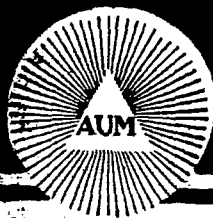


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# The Theosophical Quarterly

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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

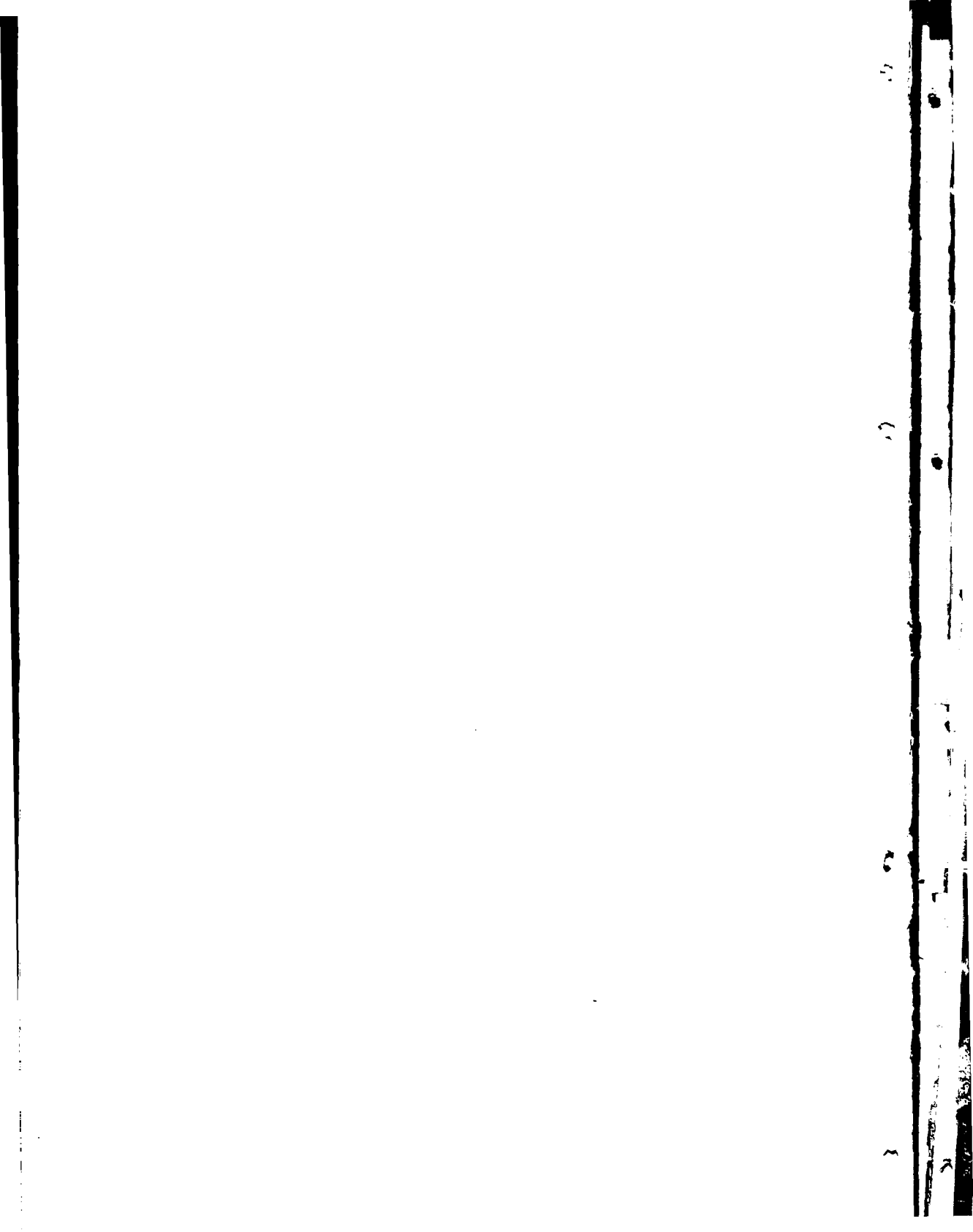
The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance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



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.





JULY, 1933

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#### THE INSTITUTION OF THE FAMILY

THE Platonists conceived of the Universe as a living creature. Indeed, the term, "organism", may be applied to anything, from a galaxy to a quantum, which is, in some degree, a self-contained unit, distinguishable from other similar units and from the mass of undifferentiated substance. Mankind in its totality is such an organism, within which is "telescoped" a series of lesser organisms,—races, nations, classes, social groups, families, individuals, the last-named being, in a certain sense, the "ultimate atoms" in this great body of humanity.

Every organism is the sum-total of the entities which compose it, but it is also something more. It is not easy to define what that "something more" is. Yet we know that racial, national and family types are real. A Frenchman differs from a German, not only because he is another person, but because his consciousness contains a fragment of the national consciousness of France. It is true that every personality is an entity, but it is also true that it serves as a vehicle and expression of larger entities—the race, the nation, the family—into which it is born. Anyone who has ever been in a crowd, must be aware of what is meant by a collective consciousness, which is both an aggregate of the elements that constitute it and a distinct thing having its own identity.

Of course, the entities which contain the individual have not all reached the same grade of evolution. In so far as the human species, conceived as a whole, is organic, it would seem to be in a very primitive stage, corresponding, perhaps, to that of sponges and jelly-fish. The races and other subdivisions of humanity vary widely in the degree to which their qualities become self-conscious in the individual. Of them all, the family has, doubtless, progressed the farthest along its particular line of evolution. The family is the natural matrix within which the individual normally first comes to consciousness of himself. The qualities which the child sees mirrored in his mind are those of the entity by which he is enclosed.

The family is, therefore, not a man-made institution which people can discard at will. It is an institution of Nature itself, and its rôle is indispensable. Not only does it protect and train the individual, fitting him for the battle of life which afterwards he must often wage single-handed; it is the potential vehicle of the larger entity, the clan or the nation, by which it is itself surrounded. The qualities of a real social or national life, that is, of a real civilization, normally rise to incipient self-consciousness in the child, in so far as his family is an integral part of that civilization.

There are exceptions to this general rule, for individuals have their own Karma and free-will, and are in different phases of development. But it is none the less veritable, that an attack upon the family is an attack upon all that we mean by civilization, as the leaders of Soviet Russia well understand. It is also an attack upon Nature. It cannot be repeated too often: so long as human beings are born in the present way, the family is a natural unit of life. This is so true that the utmost that can be done for an orphan, is to surround him with an atmosphere which imitates as nearly as possible that of the home of which he has been deprived. It should be added that by home, we mean something rather old-fashioned, a large family where the younger children are brought up not only by their parents but by their older brothers and sisters. One is inclined to believe that Nature is not averse to large families; that the danger of spoiling a child is lessened in proportion to the number of his brothers and sisters.

It should be made clear, that no civilization can endure if the institution of the family be undermined. The whole of human history testifies to this, and the responsibility for ignoring it rests upon older people, upon parents and teachers, of course, but also upon all who claim to believe in civilized standards. One of the first duties of everyone who has reached years of discretion is to learn to think lucidly and to speak prudently.

Few would deny that something is the matter with the modern family and with modern education. But it would seem that the worst danger of the present situation is the tendency to find some cure that is worse than the disease. The only obvious cure is a "Return to Nature", not in the Rousseauist but in the Confucian sense. Such a "Return to Nature" implies nothing less than a restoration of the family to its true function as the matrix in which individual virtues take shape. This is not a reactionary proposal. In our opinion, it is plain common-sense. One need only reflect upon the events which have followed the disintegration of family life in contemporary China. Unless the Western nations can save their own family life from similar destruction, sooner or later their civilization, like that of China, will degenerate into social and political chaos.

#### OLD AND YOUNG CHINA

Probably no race ever solved the problem of self-preservation as successfully as the Chinese. For at least three thousand years China assimilated each new generation with very little friction, almost without episode. Traditions and institutions which long antedated Confucius remained unchanged, century

after century, because the few who rebelled against them, like the Emperor Che-Houang ti, were unable to produce more than an occasional ripple on the surface of the even-flowing current of the racial consciousness. It has been said, with some appearance of justice, that the Chinese conformed too perfectly to the standards of their past; that they had become self-satisfied, static, incapable of new adaptations. Probably this was the argument of Che-Houang ti, when he undertook to burn the Confucian scriptures and thus to eradicate the memory of the past from the minds of his subjects. However, those who revere the accomplishments of Chinese civilization, must admit that these were made possible by the solidity of its foundations, which remained unshaken through flood and famine and invasion and dynastic change.

The foundations were not built by the Sages, as they themselves testified, but by Nature. The teaching of the great reformers of ancient China is a model of what the activity of the human reason, applied to social problems, ought to be. They meditated upon "the things which are", not upon some fancied Utopia, basing their reforms upon their discernment of the normal organic structure of human society, not opposing what they divined to be the purpose of Nature, but seeking the way of co-operation with it. Thus it was the achievement of Confucius clearly to recognize that family duty is the cornerstone of every enduring ethical system, and that the first objective of the moral philosopher must be to assist Nature in strengthening the ties of family life.

The Confucian ethical system survived every storm until the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. The leaders of the revolution which gave birth to Young China were most unfortunately captivated by the ideology of Western democracy. They brought to China "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", and the effect of this Jeffersonian jargon upon the younger generation of China has been so devastating, that for the first time the heart of its whole social constitution is threatened with death.

There are many obvious symptoms of the disease which is consuming the ancient commonwealth. Perhaps, the most ominous of all are the student strikes, for these are conducted with a disrespect for older scholars which would have been inconceivable under the old regime. An able observer, J. O. P. Bland, comments as follows:

Student movements have been recorded in Chinese history as far back as the Han period, but the indiscipline and violence which have marked those of recent years are entirely new features. They are only to be explained by the fact that, whereas patience, perseverance and respect for authority were essential virtues, imposed upon scholars by the Confucian system, the new dispensation having abolished these, has left the younger generation without steady-ing force or moral guidance. The fundamental weakness of the present system—or lack of it—resulting from the substitution of Western learning for the Canons of the Sages is, that the average modern student in China (as in India) cannot bring his education into any direct relation with the life of his own people. As Prince Ito said of them in 1909, their intentions may be excellent, "but

they have hardly any roots in the country and, therefore, as a class cannot be expected to direct and control any practical course of action" (*China: The Pity of It*, p. 125).

#### THE PROBLEM OF YOUTH IN GERMANY

It is a far journey from China to Germany, as far as from the oldest extant civilization—or what is left of it—to the thing called "Kultur". It is interesting, however, to note that "Kultur" is the product of causes almost diametrically opposite in nature to those which operated so consistently in China before the Twentieth Century. Some rather obvious reflections are suggested by an article in the *Mercure de France*, March 1, 1933, on "The Problem of Youth in Germany" (*Le Problème de la Jeunesse en Allemagne*) by Jean-Édouard Spenlé. The following indicates its general theme:

Germany hails itself as the country of youth. . . . We know the monument which the author of *Siegfried* raised to the "young German", evoking the radiant features of the son of the Forest, the hero with the intrepid laughter who forges his own sword, with which, without fear or remorse, he breaks the spear of the old god, the guardian of worn-out treaties and antiquated contracts. . . . More than anywhere else, Germany is the field of conflict between the generations, between old and young. This crisis, at once biological, sentimental and moral, seems to revolutionize the interior being, on the threshold of youth, and it manifests itself collectively whenever a new generation makes its more or less noisy entrance on the stage. It can give birth to a program, to a party, or, at the very least, . . . to a "pose". . . . We may find analogous examples of this in France. But with us this revolution of youth scarcely passes beyond the bright summits of literature. It does not call in question the very foundations of moral, religious and national life. That which characterizes the youth movement in Germany is the fact that it is more difficult there to incorporate a new generation into the "continuity" which represents the history of a people. A more violent antagonism is aroused between the opinion which this generation has of itself and the world in which it is called upon to integrate itself. And this problem does not date from yesterday. It is endemic, chronic. In its variable forms, it reproduces almost always the same symptoms.

The recurrence of this *Jugendbewegung* or "youth-movement", whenever a generation approaches manhood, explains many of the peculiarities of German history. It suggests one reason why Germany is, in a real sense, scarcely more civilized to-day than she was in the time of the Romans,—for with individual exceptions, the Germans have failed to assimilate the essence of the Latin culture with which they have been in contact since the conquests of Charlemagne. How can any country develop a civilization, if such institutions as it may occasionally begin to form, are always threatened with violent overthrow by its young men? Before any traditions of spiritual value can become rooted in a soil, they must be guarded with devotion by a series of generations. They do not flourish amid periodical psychic convulsions.

Germany is rightly called the "country of youth", though not in the sense imagined by the Germans. Many typical German traits recall the characteristics of a young bully,—his self-assertiveness, his fear of the strong and contempt for the weak, his cruelty and addiction to torture, his fits of sentimentality, his predilection for lying, and so on. When the bully has intelligence and physical strength, he may become a dangerous criminal. When a racial or political entity is dominated by the spirit of rebellious youth, it is natural that it should assume one or another of the "forms" which have incarnated the German spirit at various times. Germany has alternated between the extremes of chaos and materialistic efficiency, between "romantic" anarchy and militarism, without ever becoming an organic entity of the same order of development as England and France.

#### IMMATURE MINDS IN MATURE BODIES

The world renews its youth with every generation. Ideally this re-invigoration should be the product of a conjunction between the wisdom of experience and the spontaneous energy of youth. When such a conjunction occurs, under exceptionally favourable conditions, in a civilization, the line of evolution hitherto traced by that civilization is extended and deepened. The historical periods in which genius has most flourished, have been those in which there has been the most concordant blending of maturity of mind, with the forceful enthusiasm that is generally manifested in human nature only during the years of youth. Perhaps genius is more than usually rare to-day, because judgment and fervour are so rarely united in the same person.

One of the most unfortunate things that can happen to a man, as he grows older, is to become merely a wise and disinterested spectator of human follies, to play the rôle of a gentle but thoroughly disillusioned cynic. But the average man would seem to be unfortunate in an altogether different sense, inasmuch as his mind does not mature with his body. Though he live to be a hundred, his intelligence is no riper than when he was twenty. That is to say, he carries with him to the grave an unreal picture of the world and of his place in it. This mental image is shaped and coloured by his hopes and fears, his desires and aversions, his vanities and resentments. When he does come into direct touch with some reality, he tries as hard as he can to warp it into a form that is agreeable to him. This is a natural or, at least, an habitual state of consciousness in the child. It is always pitiable in the grown man and, in certain instances, it may become tragic.

There have always been immature minds in mature bodies, even during the most brilliant epochs. As long as the institutions of a society hold firm, such a condition presents no particular danger, for the mind which never grows up is not necessarily rebellious. Danger develops when these institutions, for one reason or another, are weakened, and the immature mind is cut adrift from its moorings. It then becomes peculiarly sensitive to any suggestion which flatters its sense of importance or seems to broaden its opportunities for self-indulgence.

This appears to be the secret of the appeal which radicalism makes to-day to so many people whose minds have not grown up. They have been detached from their natural allegiance to law and order, and have become a prey to the first subversive ideas which enter their heads. That is why the most explosive elements in modern society are not the professional agitators and the mobs of vicious and elemental creatures who follow them. Under normal conditions, these can be controlled, together with other criminals, by the police. The real peril comes from the activity of the so-called *intelligentsia*, the "intellectuals", whose self-appointed work is the dissemination of subversive ideas. It can be justly affirmed that the "intellectuals" have inaugurated every major revolutionary movement in recent history. Their method has always been essentially the same,—first, to spread doubts as to the validity of the traditional institutions of civilization; and then, to propose, in the place of the "natural state" which is to be destroyed, the establishment of an "artificial state" planned by what they are pleased to call pure reason. We shall have occasion to enquire just what they mean by pure reason. Meanwhile, we wish to stress the point that these thoughts, acting upon immature minds, convert thousands of quite colourless people more or less rapidly into socialists and communists and "reds" of every hue. Moreover, other thousands who are not fully converted, lose faith in civilized standards, and, when the test comes, defend them spinelessly, if at all.

A French writer describing the recent Spanish Revolution says that at first it seemed to be impossible to stir the populace of Madrid to commit any overt act against the monarchy. Then there suddenly arrived upon the scene Miguel de Unamuno, the poet and philosopher, a man of remarkable mental force, who had for years been the leader of the intellectual opposition to Alfonso XIII. "The appearance of Unamuno was sufficient to turn the head of Madrid, to start a rain of tiles from the roofs upon the police, to set off fire-arms, to scatter wounded in the streets" (André Germain: *La Révolution Espagnole*, p. 118).

#### MATHEMATICS MISAPPLIED

In some instances, "intellectuals" may be conscious agents of the Dark Powers, co-operating with them towards a universal corruption of human nature. But the vast majority of them seem to be quite irresponsible. They are, for the most part, professors and men of letters, and suffer from the lack of certain kinds of practical experience. This may account for the over-development of what might be described as the purely "logical" faculty of their minds at the expense of the other equally important mental powers. We are speaking, of course, of the more capable of them; the lesser lights of the *intelligentsia* are incapable even of being logical.

The commonest error of the "intellectual" is his application of pure reason to social problems, a mode of thinking which is legitimate only in pure logic or pure mathematics. In pure logic, the objective truth of the premises adopted is irrelevant, for the object of the logician is to illustrate how correct conclusions can be drawn from any given premises. When the "intellectual" chooses a set



of axioms or definitions as the starting point of his thesis, he does not base them upon his observation of Nature, but upon his personal preconceptions as to what they ought to mean.

The Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, describes very clearly in his latest book the nature of this type of reasoning and its relation to revolutionary propaganda:

New qualities, of an intellectual category, make an ardent and exclusive appeal to the human spirit. The result is a strange disdain for realities; men turn their backs to the latter and become the impassioned slaves of ideas as such. The perfection of the geometrical form of the idea intoxicates its devotees to the point of forgetting that, by definition, the business of the idea is to coincide with the reality of which it is an expression in the medium of thought. The next step is the total inversion of spontaneous perspective. Ideas have so far been employed simply as instruments in the service of vital necessities. But now life is to take up the service of ideas. This radical reshuffling of the relations between life and idea is the essence of the revolutionary spirit (*The Modern Theme*, pp. 112-113).

After all, the mind of the average "intellectual", in spite of its occasional superficial brilliance, is as childlike as are the less specialized minds which he corrupts. He plays with his logical faculty, as he played with toy engines when he was a little boy and was still quite harmless.

#### THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The modern *intelligentsia* has had its prototypes in every century, and their appearance on the public stage, like that of Unamuno, has often preceded an outbreak of the mob. There were the Sophists of Greece, for instance, whose meretricious reasoning was exposed by Socrates and Plato; and even in ancient China there were "philosophers" who expounded subversive ideas with the volubility of sophomores. But the clearest example of the revolutionary effect of reckless thinking is given by the great French Revolution. It is not strange that subsequent revolutionary propagandists have deliberately tried to reproduce the state of mental discontent which was certainly one of the major causes of that Revolution.

Some historians have exaggerated the importance of what may be called the secondary causes of the Revolution. Then, as now, there were social and political abuses,—defects of administration, an inequitable system of taxation, legal anachronisms, etc. But these abuses could have been cured without a national catastrophe. Both Louis XV and Louis XVI made one effort after another to reform the government entrusted to them, and their failure was due, in no small measure, to the refusal of their subjects to co-operate whole-heartedly with them. Their subjects were, indeed, so befuddled by the Utopian notions prevalent everywhere, that they had no faith in practical measures to ameliorate conditions. Louis XVI finally became as befuddled as the rest, and, doubting his own right to govern, surrendered his authority to the Utopians, who were,

in turn, allowed to hold the outer emblems of power for a while, until they were removed by the professional trouble-makers—Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and the other Terrorists. France has not yet fully emerged from the crisis which these events precipitated.

They might never have happened, if it had not been for the Utopians, the famous group of the *philosophes*, whose work was centred in the preparation of the *Encyclopédie*. This massive work, directed by Diderot and d'Alembert, was ostensibly a catalogue of the scientific knowledge of the time. Its real function was to provide a vehicle for the expression of the social and political views of its contributors, among whom was included at least one man with extraordinary talents, Voltaire. But never have great abilities been used so consistently for purposes almost wholly destructive. The *Encyclopédie* became in their hands a *machine de guerre* directed against all the institutions which had become identified with the slow development of civilization during thousands of years.

Pierre Gaxotte concisely states both their objective and their method:

In reality, the *philosophes* confidently exploited the scientific attainments of their time without really understanding them, because they could draw from science arguments against tradition, Catholicism, history and authority; but they gave their real, sustained attention only to the most abstract sciences: pure mathematics and celestial mechanics.

They transported the method of deduction of these sciences to the political and social domain where it was the less applicable, in that they attached it to the postulate of the natural goodness of man, which there is no reason to believe.

From 1751 to 1772, the *Encyclopédie* united against the common enemy all these ideas and all these aspirations: criticism of the monarchy and of its intellectual foundations, atheism, sensualism, the praise of the Eighteenth Century regarded as the century of light and progress, economic liberalism, disparagement of civilization, the vindication of a pretended state of nature wherein all men would be equal as regards both rights and property, and finally, a very detailed and full study of machines and trades. . . .

Their purpose was to destroy, and to keep from being reborn, all the natural organisms which, until their time, had contained the individual, and which were thereafter to be considered oppressive and immoral. Property, the family, the corporation, the town, the province, the nation, the Church were so many obstacles to be overthrown. One will object that the majority of the citizens respect them, are satisfied, find in them both happiness and peace of soul; there is no liberty against Liberty (*La Révolution Française*, pp. 59-62).

With very few changes, this description might be applied to the *philosophes* of the Twentieth Century, to Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Stuart Chase, and the whole company. Even "technocracy" seems to have been a reincarnation of one of the fads of the Encyclopædists. It will not be the fault of our "intellectuals" if their efforts do not culminate in a crisis at least as terrible as the French Revolution.

## THE NEED FOR UNDERSTANDING

We suggested that the resuscitation of the family must be achieved, or the civilization which we have inherited will follow its predecessors into oblivion. The family is the natural link between the individual and the racial or national consciousness. But we shall not succeed in materially strengthening that link by working ourselves up into some sentimental mood of short duration. The enemies of civilization are not checked in their progress by Mother's Day,—which in any case comes but once a year.

It would seem that those who still believe in civilization must seriously set to work to straighten their thinking processes and to keep them straight. Only as they understand the nature of the family bond, will they be able to protect their minds from the fallacies which threaten it; and unless they be sure in their own judgments, they will never be able to make others understand.

It is said in the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*, that as the Gods bring each power into manifestation, the Demons pierce it with evil. The power of thought is, in essence, divine. It is our duty to guard it from the Demons. We can do this, if we resolve to develop in ourselves the latent faculty of judgment, if we decide finally to become mature in a mental as well as in a physical sense.

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*Where there is no vision, the people perish.*—PROVERBS XXIX, 18.


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*O thou that . . . criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see.*—CARLYLE.

# WILLIAM BECKFORD

## THE ENGLISH SHABERON?

ON June 20th, 1882, Madame Blavatsky wrote a letter from Baroda to A. P. Sinnett which contains one paragraph alluding to an English Adept that must have intrigued countless students of Theosophy. She is replying to a letter from Sinnett, and is commenting on it, phrase by phrase, as was often her wont. Since the paragraph is quite long, the pertinent parts only will be quoted here, retaining enough of the setting to give point to the special passage under immediate consideration. Sinnett had, apparently, written disparagingly of "all this testing and probation business" as "so repulsive to straight-forward European natures". H.P.B. replied to the effect that Sinnett, along with everyone else, Hindu or European, had to accept the Masters' terms: "You have either to accept them *as they are* or else—leave them." After pointing out that Master K. H. was on probation himself—"only a far higher and more difficult one", she added the following most suggestive sentences, which are reproduced from the printed page so as to present the Adept's own glyph signature, which presumably he affixed to the original letter while H.P.B. was writing.<sup>1</sup>

The CHIEFS do not make any difference during the first years between "Englishmen of the better sort" and any other Englishman or native. In fact, their hearts are rather for the natives. They fear and mistrust (as a nation) the English nation, and in their eyes a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman or any other son of Christendom and civilisation is an object to be hardly, if ever trusted. And do you know who it is, who at the present moment is set the *deadliest* against you English theosophists among the *Shaberon*s? An Englishman, my dear Boss, a countryman of yours, a victim of your British laws and Mrs. Grundy; one who was once upon a time some forty years ago, a highly educated Squire, rich, and a Chief Justice in his county, a Greek and Latin scholar. So much——permits me to say to you, and he is at my elbow—and who now is the deadliest enemy of civilisation and Christostar as he calls Europe. It is *he* and not the Tibetan or Hindu born Shaberon who mistrusts the rulers of the "Eclectic T.S." and that's all I am allowed to tell you.

Who was this English *Shaberon*,—or Adept, to give an English equivalent of the Tibetan term?

