can make man happy in this world. But then he usually asked me what I would do *there* alone? He said that instead of gaining my object I might perhaps become insane by being left alone in the jungles with no one to guide me; that I was foolish enough to think that by going into the jungles I could fall in with an Adept; and that if I really wanted to gain my object I should have to work in the reform, in and through which I had met so many good men and himself also; and when the Higher Ones, whom I dare not mention by any other names, were satisfied with me, they themselves would call me away from the busy world and teach me in private. And when I foolishly asked him many times to give me the names and addresses of some of those Higher Ones, he said once to me: 'One of our Brothers has told me that as you are so much after me I had better tell you once for all that I have no right to give you any information about them, but if you go on asking Hindus you meet what they know about the matter you might hear of them, and one of those Higher Ones may perhaps throw himself in your way without your knowing him, and will tell you what you should do.' These were orders, and I knew I must wait, and still I knew that through Kunâla only would I have my object fulfilled. . . .

"I then asked one or two of my own countrymen, and one of them said he had seen two or three such men, but that they were not quite what he thought

to be '*Raj Yogs*.' He also said he had heard of a man who had appeared several times in Benares, but that nobody knew where he lived. My disappointment grew more bitter, but I never lost the firm confidence that Adepts do live in India and can still be found among us. No doubt too there are a few in other countries, else why had Kunâla been to them. . . . In consequence of a letter from Vishnurama, who said that a certain X.¹ lived in Benares, and that Swamiji K. knew him. However, for certain reasons I could not address Swamiji K. directly, and when I asked him if he knew X. he replied: 'If there be such a man here at all he is not known.' Thus evasively on many occasions he answered me, and I saw that all my expectations in going to Benares were only air castles. I thought I had gained only the consolation that I was doing a part of my duty. So I wrote again to Nilakant: 'As directed by you I have neither let him know what I know of him nor what my own intentions are. He seems to think that in this I am working to make money, and as yet I have kept him in the dark as regards myself, and am myself groping in the dark. Expecting enlightenment from you, etc.' . . . The other day Nilakant came suddenly here and I met Sw. K. and him together, when to my surprise K. at once mentioned X., saying he knew him well and that he often came to see him, and then he offered to take us there. But just as we were going, arrived at the place an English officer who had done Kunâla a service in some past time. He had in some way heard of X. and was permitted to come. Such are the complications of Karma. It was absolutely necessary that he should go too, although no doubt his European education would never permit him more than half to accept the doctrine of Karma, so interwoven backward and forward in our lives, both those now, those past and those to come. At the interview with X., I could gain nothing, and so we came away. The next day came X. to see us. He never speaks of himself, but as 'this body'. He told me that he had first been in the body of a Fakir, who, upon having his hand disabled by a shot he received while he passed the fortress of Bhurtpore, had to change his body and choose another, the one he was now in. A child of about seven years of age was dying at that time, and so, before the complete physical death, this Fakir had entered the body and afterwards used it as his own. He is, therefore, doubly not what he seems to be. As a Fakir he had studied Yoga science for 65 years, but that study having been arrested at the time he was disabled, leaving him unequal to the task he had to perform, he had to choose this other one. In his present body he is 53 years, and consequently the inner X. is 118 years old. . . . In the night I heard him talking with Kunâla, and found that each had the same Guru, who himself is a very great Adept, whose age is 300 years, although in appearance he seems to be only 40.² He will in a few centuries enter the body of a *Kshatriya*,³ and do some great deeds for India, but the time had not yet come.

¹ I find it impossible to decipher this name.

² There is a peculiarity in this, that all accounts of Cagliostro, St. Germain and other Adepts, give the apparent age as forty only.—[Ed.]

³ The warrior caste of India.—[Ed.]

"Yesterday I went with Kunâla to look at the vast and curious temples left here by our forefathers. Some are in ruins, and others only showing the waste of time. What a difference between my appreciation of these buildings now, with Kunâla to point out meanings I never saw, and that which I had when I saw them upon my first pilgrimage, made so many years ago with my father."

* * * * *

[A large portion of the MS. here, although written in the same characters as the rest, has evidently been altered in some way by the writer, so as to furnish clues meant for himself. It might be deciphered by a little effort, but I must respect his desire to keep those parts of it, which are thus changed, inviolate. It seems that some matters are here jotted down relating to secret things, or at least, to things that he desired should not be understood at a glance. So I will write out what small portion of it might be easily told without breaking any confidences.

It is apparent that he had often been before to the holy city of Benares, and had merely seen it as a place of pilgrimage for the religious. Then, in his sight, those famous temples were only temples. But now he found, under the instruction of Kunâla, that every really ancient building in the whole collection had been constructed with the view to putting into imperishable stone, the symbols of a very ancient religion. Kunâla, he says, told him, that, although the temples were made when no supposition of the ordinary people of those eras leaned toward the idea that nations could ever arise who would be ignorant of the truths then universally known, or that darkness would envelop the intellect of men, there were many Adepts then well known to the rulers and to the people. They were not yet driven by inexorable fate to places remote from civilization, but lived in the temples, and while not holding temporal power, they exercised a moral sway which was far greater than any sovereignty of earth.⁴ And they knew that the time would come when the heavy influence of the dark age would make men to have long forgotten even that such things had existed, or that any doctrines other than the doctrine based on the material rights of *mine* and *thine*, had ever been held. If the teachings were left simply to either paper or papyrus or parchment, they would be easily lost, because of that decay which is natural to vegetable or animal membrane. But stone lasts, in an easy climate, for ages. So these Adepts, some of them here and there being really themselves Maha Rajahs,⁵ caused the temples to be built in forms, and with such symbolic ornaments, that future races might decipher doctrines from them. In this,

⁴ In the ancient Aztec civilization in Mexico, the Sacerdotal order was very numerous. At the head of the whole establishment were two high priests, elected from the order, solely for their qualifications, as shown by their previous conduct in a subordinate station. They were equal in dignity and inferior only to the sovereign, who rarely acted without their advice in weighty matters of private concern. (Sahagun *Hist. de Nueva España*, lib. 2; lib. 3, cap. 9; *Torq. Mon. Ind.* lib. 8, cap. 20; lib. 9, cap. 3, 56; cited by Prescott in vol. 1. *Conq. Mex.* p. 66.)—[Ed.]

⁵ King or Ruler.

great wisdom, he says, is apparent, for to have carved them with sentences in the prevailing language would have defeated the object, since languages also change, and as great a muddle would have resulted as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, unless a key stone had also been prepared; but that itself might be lost, or in its own turn be unintelligible. The ideas underneath symbols do not alter, no matter what might be the language, and symbols are clear immortally, because they are founded in nature itself. In respect to this-part of the matter, he writes down that Kunâla informed him that the language used then was not Sanscrit, but a far older one now altogether unknown in the world.

From a detached sentence in the MS., it is shadowed forth that Kunâla referred to a curious building put up many years ago in another part of India and now visible, by which he illustrated the difference between an intelligent construction and an unintelligent one. This building was the product of the brain of a Chandala,⁶ who had been enriched through a curious freak. The Rajah had been told by his astrologers, upon some event occurring, that he must give an immense sum of money to the first person he saw next day, they intending to present themselves at an early hour. Next day, most unusually early, the Rajah arose, looked out of the window, and beheld this Chandala. Calling his astrologers and council together, and the poor sweeper into his presence, he presented him with lacs upon lacs of rupees, and with the money the Chandala built a granite building having immense monolithic chains hanging down from its four corners. Its only symbology was in the change of the chains of fate; from poor low caste to rich low caste. Without the story the building tells us nothing.

But the symbols of the temples, not only those carved on them, but also their conjuncture, need no story, nor knowledge of historical events. Such is the substance of what he writes down as told him by Kunâla. He says also that this symbology extends not only to doctrines and cosmology, but also to laws of the human constitution,—spiritual and material. The explanation of this portion is contained in the altered and cryptic parts of the MS. He then goes on]:

" . . . Yesterday, just after sunset, while Kunâla and X. were talking, Kunâla suddenly seemed to go into an unusual condition, and about ten minutes afterwards a large quantity of malwa flowers fell upon us from the ceiling.

"I must now go to—and do that piece of business which he ordered done. My duty is clear enough, but how am I to know if I shall perform it properly. . . . When I was there and after I had finished my work and was preparing to return here, a wandering fakir met me and asked if he could find from me the proper road to Karli. I directed him, and he then put to me some questions that looked as if he knew what had been my business; he also had a very

⁶ A low caste man, *e.g.*, a sweeper. Such a building can now be seen at Bijapur, India.—[Ed.]

significant look upon his face, and several of his questions were apparently directed to getting me to tell him a few things Kunâla had told me just before leaving Benares with an injunction of secrecy. The questions did not on the face show that, but were in the nature of inquiries regarding such matters, so that if I had not been careful, I would have violated the injunction. He then left me saying: 'You do not know me but we may see each other.' I got back last night and saw only X., to whom I related the incident with the fakir, and he said that, 'It was none other than Kunâla himself using that fakir's body who had said those things, and if you were to see that fakir again he would not remember you and would not be able to repeat his questions, as he was for the time being taken possession of for the purpose, by Kunâla, who often performs such things.' I then asked him if in that case Kunâla had really entered the fakir's body, as I have a strange reluctance toward asking Kunâla such questions, and X. replied that if I meant to ask if he had really and in fact entered the fakir's person, the answer was no, but that if I meant to ask if Kunâla had overcome that fakir's senses, substituting his own, the answer was, yes; leaving me to make my own conclusions. I was fortunate enough yesterday to be shown the process pursued in either entering an empty body, or in using one which has its own occupant. I found that in both cases it was the same, and the information was also conveyed that a Bhut⁷ goes through just the same road in taking command of the body or senses of those unfortunate women of my country who sometimes are possessed by them. And the Bhut also sometimes gets into possession of a part only of the obsessed person's body, such as an arm or a hand, and this they do by influencing that part of the brain that has relation with that arm or hand; in the same way with the tongue and other organs of speech. With any person but Kunâla I would not have allowed my own body to be made use of for the experiment. But I felt perfectly safe, that he would not only let me in again, but also that he would not permit any stranger, man or gandharba,⁸ to come in after him. We went to — and he. The feeling was that I had suddenly stepped out into freedom. He was beside me and at first I thought he had but begun. But he directed me to look, and there on the mat I saw my body, apparently unconscious. As I looked the body of myself, opened its eyes and arose. It was then superior to me, for Kunâla's informing power moved and directed it. It seemed even to speak to me. Around it, attracted to it by those magnetic influences, wavered and moved astral shapes, that vainly tried to whisper in the ear or to enter by the same road. In vain! They seemed to be pressed away by the air or surroundings of Kunâla. Turning to look at him, and expecting to see him in a state of samadhi, he was smiling as if nothing, or at the very most, but a part, of his power had been taken away another instant and I was again myself, the mat felt cool to my touch, the Bhuts were gone, and Kunâla bade me rise.

⁷ An obsessing astral shell. The Hindus consider them to be the reliquæ of deceased persons —[Ed.]

⁸ Nature spirit or elemental.—[Ed.]

"He has told me to go to the mountains of ——— where ——— and ——— usually live, and that even if I were not to see anybody the first time, the magnetized air in which they live would do me much good. They do not generally stop in one place, but always shift from one place to another. They, however, all meet together on certain days of the year in a certain place near Bhadrinath, in the northern part of India. He reminded me that as India's sons are becoming more and more wicked, those Adepts have gradually been retiring more and more toward the north, to the Himalaya mountains. . . . Of what great consequence it is for me to be always with Kunâla. And now X. tells me this same thing that I have always felt. All along I have felt and do still feel strongly that I have been once his most obedient and humble disciple in a former existence. All my hopes and future plans are therefore centred in him. My journey therefore to up country has done me one good, that of strengthening my belief, which is the chief foundation on which the grand structure is to be built. . . . As I was walking past the end of Ramalinga's compound holding a small lamp of European make, and while there was no wind, the light three several times fell low. I could not account for it. Both Kunâla and X. were far away. But in another moment, the light suddenly went out altogether, and as I stopped, the voice of revered Kunâla, who I supposed was many miles away, spoke to me, and I found him standing there. For one hour we talked; and he gave me good advice, although I had not asked it—thus it is always that when I go fearlessly forward and ask for nothing I get help at an actual critical moment—he then blessed me and went away. Nor could I dare to look in what direction. In that conversation, I spoke of the light going down and wanted an explanation, but he said I had nothing to do with it. I then said I wanted to know, as I could explain it in two ways, viz: 1st, that he did it himself, or 2nd, that some one else did it for him. He replied, that even if it were done by somebody else, *no Yogee will do a thing unless he sees the desire in another Yogee's mind.*⁹ The significance of this drove out of my mind all wish to know *who* did it, whether himself, or an elemental or another person, for it is of more importance for me to know even a part of the laws governing such a thing, than it is to know who puts those laws into operation. Even some blind concatenation of nature might put such natural forces in effect in accordance with the same laws, so that a knowledge that nature did it would be no knowledge of any consequence.

"I have always felt and still feel strongly that I have already once studied this sacred philosophy with Kunâla, and that I must have been, in a previous life, his most obedient and humble disciple.¹⁰ This must have been a fact, or

⁹ This sentence is of great importance. The Occidental mind delights much more in effects, personalities and authority, than in seeking for causes, just as many Theosophists have with persistency sought to know when and where Madame Blavatsky did some feat in magic, rather than in looking for causes or laws governing the production of phenomena. In this italicized sentence is the clue to many things for those who can see. —[Ed.]

¹⁰ In reply to several inquiries as to the meaning of *Chêla*, we answer that it here means an accepted disciple of an Adept. The word, in general, means, *Disciple*.

else how to account for the feelings created in me when I first met him, although no special or remarkable circumstances were connected with that event. All my hopes and plans are centred in him, and nothing in the world can shake my confidence in him especially when several of my Brahmin acquaintances tell me the same things without previous consultation. . . .

"I went to the great festival of Durga yesterday, and spent nearly the whole day looking in the vast crowd of men, women, children and mendicants for some of Kunâla's friends, for he once told me never to be sure that they were not near me, but I found none who seemed to answer my ideas. As I stood by the ghaut at the river side thinking that perhaps I was left alone to try my patience, an old and apparently very decrepit Bairagee plucked my sleeve and said: 'Never expect to see any one, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.'

"This amazed me, as I was expecting him to beg or to ask me for information. Before my wits returned, he had with a few steps mingled with a group of people, and in vain searched I for him: he had disappeared. But the lesson is not lost.

"To-morrow I return to I ———.

"Very wearying indeed, in a bodily sense, was the work of last week, and especially of last evening, and upon lying down on my mat last night after continuing work far into the night I fell quickly sound asleep. I had been sleeping an hour or two when with a start I awoke, to find myself in perfect solitude, and only the horrid howling of the jackals in the jungle to disturb me. The moon was brightly shining and I walked over to the window of this European-modelled house, threw it open and looked out. Finding that sleep had departed, I began again on those palm leaves. Just after I had begun, a tap arrested my attention and I opened the door. Overjoyed was I then to see Kunâla standing there, once more unexpected.

" 'Put on your turban and come with me,' he said and turned away.

(To be continued)

Why should we open our hearts to the world? It laughs at our weaknesses; it does not believe in our virtues; it does not pity our sorrows.—CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IT is necessary to recall, from time to time, that the ways of Karma are marvellous and its designs past finding out. A member of The Theosophical Society, passing a man in the street, may well say to himself with a sincerity as great as John Bunyan's: "There, but for the grace of God, go I." He cannot explain why a divine opportunity came to him and not to others whose virtues shine so brightly by contrast with his own.

I can imagine someone asking: "If you cannot explain why you joined the T. S., why write an article about it?" I might reply: "Because I have been asked to write an article about it"; but I think that there is a more satisfactory answer.

We are not automata. We were free to respond or not to respond to the opportunity of joining the Society and of working for its objects. One can at least describe, as truthfully as possible, the stages through which we passed from original indifference to enthusiastic response. And since we are all essentially much alike, the record of one such experience should be of some value and interest to all.

When I first heard of Theosophy my mood was not receptive, nor was any sympathy generated through the circumstance that I had friends who were members of the T. S. This indifference, which was almost antipathy, can be readily understood. In those days I lived almost entirely in a maze of metaphysical speculation. I had some sort of notion that I was destined to become a Columbus among the philosophers, the discoverer of an unknown metaphysical continent. For that reason alone I tended to disapprove of the theories and beliefs of other people. I was a college student at the time, and most of the moral, social, domestic and financial problems, which make life interesting, did not yet exist for me.

In justice to myself, however, it may be added that I did have an elementary but real reverence for Truth. Therefore, I found it impossible to rest permanently in any of the systems which my mind was continually inventing. There was even the danger that I should fall into the abyss of consistent mental negation. While one-half of the mind was building its "critiques of pure reason," the other half was cultivating the spirit of skepticism.

This skepticism had been applied with devastating effect to the various "orthodoxies" of the world. At a very early age I reacted violently against the Church. Then I had a "scientific period," when I specialized in biology, and finally made the discovery that the scientists were in general as dogmatic and bigoted as the priests. The philosophers pleased me better, for some of them were also great poets, but it was so easy to demolish their thought-

structures merely by questioning the premisses upon which they reposed. It is fortunate that I could not feel better satisfied with any of my own theories concerning the nature of the Universe.

This description of my mental condition at college is not exactly clear, but it is at least as clear as was the condition itself. If I had remained at the university indefinitely, it is to be feared that the net result would have been nothing more inspiring than a disappointed and rather cynical professor.

What may be called the science of Theosophy began to interest me after I had left college and come into contact with the world of American business, where one is held strictly accountable for one's actions. I emerged from the shell of academic irresponsibility, and I did not like the atmosphere which I had to breathe. My mind continued—it still continues, for that matter—to agitate itself about the origin and being of the Cosmos; but it was forced to face other problems as well, problems suggested by personal suffering, by the compulsion of duty, by friendly or hostile relations with others. I read little theosophical literature, but I had a friend who bravely introduced Theosophy into our conversations. Some of the ideas which he presented seemed to explain the very things which troubled me. I said to myself that if Truth could be discovered by the exercise of logic and common sense, Theosophy would, indeed, be a translation of the Truth.

I began to read the *QUARTERLY*. Its articles and editorials upon the War interested and impressed me. I had liked the theory of Theosophy, and now I began to like the way in which students of Theosophy practised what they preached. Still I held back. How could these people really believe what they preached? It is one thing to recognize the objective beauty of a theory; it is another thing to have reasons for believing that a theory is true.

Slowly I began to understand; understanding is still coming slowly. But the first dawning of this understanding brightened enough for me to ask permission to join The Theosophical Society.

My faithful friend had always insisted that Theosophy was not a dogmatic system, and I had always smiled benevolently at him. Then it occurred to me that he might be right.

I read and questioned more actively. There could be no doubt of it. The theory or science of Theosophy was a collection of hypotheses which were not to be blindly accepted by the student, but were to serve as a guide to experiment whereby he could prove them for himself, as others had already proved them. Here was the revelation of the true and universal experimental method, the source of all sciences and the justification of the life which is religious in substance and not only in outward form. Here was a system of thought, explaining—as profoundly as it can be explained—the nature of the Universe and of the human being which is born from the Universe, and I was invited to verify it through the development of my own nature.

What could have prevented me from joining The Theosophical Society?

R. S.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART III, SECTIONS 12-19

MAN LINKED WITH THE LOGOS

THE great inspiration of these instructions for disciples is the Logos, the Divine Mind, the Divine Voice, that sang a miraculous song, which brought the worlds into being: for the worlds are the song of the Divine Voice.

As a song has many tones and many parts, so also has the mighty song of the Divine Voice. These tones are celestial powers, the great potencies that are revealed in the manifold miracle of the manifested worlds. As melody and harmony run through the song, so also with the divine song that breathes forth the worlds: melody, harmony, beauty everywhere.

In the sections here translated, there is a further thought, of vital moment for the disciple. It is this: the ordered divine powers of the mighty Logos, each with its creative potency, are present, each one of them completely represented, in the being of the disciple. The divine powers which build the worlds, the divine powers which are the worlds, build him also, and are the very essence of his being.

The disciple is taught to recognize these divine powers in himself, to know them, to use them. He is taught a further lesson which, when fully learned, will make him more than a disciple, will make him an immortal, potent and creative as the Logos is creative.

The symbol with which the first of these Sections begins is the measure of the Vedic hymns called the Gayatri, a measure containing twenty-four syllables. One stanza, attributed to the great Rajput sage and seer, Vishvamitra, belongs to the Third Circle of the Rig Veda. It may be rendered thus:

"Let us meditate on the fair radiance of the divine Spiritual Sun, which may lead forward our souls!"

Therefore, the Gayatri is here taken as the symbol of the Spiritual Sun, the Logos as singing the divine song. That Logos sings the worlds into being, and, having brought them into being, saves and upholds them by the sustaining power of the divine song.

The Gayatri, as the song of the Logos, forms all the worlds, and among them this world which we inhabit, and which is a living manifestation of the potencies of the Logos; divine powers constitute it, mould it, maintain it.

The same divine powers constitute and sustain the body of man; each of his bodily powers is made of the essence of the Logos. In the body of man are established the life-breaths, the living powers through which the Logos brings the latent Divine Thought into manifestation.

The same powers of the Logos have in man another and higher, more divine manifestation "in this Heart which is in the man within;" that is, in the Spiritual Man, whom the disciple seeks to become, the man who wears the vesture of the colour of the sun, the heir of immortality. The same powers reappear in this Spiritual Man, purified, spiritualized, glorified. But the manifested world, of which the body of man is a portion, far from including all things, is said here to be but a fourth part of the whole. What the four parts are, with their relation to the life of the disciple, has already been told in the *Mandukya Upanishad*. One part is manifested here; three parts are immortal in the heavens.