One of our older students suggested to the present writer that the outer life of William Beckford corresponds with the statements by H.P.B. in regard to

<sup>1</sup> *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, London, 1925, p. 20.

this English *Shaberon*, and that the hypothesis would be well worthy of careful exploration. Acting on this hint, therefore, investigation has proved highly interesting and suggestive, until the writer must confess that he finds the evidence well-nigh conclusive. Nevertheless, hypothesis, no matter how well substantiated in appearance, and absolute truth, are not necessarily equivalent; and the present article can, and does, make no claim whatever to authority. However, the available evidence can always speak for itself.

William Beckford is well known to students of English literature as the "eccentric" author of an oriental tale, *Vathek*, of great imaginative power and striking genius, which, because it was composed and published in French, as well as translated later into English, has the added distinction of being one of the very few French books, accepted as a classic in that country, which was written by an Englishman. Beckford was born in 1760 at Fonthill, Wiltshire, fourteen miles from Stonehenge, and died in Bath in 1844. Recently—and perhaps this fact is not without its significance—his life and writings have attracted the renewed interest of literary men, and a series of articles and three biographies have appeared—the latest within a few months, correcting many earlier legends and errors. These are, almost of necessity, unsatisfactory to the student of Theosophy, not because their respective authors were lacking in industry or ability, but because of what has been, perhaps inevitably, left out of account. The existing material for a biography of Beckford is enormous. He kept almost all of his voluminous correspondence, together with notes, and a disjointed diary. Much of his published work—books of travel—is autobiographical; and late in life he actually made transcripts of earlier letters—both his own and those of his correspondents, annotating and elucidating them, adding additional facts, and docketing them carefully for the use of future generations. Besides this, there are numerous accounts in the newspapers of his exploits, and contemporary literature is full of scattered references to him, from Byron's famous verse in *Childe Harold*, to Roger's *Table Talk*, and Walpole's, Chatham's, and Beaconsfield's *Letters*, and so forth. Selection, therefore, was, and remains, imperative; but just for this reason one cannot tell what lies as yet hidden in numerous unpublished letters. The interests of Beckford's biographers have unfortunately been directed far more to what would make "good copy" and entertain worldly readers, than towards the discovery of Beckford's true genius, or of the deeper motives that lay behind the many curious phases of his life. One and all unite in calling him an "eccentric" (his latest biographer speaks of "his freakish mind"), but no two agree as to the source of his eccentricity. Nevertheless, they cannot avoid the realization that his so-called peculiarities sprang, not from lack of self-control or mental unbalance, but from a chosen course of action, deliberately planned and systematically carried out. The more this eccentricity is examined, the less eccentric it appears, viewed in almost any light except that of a fox-hunting English squire, or of a worldly-minded, if "high-brow" academian.

Because the material is so abundant, only an outline of his life, with certain of its outstanding characteristics, can be attempted in a preliminary article.

Before, however, undertaking to reinterpret the facts and perhaps discover in them something at least of what lies below the surface, it would be well to have in mind certain things which have been told us about the presence and work of members of the Lodge in the world. In one of the very first letters written by the Master K. H. to Sinnett in 1880, there occur these well known sentences about the members of the Fraternity: "How do you know they have made no such mark? Are you acquainted with their efforts, successes, and failures? Have you any dock upon which to arraign them? *How could your world collect proofs* of the doings of men who have *sedulously kept closed every possible door of approach* by which the inquisitive could spy upon them? The prime condition of their success was that they should never be supervised or obstructed." Madame Blavatsky's phrases about this English *Shaberon* indicate clearly that, though misunderstood, he took his place among his fellow Englishmen as a highly educated squire, as rich, as a Justice of the Peace in his County, and as a Greek and Latin scholar—and yet he was *never* recognized by them for what he was, his name was outstanding neither as a dabbler in occultism, nor as a religious mystic; and therefore he succeeded perfectly in veiling his true individuality behind the personal mask, played his part without a slip, and was neither "supervised nor obstructed" in carrying forward the inner work for the accomplishment of which he undoubtedly undertook the dangers of incarnation.

Once given the clue to such a life, the study of the real Beckford's own early struggles to master a new personality, or instrument, and the method of his contacts with people and the world around him, become subjects of fascinating and highly instructive study. Mr. Judge once wrote: "And among this 'sacred tribe of heroes' must be classed other souls. They are those who, although now inhabiting bodies and moving among men, have passed through many occult initiations in previous lives, but are now condemned, as it were, to the penance of living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past. But their influence is felt, even if they themselves are not aware of it. For their higher nature being in fact more developed than that of other men, it influences other natures at night or in hours of the day when all is favourable. The fact that these *obscured adepts* are not aware now of what they really are, only has to do with their memory of the past; it does not follow, because a man cannot remember his initiations, that he has had none. . . . These souls were as witnesses to the truth, leaving through the centuries, in their own nations, evidences for those who followed, and suggestions for keeping spirituality bright,—seed-thoughts, as it were, ready for the new mental soil. And as well as these historical characters, there are countless numbers of men and women now living who have passed through certain initiations during their past lives upon earth, and who produce effects in many directions quite unknown to themselves. They are, in fact, old friends of 'the sacred tribe of heroes', and can therefore be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The Path*, "Cycles", Vol. IV, Dec., 1889, p. 278.

There is much to indicate that William Beckford was one such "obscured adept", and that he was "not aware", in the *early* years of his long life, of just "what he was". But that only made it the easier for him to maintain his disguise once he did "wake up"—and though this might be very hard to prove, certain changes in his outer life, and certain very striking incidents, as well as statements that he has left in writing, suggest that he himself was not unwilling to leave the indications of a dual interpretation for those with eyes to see, and that he had contacts with the inner world. Perhaps, moreover, the recrudescence of what might be termed outer interest in his life, with its concomitant publication of his hitherto unpublished writings and further letters, together with the similar revival of H.P.B.'s hint—which has lain fallow for fifty-one years—might be construed as indications of special significance, coming at this time. It is often darkest before the dawn; and we remember a prophetic statement made to Sinnett by Master K. H. in 1882—so full of promise to those who love England—"you are now approaching your brilliant noon". After all, Madame Blavatsky worked, and died, in England; and one would expect an English Adept, even "obscured" as in Kali Yuga, to take an active part in preparing for, and then perhaps later in leading his countrymen to the zenith of their sub-racial glory. What might not the magnificent army of England's War Dead accomplish, if, alive once more and reaping the harvest of their devotion and sacrifice, they went forward with opened eyes under such leadership?

William Beckford's life falls naturally into three main divisions; his youth, early years of writing and marriage; his residence abroad after his wife's death, including his presence in Paris during the French Revolution; and, third, his long years of comparative retirement in England. The periods covered would extend roughly from 1760 to 1786; from 1786 to 1796; and from 1796 to 1844. Each would seem to have made its particular contribution; and the whole span embraced great changes of momentous import in the history of England and of Europe. Beckford came of a very fine old English family, long settled in Gloucestershire, and the parish of Beckford is noted as the site of an ancient manor of that name, referred to in Domesday Book as *terra regis* in the time of William the Conqueror. Beckford himself was a student of heraldry, and claimed descent from all the Magna Charta barons who had surviving issue; and from seventy-one Knights of the Garter. He knew well that the old landed gentry were often of finer quality than many newly created peers, and wrote to a friend, Cyrus Redding, in 1838: "Nobles in the heraldic sense are not peers exclusively; they are those only who bear a coat of arms, the older are more noble—they need not have a title at all. A minister may make a peer of anybody, but he can only through the crown make a noble of inferior rank to a country gentleman whose family has long borne arms. On the continent a count may take precedence of a prince, if not of royal line, if he be a noble of older standing."<sup>3</sup> Moreover, Beckford seems to have thought of himself as something more than even an aristocratic commoner, because—and the attitude was typical of him—he

<sup>3</sup> *The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill*, by Lewis Melville, London, 1910; cf. pp. 280-282. This seems to be, on the whole, the best biography.

wrote to Lady Craven from Paris, 29 November, 1790: "What care I for Aristocrates or Democrates. I am an—Autocrate—determined to make the most of every situation".<sup>4</sup> This has a familiar ring about it. There were many soldiers in his ancestry, one of them, Sir William Beckford, was among the principal adherents of Richard III. "As such he loyally followed that monarch to the field of Bosworth, where he was probably killed" (*D. N. B.*, s. v. p. 80). After vicissitudes, Beckford's great, great grandfather went to Jamaica, where he and his descendants acquired almost fabulous wealth, and his great grandfather was made Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the island by William III. Beckford's father returned to England, represented London in Parliament, became Lord Mayor; and just before his sudden death in 1770, made himself famous by resisting the King, and outfacing the monarch himself in a bold and resolute speech defending the City's rights. Beckford was then nine years old, only son and heir of the richest commoner in England, grandson through his mother of the sixth earl of Abercorn; living on a superb estate purchased and partly rebuilt by his father, with the world before him and every conceivable advantage.

He was educated by private tutors—his mother having a deeply rooted distrust of the brutal schools of that period, and also of the Universities. The disadvantage of such an upbringing has been pointed out by all his biographers, namely, that in many ways he was spoiled,—a fact which he clearly realized and stated later—and that he was often wilful, capricious, and undisciplined. But for his particular genius and destiny, it was probably an environment peculiarly fitted to cultivate those inner sensibilities which are *not* fostered by rough contact with the world. As a youth Beckford was highly imaginative, intensely sensitive, a lover of beauty and art in all its forms, who took music lessons from Mozart, composed, played, and sang beautifully himself (in later years Samuel Rogers spoke of hearing him play "with *unearthly* power"), and spent hours alone communing with nature. Chatham described him as "compounded of the elements of *air* and *fire*"; and all who knew him spoke of his brilliance, charm and originality. In his seventeenth year he was taken to Geneva to complete his education, and after a year and a half, returned home, and then made another extended European tour before returning to celebrate his majority. His tutors and friends particularly noted his gift for languages; for, besides unusual accomplishments in Greek and Latin, he read and spoke fluently French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic, and had some acquaintance with Persian, Hebrew, and probably other oriental languages, for it was these which especially fascinated him.

The next six years were spent in writing *Vathek*, and the *Episodes of Vathek* (not published till 1907-1912); in the study of politics, in social life, travel, marriage, and life mostly at Vevey and Paris. His numerous letters at this time reveal great inner struggles; steadily increasing insight into human nature and the meaning and real values of human life; continuous study of art, literature and

<sup>4</sup> Quoted in *The Life of William Beckford* by J. W. Oliver, D. Litt. (Edin.); Oxford University Press, 1932, p. 209,—which contains new and most interesting material, but from a point of view that cannot be recommended.



music; and a deepening maturity. Then came two catastrophes—a villainous scandal circulated and finally openly published about him, which resulted in “a storm of public obloquy”, the cancellation of a peerage in the act of being conferred, and his ostracism by English society; and the sudden death of his wife at Vevey nine days after the birth of his second daughter. Calumny followed him even here, because the English papers circulated a statement that she died as the result of Beckford’s brutality. This slander so outraged the citizens of Vevey, that of those who had known Beckford and his wife, twenty-eight of “the leading men of Vevey and its neighborhood, landowners, lawyers, doctors, and Calvinist ministers,” on their own initiative “prepared a memorial protesting against it, and presented it to Beckford” (Oliver, *op. cit.*, pp. 197-8).

Beckford’s friends rallied to his support, and for a while he wandered around Switzerland: “‘I lived in Switzerland among the Alps’, he said fifty years later, ‘at twenty-six, under a bitter domestic calamity. I found their solitudes soothe me as nothing else would—I have loved solitude more since’ ” (Oliver, p. 199). One is inclined to place his final awakening at this period. From 1786 to 1796 he resided mostly abroad, in Paris, Switzerland, and Portugal, travelling also extensively through Spain. He witnessed the destruction of the Bastille, remaining (though unaccountably to all outward seeming) in Paris through the Revolutionary years of 1791 and 1792 until he was forced to flee for his life to Lausanne,—where he bought Gibbon’s library and settled down to read it. Finally, in 1796 he returned to Fonthill, and except for brief trips to France and Switzerland, made his permanent home in England thereafter. He entered, but with no enthusiasm, into political life from 1794 to 1806, when he definitely retired from it. His time was spent outwardly in building a new home, and in transforming his estate into a place of sumptuous beauty, collecting books, manuscripts, paintings, Orientalia, jades, marbles and bronzes until he had made it the show place of England. Five of his paintings are now in the National Gallery in London. Unfortunately, chancery lawsuits which were decided against him on legal technicalities, dishonest agents, and war taxes, deprived him of the major portion of his enormous wealth, so that in 1822 he sold Fonthill and the less choice portion of his collections for about £330,000, bought a place at Bath, built a new and splendid house and tower, Landsdown, filled it with his art treasures, created a magnificently landscaped estate about him out of the bare English downs, and lived in quiet retirement for twenty-two years into ripe old age, with every faculty intact. After only a week’s illness of influenza, he died on May 2nd, 1844, in his eighty-fourth year, “with perfect resignation, and, we are told, so peacefully that those by his side could not tell the moment when he passed away” (Melville, *op. cit.*, p. 349). Not long before his death, he is reported to have said: “When I am summoned I must go, though I should not much mind living another hundred years, and, as far as my health goes at present, I see no reason why I should not” (*ibid.*, p. 344). It depends on who says this, as to what it means.

So much for the outer skeleton of Beckford’s life. As will be seen, there is nothing to compel the attention of the student of occultism, and no outstanding

characteristic, either of saintliness or of mysticism, which would attract general notice. Biographies and literary criticisms unite in condemning Beckford because, with his wealth and position, he might have "done far more" with his life. Even in a literary way, they openly regret that he only gave the world one real work of genius, *Vathek*, written when he was twenty-two—though it should not be overlooked that he also published several volumes of travel which are classics of their kind, as well as some other tales of less importance. An attempt will be made to discuss these in a later article. Mr. Melville, his first recent biographer, thinks that to call Beckford's a "wasted life", is "a hard judgment". He adds: "Rather should it be said, taking into account the temptations—perhaps even greater in those days than in these—which encompass a millionaire, that on the whole he lived wisely and well" (p. 349). The best that has been said on his behalf, aside from praise of his literary genius, is by his latest biographer, Mr. Oliver (pp. 254-5)—a tribute all the more important because appearing in a book devoted exclusively to a most worldly appraisal of Beckford's life. If students of Theosophy would follow the clue offered in the verses quoted below, which Beckford himself left behind, they might come much closer to a true insight into his character.

In a turret rising from the south end of the St. Michael Gallery was Beckford's bedroom. It was a little circular room, plainly furnished, with book cases all round and with no provision for heating. He slept in a plain little camp bed from which he rose at six in the morning and, after taking some chicken broth, would go out to walk or ride about his grounds till breakfast. After breakfast he transacted household business with his steward. From twelve to two he would read or write or, if he had visitors, converse with them. He dined at half-past three and then, after coffee, went out on his horse, leaving behind any guests that he might have, and rode sometimes as much as twenty miles, which he could do without leaving his own grounds. The evening was spent in music and reading. His main occupations were looking after the fabric of the Abbey and planning improvements, buying new pictures and furniture and arranging those he already had, working out his lines of descent through all their ramifications and planning schemes of decoration to exhibit them adequately. It seems an idle and trivial enough kind of existence, but the survival of a few lines of verse written by Beckford during his Fonthill days enables us to see that there may have been another side to the picture, not apparent to the casual observer.

#### A PRAYER

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,  
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,  
My suppliant voice is heard: ah, do not deem  
That on vain toys I throw my hours away!

In the recesses of the forest vale,  
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,  
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,  
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart  
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,  
I turn to Thee—that holy peace impart  
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name.

O all-pervading spirit—sacred beam!  
 Parent of life and light!—Eternal Power!  
 Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam  
 Of Thy bright essence in my dying hour!

Conspicuous as Beckford's art collections and library, his upbuilding of Font-hill Abbey and Landsdown Tower, and his writings are, we should not forget his own plea: "Ah, do not deem that on *vain toys* I throw my hours away! . . . I wander lonely, communing with God."

Turning now with this in mind for intimations of an immortal consciousness either forcing its way, or revealing itself, through the personal mask, we find at once that the evidence is overwhelming. Students of Theosophy will see far more in Beckford's letters and writings than a mere oriental exuberance of imagination, or youthful dreaming. The power of *Vathek* lies in its stupendous portrayal of the fate that awaits those who give themselves over to the dominance of their lower nature. The *dénouement* of the story, with its picture of the Hall of Eblis and the punishment of sin in the eternal torments of unsatisfied desire, make it a tale of the deepest moral significance. This is equally true of *The Episodes of Vathek*, only quite recently published, but written during 1784-86.

In Beckford's youthful letters, we come across passage after passage revealing far more than a passionate attraction for things oriental, or delight in the beauties of nature. For example, he confided to one older friend, who had married his cousin: "There are moments already—when I think myself on the utmost verge of this troubled existence and fancy I hear low murmurs so strange and so mysterious that I more than half believe they come from another World" (1781; Oliver, pp. 71-2). His whole nature at this time was in constant ferment, trying to understand the experiences of all kinds which poured in upon him, and to adjust his own rich inner life to what he condemned as the low standards, vapid tastes, stupid criticisms, barren religion, and empty philosophy of those about him. No wonder he sought solitude, and no wonder, also, that, as a youth, he craved understanding and sympathy, and was inclined to be somewhat reckless in his relations with those who seemed able to offer it to him. When he was nineteen, he wrote:

The Winds are whispering to me the strangest things in the Universe and my ear is filled with aerial Conversations. What a multitude of Voices are borne on that blast from afar! . . . I walk to and fro in my Cell and fancy myself in the Caverns of *Chehabeddin* where every volume contained a Spirit. I lay my Ear close to them, listen and seem harkening to significant murmurs. The Soul of Plato talks to me from the Leaves, Homer gives responses—I am awed, I tremble—and wait their Dictates in respectful silence.

The Fires and Lamps burn around in Stillness, and it is this sacred Calm which invites departed Sages to my Cell. No one enters this Apartment, its Solitude is now unviolated. I alone am conscious what Treasures of Literature are deposited on every side and what exquisite productions of Art lie hid in its recesses. Here I pass whole hours in pleasing Dreams and employ my Majic Solely to raise Illusions. Innumerable Phantoms continually hover around me and the most splendid scenes instantaneously appear at my command.

Again:

One Evening as I took my solitary Ramble over the Hills, sad and pensive, mourning the

absence of those I love, the Sunset grew inconceivably splendid—the Caves of the sleepers were illuminated with the liveliest Red I ever beheld and the Country far around partook of the Refulgence. Not long could I contemplate the effect of this sudden Gleam; for the Clouds descending encircled the Spot on which I stood. Judge of my astonishment and whether it decreased when a melodious Voice whispered the words in my Ears, "Consider how fleeting is the breath of Life!—why then must that fleeting breath be wasted in vain Lamentations? Thou art approaching, O Mortal, each Hour to the fatal Boundary—beyond which are Regions whose mysteries it is not lawful to reveal. Till then bathe thy Spirits in delight and follow us to our Meads on the Summit of Amara, where thou may'st sleep undisturbed on the freshest Herbage till Winter is pass'd away."

Can you suppose I rejected so benign a proffer?—Without hesitation I committed myself to the warm Vapour that, drawing nearer and nearer, gilt the slopes of the Hills and, investing me, bore me I know not how into the Air. For several minutes I seemed ascending amongst Clouds of ruddy glowing Colours which concealed every other object from my Sight. All was stillness in this aerial journey except when the soft voice I had heard before sung that verse of *Mesih's* you have known me so frequently to admire.

Be gay—too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

This gentle admonition was repeated to me again and again; but with such infinitely varied cadence and harmonious modulation that I was grieved when it sounded no more. . . . Sometimes methinks I can distinguish the voices of those invisible Beings who brought me hither amongst the whispers of the Groves; but of this I am not quite certain, so faint is their melody. Everything in my present Visionary state is undecided, nor can I properly be said to hear distinctly or behold with clearness. Sounds reach me in confused but soothing murmurs and I survey the surrounding objects with Eyes half closed. To Day, however, the charm is somewhat broken, and rising from my verdant Couch I crossed the Lawn which forms the Summit of *Amara*. A Brook gurgling over some shining pebbles invited me to drink by its uncommon clearness. Never did I taste such limpid Waters! The refreshment they gave my whole frame cannot be described. In these moments I was more than Mortal and fancied I had drank at the celestial Fountain. As I was going once more to dip my hand into the stream, I seemed to hear the voice of my invisible Protectors in the impending Grove. Instantly I ran to the Spot from whence methought these sounds proceeded, but, alas, a deep silence again prevailed save when the Wind blew gently one bough against another (Melville, p. 75; and pp. 80-82).

In other letters, we find sentences such as these: "Few mortals except ourselves have ears to catch the low whisperings which issue in dark hours from the rocks" (Oliver, p. 57); or: "Ah, would I were acquainted with that mysterious Word, by pronouncing of which ancient Brachmans transported their Souls into Bodies of other Animals" (Melville, pp. 61-2). In a very long letter of 1778 (aged 18) to Alexander Cozens, a Russian water-colour painter of note, and reputed to be a natural son of Peter the Great, Beckford opened his heart in unusual fashion. Cozens' Asiatic blood and artistic temperament enabled him to sympathize with Beckford's devotion to the East, and to his oriental, or, as they were characterized, "to all his most fantastic and extravagant imaginings" (Oliver, p. 12). Readers of the *QUARTERLY* may form their own conclusions—though even lengthy extracts cannot do justice to the seven large printed pages of the whole.

The Dusk approaches. I am musing on the Plain before the House which my Father reared. No cheerful illuminations appear in the Windows, no sounds of Musick issue from the Porticos, no gay Revellers rove carelessly along the Colonnades; but all is dark, silent and abandoned. Such Circumstances suit the present tone of my mind. Did I behold a number of

brilliant Equipages rattling across the Lawn, or hear the confused buzz of animated Conversation, or were a peal of Laughter to reach my Ears or were they assaulted by shouts of hilarity and Joy, should I not fly to the woods for consolation and bury myself in their gloom to enjoy the solitude in security? . . . I surveyed my native prospects with fraternal affection and looked fondly on every tree as if we had been born in the same hour. The Air I breathed seemed nearer of Kin to me than that I had elsewhere respired; in short, the Hills, the Woods, the Shrubs, the very Moss beneath my Feet entered into this general Alliance and I fancied myself surrounded by an assembly of my best Friends and nearest Relations. Of what other Company then could I be ambitious? This was the spot, methought, as I looked on a round of Turf peculiarly green (and so sheltered by Banks and Shrubberies as to produce Violets even in this bleak Month), this was the spot perhaps where my Guardian Genius first spread over my infant Years the wings of protection. That round of Turf, those flowers, sprang from the benign influence of his approach and I shall ever regard them as memorials of his presence. The airy People who watch over Flowers beheld him descend and, willing to commemorate the Event, have sprinkled the Turf he selected with the purest Dew; therefore, it is green, therefore perfumed with Violets. An hour glided swiftly away whilst I was lost in these agreeable dreams . . .

I then ascended the steps which lead to a vast hall [in Fonthill] paved with Marble and seating myself, like the Orientals, on Cushions of Brocade placed by a blazing fire, was served with Tea and a species of white bread which had crossed the *Atlantic*. Meanwhile my thoughts were wandering into the interior of Africa and dwelt for hours on those Countries I love. Strange tales of Mount Atlas and relations of Travellers amused my fancy. One instant I imagined myself viewing the marble palaces of Ethiopian princes, seated on the green woody margin of Lakes, studded in sands and wildernesses, the next transported me to the Rocks of *Carena* where Atlantes strove vainly to preserve Rugiero from the Perils of War. Some few minutes after, I found myself standing before a thick wood listening to impetuous water falls and screened from the Ardour of the Sun by its foliage. I was wondering at the Scene when a tall comely Negro wound along the slopes of the Hills, and without moving his lips made me comprehend I was in Africa, on the brink of the *Nile* beneath the Mountains of *Amara*. I followed his steps thro' an infinity of irregular Vales, all skirted with Rocks and blooming with an aromatic vegetation, till we arrived at the hollowed Peak and after exploring a Labyrinth of paths, which led to its summit, a wide Cavern appeared before us. Here I surveyed landscapes of the most romantic Cast, tasted such fruits and scented such perfumes as ravished my senses. I was all Delight and amazement. We entered the Cavern and fell prostrate before the sacred source of the Nile which issues silently from a deep Gulph in the Rock. Suddenly the spirit of Father *Urela* rose like a mist from the Chasm and seizing me with its influence, discovered the interior of the Cave, ascended thro' the Mountain, and brought me swiftly to a Castle with many towers of grotesque Architecture. There I saw huge treasures and crowds of unknown Mortals walking in vaulted Halls whose stately arches impress reverence. Here were deposited ancient records and Histories of which the rest of Men are ignorant, poems sung by the Choirs of Paradise, and volumes which contain the sage Councils of Abraham delivered by that Patriarch in the plains of *Mamre*. Busy multitudes were continually shifting from Place to Place; but before I could notice their Occupations, the Spirit snatched me away with such inconceivable rapidity that I knew not how I was conveyed to a small Lawn circled by Rocks and falling streams mingled with Woods and hanging Meadows, where Leopards and Antelopes browsed fearlessly together, and birds justly denominated of Paradise fluttered round the flowers, whilst the Phoenix such as Poets describe soared into the blue Aether and glistened in every beam. A bright sun shining full on the glowing Colours of the Scene o'erpowered my sight and obliged me to seek the Woods whose Shade and Fragrance delighted me beyond conception; but I was not long suffered to enjoy them. Some irresistible Impulse drove me to the extremity of the Lawn, where I recoiled with Horror and Amazement at the sight of a Precipice whose Basis seemed to rest on the surface of our Globe. A faint blueish Mist veiled the Seas and Continents and it was in vain that I strove to distinguish the Mountains from the Plains, or the Lakes from the Valleys. The Spirit skimmed

by me once more like a transitory breeze, and after hovering for some moments round the nearest pinnacle of Rocks stood calmly at my side. Thou art gazing, whispered a thin airy voice, at the Fortunate Mountain of Paradise. Those Groves, those woody Vales afforded a retreat to the first of Men. That very herbage was the bed on which he reposed. The stately birds that move around us once held familiar converse with him and still mourn the moment when fiery seraphim drove him trembling down yonder declivities, no more to taste these clear fountains or sleep in his native Bowers, the Regions of perpetual Spring, where all the dreams of inspired Bards are realized. I would tell thee more, but mark how the World below fades gradually on the sight, the Seas and Rivers begin to glimmer thro' the Dusk and catch a faint beam of the rising Moon. The moment is drawing near when thy stay is unlawful and prophane. This bright light will soon yield to a silver Dawn and during the consecrated hours the spirits of holy prophets descend and converse of Men. I was once a mortal; my affections still hover round the Globe and it is with impatience I wait the period when we are permitted to dis-course on earthly subjects. That period will soon arrive; for hark, the Angels who are directing our planet are beginning their nightly hymn. Behold how the Clouds fleet that waft them above the Poles. Listen! their Carol is echoed by the Mountains, it sounds amongst the spheres. Hark, it is answered by the Guardians of the Moon, faint, very faint, is their melody, how it dies away amongst distant Worlds!