Then follows the identification of Brahma, the Eternal, with the radiant Ether. The word so translated is Akasha, literally "Shining-toward", and meaning both the extension of Space and all that fills Space; both the container of universal Life and the Life which it contains. The radiant Ether is, therefore, identical with the manifested Logos: it is the primal stage or degree of manifestation, within which, and through the powers of which, all subsequent manifestation takes place. So far concerning "the radiant Ether which is outside the man." But there is also the "dim star within", the first spark of the light of the Logos, and as the disciple watches, worshipping, the star grows until it is one with "the infinite Light." The radiant Ether within the man is the same as the radiant Ether without, since both are the Logos. There are further stages: the radiant Ether in the man within, and the radiant Ether in the inner Heart, the Spiritual Man.

Then follows a more detailed identification of the powers of man as powers of the Logos. As symbols of the powers of the Logos, are taken the Sun, the Moon, the Fire-lord, the Lord of fructifying rain, the Wind, which is the Great Breath. With the Sun is correlated the power of seeing, since through the Sun's light we see, but that Sun is again the illuminating Logos, and the seeing is divine vision. With the Moon is correlated hearing, for the Moon, "the measurer," measurer of the hours, the days, the weeks, the months, the lunar year, is here, as always, the symbol of Mind, since through mind we hear and through mind we measure. With the Fire-lord, magnetic fire, is correlated the voice, since through the voice the magnetic fire is manifested in the chanting of the hymns. With the Lord of fructifying rain is correlated mind, since by the right use of the mind, by fructifying thought, the hidden intuitions are made manifest and bear their fruit. With the Great Breath is correlated the upward-breath, the divine power of aspiration, which breathes upward and inward toward the inner Heart, that breath of aspiration which is the immediate presence of the Logos in the consciousness of the disciple.

These five Brahma-spirits are the doorkeepers of the heavenly world: these same powers which appear in the outward life of the disciple, will, when they have been purified and awakened in the inner Heart, open to him the heavenly world. In his family a hero is born, who knows thus: the son, here as elsewhere, is symbol of the Spiritual Man, who is the reborn life of the disciple; that son is a hero, a strong son of the spiritual world.

And so the light that shines at the back of the heavens is the same as this light in the man within. Therefore, let the disciple steadily watch and worship, until the star within becomes the infinite light. What is said concerning the inner enkindling, which is the seeing of that light, appears to refer to a mystical force which represents the creative power of the Logos. The hearing of it is set forth at greater length in *The Voice of the Silence*, in the description of seven mystical sounds; the last tone is there likened to "the dull rumbling of a thunder-cloud", closely paralleling our text.

When the disciple has "attained to peace", he has reached a definite stage on his journey homeward. The flower of the soul has opened; he knows that the way has been found. Awakening to the presence of the Logos, let him reverence it as That from which all comes forth, That in which all shall finally be dissolved, That in which all breathes; That in which he himself lives and breathes, from which he has come forth, to which he seeks to return.

The eloquent passage which follows needs no commentary: it is one of the truths which echo through all expressions of the greater Mysteries: its symbols, like "the grain of mustard-seed", are universal.

The simile of "the treasure-house containing the mid-world", uses terms that are more limited, more conventional. Shankaracharya translates them somewhat as follows: the treasure-house is once more the inner Heart, the Spiritual Man, who is indeed the receptacle of many treasures, of many powers. This earth is the floor of the treasure-house, because the disciple enters the path while dwelling in this outer world, but the roof of the treasure-house is the heavens. The eastern quarter of the treasure-house is named the sacrificial ladle; that is, the instrument with which the offering of oil is added to the consecrated fire on the altar; the symbol is fitting, because the disciple begins with the oblation of his separate life in the great Life, which is the universal Fire. The southern quarter, named the overcoming, marks the disciple's overcoming of the limitations and barriers of his former deeds, in many lives; it is a stage of purification. The western quarter stands, in universal symbolism, for the doorway to the world of the hidden sun; the "queen", says Shankara's commentary, is the light of the dawn in that hidden world. The northern quarter is named well-endowed, because it possesses many hidden treasures. Here again is universal symbolism: the kingdom of heaven is like buried treasure, like the pearl of great price.

The sentence concerning lamentation for a son seems to take us back again to the simile of the birth of a hero: may the hero grow strong and increase in power, so that there may be no cause for lamentation.

"In this invincible treasure-house I take refuge, through that, through that, through that": this finds its interpretation in the later verses: "In the earth I take refuge, in the interspace I take refuge, in the sky I take refuge"; and this seems to be the equivalent of the sentence in *Light on the Path*: "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."

When we come to the later sentence, "In the Fire-lord I take refuge, in the

Great Breath I take refuge, in the Sun I take refuge", we are once again in presence of symbols for powers of the Logos. The three Vedas are symbols of the records in which a knowledge of these powers is contained.

"Man, verily, is sacrifice": here again we have a picture of the path of the disciple, with the graded stages through which he passes on his way to the final victory. The beginning of the way is the morning sacrifice. Through this he must press forward, letting no obstacles hinder him, to the attainment symbolized by the midday sacrifice. Again he presses forward to the third sacrifice, finally completing the last stage of his journey as a disciple, to the attainment which is to make him more than a disciple. At each stage he must be indomitable, invincible, letting nothing afflict him or daunt him.

For the symbolism of the four parts of the Eternal we must go back again to *Mandukya Upanishad*, where the four parts of the Eternal are detailed.

Finally, we come to the great cosmic symbol of the world-egg, the significance of which seems to be, that the birth of a universe, the birth of a solar system, the birth of a child, and the birth of the Spiritual Man, all follow the same laws, and are manifestations, whether macrocosmic or microcosmic, of the same powers, the powers inherent in the Logos. The golden half of the covering of the world-egg is Spirit; the silver half is Matter. These are not two disjunct, adverse entities, but the two poles of the One. The new birth of the disciple obeys the same great laws. When he is reborn, there will come to him a great sound of rejoicing, filling him with joy, filling him with joy.

THE DISCIPLE AS CHILD OF THE LOGOS

The Gayatri, verily, is all that is here, whatever here has come into being. The Voice, verily, is the Gayatri. For the Voice sings (*gāyati*) and saves (*trāyate*) whatever here has come into being.

What, verily, this Gayatri is, that, verily, this earth is; for in it is established whatever here has come into being, nor does aught transcend it.

What, verily, this earth is, that, verily, is this body in the man; for in it are these life-breaths established, nor does any transcend it.

What, verily, this body in man is, that, verily, is this Heart which is in the man within, for in it these life-breaths are established, nor does any transcend it.

That, verily, is this Gayatri with four parts, sixfold, concerning which it is declared by the Rig verse:

So great is the might of This,
And Spirit is still mightier;
One part of That is all beings,
Three parts of That are the Immortal in heaven.

For that which is named Brahma, the Eternal, is that radiant Ether which is outside the man. That radiant Ether which is outside the man is the same, verily, as the radiant Ether in the man within. That radiant Ether which

is in the man within, that, verily, is the same as the radiant Ether in the inner Heart. That is the Fulness which goes not forth. Full Grace, which goes not forth, he gains who knows thus.

Of it, verily, of this Heart there are five channels for the Bright Powers.

That which is the channel of the East is the forward-breath, that is the power of vision, that is the Sun. Therefore, let him reverence it as fervour, as food to be eaten. Possessed of fervour and an eater of food he becomes, who knows thus.

And so that which is the channel of the South is the distributive-breath, that is the power of hearing, that is the Moon. Therefore, let him reverence it as grace and splendour. Gracious, splendid he becomes, who knows thus.

And so that which is the channel of the West is the downward-breath, that is the voice, that is the Fire-lord. Therefore, let him reverence it as the holy fire, as food to be eaten. Possessor of the holy fire, an eater of food he becomes, who knows thus.

And so that which is the channel of the North, that is the uniting-breath, that is mind, that is the Lord of fructifying rain. Therefore, let him reverence it as glory, and as the brightness of dawn. Possessed of glory, of the brightness of dawn he becomes, who knows thus.

And so that which is the channel of the Zenith is the upward-breath, that is the Great Breath, that is the radiant Ether. Therefore, let him reverence it as divine power and might. Possessed of divine power and might he becomes, who knows thus.

They, verily, these five Brahma-spirits are the doorkeepers of the heavenly world. He who knows thus these five Brahma-spirits as doorkeepers of the heavenly world, in his family a hero is born. He gains the heavenly world who knows thus these five Brahma-spirits as doorkeepers of the heavenly world.

And so the light which shines beyond this heaven, at the back of the whole world, at the back of all that is, in the supreme realms than which none is higher, that, verily, is the same as this light in the man within. This is the seeing of it, when through contact in this body he discerns its enkindling. This is the hearing of it, when, closing the two ears, he hears inwardly a rumbling, a lowing, the sound of a blazing fire. Therefore, let him reverence that as seen and heard. Worthy to be seen and heard he becomes, who knows thus,—who knows thus.

All this, verily, is the Eternal. Having attained to peace, let him reverence it as That from which all comes forth, That in which all is dissolved, That in which all breathes. And so, of a truth, man is formed of Will. According as a man's will is in this world, such on going forth from this world he becomes. So let him direct his will.

Made of mind, with the life-breaths as body, radiant-formed, whose imagination is true, whose self is radiant Ether, possessing all works, possessing all desires, possessing all fragrances, possessing all essences, encompassing

all this world, unspeaking, unconcerned,—this is my divine Self in the inner Heart, smaller than a grain of rice, or a grain of barley, or a grain of mustard-seed, or a grain of millet, or the kernel of a grain of millet,—this is my divine Self in the inner Heart, older and mightier than the earth, older and mightier than the mid-world, older and mightier than the heavens, older and mightier than these worlds.

Possessing all works, possessing all desires, possessing all fragrances, possessing all essences, encompassing all this world, unspeaking, unconcerned,—this is my divine Self in the inner Heart, this is the Eternal. In that divine Self I shall completely come to birth on going forth from this world. Whose this truly is, can doubt no more. Thus of old spoke Shandilya, thus spoke Shandilya.

The treasure-house containing the mid-world, with the earth as its floor, grows not old. Its corners are the four directions of space. The sky is its opening above. This treasure-house is the container of riches. In it rests all that is.

Its eastern quarter is named the sacrificial ladle. Its southern quarter is named the overcoming. Its western quarter is named the queen. Its northern quarter is named well-endowed. Of these quarters the Great Breath is the offspring. He who knows thus the Great Breath as the offspring, laments not with the lamentation for a son.

"So I know thus the Great Breath as the offspring of the quarters. Let me not lament with the lamentation for a son.

"In this invincible treasure-house I take refuge, through that, through that, through that.