The spirit ceased. My Soul was thrilled with the celestial Choirs. A fresh wind waved all the Trees and ruffled the herbage and in an instant Myriads of lovely forms glanced amongst the woods. I heard the Voices of departed Friends and tried to spring towards the Meads whence the sounds proceeded; but the Breezes that swept along the Lawn were far too pure for my mortal frame. I trembled, my heart beat, my Arteries throbbed, in vain I attempted to join the beckoning shades, some dreadful pressure chained me to the ground, in vain I called to those I loved, my lamentations and loud Cries were lost in the gales. How many times did I stretch forth my Arms and attempt advancing—all my endeavours were fruitless, and, unable to struggle more, I sunk beneath my sorrow and beating my breast, exclaimed—Ah, would that I might die! At length I found myself released, and with a violent effort ran or rather flew upon the Lawn; but as I advanced the Forms retreated, a confused murmur of Rills of Voices and of Instruments fled before me, the Rocks, the Woods, the whole prospect seemed in motion, and as it floated away I followed, till, impelled by the swiftness of my steps, I shot headlong from the edge of the Mountain and kept falling, continually falling, till lost in immensity. The Horror and amazement of my Descent dissolved the Dream. I started up, staring wildly around, and, when Sense and Recollection returned, found myself extended in the same Hall, by the same Pillars as before, the Fire expiring and its embers just glooming thro' the shade (Melville, pp. 60-65).

The reference at so early an age to what Beckford calls "my Guardian Genius", is most significant; and the sense of it never left him, because we find him writing to his cousin by marriage six years later, in 1784: "Have you not repeatedly had reason to believe that I am watched over by a guardian power—that an invisible protection invests me that has not hitherto failed upon any occasion either with respect to animals or the Lords of the creation themselves?" (Oliver, p. 171).

These extracts, brief as they necessarily are in the compass of a magazine article, surely need no elucidation, because they reveal a nature inundated with intimations from the other world, but unable as yet to understand their full import and significance. Beckford was slowly coming to his real self—these early letters show to how rich and elevated an inner life.

In conclusion two further incidents can be given, both extremely revealing. Beckford was the polar opposite of his compatriots in his love for animals, and

his detestation of all killing for sport. He had his estate secured from the depredations of fox-hunting neighbours by a high stone wall, seven miles in extent, and his letters are full of references to the senseless cruelty and baseness of hunting. A letter in 1817 from Lady Bessborough to Lord Gower, describing a visit of Samuel Rogers to Fonthill, depicts a charming scene when the party started on a ride about the estate: "They were met at the setting out by a flock of tame Hares, that Mr. Beckford feeds; then Pheasants, then Partridge". We recollect that the taming of wild animals has always been one of the powers of the Occultist. The following incident, as related by Beckford, occurred in Paris early in 1784. He had, with a party of ladies, and under the guidance of the young Comte de Buffon, son of the famous naturalist, gone to the Jardin du Roi, where at this time there was a large collection of animals.

You may well suppose my eyes were averted right willingly from this ghastly object [a Hyena] to the Queen of the brute creation, the famous Lioness—renowned for her extraordinary size and superior comeliness. She was lying in her handsome Pavilion—with her glorious muzzle between her enormous paws, I thought in great dudgeon, an opinion not shared it would seem by her keeper, for he entered her iron palace without any ceremony. She rose up with an air of serene, not offended majesty, stood stock still, and began looking me full in the face with singular earnestness. I returned this mark of attention by looking at her in my turn to the full as decidedly. By degrees her eyes appeared to change colour and lose their fierceness. Finding that my intense manner of gazing produced a favourable effect I tried to confirm it by talking to her with every variety of sound I was master of, modulating my voice into the most opposite tones, sometimes gentle, sometimes peremptory. She answered me by the strangest of subdued growls it is possible to form any conception of. All on a sudden she became as good humouredly playsome as the most familiar of parlour spaniels—threw herself on her back, rollicking and frolicking about in the highest glee conceivable—her immense mouth, as red and as large pretty nearly as a heated oven, wide open the whole time as if distended by a fit of laughter. She now uttered a sort of comfortable chuckling sound, which I answered by an imitation of this strange noise which was crowned by the most perfect success—for the keeper, turning round to me with an obsequious bow, said aloud, "Monsieur, you have won the affections of the Lioness so completely that if you have any curiosity to enter within these bars and even touch her, you may with entire security. She is not more kindly disposed towards myself than towards you. I have had a long experience of her habits. I can interpret her looks and her language. She has taken a fancy to you. She wants you to show her marks of kindness. Advance—you need not hesitate. I will stake my life upon the gentleness of her behaviour."

An invitation so consonant to my own interior wishes was immediately accepted, and I entered the cage with such a pure and perfect confidence as totally precluded the sensation of fear. I smoothed down the enormous paw which the keeper took up and held forth to me—leisurely and deliberately touching one after the other the terrific talons with which it was adorned. While I was thus engaged, the Royal Captive lowered her head mildly,—half closing her eyes as if disposed to fall quickly asleep. You know my predilection for animals and to think I possessed the power of conciliating one so formidable enchanted me beyond idea. The uncommon sounds which had been issuing from the Lioness's abode during the last half hour drew a crowd of idle spectators around us, whose surprise at seeing me quite at home in so perilous a situation passed all bounds. Had these good people beheld the Prophet Daniel himself in the Babylonian den, or the three holy children walking unsinged through Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, they could not have testified a greater degree of astonishment.

"Can this be possible?" exclaimed forty or fifty voices in chorus! "What talisman does this young gentleman possess?" "Who ever before took a Lioness in this fashion by the paw?" "How the d——l did she suffer such an audacious liberty?"

"Ah, messieurs," replied the keeper, "*Qui peut répondre des caprices des Dames?—pas moi assurément.*" This was convincing—every one felt the truth of the observation from his own experience, and everyone withdrew shrugging up his shoulders—gesticulating with his hands and pesting and diabling with heart and soul against the Englishman, whose boldness, or rather impudence *they thought* far more deserving of reproof than admiration.

I had not quitted my beloved's grated boudoir, nor relinquished fondling her lovely paw, when Lady Clarges, Robert, Miss Carter, and the Comte de Buffon came up. I thought poor Lady Clarges would have fainted, so great was her terror at this unexpected spectacle. Her faithful companion bore the strange sight with masculine fortitude—Monsr. de Buffon with a something not unlike national jealousy. All agreed in pronouncing it to be one of the most decided instances of love at first sight on the part of the Lioness, and of very unwise hardness on mine, ever heard of. Robert, who is as lively as light and remarkably fond of everything out of the common routine, was in perfect ecstasy. "I will set off," he said, "without a moment's delay and tell Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois [brother of Louis XVI, afterwards Charles X] what I have seen, but can scarcely credit. Adieu, Milord, Notre père Adam was a fool to you." . . .

Before closing my letter, I must not forget informing you, that the Lioness expressed her sorrow for my departure by setting up a roar so loud, so vigorous, so terrible, that it seemed to shake the Cage, I had but just quitted, to its very foundation. My whole party shuddered and looked aghast. I, for my own part, felt a more uneasy sensation, when reflecting upon the risk I had run of being snapped up by this tremendous vocalist than at the moment of actual danger.

Do not imagine, however, that I shall cease following up my "bonne fortune". I mean to visit her Leonine Majesty to-morrow and many a to-morrow, I hope, after that.

A note by Beckford, written later, is of interest.

I went at least 20 times after this to the Jardin du Roi, and was invariably received by the Lioness with the most evident marks of affection. Upon my return to Paris from Spain in 1788 she recognized me the very instant I appeared before her. The same keeper preceded me into the same cage where she lay extended with her young. He took up one of the Cubs and gave it into my hand, she looking on with the utmost complacency. After caressing it with sincere fondness, I returned it myself to the Mother, who showed every sign of approbation and even manifested an intention of licking my hand . . . (Oliver, pp. 168-170).

Shortly after the above incident, Beckford describes another, which is of particular interest. The Secret Societies in France at this time were numerous—some good, some active agents of the black powers. Cagliostro was creating a sensation in Bordeaux and Lyons, and came in 1785 to Paris; Mesmer cured Beckford's cousin, Louisa, in the spring of 1784; the great Masonic Convention, attended by St. Germain, Cagliostro and Mesmer, was held in Paris, also in 1785; and Beckford himself, apparently as a mere spectator of the scene, was openly prophesying revolution and disaster. It would appear from the following account, carefully written by Beckford and preserved in a folder labelled, "Mysterious Visit—the Grim Visaged Old Man, etc.", that one of these groups on the dark side, plotting the overthrow of society, and with real occult power behind it, sought to "get" Beckford. Their failure on this occasion was followed a few months later by the vicious attack and public calumny which broke out in England shortly after Beckford's return there. It is not the least of the signs that Beckford was in truth an Adept of the White Lodge, that the dark powers, after trying fruitlessly to win him to their side or get him into their power, thereupon hurled at him their deadliest weapons—weapons best calculated to ruin a man's



effectiveness for any good work by robbing him of his fair name, and people of all faith in him. Two years before, Beckford had enlisted, at Fonthill, the services as painter and decorator of a man named de Louthembourg, a member of the French Academy, who had revolutionized for Garrick in London the method of setting stage plays, and had invented the devices, still in use, of reproducing thunder, howling winds, falling rain, etc. Now de Louthembourg was intimate with, and a follower of Cagliostro, to whom he gave hospitality in 1786, when Cagliostro stayed in London for a year. In 1789, de Louthembourg openly set up for himself as "a healer by personal magnetism", charging nothing to the multitudes of invalids who thronged him. "Then the tide turned against him, and his house was besieged by a mob, and he soon after left for the Continent, where he and his wife travelled with Cagliostro"—until the latter's imprisonment in Rome (Oliver, p. 88, n. 2). Beckford's reference in 1784 to his contact with de Louthembourg suggests that the latter had not greatly impressed him with whatever display of phenomenal powers he had exhibited at Fonthill in 1782. Whatever may lie back of these contacts, on this later occasion in Paris the forces hurled at Beckford made him "gasp and writhe as if under the actual and immediate pressure of some horrid occult influence". As the full account covers nine pages of small type, it must necessarily be condensed here (see Oliver, pp. 172-181.)

I will proceed to relate to you without omission or exaggeration the particulars of a mysterious occurrence which reduces to insignificance all Louthembourg's specious wonders—something unaccountable, I was going to say superhuman—something that "froze my young blood" and made me gasp and writhe as if under the actual and immediate pressure of some horrid occult influence. You remember, no doubt, the architect who made those extravagant plans for Villa Pitt, your mother so wisely rejected—the famous Le Doux—the very prince of pomposity and ponderosity. . . . Last week, at his own house, which, by the bye, is one of the strangest mock-palaces you ever saw, he allowed me to tumble over all his sketches of public and private buildings. . . . From amongst those designs . . . slipped out a beautiful drawing of a ceiling in colours heightened with gold. I admired it enthusiastically—he saw I did, but instead of expressing pleasure at my approbation—as he often had done on similar occasions, he put on a look of mysterious gravity and upon my questioning him about this ceiling whether it had been executed in town or country—where if in Paris and for whom—adding how particularly desirous I felt of seeing it—he replied in an altered tone of voice, "This is the ceiling of the most sumptuous apartment I ever erected—it belongs to a reverend friend of mine, whose thoughts, words, and actions are not of the common world—his habits, his appearance, his garb are peculiar—very peculiar—so much so indeed, that he never wishes to manifest himself—unless to persons born under peculiar influences. As I am inclined to believe you to be one of that number—although I know him to be the reverse of partial to your nation—perhaps he may consent to receive you—at any rate I will inform him of your wishes—and take his commands—but remember—you cannot be allowed to use your own carriage—you must place yourself under my sole guidance in an ordinary fiacre—the shutters closed—nor am I at liberty to inform you in what part of Paris this habitation is situated—you must promise to ask no questions concerning what you may see or hear at the place to which it may be my good fortune to conduct you." Not in the least intimidated by all this mystery I consented to accompany him in the manner prescribed. . . . After an early dinner, I entered the fiacre waiting at his door, and drawn by two miserable hacks. We set forth on our mysterious expedition. How long we kept turning and winding I cannot exactly tell. I should think more than an hour had elapsed when he thrust his head out of the window, and

ordered the coachman to stop. We got out, and I saw before me a long line of greyish, moss-eaten stone wall like the wall of a burying ground. It had nothing to do, however, with an enclosure of that species of dismality. The gates opening I found myself in a vast space entirely occupied by wood-piles, some of enormous dimensions and very lofty, others with thatched roofs acutely pointed, resembling views I have seen of Tartarian villages. Apparently endless avenues were formed by these innumerable accumulations of timber cloven and uncloven—but neither the sound of the axe, nor any other sound was heard, except the chirping of sparrows, which were careering about in such myriads as to form dense clouds in several parts of the cold, clear horizon. Passing down one of the very long alleys these wood-piles almost entirely darkened—we paused before the largest of the assemblage. A few loose boards were placed leaning carelessly against its side. These, my conductor having removed, a low, rough door, scarcely distinguishable from the logs around it, discovered itself, against which he knocked twice. At the second knock, the door flew open with a sharp whistle, and we entered a gloomy vestibule, more like a barn than a Hall, into which but a few straggling rays of light penetrated through leaded casements high in the roof. Almost groping our way through this uncouth and hideous apartment, we came to another very low door, and having again knocked, were admitted into a plain room, like the chamber of a cottage with its deal table and straw-bottomed chairs, overlooking a little garden surrounded by well-clipped hedges. The wicket of this rusticated place opened into an apartment rather better proportioned and better furnished. . . . We advanced therefore in no very cheerful mood into a lofty square room decorated with marble pilasters and lighted from above—in one corner of which, on a high gilded perch stood a very large cockatoo with its head under its wing apparently fast asleep. As we glided along over a polished oaken floor quite stealthily, we did not disturb him. A grand portal standing wide open—its tapestry curtains having been drawn completely aside—admitted us into a saloon of more than regal magnificence—evidently designed by my conductor in his proudest, palatial style. The coved ceiling, richly painted with mythological subjects in pannels of stucco-work as gorgeously as the roof of St. Peter's, exhibited the utmost variety of ornament—trophies, fruit and flowers combined together with all the pomp and vanity of Le Brun. Under a superb chimney piece blazed a fire composed of some sort of exotic wood that emitted a spicy fragrance. Right in front of this aromatic fire, I beheld a formal looking old man of small stature, but imposing presence, seated in a chair of uncommon shape and elaborate workmanship. He was habited in an antiquated court suit of changeable coloured silk—his severe forbidding countenance was overspread with the livid paleness of a dead body, but his eyes were as the eyes of the living—most vivid and most piercing. He gave us no hospitable look, he bade us no welcome—and without rising from his seat scarcely acknowledged our profound salutations by a slight inclination of his head. His lips quivered incessantly—as if he had a great deal to communicate but the only words that escaped them were these: "Examine the works of art this apartment contains, at your entire leisure: they merit a deliberate survey". Happy to seize the opportunity so oracularly offered, I ran eagerly to several antique busts of the purest Grecian sculpture and a landscape by Titian equally worthy of admiration. All around the room, on every side—in every recess—the most superb armoires of brass and tortoise shell presented themselves, intermingled with cabinets rich in clustered gems and polished mosaic pannels, not exceeded, I am quite certain, in point of beauty and costliness by the most valuable specimens of this species of furniture secluded in the Palazzo Vecchio itself—but the object of all others which attracted my attention was a bronze cistern of enormous size raised on a block of greenish porphyry—its immense handles, composed of tritons and nereids, designed and executed in the grandest gusto of Michael Angelo. This colossal vessel was filled to the brim with water of a transparent clearness. As I stood contemplating the last gleams of a ruddy sun-set reflected on its placid surface—the old man, risen at length from his stately chair, approached—and no sooner had he drawn near, than the water becoming agitated rose up in waves. Upon the gleaming surface of the undulating fluid,—fitted by a succession of ghastly shadows, somewhat resembling, I thought, the human form in the last agonies of dissolution—but as these horrid appearances passed along with inconceivable swiftness, I distinguished little,—quite sufficient,

however, to impart a thrill of terror to my whole frame it never had experienced before. Although I had made up my mind to remain impassive, and to express no surprise at any thing, I could not help exclaiming aloud—"This is most frightfully extraordinary". "A great deal more extraordinary than you seem to be aware of,"—answered the pale old man, in chilling accents accompanied by a look of such singular malignity that I turned round to the architect to enquire of him—(a mortal being at least)—what all these unaccountable and frightful appearances could possibly mean. Instead of a reply, Le Doux only shook his head and when I turned mine back again the agitated water had subsided into its former calm. Just at this moment, the sound of full, deep, most powerful voices—singing or rather chanting in perfect tune and perfect unison, poured itself into all the porches of my ear—proceeding, it would seem, from some apartment beyond the principal portal of the saloon. "If you wish to approach nearer to these singers," said the old man, "pass through that door," and he pointed to one whose valves opened, sympathetically as it were, whilst he was addressing me. "By all means avail yourself of this gracious permission," whispered Le Doux, "and you will see a staircase of my design and construction of which I am very proud." He had reason to be so, for the flight of steps seen in perspective through the portal was most majestic and its vaulted roof, a miniature copy of the *scala reggia* of the Vatican, strikingly beautiful. Ascending these steps followed by the old man and the Architect, I passed through another portal into a tribune room from whence I looked down into what appeared to be a chapel of considerable magnitude. Day was closing in, and darkness beginning to prevail when suddenly a stream of light, such as might be supposed to emanate from the tapers of an altar, shone forth through the perforations of a lofty screen of carved work. At the same time the voices which had attracted me to this place were heard most solemnly and sonorously chaunting psalms. I plainly distinguished amongst many verses of the royal prophets a passage of the *Magnificat* which declares the mighty fallen and the meek exalted (*deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles*) to which appalling decree the invisible choristers, by giving additional depth of sound, imparted a tremendous energy. Kneeling on the rich cushions of the tribune, my face buried in my hands—my mind lost in doubts and conjectures, my sense of hearing totally absorbed in the awful sounds which filled the chapel and were redoubled by the echoes of its arches I gave way to that profound corroding melancholy which is seldom relieved by tears. How long I remained plunged in my mournful reverie I am not exactly sensible, but the full recollection of what I had lately seen—(the frightful shapes, the unaccountable phantoms) again coming over me, I recited—from my inmost spirit, that best of prayers, "Deliver us from evil," with heart-felt devotion. It would ill befit me to think or say my petition was unaccepted; for upon turning round to discover from whence a deep sigh I heard proceeded, behold, the aged man had retired—I had almost written vanished. Be that as it may—the Architect, who was still visible, looked doubly serious and ghastly by the faint and lurid gleam which reached me. I ventured to say to him, "To what Convent is the Chapel below annexed, and to what order do these monks belong, whose voices I hear ascending from behind the screen of the choir?" "If this were a chapel," replied the Architect, "you must pardon me not disclosing its name—remember our agreement. Let it suffice for you to know that this truly sacred edifice is set apart for a high, tho' not entirely religious purpose. Let me entreat you to abstain from asking me any more questions: they would answer no efficient end, for I perceive with sorrow and disappointment you are not the resolute, enthusiastic young man I took you for, and which the scene at the Jardin du Roi, described to me by an eye witness, led me to imagine. You have lost an opportunity of gaining knowledge which may never return. Had you undergone a slight ceremony, we were on the point of proposing, you might have asked any question, however abstruse, with the certainty of its being resolved. You would not only have heard—but seen things ineffable—but no more upon this subject. I can divine without supernatural aid what is passing in your mind at this moment. You have made your choice—follow it. You shall always find me the same friend, the same equally devoted servant." So saying—with an expression of countenance somewhat at variance with the latter protestation—he observed it was growing late, and that it was time I should be returned to my hearth (*à mes foyers*). I answered not a word. . . . Silently and sullenly

therefore did we retrace our steps through the same apartments. The fire in the regal saloon, reduced to glowing embers, cast a glooming light on the surrounding objects just sufficient to make them indistinctly visible. The immense bronze vase had disappeared, so had the stately chair upon which the old man had been seated, and so had the white bird in the adjoining room, which we traversed as well as the cottage chamber. When we had passed through the Barnish Hall, which was now lighted by a brazen lamp of large dimensions—we regained the open air. It was a clear, frosty night. I blessed the host of heaven which were shining brilliantly, and my own star in particular which had led me unpledged and uninjured from this very suspicious place of bedevilment and mystery. An impish looking lad with a lantern in his hand emerged from a dark shed most opportunely for the purpose of lighting us through the dreary labyrinth of woodpiles. After straying between them a long half hour—I heard a horse cough, and thought the sound quite musical, so eager did I feel to re-enter the common world. An anxious minute more was passed in scrambling over the scattered trunks of timber trees, when a door opened in the wall of this vast enclosure and there stood our carriage, safe enough,—into which I jumped with the greatest alacrity. For the first ten minutes we exchanged not a syllable. At length, I broke silence by saying to my petrified companion, "Remember Luciennes and my introduction to Madame du Barri". This application produced a change from *grisaille to couleur de rose*. He resumed his accustomed suavity of manners, and, when arrived at my hotel, we parted, apparently as good friends as ever.

Where the "old man" was first mentioned in the text, Beckford added a most interesting note, the significance of which will be appreciated by all those who are students of the French Revolution, and especially of the rôle the Secret Societies played in preparing for that catastrophe:

I have strong reason to suspect that this austere, grim-visaged old man was the identical personage who, not long before the out-break of the French Revolution, conducted the wretched D. of Orleans into the dismal dreary plain of Villeneuve St. Georges—where—at midnight—surrounded by horrible phantoms—a talismanic ring was given him, in which having placed a Macbeth-like confidence, he was led on, step by step, to the fatal scaffold.

See *Mémoires de Soularie*, Vol. 6, page 59.

In conclusion, it will be noted that every one of H.P.B.'s descriptive phrases is literally fulfilled. Beckford was "a victim of your British laws [Chancery suits] and Mrs. Grundy [ostracized because of vicious slanders]; one who was once upon a time some forty years ago [1882—40=1842, two years before Beckford's death], a highly educated Squire, rich, and a Chief Justice in his county [H.P.B. means a county Justice of the Peace, which Beckford had been], a Greek and Latin scholar". Moreover, the glyph signature, with its bold curve and heavily stroked, slightly wavy lines, bears a noticeable resemblance to a facsimile of Beckford's handwriting as of 1780, reproduced in Mr. Guy Chapman's recent *Bibliography*, plate IV.

Madame Blavatsky concluded her paragraph with the words: "and that's all I am allowed to tell you". May we not be grateful now for "hints" which lead us to such further and most interesting discoveries.

# LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

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THE introduction to the letters published in the January issue of the QUARTERLY, covers most of the present series. I was still travelling and lecturing, trying to keep Judge informed of all that happened, and to entertain him in so far as it was possible to extract amusement from incidents of "the campaign". If, when I met and stayed with him at Aiken, I had had wit enough to show him the envelopes of his letters, covered as they were with evidence of my unaccustomed but continued efforts to keep a record of my expenditures, he would have been more amused than by anything I could have written to him. On the envelope of the first of the present letters, addressed to me in the care of J. Frank Knocke, Esq., Kansas City, he would have found that breakfast cost 90 cents, dinner 70 cents, tip at lunch (no record of the lunch itself) 10 cents, tobacco (some of us, following the example of H.P.B., still "rolled our own") 16 cents, and an undecipherable abbreviation, \$1.30, with a (?) following it as an admission either of fallibility or despair.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 27th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

All yours received. Excellent, and delightful to me.