"In the Life-breath I take refuge, through that, through that, through that.

"In this world I take refuge, through that, through that, through that.

"In the mid-world I take refuge, through that, through that, through that.

"In the heavenly world I take refuge, through that, through that, through that."

When I said, "In the Life-breath I take refuge," the Life-breath, verily is all here that has come into being, whatsoever there is; in that, verily, I have taken refuge.

And so, when I said, "In this world I take refuge," this I said: "In the earth I take refuge, in the interspace I take refuge, in the sky I take refuge."

And so, when I said, "In the mid-world I take refuge," this I said: "In the Fire-lord I take refuge, in the Great Breath I take refuge, in the Sun I take refuge."

And so, when I said, "In the heavenly world I take refuge," this I said: "In the Rig Veda I take refuge, in the Yajur Veda I take refuge, in the Sama Veda I take refuge."

Man, verily, is sacrifice. Of him, four-and-twenty years are the morning oblation. For the Gayatri measure has four-and-twenty syllables, and with

the Gayatri is celebrated the morning oblation. With this oblation the Bright Powers called the Vasus are correlated. The life-breaths, verily, are the Vasus, for they uphold all that is here.

Should anything afflict him in this division of life, let him say: "Ye life-breaths, ye Vasus, let this morning oblation of mine be continued until the midday oblation. May I, the sacrifice, not be cut off in the midst of the life-breaths, of the Vasus!" He arises thence, he is freed from ill.

Then of him four-and-forty years are the midday oblation. For the Trishtubh measure has four-and-forty syllables, and with the Trishtubh the midday oblation is offered. With this oblation the Bright Powers called the Rudras are correlated. The life-breaths, verily, are the Rudras, for they bring lamentation to all that is here.

Should anything afflict him in this division of life, let him say: "Ye life-breaths, ye Rudras, let this midday oblation of mine be continued until the third libation. May I, the sacrifice, not be cut off in the midst of the life-breaths, of the Rudras!" He arises thence, he is freed from ill.

Then of him eight-and-forty years are the third oblation. For the Jagati measure has eight-and-forty syllables, and with the Jagati the third oblation is offered. With this oblation the Bright Powers called Sons of the Sun are correlated. The life-breaths, verily are the Sons of the Sun, for they take all that is here.

Should anything afflict him in this division of life, let him say: "Ye life-breaths, Sons of the Sun, let this third oblation of mine be continued to the full life-span. May I, the sacrifice, not be cut off in the midst of the life-breaths, Sons of the Sun!" He arises thence, he is freed from ill.

Knowing this in the olden times Mahidasa Aitareya said: "So why dost thou afflict me, since I shall not go forth because of this!"

He lived a hundred and sixteen years. He lives a hundred and sixteen years, who knows thus.

Mind, verily, as the Eternal let him reverence: thus with regard to the Self. And so with regard to the Divinities, radiant Ether is the Eternal. This is the twofold instruction, with regard to the Self and to the Divinities.

That, the Eternal, has four parts: voice is a part, life-breath is a part, seeing is a part, hearing is a part; thus with regard to the Self. And so with regard to the Divinities: Fire-lord is a part, Great Breath is a part, Sun is a part, the Spaces are a part. This, verily, is the twofold instruction, with regard to the Self and to the Divinities.

Voice, verily, is a fourth part of the Eternal; this through the Fire-lord as its light gleams and glows; he gleams and glows with glory, with splendour, with holy fire, who knows thus.

Life-breath, verily, is a fourth part of the Eternal; this through the Great Breath as its light gleams and glows; he gleams and glows with glory, with splendour, with the holy fire, who knows thus.

Seeing, verily, is a fourth part of the Eternal; this through the Sun as its

light gleams and glows; he gleams and glows with glory, with splendour, with holy fire, who knows thus.

Hearing, verily, is a fourth part of the Eternal; this through the Spaces as its light gleams and glows; he gleams and glows with glory, with splendour, with holy fire, who knows thus.

The Solar Lord, verily, is the Eternal: this is the instruction. Its expansion is this:

Non-existence, verily, was this world in the beginning. It became existence; it came to birth; it took the form of the Egg; it lay quiescent for the measure of an æon; it was parted in twain; these two parts of the shell were the one silver, the other golden.

The half which was silver, that is this Earth; the half which was golden, that is the Heavens; what was the Chorion, that became the mountains; what was the Amnion, that became cloud and mist; what were the veins, these became the rivers; what was the liquid contained within, that became the ocean.

And so, that which came to birth is that Sun. Toward that, thus coming to birth, a great sound of triumphant song, all beings and all desires arose. Therefore, at the Sun's rising, at every return, a great sound of triumphant song, all beings and all desires arise.

He who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sun as the Eternal, there is the hope that to him will come a great sound of rejoicing, filling him with joy, filling him with joy.

C. J.

Never take too large a place in what you do. God has the right not to be altogether forgotten in every one of our deeds.—PLUS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student seemed worried. "What has become of our unexpected Visitor of the last 'Screen'?" he asked. "I was afraid she might have read your description of her as an 'awful Accident', and have been offended."

"Not a chance in the world", the Recorder replied. "She never reads. She said so, and that she prefers to 'pick up' information by asking questions, such as those she asked you. Probably, by now, she has floated into an enthusiasm for Dutch art or for Bahaism."

"No", said the Historian, "the Student impressed her greatly. I heard of her a few days ago. She had been to a tea party, and had announced that obviously he was a reincarnation of St. John; that the Philosopher had been Dante, and the rest of us on the same scale. She knew all this because, as she said, she had been Marie Antoinette! Poor little elemental!"

"Poor little nothing", the Philosopher exclaimed indignantly; "we are the people to be commiserated, though it is the Work that really suffers. Just as likely as not, she will be saying in a week or two that *we* told her about our past incarnations, but, if she prefers to keep the credit of her absurd 'discoveries', those to whom she 'reveals' them will undoubtedly infer the same thing, and that we must be idiots and worse to have stuffed her thistle-down head with such nonsense."

"Curious how every worth-while movement attracts that sort of pest", the Engineer commented. "They are not wicked,—just silly. There were plenty of them in H. P. B.'s time; and I have known Judge to hide from them. A strong light in darkness attracts moths, and I suppose Theosophy fascinates such people on the same principle. Then, following the bent of their own natures, they select the unimportant, the personal, the trifling, from the great body of truth they encounter, and pass these around as a child holds up a new toy for the admiration and envy of other children. Sometimes it's astrology, sometimes the Tarot cards; more often, the most ordinary kind of gossip about the ways and doings of mutual acquaintances,—the sort of thing you meet with wherever common people forgather. And the one sin for which even the newest student of Theosophy cannot be pardoned, is to be common. It is not a matter of birth or education. I have known peasants, mechanics, all over the world, sailors before the mast, whose outlook on life was noble, and whose unassuming dignity—the fruit of thought rather than of reading—would have served as a model for any of us. A man who really loves his work, that is to say, who treats it as something sacred, instead of as an excuse for chatter or complaint, has passed beyond the stage of having a common mind,—and it is of course a common mind that explains cheap interests and cheap talk."

"I am glad you spoke of that", remarked the Philosopher. "I have been reading *The Art of Thinking*, by Ernest Dimnet. Strange as it may seem, it has become a 'best seller',—strange, both because of its title and its contents, seeing that a 'best seller' usually is trash, and Dimnet's book is intended to make people think, and can hardly fail to do so. However, the point is that he suggests several admirable tests of the level of our habitual thinking. For instance: 'If, at any moment, you are unable to name a great man who is, or has recently been, having an influence on your conduct, you will be passing the verdict, *ordinary*, on the quality of your own thought and existence.' He says, speaking of Clemenceau, 'open his little book on Demosthenes and you will see and positively touch as with your own hand the effect of a constant preference for great patriots and great thinkers in an existence which journalism, politics, duelling and all the empty effervescence of the Forum might otherwise have made shallow.' Here, you will notice, Dimnet uses the word 'shallow' as practically synonymous with 'ordinary'. Another way of expressing the same idea would be, that the life's output of many men and women, mentally and conversationally, must be indistinguishable, on the spiritual plane, from a many times repeated Tat-tat-ta, Tat-tat-ta, Tat-tat-ta, to be carried on just the same after death, except, perhaps, that they'd save time by dropping the ta after the Tat. Certainly every one of us ought to challenge himself under this head, to discover in what directions we can raise the level of our 'between-whiles' thinking, and get rid for ever of some habits of thought and talk which are, to put it mildly, very ordinary".

"I believe", said the Ancient at this point, "that some students of Theosophy, when applying Dimnet's test to themselves, would feel that they are constantly influenced by the thought of the Masters; and doubtless they are, though perhaps 'often' would be more accurate than 'constantly'. Masters, however, are like the sun in the heavens,—a blaze of light; and nature has provided us with moon and stars also, that, when the sun disappears from our vision, we may still look up and adore. It is not healthy, for the average man, to think exclusively of Masters. For one thing, he may begin to imagine that there are only two kinds of people, men like himself, and Masters,—the fact being that history and literature are full of characters whose superiority to ourselves it should be one of our greatest delights to recognize, not simply in a general off-hand sort of way, as one admits that Asia has more inhabitants than America, but in detail and by name. All of us should have our private gallery of heroes,—men and women who, though far from being suns, have reflected something of the sun's glory, and by so doing have brought it more nearly within the range of our comprehension. The contemplation of greatness tends to arouse the elements of greatness which lie latent within us. Love is creative, and to love nobility, as we see it revealed in the life and purpose of others, dead or living, is to create their spirit in our hearts.

"People find excuses readily for falling short of the standards of Masters. 'I'm no Mahatma!' they will say to themselves, with a glow of modesty. It is not so easy, however, to find a valid reason for having less self-control

than a man like Faraday. The son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder, Professor Tyndall said of him that he had an excitable and fiery nature, but, 'through high self-discipline, had converted the fire into a central glow and motive power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion': and Faraday had no incentive, such as we have, for his achievement, —no understanding of Kama as a reflection of Buddhi, no knowledge of spiritual transmutation, no desire for discipleship. Do any of us accept ill-health as a handicap? It were surely wise, in that case, if we cannot hope to emulate the heroism of H. P. B., to remember what Darwin wrote to a friend: 'If I had not been so great an invalid, I should not have done nearly so much work as I have been able to accomplish.' Plutarch's *Lives* and *Parallel Lives* were once the companions of all educated men, not because the characters he portrays are always worthy of emulation, but because Plutarch's own standards are invariably above the ordinary, while his criticism is shrewd, and his narrative, intensely interesting. Every student of Theosophy should keep the *Lives* fresh in his mind as part of his moral background.