Review *Brother of the Third Degree* by all means: 175 words only. Better send to Griscoms to go in with the rest, but you have to sign it E.T.H. In forwarding to them, say I asked you.

Yes, I've been haunting you with my numerous thoughts.

The St. Louis work will some day have to be repeated. We must not let it go. It is the strongest Catholic centre in the U. S. We will talk it over if we meet here. Did people of the name of ——— come at all around? If so, it is only another act of toadyism. You do not mention them. They could do the Branch good, for they are wealthy and up in society. It is the old story.

I have written to Dr. Lopez, New Orleans. I suspect that Branch is one that lives on its own very badly nourished vitals. You will have to seek some hole in the cuticle to inject the auric gold. In all this do not forget you are me and acting for me.

Now when you are on the way to this spot you must let me know in advance so that I can arrange. If here at that time I want you to stay a week or so. These "ifs" are because I am not fixed here, and an accident might send me back to New York. In that case it will be even better.

Do not credit news about me save what you get from myself. Exaggeration, misobservation and lying are the diseases of the day.

Yes, I think often of that book. We must soon get at it. Times are marching on. I have not yet had the monition to get out that circular to the Branches.

Do you watch yourself in respect to praise and attention, and their effect on you? This is very important at your stage of the game.

James Pryse is coming soon. I can manage him if no one else can, and it was so prearranged by the powers some years ago.

Well, good-bye dear boy,  
As ever,

24.

James Pryse was really devoted to Judge at that time, winning all hearts that felt as he did, my own included. He wrote in Judge's defence, and, later, in tribute to Judge's memory, with a simple and beautiful eloquence which is as moving to-day as when it flowed from the depths of his soul; and because he is not what he was, but, like the church of Ephesus, has left his "first love", I include here as a memorial to the man I then knew, part of his tribute to the man (Judge) whose unshakable and grateful loyalty to H.P.B. set an example which some of us would like to feel, when death comes, that we had tried to emulate. At times I wonder how many of Judge's former friends, when they meet him "over there", will care to look him in the eyes. He will forgive them, but will they be able to forgive themselves?

. . . In his recognition of the presence of the Divine in all things, and in his patient acceptance of existing conditions, lay the strength of William Q. Judge. Memories of the ancient glories of mankind were his, and visions still more glorious of man's distant future; yet he worked contentedly with the homely materials at hand, told the old truths in a new way adapted to the times, simply, unpretentiously, and neither offending against the spirit of the age nor making those truths appear commonplace and ignoble. He knew the workings of the human heart and mind apart from all the changing conditions of civilizations; and he reconciled the dreamy mysticism of the East with the surging activity of the West. Ignoring the external phases of life, he strove, not to bring about a return to the ancient order of things, but to restore the essential principles of religion which had become obscured in this age of transition, so that out of the confused elements of the mighty West a nobler system might be formed, and a loftier temple to Truth be builded, than ever Antiquity knew.

To this end he patiently toiled and taught, unweariedly. Against all the adverse conditions of this crude age of conflicting forces, against the treachery of friends, and against the opposition of the powers that war against man's spiritual progress, he finished the work that was given him to do, even though the results of that work still lie in the distant future.

When the Gnosis is known once more among men; when the temple of the Mysteries is restored; when, turning from all idols, men become as of old, adorers of the Beautiful, the True, and find within themselves that divine nature which this dark age has hidden, then it will be recognized that the strong hand of William Q. Judge prepared the ground and gathered the material for that mystic temple for which any building of marble or granite can be no more than a symbol.

In his death he triumphed. As, in many an ancient legend, the dead hero becomes a star in the heavens, so in the apotheosis of this hero let us see the star that foretells the Dawn of a new day of the Sacred Mysteries on this the newest and yet the oldest of earth's continents.<sup>1</sup>

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[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 29th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

I enclose a paper which speaks for itself. I want you to read it carefully,

<sup>1</sup> "The Morning-Star of the Mysteries", by James M. Pryse; *Theosophy*, July, 1896.

but soon, and give me your opinion as to propriety, probable result and contents of text. I will say frankly I don't like this sort of thing, though long expecting it. There is a lurking desire to manage and to go on with these meanderings, often maunderings.

Return paper with your comments and at *same time* write separately any letter as usual that I can let Mrs. J[udge] see.

As ever,

2.

Mrs. Judge died on April 17th, 1931.

In its issue of January, 1931, the Adyar (Mrs. Besant's) magazine began the publication of some confidential letters written by Judge to Olcott in 1877 and 1879, after H.P.B. and Olcott had left New York for India. In these and subsequent early letters, Judge poured out his heart to Olcott (the older man), with intimate, personal details of the misery of his relations with Mrs. Judge, whom he had married before he had heard of Theosophy, or had met H.P.B., or had begun to "find himself". To have published such letters at any time would seem a strange proceeding,—although, on second thought, when people crown themselves publicly with tiaras of occult Initiations, they must necessarily have dispensed themselves from trifles such as ordinary good taste. Not to have waited until Mrs. Judge was dead—to have published such letters during her lifetime (in the February and March as well as January issues)—seems to suggest that the dispensation carried much further,—into the region of things "simply not done". Mrs. Besant might plead ignorance as to whether Mrs. Judge was alive or dead, but would fail to add the damning truth that she did not care. If she had cared, she would have found out,—easily.

The publication of those letters from Judge to Olcott ceased in December, 1931, with a letter dated July 15th, 1884. Why were no later letters published? The answer is simple. In an "Editorial Note" following the last letter printed it was stated that: "The letters were published with two objects: first, to give new matter to the historians of the Theosophical Society and Movement, who are many [if that had been the motive, why stop with the letter of July, 1884?]; second, to show how futile is the attempt made by some Theosophical organizations to dethrone Colonel Olcott from his rightful place by the side of H. P. Blavatsky and put in his place W. Q. Judge. . . . Nor is there the slightest sign that Mr. Judge ever doubted in any manner Colonel Olcott's position as the leader and his, W. Q. Judge's, as the loyal assistant." In brief, and brushing aside the disingenuousness, these very early letters were published in an effort to show that Judge looked up to Olcott as a superior, while their publication ceased with the letter of July, 1884, because later letters would increasingly have proved the opposite, and would have defeated Mrs. Besant's purpose. Judge had met H.P.B. in France during the spring of 1884, when on his way to India; he arrived at Adyar toward the end of July, while Olcott was in Europe, and it did not take him long to discover that Olcott's native vanity had grown since the early days in New York until Olcott had become disloyal to H.P.B.—

a disloyalty which became notorious in 1888, and which went from bad to worse until Olcott died in 1907. Everyone, with any inner knowledge of the Movement, knows that while Olcott was going downhill, Judge was steadily fighting his way uphill, from one degree of attainment to another.

The fact is that the publication of those letters proved nothing, except, first, the truth of a great Master's statement, through H.P.B., that Judge, "of all Chêlas, suffers most and demands or even expects the least"; and, second, that Adyar has not learned, and never will, that honesty is the best policy.

As Mrs. Judge is no longer living it is now possible, and, in view of Mrs. Besant's "indiscretion", necessary, to state the essentials: Mrs. Judge was a very ordinary woman, Judge was a very extraordinary man; he was an occultist and an ascetic, Mrs. Judge was not; he married her when he was very young, and regretted it as soon as he "broke through"; she resented his devotion to Theosophy, and, as a woman, was intensely and foolishly jealous. In other words, she regarded him as her lawful property, and so, inevitably, made herself a heavy burden in Judge's life. Yet, *in her way*, she was devoted to him, and, during his last illness, never spared herself in her efforts to alleviate his suffering. Judge, from first to last, was infinitely patient and considerate; he took her with him wherever he went when this was at all possible, and did his utmost to reconcile her to what she regarded as her unhappy fate. She cared nothing about Theosophy (though after his death she spoke differently), and Judge took pains to keep her from contact with its deeper aspects, for which, as he knew, she was totally unfitted. Fortunately, his closest friends in the Society went out of their way to be friendly to her, and in some cases she appreciated this and responded, making his life much easier and her own less full of complaint. It would be unfair to blame her: brought up in Brooklyn, as a strict Methodist, she married a man she thought she knew, to discover later, when the real Judge came to the fore, that she had married a total stranger.

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The letters immediately following that last given were marked "Confidential", and contained personal instruction, both inner and outer, the latter in regard to the future of the Society, involving persons and their characteristics,—none of which can be published. In one of these letters Judge wrote: "Jowett might be told that while it is all right to stand behind the Branch [Nashville], he ought to let them get on their feet, even if they seem to see disaster: he can step in at last. If he coddles it too much, it won't be any good." It was Judge's aim always to make every Branch, every department of the Work, and every individual member, self-supporting, materially, morally and intellectually.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., December 19th, 1895.

Dear Boy,

Just got your last from Atlanta and Macon, and am rejoiced you are so near.

You ask me to reserve Christmas. If you knew how vast is the dullness, you would feel quite safe as to "reservations". There is nothing to do and no-



where to go, and you *can't* do anything with the day but get indigestion; and that I shall not attempt.

After the final success at New Orleans it seems rather a pity you did not stay longer. I shall be glad to learn from you how you got on as to contributions since last reported.

N. B. My object in this is to have you prevent any of the Macon members coming over here with you to see me, which they might do if they know I am here. Tell them I can see no one, and the trip would be waste of time. The little talking I do is reserved for you. And you do not expect any conversation. If they did come, I would not see them.

After your stay here, if you did not include Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, I want you to. Your friend Opperman [President of the Branch in Belgium] has, I hear, come over to live in Pittsburgh within the past few days. The people need attention, and one or two babbings must be burst.

*Entre nous*: we leave here same time as you do, to go to Cincinnati, then to see [Dr.] Buchman, Fort Wayne, and then to New York. Climates are no good. Our routes are almost at right angles; so we will part here and you go by Seaboard.

Oh: try in Macon to buy me a small good oil whetstone for my penknife. A piece of white Arkansas stone is the thing. By "small", I mean not over 4 inches.

On your return to New York, Griscom wants you to stay with him till you find your own place. That place will be with me, as we are going to take a small house or a flat. So remember that you are thus bound. The charge for living made to you will help me keep the house, and we shall have the satisfaction of being together. You had best accept Griscom's invitation.

Good-bye. No more and we shall meet.

As ever,

W.

(To be continued)

*Blessed is he that truly loves and seeketh not love in return. . . . Blessed is he that serves and desires not to be served. Blessed is he that doeth good unto others and seeketh not that others do good to him.*—BROTHER GILES.

*Remember that life is made up of loyalty: loyalty to your friends; loyalty to things beautiful and good; loyalty to the country in which you live; loyalty to your king; and above all, for this holds all other loyalties together, loyalty to God.*—QUEEN MARY.

# ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE recent Convention of the Society was still echoing in our hearts. The Recorder had expected this, and had brought with him, as we met informally in the shade of a giant oak-tree, a sheet of manuscript.

We were on a hill-top, dearly loved by some of us. Rising just within the confines of a great city, our hill looks down upon it, yet, though part of it, is not of it,—just as a light-ship is no part of the tumult of waters which beat against its walls.

Without preamble, except to say it was by Cavé, the Recorder read his manuscript:

"In the early hours, when dawn was breaking over the earth, a loud Voice cried: To-day, if ye would hear his voice, harden not your hearts! Then it paused, and then it cried again: To-day, if ye would hear his voice, harden not your hearts! And so again and again, at recurring intervals.

"The Voice was a Voice of reverberations; it was lifted high, yet it crept like subdued thunder across the surface of the ground. It was a Voice of joy and of appeal; it held out hope and opportunity; it was a Voice of longing, in anguish for its message to be heard. It was a Voice of warning, foretelling direful things to be, and in its undertones were despair and wailings, lest the day pass and the hardened heart refuse to yield,—wailings to prefigure the wailings when the hardened heart awakes too late. Lo, *this* is the acceptable time, it seemed to say; Lo, *this* is the day of salvation, when the Christ arises in glory to shine forth over the world, bringing his lightnings with him. Joy, joy to ye, it cried; woe, woe to ye, it cried,—as if the whole Lodge sent forth its messenger, burdened with the torrent of its cry, the torrent of love and yearning from the Heart of the Great Lodge itself, to the hardened, evil hearts of men."

"Thank you", somebody said; "that is a 'Fragment' of no mean order. Whether as prelude or postlude to the Convention—or both—its message meets my need exactly."

There was a younger member present, very anxious to learn, and, fortunately, with the courage to ask. "I should like to know", he said, "whether such things are just made up, as poetry is made up, or whether they are real." We laughed; but it was a very honest question, and the Philosopher met it accordingly.

"You will have to answer that for yourself", he said. "By testing all things, by holding fast to that which is true, you will acquire, little by little, the ability to *know*; that is, to discriminate between that which is real, and that which is either psychic counterfeit or legitimate imaginative writing. The psychic counterfeit has a false ring somewhere, if you listen closely; imaginative writing, which includes nearly all poetry, may, by its truth and beauty, do much to open for us the doorway to the real. The final test, as Judge said, must be the touchstone of one's own soul. What the Recorder has just read, strikes me as emi-

nently real; and you have the right, if you choose, to accept my judgment as a sort of working hypothesis until longer experience and study and constant 'testing' have given you the means to judge for yourself.

"Not *all* poetry is 'made up', however. A few poets—from long before the days of Isaiah—have been seers as well as poets. Some of our greatest music has been heard by those recording it, and heard as clearly as though played by a nearby orchestra. There is nothing extraordinary about that. The event which Cavé described was in no sense miraculous. The invisible world, so-called, is far more real than our world; its inhabitants vary widely in nature and character, some, infinitely wiser and greater, others, even less developed than we are. . . . Let me suggest an experiment: read the Bible again as if it were a record of real life, and try to believe that Science has not as yet changed the constitution of the universe, and that if an invisible world and its denizens existed five thousand years ago, it probably exists, in spite of Science, just as vividly, just as surely, to-day!"

The younger member, after protesting that he was not hypnotized by Science to the extent the Philosopher seemed to suppose—upon which the Philosopher eyed him doubtfully—said that he had been quite bewildered by a statement made at the Convention to the effect that wealth is an outer expression of spiritual worth: would somebody please explain it?

"The speaker who made that statement", the Philosopher replied, "should be here in a few minutes, and I shall leave it to him to explain himself. Meanwhile it would be well to remember that unless a speech be devoted to the consideration of a single topic, it is inevitable that much must be left unsaid, especially when it is the speaker's aim—as I suspect was the case in this instance—not to instruct, but to provoke thought, to challenge fixed ideas, to set hearts and minds in motion. Better be in a muddle and know that you are in a muddle, than rest content with a fallacy. Let me ask you: used you really to believe that by seeking first 'the kingdom of God and his righteousness', food and clothing and other necessities would be 'added unto you'?"

"I am afraid", was the reply, "that I had not thought about it at all; I just assumed that I had to earn my living like other people."

The Philosopher was amused. "Yes", he said; "but some people try to earn a living, and can't. How did you explain that? . . . But here comes the culprit"—and he turned to the new arrival with a rather lurid picture of the younger member's bewilderment.

"I don't blame him in the least", said our friend; "I realized while I was talking that I had only skimmed the surface of a very big subject. For instance, I said nothing of the fact that the saints have often made themselves poor, deliberately, because they knew that the possession of wealth, even in a limited sense, involves an obligation, a duty, which is time-consuming, and because they knew also that money brings temptations from which poverty is free. In terms of discipleship, very few people can stand the test of wealth; the tests imposed by poverty are far easier. Not many people are likely to become 'attached', in the occult sense, to poverty!"

"Neither did I say anything of the all-important truth that polar opposites meet, and that the Black Lodge, like the White, controls enormous wealth, though derived from a diametrically inverted source,—with the Black Lodge far more free than the White to use or to give wealth during Kali Yuga, for reasons often explained in our literature. . . . Perhaps the problem will prove less confusing by a slight change of terminology. Thus: spiritual *health* results in physical *health* (keep polar opposites in mind, here also); most chronic diseases are the outer expression (purgation) of wrong moral or mental states. Further than that, I suspect that infectious and acute diseases can affect us only when we are 'negative' to them. But these are general principles, and it is easy to see, not the exceptions to the rule, for there are none, but the many other factors which seem to produce exceptions. For instance, in the case of H.P.B., I doubt if she was ever free from physical pain from the beginning of her mission in 1875 to the day of her death. Apart from her own volcanic temperament, which certainly had something to do with it, such powerful forces played through her, in the production of phenomena and in other ways, that no physical or astral body of our time could possibly have stood up under them: they tore her to pieces. Many of the great saints suffered constantly from ill health. We must remember that 'health' on any plane depends upon balance, upon the harmonious interplay of differences (as in musical harmony); and that perfect spiritual balance is probably the last stage of human perfection,—though there again we must allow for the fact that almost perfect balance may be attained temporarily on a comparatively inferior plane of saintliness, and that this balance must be disturbed when, moving forward, the aspirant reaches toward discipleship, and then toward chélaship.

"But perhaps I have said enough to suggest that the subject cannot be disposed of in five minutes, and that a student who should ever imagine that he had disposed of it completely, would prove himself very easily satisfied. We are on sure and solid ground so long as we stick to fundamental truths and changeless principles; the application of those principles to particular cases requires thorough knowledge of the factors involved in each case. We must surely know this from our experience when trying to apply a principle to some personal problem,—to deciding whether something is a duty or not".

The younger member said he would like to "think it over". Possibly he meant this; possibly he had already tucked the problem away among the mysteries he hoped to solve when he was dead: it is not often that people take much pains to "think things out". In any case, he turned to another and totally different subject.

"What you told us at Convention about that wretched creature in hell, who finally, in effect if not in form, cursed his mother,—has haunted me", he said. "Could you tell us more about him? How old is he now?"

"He must be over sixty. I spoke of him merely to illustrate the stage of degradation to which self-centredness may lead. His 'case'—any case—is of interest and value only in so far as it is typical, not singular. His is an extreme example of Egotism, which, unfortunately, is a widespread malady, all the symp-

toms of which we should study if we desire to keep ourselves free from it. One and all of these symptoms are so revolting that, once we see them for what they are, whether in ourselves or in others, I do not see how we can fail to recoil. For instance, the man of whom I spoke, if he were to write the history of his life, would begin it in some such way as this:

I would not treat a dog as life and my friends have treated me. From the beginning I was misunderstood. My parents had good intentions, doubtless; but they mismanaged me dreadfully. How clearly I can see it now! I tried, even as a child, to warn them; but they would not listen,—would not listen to their own child. They said I was a liar, and others, since then, have said the same thing; but what is the use of trying when the impossible is always asked of you? I was thwarted at every turn. At school the other boys would never let me win a game,—that is, if they could help it, for sometimes I did win (I always won when I was given a fair chance), but the other boys grudged me my victory. My teachers never appreciated me: they were hopeless fools. It almost seemed as if they did not like me. Brilliant as I was in many ways, who *could* have succeeded in my place, opposed and restricted on every side, distrusted, and made to do all sorts of things which I did not want to do. Over and over again I forgave my parents, and made a new start, not even reproaching them, except indirectly, for their shocking mistakes, which sometimes amounted to downright cruelty. What I have suffered! I am the victim of their blindness. Can you wonder that I have lost all faith in God? The only hope left to me is that someday I may appear before His judgment seat and prove how wrong they were. And not my parents only, for even to-day, with parents long since dead, there are those (relatives) who, because they support me, and because they claim to know my "weaknesses", dare to insist that I must live in one place rather than another! Their excuse is that they want to keep me out of temptation. But I will not be bullied, I will *not* be bullied! And I tell them so, though of course adding that I am very grateful for their good intentions. Everyone I tell about it is sorry for me. "Can you wonder", I say, "brought up as I was, tied hand and foot as I am?" And they say "No, indeed; No, *indeed*". It is only the people who ought to be the most sympathetic because they have known me longest, who fail to understand, who fail me in my need. Perhaps my mother in the other world already sees the error of her ways—sees that she is responsible for my condition—and suffers. In that case, I am sorry; but, after all, what is her suffering in comparison with mine? And, when all is said and done, she *is* responsible.

"You cannot stand any more, I hope: it was my purpose to give you rather more than you could stand. Now for my conclusion: all of us must die; death may be nearer than we think. As we die, we shall meet the Angel of Death; next we shall meet the Angel of Judgment, who, in a flash, will display before us every detail of our lives—every act, every thought, every motive—and will then, with eyes like lightning, demand of us: 'Who was to blame?' If we answer instantly, with uttermost conviction, from an overflowing heart, 'I, my Lord!' his eyes will soften, and he will lead us to the Lords of Compassion. But if we hesitate, if we think of this or that excuse, if we remember the real or supposed offences of others—words or deeds that 'drove us'—if, by the shadow of a hair, we try to evade entire responsibility for the least as for the worst that we did, then will that Angel say to us, quietly, evenly: 'You lie to your own soul; you are a coward; you are mean. You have robbed the Lords of Compassion of their right to be compassionate; by making excuses for yourself, you have robbed them of the right to make excuses for you. They would have covered you with the mantle of their peace, but you have chosen to cover yourself with shame. Go to the place where resentments and accusations and bitternesses,

and the whole loathsome swarm that self breeds,—live and flourish and increase until their own heat consumes them. Go to the place of fire. Go! And there will be no appeal.

"The truth is that we shall have no choice when that Angel of Judgment confronts us: we shall say what we *are*; we shall echo in one true word, or in a thousand false words, the meditation of our life. I do not mean that to-day we are doomed by our past: far from it; for to-day, if we find any trace in us of resentment or grievance or self-justification or self-excuse, we can tear it up by the roots, and plant in its place a clear-cut, powerful sense of our own responsibility and folly, and of remorse that we could have been so low and so unmanly as to put the blame for any act or state of ours upon anyone or anything except ourselves."

"Are there no exceptions?" asked our Visitor. "Suppose we really are injured; suppose a burglar should enter our home and rob us of all we possess: should we not blame him?"

"The burglar, or the police? Much good would it do you in either case! Pursue the burglar, have him punished if you possibly can, for that is a duty you owe to society; but when it comes to blame, blame yourself,—for failure to protect your house against burglars; for failure to foresee the possibility, and to have provided for it by steel shutters, automatic alarms, and all other known means of protection. The idiot who blames the burglar, learns nothing, does nothing (except talk about his injury), and is very likely to be 'injured' again, perhaps by the same burglar. But I, of course, was speaking primarily of those personal 'injuries' which most people forget quite easily unless inflicted by friends. No need, I think, to expatiate on ordinary instances. Let me revert to the extreme case of the man in hell, as his behaviour illustrates all other cases. He had an older sister who talked to me rather freely because she was a member of the T. S., and in those days I travelled a good deal among the Branches. She told me that while her brother was living at home, her mother, whom she loved, and whose sense of maternal duty she deeply respected, would reproach the brother justly but forcibly when his behaviour had been particularly outrageous. Even at that time, the sister said, in his desire to justify himself, he had entrenched himself in the conviction that his mother was at least as much to blame as he was for anything he might do; so her reproaches naturally impressed him as unfair; he resented them bitterly. After a struggle with himself, however, and in order to demonstrate his own magnanimity, he would decide to forgive her, and would go so far as to express regret for hurting her feelings, accompanied by expressions of his affection and of his desire to do better. Up to a certain point, his mother felt that she must accept his assurances, although, as she was no fool, she knew quite well that her son was not only more pleased with himself for having 'forgiven' her than he was sorry for his wrongdoing, but that he was keeping a careful count in his mind, not of his sins, but of the many occasions, throughout the years, when he *had* 'forgiven' her, when he had decided, as it were, to give her another trial. His sister told me that the way in which this attitude oozed out of him in his manner to his mother—a

manner of kindly, considerate, forgiving condescension—was almost more than she could endure, and that she would have exploded often if it had not been for her mother's restraining influence. This was years before he wrote the appalling letter from which I quoted at the Convention. He was working up to it, however; in fact he had been working up to it all his life, resisting at every turn the heroic efforts of his mother to save him from himself (when he was ten, his father had died). All his life, as my suggested autobiography tries to show, he had seen himself as right and others wrong; he had blamed others rather than himself; he had stored up resentments and grievances; he had increasingly wallowed in self-pity. Up to a certain point, his love for his mother, even though condescending, was strong enough to keep him at home; but as his resentments accumulated and his egotism increased, inevitably his love grew less (his mother's fault, of course!), until finally, as he said, he 'could stand it no longer', and left,—going down hill like an avalanche as soon as he had thrown off such restraints as his mother had been able to impose. Gently born, gently reared, with all the advantages that loving care could give him, with no obstacle in his path except his own egregious vanity and egotism, to-day he is some kind of peddler, cursing his fate, cursing his luck, cursing his mother's friends who keep him from starvation, trying to injure them in every way he can, angrily calling on God to give him what he wants, and, above all, to avenge him. Was I wrong when I said he is in hell,—though still on earth? Sometimes I wonder: 'curses like chickens come home to roost'; he wished his old mother might die like a dog in a gutter. She did not; she died in her bed, lovingly cared for, full of faith and hope and charity. Will the fate he wished for her be his own? I trust not; I am so afraid that she would know of it. After all, she was his mother.

"Yet,—see how Nature works to bring good out of evil! It means more to me than to you, of course, because I knew that man and his family; but surely anyone can profit from such a warning, from so terrible an example of the leprosy of self."

Said the Philosopher: "The unadulterated specimen of egotism is the unadulterated specimen of cad; there is no difference; the terms are synonymous. I am glad you have rubbed it in. The seeing of these things is one of the greatest gifts Theosophy offers us. What a chance we have! 'Just to thy wish', as the *Gita* says, 'the door of heaven is found open before thee, through this glorious unsought fight which only fortune's favoured soldiers may obtain'. That is Judge's translation, and it is easy to feel something of his own enthusiasm in the words. With what delight we should attack and pursue our enemy if we would but dwell more on the positive nature of selflessness. The beginner nearly always sees it in negative terms, and makes a mental picture of a mashed-out condition which is the opposite of the real; and this means that he identifies himself with the thing—the democratic Parliament of elementals—which exists within him, but from which he can separate himself instantly if he will move to the gallery instead of sitting on the floor. Some of the old writers were very wise. One of them told his pupils always to look at their temptations over

their left shoulder. Try it; it works! He must have had a sense of humour too. Another described all thoughts of self as 'insults of the Devil',—a splendid phrase, putting the matter just where it belongs, with the clearest possible perception of the true as against the illusory nature of the aspirant."

The younger member's mind was active. "Why was so little said about Germany at the Convention?" he asked. "I do not remember that Hitler's name was even mentioned."

"What need to emphasize the obvious?" countered the Historian. "Was there anyone at Convention, can there be any reader of the *QUARTERLY*, in doubt as to what is going on? Hitler realized, or was made to realize (possibly by Hindenburg), that he had gone too far: he had brought the whole world about his ears. So he 'soft-pedalled', declaring that Germany wants peace,—and Germany *does* want peace, *for the present*: she wants an opportunity to manœuvre herself into a better position for taking the aggressive; she is not quite ready, either nationally or internationally, for war. Blindness would have to be wilful, if there were failure to see that; only a politician with some personal axe to grind, could be equal to it,—though fanatics, of course, are perennially capable of anything.

"Meanwhile, for those not sufficiently informed, I should like to recommend a book; *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, recently published by William Morrow. The author is an ardent democrat, which, as you know, I am far from being; but he is honest and fearless; has lived in Germany for years as correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, and describes clearly and convincingly the way in which Hitler acquired his present position as the embodiment of the German spirit. It is a most instructive book. I am not quoting him, but this is what it comes to: Germany is hysterical by nature; cultivated self-assertion has increased this tendency to such an extent that she has become irrational: she prides herself on 'thinking with her blood'. In a speech by Hitler on May Day of this year, *The New York Times* reported him as saying: 'All Germans must unite as never before to assert themselves . . . and every effort of the government must be devoted to raising German self-esteem.' With that as Germany's avowed aim, can any student of Theosophy doubt that she is being prepared again as a tool in the hands of the Black Lodge? A hideous fate, not only on moral grounds, but because *that* Lodge, as soon as its purposes have been served, throws its victims to the dogs to devour."

"Connected in my own mind with the Convention," one of the editors of the *QUARTERLY* now volunteered, "is an article on William Beckford, which is due to appear in our present (July) issue. I am sure it will interest many of our readers greatly. Some of them, without doubt, will wish to read more about him for themselves, and I should much like, if it were possible, to recommend a book. The trouble seems to be that his biographers, so far, have been entirely worldly, without the remotest conception of what we should speak of as the 'inner life', or even of religion as perhaps an important, if not dominant factor in controlling a man's activities. Of course, granting that Beckford was an occultist, one could not reasonably expect for him a better fate, since the lives of



occultists can be written only by their peers, or at least by reverent disciples. By far the better of the two existing biographies is by Lewis Melville—*The Life and Letters of William Beckford*—published in London in 1910. Mr. Melville has written a great many books on literary subjects, and deals with Beckford as a man of refinement and good feeling would, though the treatment, as I have said, is disappointingly superficial. His volume, by the way, is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of portraits. The other and more recent Life is by John W. Oliver, published in London in 1932. Dr. Oliver (D.Litt., Edinburgh) is a Scotchman, and there are two types of Scotchmen, as every student of history, or of Scott's or Barrie's novels, must realize: at one extreme we can think of Bonnie Prince Charlie at his best; at the other, of those Elders of the Kirk portrayed by Barrie in *The Little Minister*, who, if they saw a window-shade down on a weekday, instinctively inferred that the very worst must be going on behind it. Let that type of mind loose on the life of H.P.B., of Judge, or of any man great of soul, and it is easy to imagine the result; combine this with priggishness and a large measure of intellectual conceit, and the result, to put it mildly, is a general desire to throw the author and his book into the waste-basket: he is far worse than blind. Such books, however, do less harm than one might suppose, as they mislead only those whose minds are of the same order,—people who instinctively believe, and prefer to believe, the worst. Hence, when Mr. Oliver states in his Preface: 'I have done my best . . . to establish the truth about him [Beckford] and, at the same time, to deal justly and sympathetically with one whose posthumous reputation I have felt to be very largely in my hands',—I, for one, am quite prepared to accept the sincerity of his declaration, including the statement that he has done *his* best; but, instead of feeling with the author that his book is a finality, and that he has settled and determined Beckford's 'posthumous reputation,' I am cheerfully convinced that nothing so unpleasant has happened, and that enlightened studies will yet be made of a very great man."

"How I wish", exclaimed the Historian, "that modern biographers could be persuaded that it is bad taste and bad art to keep themselves in the centre of the stage, with the lime-light always on them! They are such impossible 'smarties'; they use their subject merely as an excuse for the display of what they take to be their own uncommon cleverness; they attitudinize; they wink at you, knowingly, slyly; they invite you to admire them, they *beg* you to admire them,—and always at the expense of the person they are supposed to be telling you about. Recently, wanting to know more about 'Chinese Gordon', I bought a book which had just appeared and which was highly recommended because its author had been the first to have access to Gordon's letters to his sister. I know nothing of the author except that his name is Wortham. It was all I could do to finish his 'fascinating study', as the English *Manchester Guardian* is said (on the book's 'jacket') to have called it: nothing but sneers at Gordon's faith; would-be witticisms at Gordon's expense,—the effort of a little man, writing about a big man, to keep on feeling superior. . . . There are exceptions, thank Heaven: *King Charles II*, by Arthur Bryant, published by Longmans, Green in 1931, was one of them. Again I know nothing about the author, except that he

wrote that book; but it is a *real* biography, well documented without display,—vivid, interesting, fair; the work of a scholar and a gentleman, who writes about Charles II, not about himself. Biographies used to be and ought to be such delightful as well as instructive reading. Egotism has ruined the art,—to revert to a previous subject."

"I am curious to know", remarked the Engineer at this stage, "whether the reports we have been reading of the banking inquiry at Washington are as irresistibly reminiscent to others, as they have been to me, of the accounts that came out of Russia of Soviet 'trials'.

"I cannot get used to it. Theoretically, I have long faced the fact that the America of my forefathers, and even of my own youth, has been utterly swept away; but what has taken its place is for ever filling me anew with surprise and shame. A banking inquiry does not seem the sort of undertaking that will be best furthered by the mob hysteria of a bull-fight—not if its alleged purpose be its real one. A Senatorial committee seeks information as to the working of the present banking laws, ostensibly for the purpose of enabling it to determine what, if any, new legislation is needed to improve financial conditions or to prevent injustice. In other words, it purports to be an *investigation*, for the guidance of a legislative committee. Actually, it is conducted like a sensational murder trial, the committee's counsel adopting the attitude of a prosecuting attorney, intent upon securing a conviction by fair means or foul, alleging guilt and then trying to prove it, attempting to put upon every circumstance a criminal interpretation. Even if it were a murder trial, I am old-fashioned enough to cling to the principle of our law—however departed from in our practice—that every man is entitled to be treated as innocent until there is proof of his guilt. He would at least have to be indicted before he was tried. Not so here. In these Congressional fishing expeditions, any man, who has ever had anything to do with the subject of the inquiry, may be made to turn over all his private records to a corps of examiners, who search them, not for their bearing upon some previously formulated charge, but for anything which (perhaps torn from its context and made to seem the very opposite of what it was) may serve as a savory tit-bit for a scandal-loving press. A trial in law is at least before a judge and jury, who have to pass upon the law and the facts; but here, instead of leaving it for his committee to decide, the committee's counsel turns it into 'a trial by newspaper'. This is something to which every member of the T. S. must object, not only on principle, but from bitter experience and knowledge of the Society's own history. None of us can ever forget the way in which the Movement and its leaders, Madame Blavatsky and Judge, were for ever being tried by the newspapers, which means, by people without the least understanding of what it was all about."

"I suspect", the Student commented, "that before this inquiry is finished some very questionable practices will be revealed, if not such as are definitely dishonest; for big business is like little business in that its character depends upon the character of the men who are running it, and the standards of a house like Morgan's are very different from those of some of the international Jews

in the banking business. Nevertheless it will be the newspapers and politicians of the country, quite as much as its bankers, who will be actually on trial in the proceedings at Washington, and so far, the ethics of the bankers positively shine in comparison with those of the press. As for the ethics of the politicians—well, with few exceptions, the less said, the better.”

“Do not forget the public”, added the Philosopher. “People just believe what they want to believe, and the desire to pull down those above them, and to find scapegoats for their own faults and misfortunes, undoubtedly accounts for much of it.”

“I have been wondering”, the Historian here said, “whether our friend the Recorder is going to try to use this conversation for the *Screen*, and, if so, what appearance it may bear a month or so hence when it comes to the QUARTERLY’s readers. With the aspect of events changing as rapidly as they are now doing, I do not envy any man the task of commenting on current topics for anything but the daily press. We have now repudiated the gold standard; next week we may have repudiated the Constitution,—if we did not do it last week, as some lawyers of my acquaintance believe. Happy thoughts follow each other with startling suddenness, and are translated into laws almost over night,—laws as some wit suggested, that should be annotated as ‘dictated but not read’. Of course many other countries have gone off the gold standard as well as ourselves, notably England; but England’s case was totally different, as her gold reserve had almost disappeared, while our stock is enormous; and England has been scrupulously careful to fulfil all external undertakings to which she has pledged her word. Most governments have assumed the right, at one time or another, to treat their own citizens in any way they chose,—down to the confiscation of all their property, as in Soviet Russia and Republican Spain; but with the additional exception of Germany, civilized nations have been rather punctilious in the observance of their obligations to foreigners. England, though she will not pay out gold to her own nationals, has paid it regularly to all foreign holders of her bonds, strictly complying with her promises. We have done nothing of the sort.”

“How about the French default on her war debt to us?” asked a visitor.

“Why call it ‘default’? France calls it a postponement, explicitly involved in the Lausanne agreement. Urged by all the Powers, and not least by the United States, to assent to the cessation of German payments, France accepted on condition that a corresponding modification be made in the schedule of her payments to us, and that if German payments to her were stopped, her payments to us must of necessity stop also until a new agreement could be reached. France has neither repudiated her word nor changed her attitude. It is we who have tried to foster the fiction that the two halves of an agreement have no connection with each other, and that the one half can be abrogated leaving the other unchanged. How honest France is, and what respect she has for her word, is shown rather dramatically in her provision for her municipal and government bond interest. On one issue, for example, an interest payment of \$37.50 in gold was payable on each thousand dollar bond on June 1st, in New York. By the

President's edict, no one in New York is permitted to hold or pay out gold, so France might well have claimed that we had ourselves made the fulfilment of this promise of hers impossible, and contented herself with paying \$37.50 in what is now our only legal currency. Instead of availing herself of any such excuse, she calculated the rate of exchange existing on June 1st between the French gold and American paper, and paid the holder of each coupon, not the \$37.50 of American money as specified, but \$44.40½. This is the exact opposite of what we have done. With a large part of the world's gold in our Treasury, we have refused to pay our bond interest either in gold or in its equivalent, so that every one of the foreign holders of our bonds has received just as much less from us on our bonds, as we have received more from France on hers. We have gone far beyond the repudiation of a single payment; we have repudiated the whole principle of payment, on no other ground than that it suits our convenience, and that 'there is nothing in the Constitution to compel' this country to fulfil any obligation if it does not wish to.

"It is a curious commentary upon our pleas for disarmament and international councils and agreements, that we should at the same time be doing what Germany did in invading Belgium,—demonstrating conclusively that agreements and treaties and promises between nations are of no more weight than between rogues, as soon as a short-sighted view of expediency, instead of right principle, governs."

"Before we disperse," the Ancient now asked, "may I add something to what was said at Convention, and again this afternoon, about egotism? The eldest son of the German Crown Prince, and the eldest son of the King of Spain, have both announced in their different ways, as their explanation for marrying away from their families: 'I want to be happy!' The Grand Duke Alexander, in his last book, shows quite clearly that he lived on the same principle—even when he and his wife were in exile, he chased another woman to and fro across Europe on the proceeds of his wife's jewels, as he relates. He was a man of over fifty; the others are boys: but everything has a beginning. What tragic blindness! To boys it seems so simple—'I want to be happy'—that it ought to account for anything, even to throwing overboard all their natural duties, all their Karmic responsibilities, all sense of gratitude and of loyalty to their parents. 'I want to be happy'; the motto of the lower nature. 'Duty' sounds forbidding, I suppose; yet, if they could know the happiness of not caring about happiness any more, what a new and better world they would discover. I speak of them because they are outstanding examples of an approach to life which must mean the end of civilization unless it is checked. It is the antithesis of any religion ever promulgated; it is moral and intellectual anarchy; and it is the duty of every member of the T. S. to understand why this is so, and to make himself a living illustration of what his own soul demands, convinced that happiness will take care of itself if he but keep his will and attention fixed on doing the thing that is right."

# T·S·ACTIVITIES

## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

### *Morning Session*

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 64 Washington Mews, New York, at 10.30 a. m., on Saturday, April 29th, 1933, by Mr. Hargrove, Chairman of the Executive Committee, who served as Temporary Chairman of the Convention. A Committee on Credentials was appointed, consisting of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, Miss Perkins, and Mr. Kobbé, to confer and report at once.

### ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

MR. HARGROVE: While the Committee is at work, it will be my great privilege to attempt to express the welcome of the Society to you, its delegates and members. It must always be a matter for thanksgiving and joy when we assemble at these Annual Conventions,—thanksgiving because we are granted another opportunity to meet together and to unite in mind and heart and will in the service of those ideals to which, severally, we have dedicated our lives. Necessarily we think not only of those who are visibly present, but of a long past. We think of Dr. Keightley, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Griscom, and behind them of Jasper Niemand, General Ludlow, Miss Hillard, of Judge, of H. P. B., and then, behind them, through the centuries, of those who have lived and died that the world may live. We think of the lives and deaths of some of the great Adepts and, while remembering the universal symbology of what befell them, should doubtless recognize also that in every case the symbolism must have been based upon fact: just as Christ was crucified, so Osiris was torn to pieces, the almost inevitable fate of anyone who brings light into the world.

There is no need to enumerate the many of whom we must think, and who, for love's sake, will give us all the support they can at our meetings here to-day,—present of course in heart and mind, and perhaps in a far more complete sense. All we can do is fervently to pray that, both as individuals and as a Society, "we may so order our lives after the ideals for which our brethren died, that we may be able to meet their gallant souls once more, humbly but un-

ashamed". . . . I understand that the Committee on Credentials has performed its function. The next procedure is to call for their report.

This Report having been submitted and accepted, and the Committee discharged with thanks, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, was elected permanent Chairman of the Convention, with Miss Perkins and Miss J. Chickering as Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively.

#### ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: As the Temporary Chairman has reminded us, we are met together in a very august assemblage, which is drawn not only from the present and the generations which we ourselves knew, but also from the very distant past, and from other lands as well as from our own. For in the activities of these Conventions, it is not we alone, nor even we chiefly, who are concerned. It is not we who initiated the Theosophical Movement, nor did we ourselves win the spiritual treasures it places in our hands. We are, truly, its beneficiaries; but primarily we are its trustees; and those for whom we are trustees, the long succession of those who laboured and sacrificed for the Movement, and from whom we received the trust that is now ours, must surely be as much concerned as we in what we shall do here to-day. On our one side stands the past; on our other the future, unborn but foreshadowed by the past, with needs to which the wisdom of the past must minister,—the Divine Wisdom, *Theou Sophia*, the tradition of which has been made known to us and its keys given us.

Our Conventions are meeting places of opposites: of the old and the new, of that which is common to us all and that which is most individual, of the world and that which is wholly other than the world. Here opposites, completing their course, converge. Here, between them, is struck a spark and a light. Here paradoxes are reconciled in the greater unity that lies beyond them. Here the "Ancient of Days", the Divine Wisdom which was before the beginning of time, eternal and unchanging in the heavens, meets the ever-changing present of a changing world. Here are the immortal and the mortal; those who have trusted us, their trust, and ourselves.

The old and the new: in their conjunction we may recognize a principle which is worthy of our careful thought. It is that the old, eternal in itself though it may be, can live among men only as it can draw to itself the ever-continuing devotion of the new. All the age-old sacrifice, the heroic self-giving on which our Movement has lived, can continue to bear fruit amongst us only as it finds those who will carry it on, kindling their hearts from the torch it kept aflame.

Usually we find it wise to open our meetings with a reminder of the fact that in our Society no member can commit others, but that each speaks for himself and is alone responsible for what he says. Yet it is equally true that what each says is none of his—or very little of his. It is individual, in that he chose it and put his own mark upon it, but it was drawn from a common storehouse. You will remember what Emerson said of the one mind common to all individual

men. That mind is open to us, and through many channels we have been given of it. From the mind of the Masters themselves, our predecessors brought us Theosophy. Through present-day channels, through our fellows in the Society, through our meetings and discussions, our reading and study, we constantly draw from that great source open to us all. We speak as we have learned, and therefore the vision of truth that each of us expresses here, is but the giving back, to the common mind, of what was drawn from the common mind. Yet as it is given back it is made individual, stamped with the individual's own hall-mark; for what each draws and gives is his own selection from the infinite reservoir, and each man is responsible for his selection.

The simile of the fisherman casting his net in the sea is very old. He puts out his net to catch what is there; but some spread a net of fine mesh, and some a coarse one. The great fish break through the one; the little fish pass through the other. Some put it in a tide rip; some where the water is still. Some sink it deep; some cast it on the surface. According to their net, and the way in which they use it, is what they draw from the sea. So it is with us. Each of us casts a net, fashioned of his understanding, attention and desire, into the common ocean of Theosophy, and we draw from it according to the nature of the net we use,—which means according to what we are and seek. Thus our selection is our own, and we are responsible for it; but that from which we select is open and common to us all.

We seek, therefore, to draw from the past for the service of the present and the future. More truly, we seek to draw from the Eternal, from what was in the past and must be in the future, though in itself it stand for ever beyond all the divisions of time. We would rise above such divisions and limitations if we could,—rise above ourselves; but we know that even though we do this, each of us must see from his own standpoint, and act from his own angle. Reality reveals itself differently to each different approach, and to every individual makes an individual response. As Krishna tells Arjuna in the *Gita*: "In whatever way men approach Me, in that way I love them".

Consider this. Behind me on the wall hangs a picture. From whatever part of the room you are looking, if you see it at all, you see it as everyone else sees it. Now suppose that instead of looking at a picture, a second-hand representation of reality drawn on a flat surface, you were looking at reality itself—looking out, let us assume, upon a real landscape of trees and rocks and distant hills—you would not all see the same thing. Looking from different angles you would see different sides of a tree-trunk; a flower, hidden by a rock from one view-point would be visible from another. This is typical of the difference between all first-hand experience of reality, and its second-hand representations, between a vision that penetrates beneath the surface and one that is superficial. As soon as our view has depth as well as breadth and extension, as soon as we cease to be satisfied with the mere flat, surface appearance of things, we find that a new factor enters,—a property possessed by the real, but dependent upon us. Each of us then looks into a dimension of reality that is different according to his angle of approach. We see in perspective; and to the measure

that our view has depth, the importance of this characteristic increases, differentiating our view from others. So seeing, we see far more truly; but thereby perceive that we do not, and cannot, see all. We perceive that our own view needs to be supplemented, as it is only one of an infinite number of possible views, in each of which something is hidden which in another is revealed. Therefore we need to synthesize the views of our fellows with our own.

There is another consequence of this. The ability to see reality in perspective, enables us not only to see how our own view may be supplemented, but also how it may *not* be supplemented. It enables us to prove error as well as truth. If we look only to the surface, we have no means of judging what may lie beneath it. On the back of the picture hanging on the wall, there may be pasted another picture with no relation to what we see before us in the frame. If anyone told us that he had turned the picture round and seen what was on the back, and that it was thus and so, we should have no means of judging whether what he said was accurate. But there can be no such complete ignorance when we are looking deep into a real scene. Though the half of a tree-trunk be hidden from us, we can nevertheless be sure of certain characteristics of size and shape which it would reveal to those who approached it from the other side; and therefore if anyone who speaks to us has looked, not at reality, but at his own fancies and predilections, and attempts to substitute a description of these for a description of the scene before our eyes, we perceive where what he says does not apply. What we see shows us that he is in error; that he is actually looking in some other direction and at something else, since his is a description that the reality does not admit. Our emphasis upon the need for synthesis, therefore, does not blind us to the reality of error, nor to the need to exclude, as well as to include, if synthesis is to lead to truth. But even error can be of help to us, since, by contradiction it can sharpen our perceptions, and force us to the closer observation that confirms them. Therefore we may truly say that all views can be made of value to us, in the theosophic method, if we take them rightly.

But this by no means implies either that all views are true, or that they are of anything like equal value. When an artist would paint a landscape, he moves from point to point studying what he sees, until he finds a place from which the masses of light and shade harmonize, and instead of a mere aggregate of forms, a unity is composed. We must learn to do the same in drawing our pictures of life.

More than this, our point of view is also our base for action, and the fulcrum for our will. The effect of a force depends not only upon its intensity, but upon its direction and point of application. Difficulties which baffle us from one approach may yield easily from another. It is of importance, therefore, that we should not be content with our present views and standpoint. In every mass or body, however irregular, there is always a centre, where all might be hung, as on a pivot, and where a feather's weight, moved to right or left, might turn tons. We must, in all that confronts us, seek such a central point for vision and action, never content with that distant view of spiritual reality, where we perceive ourselves to be "far off" in the "region of unlikeness". We *shall* so



perceive ourselves, if we behold ourselves at all truly, and therefore every true perception should lead us to action, so that we may move from where we are to a more advantageous position. We can never rest in such truth as we have gained, nor be satisfied in such service as we now render. That is why we meet here to-day: to help one another to truer views, a more commanding view-point and a more effective base of action,—where we shall understand better the trust placed in our hands, and shall be able more effectively to fulfil it.

I have spoken of these things because it is well that they should be in our minds as an introduction to our deliberations, setting a key-note for our procedure. I want now to come to a theme of special moment to this Convention, held, as it is, when the whole world is facing the threatened breakdown of its economic structure, and civilization itself seems at stake. I shall use as a text a passage in *Light on the Path*, taken from the second of the long commentaries on the unnumbered rules.

"By your great enemy I mean yourself. If you have the power to face your own soul in the darkness and silence, you will have conquered the physical or animal self which dwells in sensation only. This statement, I fear, will appear involved, but in reality it is quite simple. Man, when he has reached his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the encumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop, and die, and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left for the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self."

"However splendid the bloom may have been." There are some among us who have loved the bloom of our civilization, who have looked upon England and France, and the America that was, and loved them. The question which concerns us and the world to-day is just that indicated: Are they to droop, and die, and decay off the face of the earth, because they will not rise to their opportunity, because, between two fires, they make the wrong choice?

In our own memory, looking back through the fifty-eight years since the T. S. was founded, we see how rapidly civilization has flowered,—so rapid, so expansive the bloom, that there were many who thought mankind had never before reached such a point. Perhaps, remembering the traditions of Lemuria and Atlantis, we ourselves may not think that the heights of our civilization are so utterly unprecedented; but, if so, the fate of Lemuria and Atlantis gives us little comfort; and it is certain that in the records which the world accepts, we may search in vain for a period of more rapid growth in man's control of nature than that of our own life-time. Science, power, wealth, comfort, leisure; nature yielding its secrets and opening its stored treasures of coal and oil, of metals and rare earths; the harnessing of rivers to the development of electricity, made our familiar slave in all manner of daily uses; the opening of two continents, Africa, once the "dark continent", and our own West, with their virgin fields and forests; the invasion of the air and of all the unknown regions

of the earth from pole to pole; the sweeping away of the barriers of space and time,—all these have come about within the lifetime of our Society, from causes offering to the world opportunities whose very magnitude made them difficult to seize and understand. Looking back, we can see how much of this flowering was due to the scientist's genuine love of truth, but we can see too, what was scarcely realized at the time, how every gain was automatically turned to the uses of man's lower nature—just as the truths of Theosophy itself, so far as they were popularized, were perverted to their opposites,—brotherhood being made to minister to Socialism, and the powers of mind and will explored for the Christian-Science pursuit of health and wealth. Few realized what this meant, or how far the perversion of all things of the spirit had been pushed. We knew very well that it was not the spirit itself that men sought in those days of growing power. The True, the Good, the Beautiful, had rarely seemed man's dominant concern, and so it was scarcely noticed when that whole side of his nature was submerged more and more in his successful search for material prosperity and the gratification of his senses. It was not until the War broke out that most men realized how far from the Path the world had drifted,—not till that flaming fire came and awakened us, not till the German teaching that might was right broke out in act, and the War was on us in undisguised lust for power and dominion, in envy and cruelty and hate, in cold-blooded, calculated terrorism, worse than hate.