"Partly, perhaps, because I am so painfully conscious of failure to use my opportunities as I might and should have done, I confess an intense ambition for members of The Theosophical Society. I want them to be distinguished everywhere by charm of manner, kindness, evenness of temper, poise, good judgment; I want them to be recognized for their unconscious distinction, the result of lofty and detached thinking, with the purposes of Masters their centre of interest, not themselves; I want them to be able to handle affairs of the world with skill but with unconcern, as angels might swiftly and thoroughly clean a room,—and disappear. I do not want them to be cranks, or fanatics, or sentimentalists, or to drag Theosophy into their conversation when it is not wanted, or for the purpose of dragging themselves into the lime-light; I do not want them to adopt an attitude of superiority to their neighbours, or to the ideas of their neighbours. Yet they should remember that the only way to impress the world is to be above the world (can a seal impress wax otherwise?), while never forgetting that the world, in these matters, is not easily deceived, and that the attempt to appear superior will at once be recognized for what it is: proof of inferiority. Slow to take offence, gentle in speech, restrained in laughter, incapable of mere chatter, they will be worthy of respect and will win it.

"I must seem to be preaching, but heaven knows I am trying to take it to heart. If one thing is certain, it is that words unsupported by honest effort, not only count for nothing, but are harmful.

"It was said of Kitchener that he based his plans on the consideration of remote as well as immediate consequences; that he always looked beyond his own life-time for results; and that this habit accounted in part for the impression he gave of aloofness, and for the inability of most men who came into personal contact with him, to understand his mental processes. Consciously, or not, he was inclined to test all things by the perpetual question of the boy-saint: 'How does this look in the light of eternity?' Would not

the same attitude toward our own thoughts—and of course our words and acts—go far toward saving us from being wrapt up in personal and ephemeral concerns, and thus, from 'the greater condemnation' of being common?"

"Your reference to H. P. B. reminds me", remarked the Student, "that one of our editors handed me a copy of *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*, by William Kingsland, published by John M. Watkins in London, asking me to review it for the next issue of the *QUARTERLY*. I have not been able to do so, or even to read it through consecutively; but I think that our readers should be informed of its publication without further delay, as it is certainly the best and most complete book written about her so far. It is not perfect of course, but the author has honestly done his best to present the facts as he sees them. In an appendix he gives a critical analysis of the 1885 Report of the Society for Psychical Research,—the famous, or, rather, infamous Hodgson report. All the available sources are drawn upon in the account of H. P. B.'s life, the author deserving the highest praise for what was undoubtedly a labour of love. I regret that he did not confine himself to his subject, for his references to the Theosophical Movement and to Theosophy, show great lack of understanding. He speaks of 'the stupendous disaster of the Great War', and adds: 'If the Theosophical Society had succeeded in its original intention, if it had become a living example of Universal Brotherhood [it has], the teachings of Theosophy in their scientific, philosophical, and spiritual aspects would doubtless have obtained a world-wide recognition and acceptance [this is nonsense: Theosophy is for the few] such as would have made the Great War an impossibility.' Nonsense piled on nonsense! It sounds as if he were a Pacifist, and it also sounds as if he believed, as the leaders of the so-called 'Back-to-Blavatsky' movement believe, that the Masters failed in their work through H. P. B., and that the Society which they founded, no longer represents them. He should read the *QUARTERLY*, and our Convention reports!"

"Possibly", the Philosopher interjected, "if he were to read the Convention reports, he would be more convinced than ever that he is right, because it is obvious, from the extract you have read, that our attitude toward the Great War is the antithesis of his. My own belief is that it was the force liberated at our Conventions which led this country into the war. In any case, how anyone with the least understanding of H. P. B. can doubt what *her* attitude would have been, passes all comprehension. She, who was wounded nearly to death at the battle of Mentana in 1867; who was a warrior if ever there was one, would have been like a lion let loose on behalf of the Allies."

"Of course", the Ancient agreed. "Further, if the teachings of Theosophy had gained universal acceptance in this country, we should have been in the war as soon as Germany invaded Belgium, instead of trying to play both ways until 1917."

"Apart, however, from Mr. Kingsland's obvious misunderstanding of basic Theosophical principles, his criticism of the Society is vitiated by the fact

that, like most English people, he thinks of Mrs. Besant's Adyar society as representing, at least outwardly, the work of H. P. B., forgetting that The Theosophical Society was founded in New York, was maintained there by W. Q. Judge with her repeated approval, and has been conducted on the same lines to this day by those who were 'brought up', theosophically, by Judge, to carry out the purposes of the Founders. In other words, Mr. Kingsland knows nothing of the real Society. He has been misled by the noise and clap-trap of those whose chief aim for many years seems to have been to astonish their followers, and to keep their own names before the public. In this they have certainly succeeded,—at the cost of prostituting the name, Theosophy. Meanwhile, so quietly that it has not even advertised its public meetings, the original Society has steadily pursued its way, true to its Founders, forming year by year, by a long process of Karmic selection, that 'nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity,' which the Masters, from the beginning, declared it was their purpose to establish: a nucleus of people who know, no matter what their shortcomings, that one might have all the psychic powers in creation, without being a Theosophist, and that moral and spiritual likeness to the Masters is the only true test either of progress or of service. Is there a member in our ranks who has desired or has sought, public recognition? If so, he forms no part of our 'nucleus'. Is there a member anywhere who has lived on his work for the Society, by emoluments drawn directly or indirectly for his services? Not one. No contributor, or worker for the QUARTERLY, has ever been paid one cent for his labours; all money derived from the sale of our books has been turned back into the work. Like Paul the tent-maker, the poorest among those who have given their time and energies to the Society, have supported themselves meanwhile by their own trade, business, or profession. This does not make for charlatanism or insincerity. Can any other society, calling itself theosophical, say as much? This is an open challenge.

"My observation has been that financial dependence upon religious, philanthropic, benevolent or patriotic activities, is utterly demoralizing, and that the effect is worse, if that were possible, when so vital a cause as that of Theosophy is involved. One reason for this, out of many, is that, in most cases, all such work begins as a self-indulgence. It is easier to see it in those terms when a young man, the son of poor parents, decides to give his life to art. His father's little store—let us suppose—does not attract him. No; he prefers to go to Paris to become a 'creator of values': an artist who will uplift the standards of the world. Perhaps he allows his parents to skimp and save for his benefit; perhaps he finds some local backer, willing to 'stake' him. In any case he chooses the path of least (inner) resistance,—the path that seems most pleasant, rather than the path of hard labour and of duty. What wonder that, arrived in Paris, self-indulgence does not cease,—though it may take other forms! The boy has made himself a parasite. If he had stayed at home, honestly working in his father's store, studying and practising his art during spare moments and on holidays, he would at least have

learned whether his 'vocation' were real or fictitious. No power on earth can stifle a real vocation. Byron would have written poetry, perhaps better than he actually wrote, if, like Spinoza, he had earned his living making lenses; Fra Angelico would have painted, if, instead of being a Dominican Friar, he had been, like Byron, heir to an English title, or, like Böhme, had followed the trade of a shoemaker. Nothing in the universe can keep us from serving the cause of Theosophy, or The Theosophical Society, if we have a genuine desire to serve them,—neither poverty nor wealth, neither sickness nor sorrow. Every act we perform, every pain we endure, every thought we think, can be turned into service of that cause; and not only into service, but into an ability to serve more perfectly,—into Adeptship of service. There are opportunities at every moment."

"Yes", said the Student; "there are opportunities at every moment, in every direction. Yet I have heard members say, occasionally, 'There is nothing I can do to help', or, 'I have tried, and it's no use; I am always criticized: nothing I do is ever right.' Well,—some people have a genius for lying down half way; others, an inability to see that their past performance might be improved upon, while all of us, without exception, in a certain part of our nature, harbour a resentment against being called upon to do anything at all. Is not *lamas*, as well as *rajas*, a common inheritance of the race?"

Then he quoted:

" 'I wish I was a little rock,
A sittin' on a hill,
A doin' nuthin' all day long
But jist a sittin' still.
I wouldn't walk, I wouldn't move,
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd jist sit down a thousand years,
And rest myself, by Gosh.'

"It's all very well to laugh", he continued, "but that is one of the secret prayers of most of us, and accounts for a good deal of the supposed inability to be of service to the Society.

"Naturally, not all of us can serve in the same way. Not every one is able to speak or to write. Yet there are those who could write, who are too lazy to learn: they simply will not take the necessary *pains*. Do they suppose that those who now contribute to the *QUARTERLY*, were born with some peculiar gift? In my opinion, one must learn how to think before one can learn how to write; consequently, no one ever learns to write at school or college: the art of thinking is not a 'required' course. It must be acquired, if at all, later in life,—and only as the result of prolonged effort, of repeated but profitable failure, of keen desire to learn, of real self-sacrifice. After thirty or more years of practice, we begin to realize how poor our performance

is, even though it may be 'acceptable'. Still, to write acceptably, makes it possible to serve.

"Even so, one is met with the rejoinder, 'I have nothing to write about.' And at that point I begin to lose patience. If you *think* Theosophy, all you need do, to find a burning topic, is to walk down the main street of your town, or, if you cannot walk, read the morning paper. The world is alive with topics. Every magazine you pick up, is a challenge to your Theosophy, sometimes by way of contrast, sometimes by direct contribution. For instance, a friend gave me a copy of *The Yale Review* (Winter, 1929). Glancing at it, I found an article, 'The Real Scholar Gipsy', dealing with the life, character, and doings of the younger Van Helmont. The writer of the article, Marjorie Nicolson, says of him: 'There was not in Europe a more romantic figure, nor one about whom more traditions clustered. The essence of his attraction lay in his mystery. He had dabbled in chemistry, and was learned in esoteric knowledge; he had fought in battles, and beaten his way through outraged mobs that clamoured for his life; it was whispered that the mantle of his magical father had fallen upon his shoulders.' Impossible to read it without a desire to learn more about him. Was he, or was he not, an Occultist? He was a friend of Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist; he was closely associated with the early Quakers—George Fox, William Penn, Lady Conway and others; he knew half the Princes of Europe. Even from this brief article, it is evident that he knew a great deal about the power of the imagination, the preliminary key to all occult forces. He applied it in his practice of medicine. His theory of pain gave him an experience which Christian saints and Bhakti yogis would understand, but which he produced deliberately and scientifically. He was suffering agonies from a broken shoulder, which doctors had tried to set and had made worse. He used his pain to demonstrate the truth of his belief that man's imagination and will are supreme over his material trials. When he determined, he says, that the excruciating pain in his shoulder was 'nothing less but my own life, excited or inflamed for my good . . . I began to love my pain'; upon which the writer of the article comments with unusual insight: 'Love, be it noticed; not merely *disregard*, or *tolerate*; he was no trimmer, this mighty hunter before the Lord!'

"However, all that I am suggesting is,—an article for the QUARTERLY; a ready-made and 'new' subject; an intensely interesting field for further investigation. 'Nothing to write about'! There are so many things to write about that ten lifetimes would not cover them.