We know how sharp and dramatic the contrast was then made: on the one hand was military advantage, on the other the pledged word; and the pledged word became "a scrap of paper". That was the German side—as sharp and clear cut as that—and in the invasion of Belgium it was blazoned forth so all men could understand it. Equally dramatic and sharp was the French side: there was the German ultimatum that she desert her ally, and her unhesitating reply: Our word is given; we stand by it. And then, a few days later, England too, pledged to the neutrality of Belgium, came in to fulfil her word. There it was, the simple question, to be true or false. Perhaps the Good and the Beautiful were veiled; but on the face of Truth there was no veil at all, and over against it, all disguise abandoned, was the assertion of brute power, mad for material gain. The World War was fought on just that issue, and with it, all over the world, reaching at last even to this country, there was the resurrection of spiritual will, casting off comfort and self-interest, and choosing to follow the True, even though it should bring them death. It did bring death to millions. The outer world was drained of its best; but the armies of the Spirit were reinforced by millions of recruits. Some day that army will come back—the army of the dead, of those who chose aright. How trivial seems the phrase-making that would have us think they fought to make the world safe for "democracy", for votes and Tammany politicians! They laid down their lives for truth, for honour, for the pledged word, for their homes and their country and their sense of right,—to determine whether the life of the spirit was to live among men, or to give way to falsity and the power of the brute.

Our world is now the poorer for their loss,—until we learn to listen to them in

that other, inner world, from which our inspiration comes; and though the War was fought, it was not won. In the end there was compromise. There was the opportunity to gain what seemed safety, and the Armistice was declared. In the reaction which followed from this war-weariness and fatal compromise, the nations reacted to materialism again, to pacifism and self-seeking. Having fought for spiritual values, they now deemed they had a "right" to material reward. There was great talk of "rights", and less and less of duties, not even the duty to be men. A mother "did not raise her boy to be a soldier". There was the dole, and willingness to live upon the dole. Where there was prosperity, as there was in this country, it was used for the indulgence of the propensities of the lower nature which the War had compelled men to discipline and restrain,—for extravagance and vanity and self-aggrandizement, for sensation, and pleasure and unrestraint, for the indulgence of "the mere animal life". We have all seen it. The old morality, the old religion, were thrown away. So we were brought face to face with what *Light on the Path* has told us,—the flowering of a civilization, and the turning away of the nations from the supreme opportunity that was theirs. Why is the world in this depression? Because it has turned from its faith—from the faith by which alone it draws, or can draw, the power to live. There is no need to seek for any other reason.

How does this touch our duty? Why should we speak of it in the Convention of The Theosophical Society? And what is the profound characteristic of reality that is illustrated by the collapse we see on every side? It may be that the races of men will rise from this collapse. We have no knowledge that doom has been pronounced; and perhaps, whether it is or is not to be pronounced may depend upon us, few though we be. It surely must depend upon whether, within the world, there can be found enough of those who will respond to the opportunity that our time brings. Surely we, who have been taught in what that opportunity consists, should be among the number; surely it must be for us, at least as individuals and members of The Theosophical Society, to "make this great effort", to refuse to be terrified by the greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by the lesser.

But why are these things so? Why does life wither when men turn from the spirit? Why do they lose all power when they lose their faith? Why do civilizations fail? Here we return to familiar ground, and to questions which we have constantly discussed. Whether we look within ourselves, or out upon the world around us, we see the two-fold nature of man's being. On the one hand, there is the animal self; on the other, the spirit. We have lived with the animal self for so long that we have come to think its world of shadows and reflections real. We are like the men of Plato's parable, whose only knowledge of other beings was their shadows, cast by a fire upon the walls of a cave. They had never turned to look upon reality itself, and when they were turned about they could not at first see it, dazzled by the sunlight, so that it remained almost meaningless to them until they could readjust their vision to the long unused light. So we, coming out of the shadows and darkness of material life, still

think of them as the real, and find them more vivid to our weak sight than the light and substance of reality itself. Thus the animal self, the little, separate creature of time and change, appears to us very real, very full of vitality and energy; and on the other hand, the spirit—the True, the Good, the Beautiful—seems very remote and abstract. It seems natural to identify oneself with the animal; hard to claim the spirit as one's very self. Rubbing our dim eyes, and looking first at one and then at the other, what seems strangest of all is that these two should be in any way related. How can hunger and thirst, struggle and passion, life and death, or any other of the qualities and activities of the animal self, be related with, or of concern to, the serene, immortal shining of Truth and Holiness and Beauty? The very words we must use to describe the one seem meaningless in connection with the other.

We know how they came together. We have been taught the dual stream of evolution; how, for humanity, the *chhaya* was given by the Lunar Pitris and the fire by the Solar Pitris,—and, completing it all for the individual, the bridging of the gap by the incarnation of the Masters, by the return from the further shore of those who had attained to the spirit, to the True, the Good, the Beautiful, and who came back embodying it, no longer as something remote and foreign to us, but as concrete and living, brought right to our side. We think of the lives of Dionysus, Orpheus, Osiris, Christ, acting out the eternal drama of the Mysteries, and we know that what they show forth is true. They are themselves the way, the truth, the life. All that we know of the spirit we know through those who have incarnated it for us. We know justice because men have lived and judged justly. We know of heroism by those who have in their own person been heroic. Once we have been shown these things in the flesh, we can thereafter see them for ourselves, immortal in the heavens; but we may doubt whether our eyes could ever have followed them there, had they not been brought down first to touch our hearts. Which one of us could have invented or discovered Theosophy for himself? All our knowledge of the things of our immortality, all that we have of *Theou Sophia*, the Wisdom of the Divine, we owe to that long line of those of whom Mr. Hargrove asked us to think, who brought it to us from the great Lodge of Masters, whose law of life it is. Placed now in our hands, we have become its custodians in the world, its trustees for the needs of the world.

We now face a very personal application of the principle of which I spoke at first. Though Theosophy be one with the Platonic Trinity, though it be eternal in the heavens, yet it can live among us only as it can command our ceaseless devotion, only as it can arouse the love of mankind to-day. Unless that love hold it here, it must return whence it came, breaking the link between the modern races of men and their "divine part".

Let us look at this more closely. There is an age-old simile for the relation of the spirit to man, which was recently described to us as it was pictured in the time of Akhnaton. There was the round disk of the sun, from which emanated rays reaching down to the earth and terminating in hands, bearing gifts—notably the gift of the Ankh, the symbol of life. It is a very perfect symbol.

The rays terminating in hands are, so far as I know, purely Egyptian; but the symbol of the sun itself has been used for divinity as far back as history enables us to see. Whence comes this life which we so naively think of as existing spontaneously in the animal nature, as those men of Plato's thought of reality as existing in its shadows? Science will not tell the origin of life—it does not know; but it will tell us that without what the sun's rays bring, life would perish from the earth. It will tell us that all life is so supported, all energy so drawn; and though we should, perhaps, only subscribe to such a statement if the symbol and what it symbolizes be regarded as one, the physical sun considered but the material veil of the spiritual from which all things come, yet we know that were the central sources to fail, all life would fail, and a frozen universe would fall to powder. There is no vitality in the separate animal nature. There is only the power to respond to the source of vitality. This is as true of spiritual vitality as of physical: only as we hold fast to the spiritual centre can we live. So the Christ, speaking as the Logos, taught his disciples: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

The gift of life, the gift of the divine flame: the spark is given with our vision of the spirit; but it must be tended and fed with fuel, until it grows into a consuming fire. That we must do. If we quench the spark, shutting it off from its source, it must die. It is not enough that warmth and light and electricity and all the vital energies of the sun's rays should fall upon the seed. The seed must respond. And man's response to the spirit is love. Life is something that must for ever transcend itself in love. That is its nature. It is for ever reaching out beyond the little organism in which it is embodied, to the greater Self to which it owes its all. "Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the universe, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, that face of the true Sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the Truth, and do our whole duty, on our journey to Thy sacred seat."

The ancient hymns all tell us that life, if it is to live, must be for ever reaching out beyond itself, for ever returning to the source from whence it came. It is stultified if it be cramped within itself. To live for itself is to die. That is what we see in the world to-day,—the effort to live for self, which is death.

So again *Light on the Path* shows us where our own and the world's salvation lies. It is to leap at once from the old standpoint to the new, to become at once an intrinsic part of the divine power—the power of loving and giving—as we have been an intrinsic part of the intellectual power. It is a leap, a turning of oneself about; and it is nothing more mysterious or difficult than to love that which in its very nature is loveliness itself: the True, the Good, the Beautiful, and the great Lodge of Masters who embody and reveal that Trinity of Spirit. The one question that transcends all others for us to-day is this: Are we able to love the lovely, are we able genuinely to give ourselves to the service of the Spirit? Upon that question rests the continuance of The Theosophical Society and, indeed, the salvation of the world. It is as simple as that. Can we do it?

There are a thousand corollaries that spring from such a view of the relation

of man to the divine. When a man sets forth as an emigrant for a new country, as in our own time so many have done, the old ways, the old world, have to be surrendered; and the surrender has to be complete. No compromise is possible. One cannot go aboard ship and set sail for the new, and at the same time remain behind in the old. One cannot adopt half measures; it must be all or nothing. It is the same with us, if we would leave the old order for the new. Our first step must be one of renunciation, though it be but the giving up of the shadow for the substance, the mortal for the immortal; and the renunciation must be complete. Once we have embarked on this adventure, our thoughts and hopes must be centred on what lies ahead, not on what we leave behind. Our renunciation must be complete in the sense that it is *final*; having been made, it should no longer occupy our minds. To look back is to meet the fate of Lot's wife, to become paralysed and bitter, measuring life by what it has lost, rather than by what it may gain. Where have the seers and the prophets not warned us of this? Yes, and the poets too.

And as the path of duty is made plain,  
 May grace be given that I may walk therein,  
 Not like the hireling for his selfish gain,  
 With backward glances and reluctant tread,  
 Making a merit of his coward dread,—  
 But cheerful, in the light around me thrown,  
 Walking as one to pleasant service led;  
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,  
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone.

Can we not command that spirit of our forefathers,—for how else was this or any other country ever won? The spirit of all real adventurers; the spirit that is not niggardly, that does not go back to count and recount the cost, and to weep again and again over its sacrifices; but which presses on, "breast forward", with high courage and hope, never doubting clouds will break, holding "we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better". Can we not command the power really to love? really to serve? really to live? "O Lord . . . keep us in thy mercy from lip service and empty forms, from having a name that we live, but being dead."

There is a point of honour here which concerns us intimately. Most of us are familiar with the writings of Evelyn Underhill, and many of us are very gratefully recognizant of a debt to them that has deepened year by year. In one of her books, for the moment I have forgotten which, and quote only from memory, there is a barbed passage using our name even though it be not directed to us, which we must be very sure we never justify. She knows and judges of our Movement only as it is travestied in Mrs. Besant's Society; but, writing of the spiritual life and the supreme need to make it real, she speaks of Theosophy, which, she says, "like a platter of well tinned asparagus, is only pretending to be alive". We shall be well advised to look deeply into our own hearts and actions, to be certain there is nothing that can justify such a reproach.

Before I close, there is one thing more upon which I would speak. The word

spirit is used so loosely, often for something so sentimental, and with such connotations of effeminacy, that I wish to make sure no one can think it is thus that we use the word here. There is no trying to define it; but there is at least one hallmark that it possesses. As we look at our desires and activities, we see that they fall into two classes: the one seeks a good that is dependent for its value upon us, the other a good that is valuable in and of itself,—that would be valuable were we to cease to be. It is in the latter class that every spiritual activity is found,—in the furtherance of values that wholly transcend the self of the actor. Therefore it is that the ordering of a room, the making of a garden, the picking up of a blown paper, may all be religious and spiritual activities. Let us use this test when we talk about the spiritual life. It is not spiritual if it be not in the service of something other and greater than self—if it do not lead to the transcendence of self.

Thus we come back to our central question: can we love the lovely? Can we love God and the spirit and works of God? Can we love Theosophy, and the great Lodge, and the Masters through whom it has been made known to us? Can we love them and their cause? Can we seek them and not ourselves; and leap clear from the old standpoint in self to the new dependence upon them, and self-transcendence in their service? These are the questions of life and death, for the world, for our Society, for ourselves: "Lest it turn to my condemnation, the word heard and not fulfilled, known and not loved, believed and not observed."

Madame Blavatsky, Judge, our predecessors, succeeded because they succeeded in finding and kindling hearts that could respond to their teaching, catch fire from the truth they brought, love its loveliness, serve its goodness. Because of this, our Movement has continued to the present day, surviving the turn of the cycle, and developing chelaship, which we too must develop and which is now our goal. If we are to fulfil our trust, as our predecessors did theirs, it must be done by the same means. If the Movement is to continue, it must continue to develop chelaship; which begins in the ability to give oneself wholeheartedly to the service of the Lodge. If we are to succeed in the trust that is ours and the purpose for which we meet here to-day, we must learn to love, and so flame with that love that we may kindle it in the hearts of others.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Secretary T. S.

#### REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 29TH, 1933

Once again, I have the honour to submit a report on certain phases of the Society's activities, but their full significance does not appear in this record, for I know of no way to portray the force, steadily working through the T. S., which gives them substance and meaning.

#### BRANCH ACTIVITIES

The annual reports are of unusual interest. They bring to mind the declaration of science that certain lands, now separated by wide stretches of ocean,

must once have been united because identical forms of life appear upon them,—for the reports disclose a strong inner bond which produces a characteristic attitude, method, conviction and aspiration among Branches, widely separated, that plan their own activities and know little of what others are doing.

The Arvika Branch, in Sweden, surmounts obstacles presented by a scattered membership, being aided by the activity of distant members, among whom is mentioned the widow of their founder, whose eighty-one years do not prevent her participation, and another eager worker whose letters are said to carry the enthusiasm of a soul on fire for the success of the Movement. The Oslo Branch has held many well attended meetings; has welcomed as a Branch member the son of their deceased and greatly beloved founder, Col. Knoff; has lost a staunch comrade, Mr. Georg Simonsen, of whom the Secretary writes, "We had hoped to have him amongst us for a long time, and his departure is a heavy loss; but we feel his spirit with us in our work and shall always revere his memory". The Aussig Branch has studied Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students"; QUARTERLY articles published during the Great War; Reports of Conventions, etc. Their report refers to a welcome opportunity to assist some younger members in Germany, and to their conclusions about the inner cause of the failure in understanding, which led many German members to side against the Movement at the outbreak of the War. Of their objective, they write: "As our individual Karma is interwoven with that of our nation (Germany), we have to analyze our past, disentangle the right from the wrong and extirpate what should be destroyed; so, likewise, we are obliged to examine the past of our nation, to see the causes of its present moral depravity. We are now living in a terrible time, in which the German spirit is raging even more freely than in the year 1914—reminding us of Mr. Griscom's article, 'War Seen from Within'. The forces of envy, malice, ambition, greed and lust are stronger, and licentiousness more unchecked than before the War. We think the coming Convention will be a very important one; yes, a crucial Lodge meeting. May the Masters of Wisdom find us ready."

Occasional joint-meetings are held by four of the English Branches; at the last one, Whitley Bay Branch was host, and a paper on the "Individual Outlook" led to helpful discussion. This Branch has resumed its study of *The Secret Doctrine*. Gateshead Branch greatly enjoys its meetings, and is laying a foundation by reading the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine*. The Newcastle Branch meetings have one objective, "encouragement towards and embodiment of discipleship". Mr. Johnston's "Religion of the Will" is now being studied. This Branch has a number of corresponding members, including a few in London who meet regularly and are working in unobtrusive ways. Like most Branches, they hold a special meeting on Convention day, and gratefully celebrated, last year, the tenth anniversary of the step by which, in 1922, the English Branches made closer connection with the Society as a whole, and came, as they now see, "nearer to the heart of the Movement". The Norfolk Branch has been studying *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*: for its correspondence meetings, each member contributes every month written discussion of a stated section, with questions to which others make reply. The Branch Secretary, Mrs. Graves, writes: "We realize



more, each year, that it is not numbers which count, but the courage, the fidelity, the unswerving loyalty of the Branch as a whole and of each individual member in it." The ideal of the Branch in South Shields is that "its members shall become living examples of our philosophy", and thus make Theosophy understood and respected in their community. All European Branches report having donated to some Allied Relief work the equivalent of the sum which, before the War, they paid to Headquarters for dues,—and an American member has repeated a special contribution to the general T. S. funds which more than covers the amount those dues formerly brought into the treasury.

The Venezuela Branch has maintained the full measure of its many activities; translations of material from the *QUARTERLY* and from other theosophic literature, with valuable original articles, appear in *El Teosofa*, their magazine which carries the message of the Movement into the Spanish-speaking world. Appreciative comment by members-at-large indicates that this Branch has fixed a standard for the conduct of daily life, requiring from its members certain indications of serious devotion. The Toronto Branch reports sustained interest. "There are two main features", Mr. Harris writes; "first, our studies are with the object of gaining light on the meaning of life and how to live it; second, everyone takes part. Some of us have a memory of early days when the meetings were larger but the talking done by one or two only—which was more likely to lead to belief in what others thought than to faith based on one's own intuition and experience."

The Branch in Los Angeles has determined, Mr. Box writes, that the financial depression, in which its members have been deeply involved, shall be kept on the surface of things, where it belongs, and shall not be allowed to affect their inner attitude or outlook. Their study has been devoted to the introduction of Mr. Charles Johnston's *The Great Upanishads*, and articles from the *QUARTERLY* which treat of both inner and outer life,—for which material they wish heartily to thank the editors and contributors. The Denver Branch meetings have covered a wide range of subjects, including the theosophic study of St. Paul's Epistles. Recent members express gratitude for the broadening outlook on life brought by Theosophy. The Cincinnati Branch work, of which we shall hope to hear from its delegate, has been carried on with steady confidence. The Middletown Branch is standing its ground, courageously, in the face of adverse conditions. Representatives of the Branch in Providence will tell us of their year's good work.

Practically every Branch uses in its meetings the Reports of the New York Branch, and writes of their value in such terms as these: "Generally it is very marked how our thoughts and discussions have been running along lines similar to those of the reports, which amplify ours, giving clearer and broader meaning. All our members wish me to convey their sincere thanks for the help and information received." "We read and discuss the reports to get their full value, and to become imbued with the same spirit; they bring a feeling of nearness to Headquarters." "The reports have provided material both enjoyable and leading to much discussion." "They are precious; we thank all who make them possible."

The reports are prepared, from stenographic notes, by a member whose discriminating skill compacts the record of a whole meeting into a few pages.

### HEADQUARTERS' ACTIVITIES

#### *The Theosophical Quarterly*

There has been very general approval of the action taken by the 1932 Convention, in charging two dollars a year for the magazine—on the ground that it is not "sound business or sound morals or sound Theosophy" to sell anything for one-half of what it costs. The plan was of course understood by members present at Convention, and they proceeded to carry it out; others, both in Europe and America, took action as soon as they learned of the decision; and provision was made, as the Convention had directed, for members financially unable to pay for a subscription—when they made this fact known. Non-member subscribers heartily approved the new rate, a typical comment being, "It was a wonder to me that you had not raised the price previously—I am glad to pay the increase". In order to simplify the distribution of the QUARTERLY during the Society's new year, which begins May 1st, it is suggested that Branches and members-at-large notify Headquarters, promptly, whether or not they can meet the subscription price in the coming year. If not, suitable provision will at once be made; and if those whose circumstances make payment impossible would enclose a few postage stamps in their letter, they need not consider themselves in default.

From members, subscribers and library readers there have come expressions of heartfelt gratitude for help drawn from the magazine—for light upon the meaning of the present world-wide turmoil, and how to meet it. Here are typical tributes: "The QUARTERLY seems to me to be the great spiritual nourisher of its readers. Each issue teaches a distinct lesson which is made clear from different aspects in the various articles,—'Fragments' giving the keynote and the 'Screen' summing it all up. There can be no words to express one's gratitude for this high gift." "The QUARTERLY is wonderful, its articles are for all time and can be read over and over again with fresh interest; however old the matter is, it is never old."

#### *The Book Department*

This year our orders have reflected financial conditions; most people instead of writing for a number of books at one time have confined their orders to a single copy. There is sustained demand for the books translated and written by Mr. Charles Johnston—they appear to be finding their way into the libraries. In the 1932 Report, it was proposed that members who needed our books for study should order them, sending whatever sum they could afford, if not the full price,—the balance to be paid from a special fund in operation in the Secretary's office. I regret to say that this offer has not been taken literally, as it was meant to be.

#### *Secretary's Office*

It is a satisfaction to record that the work of this office has been carried

on with the aid of members who volunteered to replace the paid assistant, whose salary had been met, for a number of years, by a very generous member. All of us must feel deeply indebted to those who give their time and energy, for our benefit, in this way.

Little is ever said in our organization of a "high command", no one steps forward to take the salute—all are recognized as fellow students and combatants. But facts are facts, and the success of the work demonstrates a high quality of leadership; all of us know something of what we owe to the older members. Their understanding, sure initiative and restraining guidance hold the work true to the great current of the Movement; they check futile efforts that would only produce trouble—leaving each of us free to offer his very best, in service. Their experience and insight are also available for the assistance of anyone who knows his need, can make it intelligible, and is sufficiently in earnest to use, experimentally, any comment that might be given. There is, therefore, much indebtedness to be acknowledged. In conclusion, I should like to tell you, quite simply, how close to my heart is the work you have entrusted to me; it carries great privileges in the responsiveness of our members and in the connection with our leaders;—I am deeply grateful for such opportunities.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS.

*Secretary, The Theosophical Society.*

After this report had been accepted, with the unanimous thanks of the Convention to the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary, and to all those who help them in their work, the Chairman appointed three committees as follows:

*Committee on Nominations:* Dr. Clark (Chairman), Dr. Stedman, Mr. LaDow.

*Committee on Letters of Greeting:* Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell (Chairman), Mr. Forbes, Mrs. Regan.

*Committee on Resolutions:* Mr. Hargrove (Chairman), Dr. Torrey, Dr. Hohnstedt.

Mr. H. B. Mitchell, as Treasurer T. S., next submitted his annual report, to April 29th, 1933, showing a net balance of \$322.91. Mr. Mitchell pointed out that this satisfactory condition was due in large measure to the receipt of a legacy of \$500.00 under the will of Mrs. Lucretia A. White.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Executive Committee.

#### REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, there is comparatively little to report so far as the outer activities of the Society are concerned. You have already heard, from the Secretary, something of the nature of those activities in various Branches and among members-at-large. I think that many of our members feel that they have been going through a period of storm and stress, and that they have been doing their best to carry out Mr. Judge's injunction, on one occasion, to sit still in the midst of all that may be said, inclining only to their duty. It may be helpful, however, if we devote a few moments to

a consideration of the nature and cause of the storm from which our members in general (and really without exception) have been suffering. It is usually referred to as *the* depression, as if there were only one, or had been only one.

I am afraid its consideration will carry us rather far afield, however, because—well, you will see at once why it does—for I am going to begin with the descent of spirit into matter. If we think of the descent of spirit into matter as a background for our thought, we should also think of a symbol, and that is of an old-fashioned hour-glass—an inverted triangle at the top, coming down to a point, then widening out into a similar but upright triangle.

As spirit descended into matter, we are told that it first struck, as it were, what became the mineral kingdom, represented by the base line of the lower triangle; and that then spirit was widely diffused. Next it reacted through the vegetable and through the animal kingdoms, until the elementary human kingdom was reached; then began the process of the development of the personality as a preliminary to the ultimate development of true self-consciousness and individuality. In that hour-glass symbol, the point at which the upper triangle touches the lower is the point corresponding to the place at which personality is developed—a critical point, because consciousness, at first diffused so widely and without centre in the mineral kingdom, and then gradually attaining centralized or personal consciousness in the human kingdom, at that stage ought to turn upward, and reach back to its source. Personality must be surrendered if individuality is to be attained. Spirit is reflected in matter,—diffusely reflected at first; then the focus becomes smaller and smaller, more and more concentrated, until almost in a pinhead the whole potentiality is reflected—*upside down*. There is the critical point: the narrowing down into the personality; and then what ought to happen, the reverse process,—the broadening out toward individuality, back to its source plus the attainment of self-consciousness. Unfortunately, it often takes a long time for the personality to respond to that pull upwards, to respond to the attraction of the Master at the head of the individual's ray. Too often, the personality sticks, falls in love with itself, sees itself as more attractive than the attraction of the Master at the head of its ray, becomes more and more concentrated on self.

We do not always realize the extent to which self-centredness can go; and because everyone of us is in danger at that point, and because the danger sounds remote and theoretical, I am going to give you an illustration of the condition to which it may lead. Years ago, in one of the smaller towns of this country, I knew an old lady, of the old school, a devoted mother. She had a son who lived some distance from her. He was in the habit of asking this and asking that of his mother, always wanting something for himself, and always adopting the attitude that it was she who was selfish and self-centred when, as frequently happened, it was impossible for her to comply with his wishes. In this way he built up a mountain of grievances against her. Finally that son made a request which the old mother, who was ill, could not and would not grant: she knew it would not be right; so the son wrote a letter in which he said to his old, sick mother: "I hope you will die like a dog in a ditch." I have thought of that ever since as

the quintessence of egotism, of self-pity carried so far as to be insane. He had reduced himself to a pin-point, with indifference to all things except as they affected himself. Bad and horrible as it was, we should not confuse such a state with that of the "black magician", who, instead of "sticking" and *disintegrating* at the critical point of turn, extends his consciousness, and especially his will, down to the lower base, corresponding at the pole of evil to the high attainment of those who, by sacrificing the personal self without reserve, rise to universal wisdom, love and power.

In the earlier stages of self-surrender, family life provides the best opportunity and training, for it almost compels some degree of consideration for others and therefore of personal sacrifice. That the larger the family, the greater the opportunity, is, I suggest, not only logical but manifest,—which may remind us once more that the purposes of unhindered Nature, until a soul enters the path of discipleship, are always beneficent and spiritual. Similar but further opportunity for self-surrender is provided at every stage of growth, for without effective co-operation between its members, no school team, no business organization, no army, could be successful or endure. In all these cases, however, co-operation is in some sense compulsory, if only for reasons of self-preservation. Co-operation which is entirely voluntary, and from which all elements of compulsion have been eliminated, is not only far more difficult, but impossible until, first, personality has been fully attained, and, second, has to a considerable extent been surrendered,—for, clearly, it cannot be surrendered until it has been attained. Those of you who are members of a Branch of the T. S., or who have worked closely with others in any voluntary association, must know how difficult co-operation sometimes is. The egotist always, when his will is crossed, accuses his associates of selfishness, blindness, failure.

Please note, at this point, that co-operation is a means, not an end, and that it is as wrong in some cases as it is right in others. It may be your duty as member of a Branch, for instance, steadfastly to refuse to co-operate if you think the end proposed is unwise,—for you are bound in honour to consider impersonally the best interests of your Branch as such, setting aside your personal inclinations, friendships and prejudices. Such refusal to co-operate ought to cost more, and thus provide better training in self-surrender, than when our need is merely to suppress our native self-assertiveness.

I am moving toward a consideration of Internationalism, or of co-operation between nations, and must therefore touch on the evident limits to co-operation between families, not only because the family is the true unit of national existence, but because the analogy between persons and nations is complicated, while that between nations and families—both of them obvious congeries—is simple. It should be evident, then, that it is the fundamental duty of the head of a family, who acts and speaks for it, to consider its welfare not only before he considers himself, but before he considers his far less direct responsibility for the well-being of other families. Thus, he has no right to deprive his children of the necessities of life in order to gratify his desire to help children outside his family circle, and he has no right to co-operate with other families unless

it be for the benefit of his own. He will co-operate gladly, by paying taxes, in the maintenance of a Police Department, should he happen to live in a civilized community, for he knows that to secure his family against aggression is at least as important as providing them with food, and of infinitely greater importance than providing them with luxuries, amusement or leisure. Co-operation of this kind will be very difficult, because he will quickly find that the purpose of many "co-operating" families is, not to maintain an efficient body of police, but to provide jobs for relatives and friends, as police, at his expense, and perhaps even, by this means, to cover and protect their own nefarious schemes. He will learn, in brief, that while he may be prepared to co-operate truly, others are not, for they are still incapable of seeing or doing anything except in terms of their own exclusive advantage, and that, difficult as it may be to keep his own home in order, it must remain impossible for him to control the unbridled self-hood of some neighbouring homes. Finally he will discover that even in a community supposed to be civilized, the peace, well-being, and, in the last analysis, the moral and physical security of his family, will hinge upon the extent of its self-dependence, and that co-operation with other families, though in some ways necessary, will always increase, not solve, his difficulties.

From families we come to nations, the growth of which must be governed by exactly the same laws as those that guide and control the development both of personal and family life, though the process takes far longer, as it requires many centuries for peoples to attain nationhood. We can see how true that is in the history of France and England. In the time of Jeanne d'Arc, for instance, France was in no sense a nation as it exists to-day. It was slowly becoming a nation. Jeanne d'Arc's mission was, in part, to further that achievement, the achievement by France of a unified, personal existence. There are moments in the life of a mixed people, even before it attains real personality, when a common danger unites them; but the moment that common danger is over, each section reverts to its separate needs and wants. It must be evident to all of us that nations, as they now exist, are spiritually backward in comparison with the average family unit, and that the average family unit, in its relations with other such units, cannot either rightly, or in terms of ability, co-operate as an individual occasionally is capable of doing.

Now let us turn to the Depression. It seems to me that it is a duty of students of Theosophy to understand these things, and, while always looking for the fundamental cause, which necessarily is spiritual, to realize that this works down through intermediate planes, with causation set up on each plane, until the spiritual factor finds expression in physical form. Let me try to deal both with the basic cause of the Depression, and with some of its intermediate causes also.

Professor Mitchell has already suggested that, fundamentally, the Depression is due to loss of faith in spiritual values, loss of faith in the truth that material wealth, in the real sense, is a reflection, the outermost expression, of spiritual worth. It is exceedingly difficult to see this as true among individuals, because of the factors which confuse the issue—among them, the factor of time, and

our common tendency to judge wealth by appearances, by what is spent, by display; and again because all of us can pick out some person who seems to be rich, when we know, or think we know, that his wealth was not earned rightly.<sup>1</sup> It is much easier to see the truth in the longer life of nations. Even so, when I say "wealth", I am not speaking of luxury, or of the amount of gold hidden away in the Treasury; I am speaking of the well-being of a people, including material well-being. France, Switzerland, Holland, for instance, have great material wealth in comparison with countries such as Bulgaria. The French, generally speaking, are a contented people; they have enough to eat, they love their homes and their work. There you see material well-being as the result of unremitting labour, of steady, ungrudging self-denial, with *duty* as the guiding principle of life. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." People have been brought up on that text—which is the statement of an eternal truth—but they do not really believe it. There are millions of people who think they believe in God, in heaven, and in their own idea of "good behaviour"; they have faith, as that word is usually used, in all those things; but they calmly take it for granted, without any question whatever, that material wealth is derived from an entirely different source. The *appearance* of immense material prosperity which existed here a few years ago, confirmed people in their illusion. I do not mean that they thought deeply about it, or that they thought at all; they just slid further into their materialistic outlook, which was confirmed by nearly all the Colleges and "experts" in the country, and thus came to take it for granted that, as the result of purely material causes, prosperity had come to stay. Superficially, it looked like it; so their actual experience tended to increase and to complete their spiritual blindness, and to undermine whatever scraps of thin faith they may have possessed originally. In the nature of things, as modern governments are designed to be "representative", their frantic efforts to restore prosperity are based upon material considerations and the use of material means. One result of this has been the emphasis on international remedies, on international agreements, and so forth,—which means, in effect, co-operation as between nations.

I received, a few days ago, a reprint of an article in the *Harvard Business Review*, by Professor Wallace B. Donham, entitled "National Ideals and International Idols". The writer's proposed remedies are entirely unacceptable, but he calls attention to certain facts which we should not overlook. Incidentally, we cannot fail to welcome the unusual experience of deriving light from an economic "expert". Like nearly all of them, Professor Donham does not appear to trouble himself about spiritual causation; but we, while recognizing this as primary, must not forget the strata of intermediate causes, or media, between the physical effect and the ultimate cause. This is a passage in the article which I should like to read to you:

England, Germany and the United States built great industrial machines of substantially identical nature. Long before the War,

<sup>1</sup> For further consideration of this subject, see the "Screen of Time" in the present issue.—EDITORS.

bitter competition developed between England and Germany for export trade to a world typically not industrialized, but producing raw materials with which it paid for the products of the industrial countries. We entered as active competitors just as our domestic industrial development had been stimulated to fever heat by war profits and the needs of Europe for reconstruction. Our bankers thought to oust Great Britain from her post of leadership in international finance, and engaged in frenzied competition to advance loans to all the world. Our industrialists, having in mind that an America without automobiles or radios came in a few short years to own one passenger automobile for each six inhabitants and one radio for almost every family, believed that a like process would take place abroad. The export market looked inexhaustible, and the home market one of assured high buying power. Industrial and financial imperialism held us all enthralled. One little fact escaped us. Most of the world can pay for its importations of manufactured goods only by its exports of agricultural and mineral crops. By the middle 1920's we and Europe had so stimulated these crops the world over that there were on all sides unmistakable signs of overproduction. For a time our ill-considered balloon of foreign loans continued to make possible large exports of manufactured goods. But the basis for credit failed, and for this and other reasons England and the United States stopped lending. At once the far-reaching consequences of over-stimulated production in raw commodities made themselves felt. Prices dropped rapidly in accordance with the ancient principle of demand and supply. The buying power of whole nations failed.

Internationalism, then, has its critics, even among experts. None the less, the majority of them having insisted that international trade, and especially the excess of each country's exports over imports, is the key to national prosperity, it is not surprising that governments are basing their policy accordingly, with complete failure to realize that the only real source of prosperity, of the prosperity that lasts, is in the home-life of a nation's people. The theory acted upon seems to be that "the kingdom of God and his righteousness", instead of being the cause, is really a sort of by-product of commercial success and its resulting comfort.

We have seen how difficult co-operation is, both between individuals and families, and that it is impossible unless, first, personality (including unified continuity of purpose) has been attained, and, second, unless self-assertion and egotism have to a considerable extent been surrendered. It must be evident, therefore, that all this talk about international co-operation as cure for the world's collapse, when nations are obviously unready for any such achievement, is premature and illusory,—another instance of the psychic anticipation and perversion of an ultimate spiritual goal. Granting fully that co-operation *is* the ideal when conditions, many hundreds or thousands of years from now, become ripe for its attainment, all that we can have to-day is an effort to give concrete expression to that ideal's debasement, with Pacifism and other distorted notions of "brotherhood" as foundation. Much of the chaos and suffering of the



world at the present time is due to that disastrous effort, and to the unpardonably stupid failure to realize that Germany's occasional show of co-operation, since the War, was actuated solely by her desire to conceal, as yet, the intentions which to-day she is making so abundantly evident.

Co-operation depends always upon the weakest link in the chain, or group of co-operators: that is one reason for stressing the moral weakness of Germany. But even if the nations *could* co-operate commercially; even if commercial prosperity could be obtained in that way—and the event will prove, in my opinion, that neither can produce more than a temporary flutter—the fact remains that, in the most practical sense, commercial prosperity is of far less importance than a nation's safety in the event of attack. It is not easy, I think, for some Americans to grasp the significance of this, because America seems secure,—unless aerial navigation should develop in unexpected ways; unless, for example, an air vehicle should prove able to poison an entire city in its sleep. But think of England and of France: in view of his dreadful experience, I do not see how anything can matter much to a Frenchman, in comparison with the security of his home, of his wife and children, against invasion. Almost any degree of poverty would be preferable to the horrors of German occupation; and this means that France must not only be prepared to fight, must not only be able to carry the war at once into enemy country, beyond her own frontiers, but should aim to make herself so self-dependent, so independent of oversea supplies of all kinds, that she could defend herself indefinitely though both England and America should remain neutral. Does not the same principle hold true of England, very nearly starved to death in 1917! Yet England seems to have learned nothing, for she has left herself in exactly the same condition she was in then: absolutely dependent for her daily bread upon oversea imports, completely at the mercy, in that respect, of the American fleet! Ought she not to make herself self-dependent, as a first step, before worrying much about prosperity and comfort?

The analogy as between nations to-day is not with a group of Quakers in a corner of Pennsylvania; the international analogy, for France in any case, and for most other nations in the last analysis, is with a frontier settlement in this country in the old days, with savages as neighbours,—the primary need being to build a stockade and to see to it that you have a sufficient supply of food and of ammunition to keep your mother, or wife and children, from being starved first and then scalped, or worse. That is the simplicity of it, and the only true analogy. Clearly then—again to use England as illustration of the principle—clearly, in 1919, England should have set to work to use every square yard of her island territory to grow food, so that she would no longer and never again be at the mercy of submarines or of a hostile fleet; she should have re-enlisted her demobilized soldiers for that purpose, giving them every opportunity later to purchase the land they had cultivated. By acting thus on right principle, she would have solved her problem of unemployment before it arose. In the process, England, physically and morally, by this vast increase of peasant proprietors, would have been reborn.

Is that not common-sense? Theosophy *is* common-sense, for it shows us not only the ideal to be attained, but the steps to its attainment,—the practical and immediate application of the principle which the ideal reveals. The trouble with visionaries like Ramsay Macdonald is that they see neither the ideal nor the steps toward it; they are as materialistic, in their way, as the financiers in this country who were responsible for the inflation of 1926 to 1929,—the result, as we have seen, of a false internationalism; as materialistic as the politicians and “statesmen” who should have punctured that inflation in 1927 or earlier, and who failed to do so, in some cases, because either they or their friends were growing rich and still richer, on paper, without any trouble at all. And again Theosophy explains what otherwise would remain an enigma, for it points to the close analogy between an inflated financial condition and an inflated head; makes clear that both are psychic states; teaches us that just as an inflated head, if allowed to run its course, instead of being punctured while still young, necessarily results in final and complete collapse, so an inflated financial condition, unless checked in time, results in a depression such as we are now experiencing. There is more than an analogy here, as we look more deeply into it, for the inflated financial condition, though the outcome *on one plane* of a false internationalism, was the symptom of an inflated and diseased vision which infected all classes of society,—the standard of living and scale of wages, though dropsically swollen, coming to be regarded as a normal and proper recompense for the minimum of labour supplied; while inflated heads and inflated vision, in their turn, are expressions of the rather common attitude that it is the function of God (or his equivalent) to comply with our wishes, rather than for us, his creatures, very humbly and gratefully to obey his laws.

In all these ways, thanks to Theosophy, we may gain a better understanding of what is going on in the world around us, particularly in the sphere of our own Karma. We shall not find, as a result, that we can control international conditions, world conditions; we cannot control even national conditions; but what we can do is to “prepare the way of the Lord” by adding right will to right understanding,—right reaction to our duties and environment. Our environment is always a reflection, a magical image, of some aspect of world-conditions; hence, by right reaction where we stand—not merely by right sympathy but by right firmness—and by doing all things for and with the Lodge, we may exercise a tremendous power as leaven in this great mass of bewilderment and discontent; we may constitute and maintain an ever-burning lamp of faith and vision in this dark night of the human soul.

Let me illustrate what I mean by right reaction to our environment, to our duties,—drawing once more on the domain of internationalism. All of you have read recently of the trial of some British engineers in Soviet Russia. They were accused of spying, of sabotage, and so forth. The behaviour of most of them was equivocal, to put it mildly. Vickers-International of England had sent those men there for commercial purposes. In the first place we should realize that anyone who goes to Soviet Russia and lives there, in such a country and among such people, and does it for pay, lays himself open to the gravest sus-

picion,—unless he turns his back on it after a few weeks' experience. But was Vickers, the employer of those men, any better than they were? Vickers, like the International General Electric Company in this country, had been delighted to do business with the Soviet; had been willing, again like the General Electric, to send a large force of engineers to teach the Soviet how to compete with England and America. The motive, of course, was commercial gain. Setting aside what most of us would regard as the short-sightedness of their policy, was it inherently right or wrong as a reaction to an opportunity?

I know of one corporation in this country that was pursued by "Amtorg" (the Soviet representative in America) to sell things to Russia, and refused. "Amtorg" finally asked: "What is the matter with you people, why will you not trade with us?" So a written answer was sent: "We will not do business with murderers." I think that was a right reaction. I suggest further that if not only all businesses but all nations had adopted the same attitude, and had applied it to others besides Russia, there would be very much less trouble in the world to-day than there is. That is an example of exclusiveness, and right exclusiveness is very often necessary to a right reaction. Elementals of all sizes and conditions loathe exclusiveness; they want you to play with them, they want your attention. Exclusiveness is supposed to be very unbrotherly. There are societies, calling themselves theosophical, which loathe us because they say we are so exclusive, which means unbrotherly as they use the term. Why will we not quarrel with them? Why will we not take sides in their unending bickerings?—it is an outrage and an insult and eminently untheosophical. Well, in literal truth, we have no point of contact with them.

Will and understanding must go hand in hand if the ever-narrowing limitations of personality are to be left behind, if we are to expand upward—reverting to the hour-glass symbol—toward light and life. Understanding without right will is simply impossible. A man's head might be full of all the written wisdom of the world's scriptures and of *The Secret Doctrine*, with the contents of all the encyclopedias added, and his knowledge would only increase his folly unless right will were in control to compel the application in action of that which the mind had learned. The personality must be *forced* to obey until, with the soul in full dominion, it becomes possible not only to obey gladly, but to anticipate all commands.

How else than by self-giving can we prove our gratitude for what we have received, and continually receive, from those who have gone before us and from those who lead our advance! Everything we know to-day, everything that makes life worth living, we owe to the sacrifices of others. No one can wish to become the thing of concentrated selfishness of which or of whom I was speaking; not one of us could think without horror of our deliberate rejection or betrayal of the Lodge; all of us in our hearts long for the hidden Beauty, and for the will to turn toward its light, where there is hope and gladness, and where there are welcoming arms,—to turn and never to turn back. Let it be up, then, and onward for evermore.

As a Society, we shall be as "a voice crying in the wilderness"; but the voice

of John, though not heard far in his day, was heard until he died for it, is being heard, and for ever will be heard where there are generous hearts to respond. And he did prepare the way of the Lord; he did make his path straight,—as we can and must do too, though the path lead straight to the Cross,—straight to the Cross but also to the Resurrection: eternal symbol of an eternal truth. The trouble with most of us is that we want the Resurrection without the Cross, and it cannot be.

So we have our mission: the mission of the Society, the mission of each of its members. There is little enough, it may seem, that some of us are able to do; but let us never forget that the little we can do, in the eyes of infinity, is infinitely worth the doing. In any case we have been called to do it, have been granted that opportunity,—and may make our souls glad, and gladden the souls of those who love us, by simple, steadfast efforts to obey the light as we see it, and to sacrifice the smaller, meaner self for love of those who have loved us through death and beyond it.

The Convention then adjourned until 2.30 p.m., after the usual announcements had been made regarding Convention activities.

### *Afternoon Session*

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

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

DR. CLARK presented the following nominations: for the Executive Committee, Mr. Hargrove, to succeed himself, and Mr. Saxe, who filled the unexpired term of Mr. Johnston; for Secretary, Miss Perkins; for Assistant Secretary, Miss Chickering; for Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell; for Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé.

It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the election of officers as nominated, and that the Committee be discharged with thanks.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL read, amid frequent applause, the letters and other greetings to the Convention, extracts from which are printed at the end of this Report. It was explained that the letters from German members which were read, would not be printed, nor their names, as we did not feel sure that conditions in Germany would make this convenient for them.

The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting having been accepted with thanks, the report of the Committee on Resolutions was called for.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman*, Before I speak on behalf of the Committee, may I say that one of the older members comments on the fact that in the early days, when the Society was more active outwardly, the Report of the Chairman of the Executive Committee would necessarily have dealt for the most part with external activities, and that it is a sign of remarkable spiritual growth by the

Society, when instead, as this morning, it is possible to deal with fundamental principles and spiritual realities.

It is gratifying to find that every year an increasing number of Branches and members are celebrating the Convention with us; are giving the whole day to meetings similar to our own, whenever that can be done. We have received, year after year, photographs of the rooms in which they meet on Convention day in Caracas, Venezuela. They have portraits of H.P.B., of Judge, of Mr. Griscom and others, with the well-known symbols of the Society and a profusion of beautiful flowers; they have a full attendance of their members, who strive to unite themselves in heart and mind with us while we are assembled here.

The Committee on Resolutions begs to offer the following resolutions for your approval:

First, that the Chairman of the Executive Committee be authorized and requested to reply to the Letters of Greeting to which we have had the pleasure of listening, or to appoint a deputy for the same purpose.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized to visit the Branches.

Third, that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality shown during the Convention.

(These three resolutions were put before the Convention as one, and were passed unanimously.)

There are no other formal resolutions to submit to you, but there are certain resolves which I believe to be as much in your minds as in my own. As you are already aware, there is a great deal of suffering at present among members of the Society. This is inevitable. Those who do not suffer so much materially, suffer in other ways. As a Convention, we extend to all our utmost sympathy—firmly excluding ourselves—but may then well ask what we can do practically to help, to comfort, to support. My own answer is that the truth, and the truth alone, can set us free, and that it will be best for all of us if we try collectively to face the facts and their explanation. Quite certainly, nothing would be gained by shutting our eyes to the facts—by creating a world of self-delusion and living in it. The true mystic is always a realist, and we must not fall short of, or betray, our great inheritance,—the mystical tradition.

It has been stated repeatedly in the QUARTERLY and at our annual Conventions, ever since the Armistice of 1918, that the War is by no means over. This statement, in 1928 let us say, may not have seemed literally true. Thanks in part to the Depression, however, it is easier now, for some in any case, to see how true the statement is. How *can* the War be over! "Nothing is settled until it is settled right". So we arrive at fact number one: the whole world is at war. In 1914, as our Chairman said this morning, the issues were clear-cut, while to-day, for reasons which he intimated also, there is much confusion as to what the issues are; none the less, because now, as then, they are moral issues, they remain, beneath the surface, exactly the same.

Fact number two may be stated thus: in 1914, and for as long as that outer war lasted, it was impossible for any human being who had so much as heard of it, to escape from it. He might have fled to the uttermost ends of the earth.

declaring he would have nothing to do with it; but a neutral *did* take part,—on the side of evil instead of on the side of good, seeing that “he who is not with me is against me” whenever an ideal or a principle is attacked. And to-day, in exactly the same way, it is impossible to wash one’s hands of the conflict; impossible to refuse to fight. Therefore all of us are at war, and war means suffering. There is no escape from it. One of the terrible illusions under which humanity was labouring and still labours, is that it is entitled to happiness, and that suffering is, as it were, unnatural, and necessarily against the will of God. Yet it requires no faith, but simply some observation of life and of history to realize that the universe is not built on those principles,—and if we do not like the universe, we know at least that death will not deliver us from it. So we see that while at all periods of the world’s history, suffering is inseparable from human life, we should not be surprised if we find it intensified at a time of warfare such as this.

Let us face this also: it may be that those who enlist in The Theosophical Society will suffer more than those who merely drift with the tide, because those who volunteer for membership in The Theosophical Society pledge themselves to a certain kind of warfare, just as anyone who joins even a social club pledges himself,—I mean that he pledges himself to some degree of self-control: not to do anything that might bring disgrace on his fellow-members, not to do anything that will interfere with the purposes of the club. That is negative, but it is very clearly understood. In the case of The Theosophical Society, however, there is actually a positive pledge involved, because, phrase it as you choose, no one volunteers for membership in The Theosophical Society without asserting that he is on the side of righteousness and not of evil. The more sincere his membership, the more fully does he pledge himself *to fight* for righteousness and against evil, both in himself and in the world around him. Therefore, as he has enlisted in what is perhaps the most active army in the outer world, on behalf of righteousness and certainly on behalf of the Lodge, he must not be surprised if his life becomes more strenuous, if its trials increase, if, in brief, he finds himself living as though in the midst of battle.

Now let us go back to the Great War. I have read many books relating the experience, at first hand, of men who took part in it. Many of you also have read a number of similar books. Those who have will realize this: all kinds of men fought in that war, and their reactions to it were as varied as their characters. There were those who enlisted or who volunteered then, in fear and trembling. Some of them feared and trembled to the end, but their sense of duty or of self-respect or whatever the motive was, enabled them to “stick it”, and they behaved like men. There were others who volunteered with wild enthusiasm, expecting the happiest and the best. In certain cases, that enthusiasm quickly disappeared; very rarely did it last until the end of the third year. Different things happened to it. Occasionally, in shallow natures, it ended in collapse, followed, perhaps, by a new and better start, as war called forth a boy’s real manhood. In other cases, the enthusiasm, at first superficial, underwent a sort of spiritual transmutation; from the realities of war, men learned something

of the realities of life, until, either suddenly or by slow degrees, their enthusiasm was transformed into a burning zeal, a passionate love for the Cause which they had come to recognize as their own.

There were others who volunteered from a stern sense of Duty. They did not even think about the dangers, did not imagine any joys; they simply went at it as a duty, met it and took what was coming to them in that spirit. No matter what the miseries, outer and inner, as it was part of their duty to seem to be cheerful, cheerful they seemed. Though not counted often as heroes, they were marvellous soldiers, and, above all, they were men.