"Here is another instance: a book catalogue with some cheap 'remnants'; among them, one entitled *Fra Paolo Sarpi: The Greatest of the Venetians*, by the Rev. Alexander Robertson, published years ago by Sampson Low. Mortified to realize that if I had ever so much as heard of this 'greatest of the Venetians', I had forgotten all about him, the next step was to buy the book, quite prepared to find that it would be waste of time to read it. Instead, it proved to be fascinating,—and yet another field for Theosophical investiga-

tion, yet another opportunity for a *QUARTERLY* article. Fra Paolo was born in 1552 and died in 1623; he was recognized universally as by far the greatest scholar of his century,—the greatest of its mathematicians, anatomists (he discovered the valves of the veins), theologians. With Galileo he invented the thermometer; he made profound studies of sound and colour, of pneumatics, hydrostatics, metallurgy, chemistry; he was the leader of his period in all these and in many other directions. Above all, he practically governed Venice, and, while a member of a religious Order, fought the Pope to a standstill, carrying his country successfully through a period of national excommunication, and forcing the Pope, finally, to bless officially what he had cursed officially. Paul V, the Pope in question, did his utmost, time after time, to have Paolo murdered, and once nearly succeeded; but the Friar politely, resolutely defied him, and won his battle by sheer weight of intellect, integrity, and saintliness.

"He was a reformer *within* the Church,—a reformer of such extraordinary gifts that they appear to have been superhuman. Now it seems to me to be common sense that the Master in whose name the Christian Church exists (he did not found it, any more than Gautama founded the Buddhist Churches which have grown up in his name), must have tried often to bring it more nearly into line with his spirit and purposes, and that he must have wished to reform it from within, rather than divide it into sects. The Pontificate of Paul V (Camillo Borghese) was as bad as that of Paul III (Farnese). This meant, not only need, but opportunity. Further, the Society of Jesus, although of recent origin, had already become political rather than religious, and had adopted such evil ways that Father Bobadilla, one of its founders, confessed to Fra Paolo that, 'It never entered the mind of Father Ignatius Loyola that the Company should become what it now was', and that 'if he returned again to the earth he would not recognize it as his own'. In brief, the Church of Rome could hardly have been in a worse condition. Question: was Fra Paolo a *chêla* of the Christian Master, specially incarnated to lead, as he did, the movement tending to limit the power of the Popes, and to prevent their interference in the civil affairs of nations, while doing what little he could to revive a belief in primitive and 'unclericalized' Christianity? Surely worth investigating,—and writing about!"

"Do you suggest that Fra Paolo may have been a *chêla* consciously?" the Historian asked.

"No", the Student answered. "My understanding is that, in such a case, the *chêla* would have to leave behind him, as part of the sacrifice involved, what I have heard described as 'his occultism'. The Karma of the Church, and, in this case, the Karma of Italy, would not have permitted the incarnation of a *conscious* occultist to do public work. It is clear to me, also, that if a *chêla* were given the mission which I am attributing, tentatively, to Fra Paolo, too much knowledge would have been as great a hindrance as too little. He was called by the most learned of his contemporaries, 'the oracle of his age'; but this in itself proves that he was within the reach of their

appreciation,—not beyond it, as a chéla, aware of his chélaship, would have been."

The Ancient had been listening with evident interest, and yet seemed glad when a pause gave him an opportunity to speak. "I am in complete sympathy with your position", he said, addressing the Student. "The opportunities for service, both inner and outer, are endless. For any member of the Society to pretend otherwise, shows an entire failure to understand the elements of Theosophy. Yet, human nature being what it is, there is almost always a tendency, as I am sure you will agree, to think of outer work as an excuse for some slackening of inner effort; and the supreme need, now and always, necessarily must be self-understanding, self-conquest, Self-realization. For one thing, no article for the *QUARTERLY* is worth the paper it is written on unless based upon that foundation. Tremendous efforts are being made by the Lodge to counteract the stupefying effects of scientific progress,—stupefying, because all that science is doing is to dig deeper and deeper into matter, burying its own head in the sand like an ostrich, and dragging the attention of the world with it. The mere sublimation, or rarefaction, of the 'matter' with which science now deals, in comparison with the 'matter' of 1875, does not affect the situation in the least. The man who thinks all day long of *pâté de foie gras* or of lobster à la Newburg, is no better off, spiritually, than a man who thinks all day long of corned beef and cabbage.

"All of us must realize that the Great War was an outer manifestation of a crisis in the still greater war that is perpetually being fought for the souls of men,—the White Lodge against the Black. The outer war ended, superficially, in a victory for the Allies; but every intelligent person now realizes that the Allies, by their failure to stand on principle, and by their policy of expediency, gave away the fruits of victory from the day of the Armistice, and have done so increasingly ever since. They won the War but lost the Peace. Looking, however, still further beneath the surface of events, it becomes evident, as the *QUARTERLY* has persistently maintained, that the real outcome is still undetermined; for the White Lodge executed a vast flanking movement against the Black, by turning one of the achievements of the Black into a weapon against them. The flower of England, France, Belgium, gone, it was said, and said truly; many thousands of promising young Americans too. I have forgotten the exact numbers, but more than two million dead, including many of the best and bravest. Individually, they had died at the crest of their wave, so to speak; they had died in a fervour of service, of self-abandonment. Yet most of them had died young, with their normal life-span unfulfilled. Think! In one sense they would be 'earth-bound', though, for their sacrifice, entitled to 'heaven'. What kind of heaven would satisfy them, except one compact of the spirit in which they died,—a heaven of service; and, at first, for most of them, earthly service. 'Deprive the world of its best', one can imagine to have been part of the aim of the Black Lodge. The White Lodge, turning defeat into victory, meets this evil by using the world's best for the world's salvation,—aiding and guiding and

organizing this great army of the dead, for the service it craves and must have. In a thousand ways it 'breaks through'. Read an article in the March number of *The American Magazine*, entitled 'Seven Minutes in Eternity—the Amazing Experience that Made Me Over'—an article typical of many that have been contributed to 'popular' magazines in recent years—and, assuming its truth, you will find an indication of how the dead may be winning the war which the living lost. You may object, if you read the article, that the utmost its author obtained was first-hand experience of a lower plane of the astral world. Even so, it changed his life, spiritually. Further, it was the sort of experience that readers of popular magazines can understand, while a higher type of experience, say of a St. Catherine of Sienna or of a St. Teresa of Avila, would leave them unimpressed and cold.

"Now for my point: the writer of that article, he says, has learned as a certainty that he is a spiritual entity; that there is no death, and that 'there is a world of subliminal or spiritual existence, interpenetrating the ordinary world in which most of us exist . . . and that this subliminal world is the real world.' He has learned by abnormal means that which every student of Theosophy should have learned by normal means. Because he has learned it, for so long as he remains true to his Light, he will carry his message with him wherever he goes, not by speech, but by reason of what he *knows*. Speech without knowledge is 'as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal'. We must *know* these things if we would convey them. It is nothing short of a tragedy when a student of Theosophy, because he has read about these things and believes them, spends the rest of his life talking about them instead of becoming them. He says he believes he is a spiritual being. Very good; but are his interests spiritual, or mental and worldly?—for that alone is the test of the faith that is really in him,—not what he thinks he believes; still less, what he says he believes. And knowledge comes to those who hunger for it. To quote once more from 'Seven Minutes in Eternity' (though I do not want to exaggerate the importance of that particular article: it is, as I said, merely typical of many): 'I believe my subconscious hunger after what the Bible terms "the things of the Spirit"—that is, the sincere desire to penetrate behind the mediocrity of three-meals-a-day living, and ascertain what mystery lies behind this Golgotha of Existence—attracted to me spiritual forces of a very high and altruistic order, who aided me in making a hyperdimensional visitation. I believe such hunger will always attract such forces.' Of course it will. We find what we seek, as Emerson said. If we seek psychic experience, we shall find that, and the denizens of the astral world—good or bad, according to our own nature—will crowd to aid us. If we seek spiritual experience, we shall find that, and, again, the denizens of the spiritual world will ceaselessly teach and sustain us, revealing reality to us by every means in their power, first in one direction and then in another, until they have led us to 'the place of the lifting of the veil', where we know ourselves for what we are, and may 'behold the King in His glory.'

"Prayers alone are not enough. No one, wishing to build a house, would

think it sufficient to pray that the house might just 'happen'. Time enough to pray when he has made a clear-cut picture in his mind of the kind of house he wants to build. Even then, he must put his plans on paper; must remove the rubbish from his site; must dig foundations; must pile brick on brick and stone on stone,—praying constantly meanwhile for strength and perseverance, but *working, working*, and of course obtaining all the advice and help he can from those who have built houses for themselves before him. Perhaps a better analogy would be the building of a Church or Temple, because that would, or should, eliminate the possibility of selfish motive, and suggest, furthermore, that divine guidance should be sought at every step of the way. Whether house or Temple, however, it is evident that he will never succeed unless he create a picture of a finished product which appeals to him as attractive. He must see something in his mind's eye which he personally and genuinely desires to make real. Otherwise he will lack enthusiasm, will lack *love*: and—must fail. But the old saying that appetite comes from eating, is as true of the spiritual world as it is of the physical. We can cultivate love just as we can cultivate an appetite or a taste,—a taste, let us say, for good instead of for trashy reading. In that case, we use our wills to make ourselves read the better sort of books, at first against the grain of our inclination, but very soon in line with it. In exactly the same way, we can cultivate a hunger for discipleship, for chelaship, for the service of Masters, for knowledge of the real. 'Do the deed and you shall have the power.' Be a disciple for five minutes, and you will want to be a better disciple for ten; and if anyone says, 'But I'm not a disciple: I'm full of faults and weaknesses and sins; how can I pretend to be that which I know I am not?' my answer is: pretend often enough, and you will turn yourself into the thing you were not. Naturally I am not speaking of pretence in the eyes of others, or for their benefit: that sort of pretence is an abomination. I am saying that if a man knows he is selfish, he can make himself unselfish by forcing himself repeatedly to do unselfish things, for he will develop before long a preference for that sort of behaviour, and finally—unless he perpetually pats himself on the back for his 'sacrifices'—finally, he will achieve a change of heart which will make unselfishness spontaneous and *unconscious*; for very clearly, no man who is conscious of his qualities, as yet possesses them,—until he reaches the further stage of looking down upon them, rather as we look upon the rind of an orange.

"Knowledge is obtainable. Certainty can be gained. It is our own fault if we remain in darkness. It is worse than a fault, it is a sin, if we remain content with mental beliefs and shibboleths. Everyone of us ought to ask himself honestly, What do I *know*?—remembering always that the test of knowledge is instinctive action; remembering also that it is the everlasting desire of Masters to share with us the certainties of their experience and Being."

T.



REVIEWS

The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State, by Charles C. Marshall; Dodd, Mead and Company, 1928; price \$3.00.

Students of Madame Blavatsky's efforts to break down the dogmatism, spiritual pride and self-sufficiency of Ecclesiasticism, will find this book exceedingly useful. So much Theosophic leaven has entered Western Christianity since her labours in that direction began with the second volume of *Isis*, that in Protestantism, where freedom of thought was, at least in principle, a possibility, there has been genuine and encouraging progress towards tolerance, with the acceptance of far wider views of Christianity, and of other religions as well. It is true, too often, unfortunately, that what Protestantism has gained in breadth it has lost in depth and in fervour, the result being a shallowness both of thought and of devotion that in many cases is pitiable. The Church of Rome, on the other hand, while it still produces saints, has maintained officially and steadfastly the traditional attitude, resisting for the most part that which is good in the intellectual spirit of the times, and actually entrenching itself still further in the prescriptive moulds by reason of this very resistance. Because individual members of that Church often adopt a liberal and friendly attitude, the ordinary man has been led to believe that this probably reflected an increasing official liberality; but such is not the case. It will come as a surprise, doubtless, to many readers of this book—as it did to the reviewer—to discover how far the Church of Rome has actually gone in arrogating to itself, and to the Pope, all authority, wisdom and power. No Lodge of Masters training disciples in the ascending degrees of chelaship; no generalissimo of an army in a beleaguered city, has claimed, and, where possible, enforced, such a right to blind obedience or such a monopoly of the truth. These claims are set forth in the more recent official Constitution, Syllabi, and Encyclical Letters of the Roman Curia, made accessible in translation; and they scarcely need either comment or analysis. Read however dispassionately, they form a remarkable indictment of any Priesthood claiming infallible Divine guidance and inspiration.

The author is primarily concerned with the superiority of Democracy, and the will of the people, as an off-set to Roman Hierarchical Authority; but the student of Theosophy may reflect upon both attitudes—set forth temperately, justly, and with dignity in this book—and derive therefrom a truer appreciation of the ideals given us by the Maha-Chohan himself:—“... an open mind, ... an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a readiness to give and to receive advice and instruction, ... a loyal obedience to the behests of Truth”. Because of the recent political campaign in the United States, the suppression in France of *Le Sillon* and *L'Action Française*, the Encyclical Letter issued January sixth, 1928, and the reconciliation of Church and State in Italy,—the attention of thinking people is turned towards the “Roman Question”; and members of the Society may wish to become better equipped to discuss the subjects involved by a first-hand acquaintance with the facts and documents, studied anew in the light of their knowledge of Theosophy.

A. G.

The Delphic Maxims in Literature, by Eliza Gregory Wilkins; The University of Chicago Press, 1929; price, \$3.00.

On the temple of Apollo at Delphi there were inscribed three maxims: “Know thyself”,

"Nothing too much", "Give a pledge, or give security, and trouble is at hand." The author has brought together in this one book all of consequence that has been written about these Delphic Maxims from their first appearance in literature until the present time. The book shows the probable original meaning of each maxim in the light of Greek literature itself, and man's perennial interest in them which is still unabated. The sayings began to appear in extant Greek literature sometime during the latter half of the sixth century B.C., and the first two recur frequently in the extant literature of the Greeks and Romans. There are fewer discussions of them between A.D. 500 and A.D. 1500; but with the coming of the Renaissance Miss Wilkins finds them returning with a force that has continued down to our own day. Her history of these maxims through the ages leads not only into literature of almost every type, but into some touch with the thought movements which have characterized each period in the development of mankind.

The book contains reproductions of some rare old prints. It is admirably printed on unusually good paper. Readers of the *QUARTERLY* will find it of real value. It is surprising, however, that the author, so widely read, should not have taken advantage of the light thrown by H. P. Blavatsky upon the significance of the first of the Delphic maxims, and that she does not appear to be acquainted, even, with the Cambridge Platonists, or with the innumerable studies of the Hermetic philosophy which the writings of Madame Blavatsky called forth, and which have been published during the past fifty years.

B.

A Life of Cardinal Mercier, by Monsignor A. Laveille; translated by Arthur Livingstone; The Century Co., New York, 1928; price \$2.50.

Monsignor Laveille, who is Vicar-General of Meaux, and a compatriot of Cardinal Mercier, has given us in his book a warm and intimate picture of the man whom Marshal Foch called the "outstanding figure of our time;" and he has succeeded in doing two special things with admirable skill. He has shown us first, that the dominant militant note which, in later life, won for the great Churchman the title of "The fighting Cardinal", was already evident in the character of the boy, and that this instinct for a bold attack of every difficulty is traceable from the time when, as a young student at the Academy of St. Rombaut in Malines, he had his own way to make, up through the years of fierce struggle for the revival of Thomist thought and the foundation of the Institute of Philosophy at Louvain; again in meeting the prejudices which were rife, and the failures which tested his mettle in connection with the Seminary of Leo XIII. "To head frontwards" was one of Cardinal Mercier's favourite expressions, and he never failed to be true to its spirit. As a second point, Monsignor Laveille throws into high relief the true secret of Cardinal Mercier's wide-spread personal influence. It was his unaffected and "fundamental good will to all men", which gave him an instant and profound understanding of everyone he met; it gave him also the power, by his instinctive and great hearted sympathy, to call out what was best in a man's nature. This power to awaken whatever of the best was latent in others, arose also from his own strikingly unconscious humility, which drew all hearts to him. It is said that when elected Archbishop of Malines, he was the only one then living who was genuinely surprised.

Most of us already know of Cardinal Mercier's fearless and resolute defence of the people of Belgium through the long and terrible years of the German occupation. Anyone, however, wishing to have a deeper insight into the great soul from which sprang the many intrepid acts with which those years were filled, will receive a flood of light by reading Monsignor Laveille's most interesting book.

T. D.

What is Man?, by John Henry Clarke, M.D., and Leopold Salzer, M.D.; published by John M. Watkins, London; price 3s. 6d.

The publications of John M. Watkins are always welcome. Long experience has proved that, with rare exceptions, they are valuable contributions to Theosophical literature; and although *What is Man?* cannot rank with such "spiritual delights" as *The Path of the Eternal*

Wisdom or The Cloud of Unknowing, it should serve an equally important though very different purpose,—that of off-setting the widely promulgated materialism of Sir Arthur Keith and Sir John Bland-Sutton, whose standing as surgeons gives them an entirely fictitious reputation in matters which are no more within their province than delicacies of flavouring are the concern or responsibility of butchers. For Dr. Clarke is a physician of international reputation, whose experience taught him, years ago, that bodies are merely the outermost layer, as it were, of the mystery we call man. Man, he says, is the Thought of God; and he quotes Paracelsus with approval as declaring that "everything in the universe reflects itself in Man, and may come to his consciousness, and this consciousness enables man, when he knows himself, to know the Universe." Dr. Clarke, in brief, is a Theosophist with the courage of his convictions; an avowed believer in the finer forces of nature—spiritual, astral, etheric—who looks for the causes of things in the invisible rather than in the visible world, and who acts upon the conviction "that everything we see around us in national, civic and personal life, is the materialized thought of man."

Our only criticism of the book is that if the author (for the chapter by Dr. Salzer is a reprint from an Indian newspaper of 1889) wishes to reach "the many", it would be wiser to make allowance for their prejudices. This, for instance, is distinctly for "the few": "The physical body itself is the greatest of mysteries, because in it are contained in a condensed, solidified and corporeal state the very essences which go to make up the substance of the spiritual man, and this is the secret of 'The Philosopher's Stone'." "The many" can accept such a statement as the following (though without in the least understanding it): "It is in *harmony* and *complexity* and not in *singleness* that we must look to find essential *Unity*"; but to mention the Philosopher's Stone is to invite their ridicule,—because they think they know what it means.

T.

Creative Prayer, by E. Herman; James Clark & Co., London, 1928; price \$2.50.

This book is not a manual on how to pray, nor a treatise on different stages of prayer. It is a forceful, original and stimulating statement of the philosophy of prayer. The point of view of the writer is refreshing in that she takes her stand on the highest plane possible; and instead of "watering down" her thesis to make it appeal to the tyro or the man in the street, she insists upon raising her readers to the highest that she can make them see. "It is not the more common, but the rarer forms of prayer, which represent the normal. The lower forms—e.g., the spasmodic, instinctive cry of need—are instances of arrested development, and it is as unfair to measure prayer by them as to judge the strength of the human body from observing an invalid. Not the frenzied cry of sudden anguish, but the calm, trustful committal of faith, is the normal attitude of the praying soul. Not the answered prayer of the mother whose child is spared, but the apparently unanswered prayer of Our Lord in the Garden, is the classic instance" (pp. 34-5). True prayer, then, is the prayer of saints, mystics, and we may add, Masters. The pettiness of mind and heart of those who scoff at prayer, or who are satisfied with a self-constructed counterfeit, has seldom been made clearer than in this lucid and experienced treatment. Nowhere have we found a book which more nearly presents prayer in terms which meet Madame Blavatsky's definition in the *Key*: "We call it WILL PRAYER, and it is rather an internal command than a petition" (1st ed., p. 67).

There are chapters on "Prayer as Creative Energy", "The Ministry of Silence", "The Discipline of Meditation", "From Self to God", etc., which are conceived with a view to clearing away the misconceptions of the modern mind, and the placing of prayer where it should be—as a complete expression of the whole man in all his highest and truest relationships. The discipline of prayer is "co-extensive with life itself. Prayer is, in the last resort, worth exactly as much—or as little—as the man behind it. If the man who prays has an obstinate, prejudiced, undisciplined mind, his prayer will suffer from the same defects. If his desires are limited, gross and ill-guided, so will his prayer be. . . . Prayer is the expression of a life. . . . It rises out of a hinterland which determines its qualities. . . . To pray to be made wise is the merest superstition, unless we bring to our prayer the kind of

soul that is capable of acquiring wisdom. We are responsible, not only for our prayers, but for providing the background against which prayers can energize" (pp. 22-3). There is an admirable statement of the modern churchman's self-imposed limitation of prayer. The average "good" Christian leads a life which is "reformed, but on the whole impotent" (p. 152). "We are slow to realize that the so called religious world is still—the world" (p. 62). "The spiritual realm is not only the last refuge, but also the most impregnable fortress of self-will" (p. 157). "We must at all costs recover the splendid spiritual courage that casts life behind its back, that puts self beneath its feet. . . . There is no spiritual staying-power without life-long, unrelenting discipline" (pp. 144-5). "More spiritual failure—especially failure in prayer—than we like to think, can be traced to bodily slackness" (p. 162).

Before he is finished with this volume, the man in the street will be made to feel that there is little use in his pretending to himself that conventional prayer in church or at home will accomplish anything, and that if he really wish to join the Choir Invisible he must face facts and completely re-organize his scale of values. This book should, therefore, be of special help to those who have been brought face to face with the fact that their own prayer-life has been inadequate, and has failed to be the support they imagined that it should be in times of stress.

A. G.

Le Retour Éternel et la Philosophie de la Physique, by Abel Rey, Professor at the Sorbonne; Ernest Flammarion, Paris, 1927.

M. Rey defends "the idea that phenomena revolve in a cyclic fashion". His argument is rather technical, resting almost entirely upon the application of the "calculus of probabilities" to the data of molecular motion and the kinetic theory of gases. However, his conclusions are clearly stated and are sufficiently general to interest the lay reader.

He conceives of physical Nature as necessarily and eternally repeating itself. This conception accords with the scientific comparison of the material universe to a machine. A machine is preëminently a cyclic phenomenon, a repeating instrument. But the man-made machine is not eternal, nor is it in any sense self-perpetuating. Its parts are worn away by rust and friction. Above all, it cannot regenerate the power which it converts into mechanical energy. It is subject to Carnot's law, to the "principle" of the degradation of energy. Certain hasty thinkers of the Nineteenth Century, taking the mechanistic symbolism too literally, assumed that the universe as a whole is equally subject to final and permanent degradation; that its average temperature is destined to fall ultimately to "absolute zero"; that it will ultimately be as dead and useless as an old steam engine. M. Rey contradicts this view by offering laboratory evidence of rebuilding processes visibly going forward in Nature. The so-called Brownian movement of molecular masses is a visible illustration of the conservation of energies within a system in a constant state of cyclic transformation. The universe has discovered the secret of perpetual motion.

It is interesting that M. Rey tries to relate the idea of cycles in Nature with consciousness. Consciousness in itself, he believes, is not cyclic. It is more perfect than objective Nature, "because its end is present in itself, because it is not a closed cycle but a tendency, a progression, which does not have to repeat itself" (p. 312). Manifested consciousness contemplates the cycles of matter. M. Rey does not consider the hypothesis that this contemplative activity may be a force causing matter in its successive cycles to assume forms which correspond to those which came before but which are not identical with them. Is it not an observable fact that the cycles of Nature are not always closed but are often drawn out and upwards into spirals?

However, M. Rey concludes his work with a statement which illustrates both his own appreciation of values and the general change of heart in so many men of science since 1875. "The law of the eternal return in the objective universe is the externalization of the inward intuition of our eternity: 'Sentimus et experimur nos æternos esse'" (p. 316). One recalls the saying of Plato that "time is a moving image of eternity".

S. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 343.—*Is it necessary to accept all Masters in the sense that the Master Christ said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life"?*

ANSWER.—We are not sure just what the questioner means by, "Is it necessary?" Necessary for what purpose? It is not necessary, for instance, even to believe in the existence of Masters, to become, and to remain, a member of The Theosophical Society in good standing. Familiarity with the ideas expressed in theosophical writings will, however, very soon make belief in Masters a logical necessity to any open-minded man. Many students of Theosophy believe in the fundamental unity of the universe; that there is one Self common to all men, and that the Masters are the complete and perfect embodiment of this one Self. ("I and my Father are one.") True growth is growth toward union with this Self, the Supreme Spirit. This can only be accomplished by the aid of that Spirit itself, which reaches us, not directly, but through the Master on whose ray we may be. This Divine Spirit is the Way, the Truth and the Life. The Masters are the incarnation of it, represent it, and transmit it to those on their ray, each one of them thus becoming to those on his ray, the Way, the Truth and the Life. As stated above, however, it is not "necessary" to believe any of this to be a member of The Theosophical Society in good standing.
J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—As I understand it, each individual, becoming an accepted chéla, would realize that his own Master was the Way, the Truth, and the Life in the fullest sense; otherwise he never could have arrived at chélahship. I should think that in a more limited sense, this might also be true for the same individual in his relation to "all Masters" in so far as they are all integral parts of the Lodge, and must therefore share the common Lodge consciousness with the particular Master in question, but in this sense only. The chéla's Path is his own Master in the most literal interpretation, and could not, save indirectly, be found in or through another Master.
T. A.

ANSWER.—The Lodge of Masters is a Brotherhood working in harmony for the salvation of the human race as a whole, to whom, as our "Elder Brothers", we owe reverence, loyalty, devotion, and, above all, gratitude for their unceasing efforts to aid mankind; but the "Way" to the Lodge for each individual lies through the particular Master upon whose ray that individual happens to be. Most of us in the West are probably upon the ray of the Christian Master; many in the East are upon the ray of some Eastern Master, as, for instance, Krishna, who, speaking as the Logos, said to Arjuna: "Set thy heart on Me, thy love on Me, sacrifice to Me, bow down to Me, thus joining thyself to Me in union, and bent on Me, thou shalt come to Me."
M.

ANSWER.—It would seem that for every individual human soul one Master is "the Way the Truth, and the Life". This may be the Master Christ or another. Every man must discover for himself the ray which transmits to his consciousness the Light of the Eternal. At the head of that ray is a Master, "the translator, so to speak, of the invisible world into the visible and the objective." It is a reasonable supposition that all Masters act thus as translators, and that they help one another. It is inconceivable that any Master would ever

try to draw to his own ray the children of another Master. They are united by a common purpose,—to lead men, along their several paths, to the consciousness of immortal being. "The Master-Soul is One."
V. S.

ANSWER.—For those who follow the Master Christ, for all those on his ray, it is clear that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. But not all are on the ray of the Master Christ; there are other Masters, other rays. Each Master is, for those on his ray, the Way. In that sense we must accept Christ's saying as universally true of all Masters, although for many the way may be through him alone.
C. R. A.

ANSWER.—What does the querent mean by "necessary"? Many members regard it as logical to believe that each Master is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," to those "on his ray", but whether such a conclusion is necessary or not, each must decide for himself.
C. M. S.

QUESTION NO. 344.—*We read a good deal in Theosophical writings, especially those treating of the devotional aspects, of hidden desires—those which really guide actions which we may honestly think arise from very different motives; how can we uncover those secret and often unworthy desires?*

ANSWER.—Only a man far along in spiritual development knows with certainty his own motives. It is one of the most difficult of tasks. A first step is to realize that our motives are always tainted with self to a greater or less degree, and are frequently contemptible. When we really believe that, we can begin to study the tricks and subterfuges by which lower nature deceives us. Many of these tricks are described by spiritual writers, whose books should be read with the constant effort to apply to ourselves what is said, searching in our experience for instances of each type of deceit described. It is often easy to see where others are deceiving themselves, and here again we should apply what we learn to ourselves. We may be quite sure that we are doing the same thing, perhaps in a different form. Lower nature is the same in all of us. Much may be learned by carefully watching our conversation. Why did we say what we did? How much can be traced to vanity, to the desire for approbation, for attention, for holding the centre of the stage? What was the reason for our criticism of others? Could it have been so low a thing as envy, to pull down another that, by contrast, we might seem higher, in our own or others' eyes? What impression were we trying to convey, and why? And so on. Mr. Griscom's article on Self-Examination in the QUARTERLY for July, 1918, will be found very helpful in this connection.
J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—One of the most important exercises in the spiritual life is self-examination. Its value is incalculable, if honestly, courageously, patiently carried out. Self-examination is vague and too general unless confined to specific things. For this a Rule of Life is necessary to give a standard by which to measure. Short of Adeptship, there is no such thing as an absolutely pure motive; we should, therefore, strive constantly to purify our motives. As we live faithfully according to the light that we have, further light will be given for the next step; it is a matter of growth. The questioner might read, or re-read, with profit, Mr. Griscom's Elementary Article on "A Rule of Life", in the January, 1915, QUARTERLY, the concluding sentence of which is: "If we have some hidden fault, some rotten spot in the nature, a Rule is sure to bring it to the surface, and this is as it should be, for we cannot hope to conquer and get rid of an unknown fault or weakness."
M.

ANSWER.—A beginning can be made by selecting one desire or motive which we have been told we have, or which it seems likely that we have, and then scrutinizing our actions for evidences of that motive. We should remember, however, that self-knowledge is a spiritual science, and that progress in it is in direct ratio to our progress in self-conquest, with all that that term implies. Study and meditation make clear the next step or two upward; but only when those steps have been taken can we gain the more comprehensive view, or understand the next steps to follow.
C. M. S.

QUESTION NO. 345.—*I have been reading the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Why, since he evidently had gone far along the Path in a previous existence, did he lead so wild a life for the first few years of his reincarnation? I can see that he far overbalanced that part of his life in later years—but why that part at all?*

ANSWER.—One may doubt whether, judged by ordinary standards, St. Francis did lead a "wild" life at any time. Those who attain nearness to their Master, see their past lives in his eyes and realize the ugliness and sin of actions which others regard as entirely harmless. The modern biographer, who may see nothing wrong in vanity, self-indulgence or self-will, often fails to understand the deep contrition of the saint for any form of self-love, and assumes that his expressions of sorrow for past "wickedness" must refer to the gross sins that the biographer himself would call wicked.

Assuming, however, the youth of St. Francis to have been wild, it is not to be wondered at. It often takes time for the soul to awake after the shock of incarnation. Such a soul as St. Francis must have attained a high degree of development, and hence of power, in previous lives. A strong soul needs and develops a powerful personality, which correspondingly increases the difficulty of mastering it. It follows that, up to a certain point, greater development may mean a harder and not an easier task for the soul. St. Francis incarnated to perform an exceedingly difficult piece of work, and needed a powerful instrument to carry it out. We may think of him as a horseman about to start on an important mission requiring long, fast riding. He selects a high-mettled thorough-bred who may run away with him at first but whose speed and endurance can be counted on to endure to the end, where a tamer steed would fail. It is not the avoidance of outer sin that makes spiritual development, but the passionate, single-hearted love of one's Master, and the unremitting struggle to carry out that Master's will and to live up to the ideal that he gives. The victory is in the struggle, not in the outer result.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Perhaps for the very reason that he had gone far along the Path in previous incarnations. Assume that there remained in him, however, tendencies, elements in his lower nature which had not been eliminated, which were still danger points; they were perhaps, the last things of which he had to rid himself, before he could be used as an instrument of the Lodge. What more likely than that he was placed by design, through the operation of his own Karma, in the very environment in which he found himself? Born into a family of great wealth, so wealthy that Francis had as his companions the sons of nobles; born at a time when his immediate world was given over to the worship of luxury, of the material, of self-indulgence of all kinds; a spoiled child, at the influence of every cross-current of the pleasure-loving life around him, what more natural than that everything in him of wrong tendency should find full and complete expression early? In such a forcing-house, the remaining elements of evil within him came quickly to their growth. Francis saw them for what they were, knew what it was that he must do, and turned, finally and completely, from wealth to Lady Poverty, from the chivalry of the world to the sacred heart within it. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—We must also remember his earlier births, and the possible dregs carried over from them, which had to come into manifestation, before they could be conquered. Further, we are told that, as the inner nature grows strong, a part of its strength may run down into the lower nature, strengthening it, and so causing just such an ebullition as is recorded in the youth of Francis of Assisi.

J.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 27th, 1929, beginning at 10:30 A.M.
2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.
3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.
4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.
5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. At 8:30 P.M. there will be a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are invited.
6. On Sunday, April 28th, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a public lecture. 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, 1929.

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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.