Happy were those who began with some dim sense, though an ever-increasing sense, that they were fighting for and with the spiritual world. Some of them, using the language of Christianity, said they were fighting side by side with Christ, for him, under him, and that they had never known what it was to live until they had come to know him in that way. A few turned their hearts into cloisters, and, in the midst of the tempest, found ecstasy.

In every case there was suffering; but—we come to another fact which concerns us vitally—there was a choice; and now, as then, there is a choice; for there are two kinds, radically different kinds, of suffering; one comes from below, the other comes down from above; one is the result of love centred in self, which is hell; the other, of love given to that which is outside of and greater than self,—a suffering shared with the very heart of Being. (I am not speaking now of physical pain, which would need to be considered separately, though the same general principles apply.) This morning, I was speaking of that wretched man whom I used as an illustration of concentrated egotism and self-centredness. He is alive to-day. He is an old man. He is in hell, and he has been in hell for the last thirty years—a hell absolutely of his own creation—living on imaginary grievances which he thinks real, with bitter resentments as his daily bread; in hell, and you can do nothing for him. Anything that you say simply increases his torment, is proof to him of your cruelty. Similarly, there were some who fought in the Great War, who could think of nothing but themselves and their grievances, and who resented bitterly the fact that they were there and everything that happened to them. They too were in hell; and if there could be any among us to-day who could think of nothing but our own miserable selves and of what we perhaps might imagine to be our unique and intolerable sufferings,—then we should be in hell, and should deserve to be there. But, as I have said, we may choose,—and who would not choose the suffering that springs from love, rather than that other! The more we love, the more we must suffer. How could any man have gone through the Great War, loving his Cause, without suffering? He was not suffering for himself; he was suffering for his Cause. Perhaps he was in command of others, and saw that they were losing their morale—men, it may be, of whom personally he was fond, crumbling under the pressure; and then, giving himself unstintedly in an effort to lift them out of themselves, perhaps he failed to revive them. Must he not have suffered? Suppose he was a Frenchman; had heard of this calamity in Russia and of that in Roumania,—and feared that France was reaching the

end of her rope. Did he not suffer? Sometime ago, I read in a French magazine (I do not know whether it was history or fiction—naturally names were not given), the experience of a Colonel who had gone through the War, and who spoke frankly of his suffering. He had two sons,—one reckless, foolish, and fond of showing off. He knew that son would be killed. That was comparatively easy. The other he knew to be at heart a weakling, wrapped up in himself, a moral coward; lacking grit, lacking tenacity of purpose; and because he was a father, what could he do but pray with anguish that his son would not founder, but would see it through to the end? We cannot imagine his suffering. It was not hell, however; hell is a different thing; hell is concentration in and on self. That father was not concentrated on self; he was fighting the battles of his country, heart and soul; giving himself completely to that warfare; and yet, because he was a father, and because he felt responsible for his son's honour and his own, he suffered with and for the love of honour that springs from the Lodge itself.

We must choose: that is the point. If we think to ourselves, No, I do not want either; I want to be happy: what is there to say? He who seeks happiness will never find it, though he seek it to the end of time and to the world's end. That is not Theosophy only; it is the finality of human experience. The longer one lives just as a frail human being, the more tired one grows of human likes and dislikes. Such things have nothing whatever to do with life or with reality. Let people take their likes and dislikes and live with them if they must, but not inflict them upon others. I wish that parents would bring up their children on that basis. If a child says he does not like doing what he ought to do and has been told to do, he should be met with total lack of interest and the explanation that real men and women never waste time over considerations of that sort. Some parents would think that cold-hearted, but in deepest truth it is the kindest treatment. We should do unto others as we would be done by, and if we had to live our youth over again, is not that the bringing-up we should prefer? How else can children be given a chance to dominate life, instead of being dominated by it? What would any parents, with the least understanding of Theosophy, wish for children they love? That they should become the restless, dissatisfied, vain-glorious, futile creatures we see all around us, ending, perhaps, in a hell of self-pity; or that they should become, not only unselfish, not only strong in will and deed, but that which all of us ought to become in time,—some shadow at least of the glories that have been revealed to us in living flesh and blood, in history, of those whom we recognize as our saviours and the saviours of the race? What else is life for, and how else could life possibly be worth living? Do not let us despair because we know how far from that we are to-day. "A thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday." If some of us should grow old and feeble, what has that to do with it? In our souls we are young! All of life stretches before us, and we can wipe out the past in a moment, if we will cease to live in the past and live in to-day and in eternity.

This Convention, then, must carry a message not only of understanding, but of hope to one and all, for the splendour that lies ahead of us, unless—which



is not credible—unless our hearts cling to the mud and the filth which ought to be at our feet. So I venture to express, on behalf of the other members of the Committee, something of that which I believe must have been in their thoughts and which I know is in their longing. We blame ourselves at times, because it seems impossible to tear aside the curtain of Truth and reveal the everlasting verities, with all the beauty and nobility of that divine world. One should be able to do it; but one cannot do it and knows one cannot do it, and therefore one suffers. But at least we can try; and one and all of us, in our feeble way, can try in daily life, from hour to hour, to express, no matter how feebly, at least that glimmer of the best that we see, forgetting ourselves in a simple, unassuming effort to lighten the burden of others by keeping our vision clear, our faith radiant, and our wills fast set in the service of those Elder Brothers whom we call our Masters and the saviours of mankind.

DR. TORREY (also speaking, by request, as a member of the Committee on Resolutions): In a certain college a faculty-student symposium was held recently to consider the question: "Is life worth living?" In view of the interpretation of world-conditions made here to-day, the results were sufficiently appalling to give us cause for uneasiness.

As might have been expected the undergraduate contribution to the momentous question was, in the words of one of them, "nothing to write home about". But what were the opinions of those whose business it is to mould and inspire the minds and hearts of our youth?

One contributor felt that a scented handkerchief or a bow of ribbon stored away in a secret box, constituted a tender memory which had made life worth while. He should have added Strauss waltzes, moonlight and roses, lyric poetry and the other stock in trade of the sentimentalist.

Another had found in his books and his laboratory a sufficiency of recompense for the trouble of living. A third had discovered a panacea for life's ills in camping and snow-shoeing and mountain climbing.

A clergyman voiced his ideal of a warless world controlled by educated men of good will, who, under the banner of science, are to build a socialist Utopia where "alabaster cities shine undimmed by human tears".

Finally a gentleman noted for his independence of thought proceeded to castigate his audience with heavy sarcasm. He regretted that in a moment of weakness he had engaged to speak in such a futile assemblage. He was not so sure that life was worth living. But if it must be lived it should be lived with Elizabethan gusto and lived to the full. There was a realm of Platonic truths, however, and one might not compromise with one's highest ideals.

You will say: "These men need Theosophy." Yes. For Theosophy comes not to destroy but to fulfil, and even pitiful and childish ideals might be transformed into things of Beauty and Wisdom and Will. A student of Theosophy might point out first of all that the various ideals to which these men gave voice are comprehended under the three aspects of the Trinity, though unfortunately they are seen in reflection upside down. In the sentimentalism of the

first speaker is a reflection of the Eternal Beauty. Youth and spring, Chopin Nocturnes and Tschaiikovsky symphonic poems, regrets, longings, beauty passing and vanishing and dark night coming on—these are the kaleidoscopic flashes and gleams fallen from a world of Eternal Beauty and caught in the mind's mirror. Over the reflected glory lies the pathos and pain which attends all perishable things. Theosophy could show him that back of the reflections stand realities which do not perish, and that those realities are the heritage of souls who arise and put aside their toys.

The scholar's ideal is a reflection of Divine Wisdom, but it ends likewise, as we know, in frustration and pain. The world of knowledge is so great and the life span is so brief; the knowledge which we win "with a whole soul's tasking" is so barren and so far removed from life. So to this student we might say: Theosophy could help you to discover a system of nature and of life which convinces by its symmetry, its harmony, its perfection of form, and its ability to weave the tangled threads of knowledge into a pattern. The mystery of the world scheme is not insoluble; the end of knowledge need not be that Faustian despair which drives men to the gods of sensuality who rule the underworld.

The nature lover, and the clergyman who longs to set the disordered world straight, are both, in their respective ways, the devotees of Karma Yoga. One wishes to conquer stubborn mountains, while the other longs to conquer stubborn capitalists who "exploit the masses". Theosophy could help the mountain climber to find a guide who might lead him to heights he never dreamed of climbing, while the socialist-preacher would find the pages of the *QUARTERLY* crammed with diagnoses of his complaint, and remedies for his particular kind of psychic obsession.

To the man of Elizabethan gusto we could tell the truth (we have), and he would understand, at least, what we mean. He it is to whom our books refer as standing at the summit of human evolution and incarnating the culture of the past. And there he stands and stands and stands. To him religion is but one element in the totality of elements which make up the rounded life. He has yet to realize that a flower must die as a perfect flower in order to become a perfect fruit, and that an older order of being must pass away before a new order of being can arise.

Yes, these men need Theosophy, but it is evident that Theosophy is not for them. They are closed to faith; their brains admit no new ideas; they are the painful product of Nineteenth Century naturalism and a Germanized Ph.D. degree. Theosophy is a medicine too vigorous for their enfeebled constitutions—it might blow their iron-clad skulls open. Yet it may be that their very blindness and skepticism have been blessings in disguise to preserve them against rash undertakings. Can one take Theosophy seriously till one is ready for it?

Mr. Judge wrote: "Theosophy is for all men", yet the *QUARTERLY* says repeatedly that "Theosophy is for the few". How shall we reconcile these divergent statements? Perhaps Mr. Judge was thinking of the loss of faith which had come upon the world, misled through the arrogant assertions of agnostic science

and the timid acquiescence of a supine clergy. Through Theosophy alone could man be brought back to faith, since it alone can meet science on its own ground and at the same time redeem and reanimate the ancient symbols of faith. But who shall carry forward this work of redemption and spread these truths among the masses? History has shown us that it is "the few, the very, very few" who are loyal enough and courageous enough to live the life in order that they may know the doctrine.

Who are the few and why is the number so small? We have most of us, I think, seen one of the subjects of time fired by the vision which Theosophy sets forth. So often the call comes to the young—to the youth who has surmounted the foothills of learning and has begun to weary of the endless and futile analysis to which his studies lead. Theosophy comes with its marvellous promise. For a time he lives in a new world and he sets his face valiantly toward the heights. Then his trials begin. Baffled and beaten back by the wiles of an alarmed personality, he gives up the struggle and turns back to his old life of irresponsibility. He saturates himself with art, science, music, drama, but the light has gone out of them. So his years pass away in resentment against the cruel deal which Fate has handed him.

When, therefore, I see young men and women hailing the light of Theosophy with deep and sincere emotion, I am not altogether free from sadness. Youth and spring and Chopin Nocturnes *are* attractive. For the majority of these young enthusiasts it means defeat, and in proportion to their sincerity is the measure of their distress. They will try in vain to satisfy their hunger with the husks which the swine did eat. To the few, the very, very few will come the immemorial conflict—a battle full of pain and weariness and boredom, hope and despair in turns, rapture of life and longings for death. "And this shall last for long, that the iron of it may enter into the citadel of thy heart, where pride and fear, contending against me, would secure the inmost chambers from my approach."

Is life worth living? Yes, always, if the universe exist for the purposes of soul and evolution be a fact. For the child the lessons of the nursery, many times repeated, may lead finally to the full-grown personality; and for the full-grown personality the way of life's experience runs forward to the day when a true image shall struggle out from the caterpillar chrysalis of animal man. There is no other way.

DR. HOHNSTEDT (also a member of the Committee): Dr. Torrey has just spoken of the need to evolve from the nursery. That is what the members of the Cincinnati Branch are trying to do. I do not know whether we have succeeded yet, but we are trying,—and our Branch now has forty-seven years of effort behind it, and an enthusiasm that does not wane, but increases.

The CHAIRMAN, referring to what had been said in comment upon the report of the Executive Committee, suggested that the same principle applied to the report of the Committee on Resolutions; and that in lieu of verbal formulations,

such as occasionally are inscribed on parchment, members of the Society had been invited to inscribe resolutions on their own wills and hearts.

Reports from delegates were then called for.

DR. HOHNSTEDT, for the Cincinnati Branch, said that while the depression had affected all their members materially, they had not become depressed in spirit. "The Work is a part of us—we cannot stop; we just *have* to go on".

MRS. ROSE, for the Providence Branch, brought greetings, and spoke of the great desire of members to make their gratitude count.

MR. FORBES (Chattanooga) expressed generous thanks to the QUARTERLY.

MR. LA DOW: I think that at this time in the afternoon, during a Convention, anyone who is requested to speak is divided between two feelings. One is that there is nothing more to say, and the other is that he has so much to say, he does not know where to begin. But after all, what we want to say is really very simple—it is, how grateful we must all feel to be here and to be brought in contact with the real spiritual powers which express themselves here; brought in contact with the atmosphere of this Convention. Also, we must feel the need of making such resolutions as the Chairman has indicated.

It occurs to me that there is a danger which I can illustrate by reference to a story or parable concerning a Buddhist saint. This saint was meditating on the great sacrifice of the Buddha. He began to feel gratitude and resolution welling up in his heart, and concluded that it was necessary for him to give something in return for all that the Buddha had given to him. So he began to offer things up. He said, I offer up all the flowers and all the mountains and all the oceans, and so on, making a long list. Then he "came to" with a shock, and realized that he did not own any of these things. Of course, being a saint, he came back to the real resolution, which was to offer up himself (the only thing he could offer up); to offer up those powers which he had himself received from above.

I wonder what we mean when we offer up our powers on the altar of the heart. One can say "I offer up" some imagined talent, but what does it mean? One thing I am sure it means is that when we offer up that thing, we literally abandon self-interest in it. We give it back, in spirit, in will, to the Master from whom we received it; and we leave it to his judgment to determine whether we shall receive it again or not. We do not have to worry about that. It is conceivable that this gift might be transferred to another.

Really, one feels that all one can say, after what has been said, is to express one's real gratitude at the privilege of being here, and to hold fast to the will—which I am sure we all have at this moment—really to do something about it.

MR. AUCHINCLOSS: It is impossible to come to a Convention of the Society without missing Mr. Johnston; and time, as it goes on, only makes us realize all the more keenly, the greatness of our loss. I speak of him especially to-day because, of all those great souls who have helped us and taught us and who have gone on, he was the last to go; and because he was known personally and loved

by the newer members of the Society, and by the younger members who have grown up in recent years within the Society. And it is not only at Convention time that we miss him—his address of welcome to the delegates, and his Report as Chairman of the Executive Committee, with all that was in them of gracious, charming, friendly courtesy, of humour, of inspiration and of Truth. We are beginning to realize more and more, all the time, as never before, what he was; how much he gave, constantly, to all of us; and, thinking back over some of the things that he said, we are only now beginning to realize all that he meant when he said them; only now beginning to act on some of the things that he said; to do something about them. He was with us for a long time, and yet, in a sense, we did not really know him in certain ways, until after he had gone.

There is much to think about in all this. You will remember how, at that last supper with his Disciples, the Master Christ pointed out to them that if they had known him, they would have known the Father also. You will remember how Philip turned to him and said, "Show us the Father"; and how the Master Christ said to him, in what must have been almost despair at his lack of understanding, at his failure to comprehend, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

We do not differ very much from Philip. For years, we have had given to us, with both hands, Truth. For years, we have been told what we were to do about it; and we have done some of the things, perhaps many of the things, which we have been told to do. Yet, what has our performance been, compared to what it might have been, if we had grown in all ways of inner insight and knowledge and understanding as it has been open to us to grow? If we had used to the utmost those opportunities for effort, for self-discipline, for obedience, which were given us? They were gifts to us from above, these opportunities, given to us through those who have taught us for so long. They are, still, gifts to us; and we cannot fail any longer to lay hold of them, and, going forward in the spirit of the Warrior, to use them as they are meant to be used. We cannot fail any longer to go through to fulness of understanding and comprehension. We cannot risk any longer having said to us, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?"

MR. MILLER: This is an occasion when I, for one, feel that we New York members upon whom so much is poured, by whom so many blessings are received, may well feel ashamed of the little we have done compared to the help we have received, when we hear, as we do every year, from some of our faithful members who have not the privileges which we enjoy.

MR. SAXE spoke of contempt for law as a characteristic of American civilization, suggesting that but few Americans could be entirely free from this, and are likely to carry the same attitude into their inner efforts, either by ignoring the more inconvenient rules laid down in such books as *Light on the Path*, or by postponement of obedience to them. "It might be worth while to adopt 'Do it now' as our motto, while the Convention is still with us."

MR. KOBBE spoke of recent declarations against war—righteous war included—by a number of students in England, Scotland, and America, as a result of Pacifist propaganda and agitation; called attention to the opposite tendency in Germany, where youth is “being kept war-minded”, and is “being trained, physically and mentally, ready to start at a moment’s notice”,—and appealed to Anglo-Saxon youth to remember the Bonnie Prince Charlies and the Nathan Hales of the past, whose qualities were of the soul and do not die. Mr. Kobbé concluded by saying: “I make that appeal here to-day because I know that when we speak in Convention we are within earshot of the warriors of the Great Lodge, and of those warriors who have preceded us in the Movement. Confidently I entrust this appeal to them, as one might entrust to an expert photographer a snapshot to have enlarged.”

The Chairman then called upon Messrs. Woodbridge, Miller, Russ, Kobbé, all Juniors, the Convention showing great interest and welcoming their speeches with hearty applause. Next, Mr. Russ, Sr., spoke, and after him—

DR. CLARK: I have something quite definite to say, which there seems need to speak of, but because I have to say it by way of a book, my point may not at first be clear. The title of the book is *The Living God*. The author is Dr. Nathan Söderblom, the Lutheran Archbishop of Sweden. The book is composed of lectures given at the University of Edinburgh, in an annual series, and among former lecturers in that series were William James and Bergson. In the book is almost everything one would expect to find from a Lutheran Archbishop; those things will not be mentioned. There are other things that could not be expected and that are noteworthy. For example, you would not expect a man of his station and rank, who died just last autumn, to say that the highwater mark of our civilization was, *not* the twentieth century in which he filled a place, but the thirteenth century.

His study, in the book, is of the revelations made of Himself by the one living God. All the religions of the world are revelations, he thinks, of that one living Being. The last that he studies is the revelation made in Judæa. Dr. Söderblom declared constantly to his audience that he could prove his religion by history. Just in passing, he states that the most splendid revelation of the Divine Spirit since Judæa is the Catholicism of France,—the Catholicism of France as it focussed in the person of Joan of Arc. Is not that an unexpected statement from a Lutheran Archbishop, the background of whose training was German?

Then we should not expect a man, burdened with the degrees of English, Scotch, German, and Swedish Universities, to make so clear the old distinction which King Akhnaton, in Egypt, made between those who know and those who know *about*. This book is a study of those who know. The subtitle is “Basal Forms of Personal Religion”, and he draws the line very sharply. He gives a chapter to Plato, because Plato was a man of religion, but Aristotle, as a mere theologian, falls outside the field of study. Here are some of his chapter headings: “Religion as Method, Yoga” (A Study of the Upanishads), “Religion as Devo-

tion—Bhakti" (The Religion of the *Bhagavad Gita* in India and of Mahayana Buddhism in Japan), "Religion as a Fight Against Evil, Zoroaster", and so on. These chapters are not studies of the great founders and their revelations as specimens of morbid psychology, but are a reverent consideration of the revelations made by Himself, of the one living God. Dr. Söderblom approaches each subject in the spirit indicated by the saying of Erasmus regarding Confucius and Socrates: "There are many saints in heaven whose names are not in our catalogues."

One or two sentences from the opening chapter, lead to the definite and pertinent thing of which there seems need to speak to-day. To make quite clear what his approach is toward the subject, he takes first "the greatest of the religious thinkers and mystics of India", Shankara Acharya, and links with him Saint Bernard of Clairvaux and John of the Cross in Spain. He spoke of those individuals to students at Edinburgh! Scottish history is very foggy in my mind,—was it at Edinburgh that a footstool was once thrown at a visiting Anglican Bishop who said very much less than this Swedish Archbishop said? Speaking of the names given to the Divine in the different religions of the world, he writes: "God, or the Divine, or the inscrutable mystery of peace in the heart, or that mysterious existence which they call the Infinite or Nirvana, or even the Nothing." Is not that extraordinary? What a list of names to be separated only by the word "or"! Do they all mean the same thing? It is a Lutheran, Protestant Archbishop who is speaking. God becomes all in the lives of such saints, from Persia, India, Japan, ancient Peru or Mexico, wherever it may be—man nothing. "Thus it was in Bhakti religion, perhaps in Socrates, certainly in Zoroaster, and in the Biblical revelation." That is, he accepts the validity of those religions formerly called outlandish. Differences in those religions could no more be a matter of dissension than in a family the decision of a daughter to do her shopping in one place while her brother does his elsewhere. "It is natural that the methods and stages are, in the main, everywhere the same (whether in ancient Peru or in pre-Spanish Mexico), and they are simplified in the West in these three . . . the Purgative, the Illuminative, the Unitive way." To how many is that statement what it is to him, namely, a commonplace fact, something that is true and of which there can be no discussion? Is not such a book an extraordinary illustration of the way theosophical teaching has quietly spread through the world? Dr. Söderblom studies those different religions most reverently, and in his last chapter his subject is the religion that had its rise in Judæa. Speaking of that, he refers to the idea of cycles that had come from India and spread wide, being given forth again by Virgil in many forms, chiefly in his famous Fourth Eclogue. Virgil declared that there was to be a new birth from above, which would bring on earth gentler manners, purer laws; belief in that coming revelation was widespread, and the whole world at that time was looking to Rome for guidance and leadership, looking everywhere save in the territory that stretches from Bethlehem to Calvary. In view of that world-wide search, Saint Paul took a firm stand and declared: What you seek has already come; there has been that new birth from above; those

gentler manners, purer laws *have* been inaugurated; the choice given you is to follow them or not, to be loyal or not.

Strangely, that thought was going through my head before this book came into my hand two days ago, of the search, the looking of the world toward this country for what it calls leadership. I asked myself: is not that expectation only the last reverberation on the husk, on the rind of the world, of something that has already taken place? What we have heard here to-day, this morning and this afternoon,—is not that proof of the new divine birth from above, of the gentler manners, the nobler laws that have been inaugurated, and is not the choice and responsibility of each one of us to follow and to be loyal to that revelation already made? We do not seek something new. Our opportunity is to follow the standard that has been raised.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: Dr. Hohnstedt spoke of what I had much in my heart to express, the wish that these things might become a part of us—so much a part that we could not refrain from doing them. Before the Convention, I tried to think what it was that the Masters who founded the Society, the great Masters of the Lodge, would want from it: what they would want for us, for the world, for the Lodge itself,—from this Convention and from us. Mr. Hargrove summed up what they would want for us when he spoke of the infinite glory to which the Lodge strives to draw us,—from the hell of thinking only of oneself, a state in which, according to the Zoroastrian scriptures, though a man be pressed close by thousands around him, he believes himself to be alone.

It is for us to make sure that now, while we have the light, while the vision given us is still before our eyes, we shall so work it into every fibre of our bones that, when we come back next time—it may be in the darkness of a dark world, when the eyes of our soul may perhaps fail to open—the very force of habit will have made these things so much a part of us that we shall not be able to stop doing them, and that they may take us toward our goal, as a horse will take a man home in the darkest night. The horse has often been used as a symbol of the personality. We can make our personalities that kind of guide.

Then, what is it that the Lodge would wish for the world from this Convention? While I was considering that, I came across a quotation from Mr. Judge, in an old *QUARTERLY*, from page 21 of Volume III of *The Path*, to the effect that those who give expression to their aspiration in action create conditions in the astral light which help more advanced souls to come down from higher spheres. Every man who lives his ideals, can help, no matter how obscure his life and acts may seem. By living his aspiration in action, he engraves a picture on the astral light which can be reflected back all over the world. Only one man is needed to play a note on the violin, and millions of people can hear it over the radio. Do we suppose that the Lodge is less powerful than Radio City? If one man can attain, the Lodge can multiply his achievement many thousand-fold. One poet writes a poem, and millions of copies can be made. One Roland dies at Roncesvalles, holding up his right gauntlet to heaven, in token of utter fealty to his liege Lord. He was alone when Saint Michael came and accepted it, *de*



*par le Roi du Ciel*. But the picture was engraved on the astral light, whence, later, it was reflected to the heart of a poet, who gave the world the *Chanson de Roland*. Who can say how many victories the inspiration of Roland's death has won for France.

Such truths emphasize the need for straight thinking on our part. No one can have come to these Conventions of The Theosophical Society year after year, without being deeply impressed with the effect on the thought of the world of what is said here, and hence with the responsibility that rests on every one of us for the character of his own thought. It would be very interesting to go back over the old Convention Reports to see what was said, and what the thought of the world was, at that time, on each subject discussed, and also what it was one year, five years, ten years later on that same point. One of the things that the Lodge must be seeking to do, is to guide the thought of the world.

It is, perhaps, not for any of us to say what the world most needs, but it is our duty to think about its needs, and to see them as clearly as we can. If I may venture to express my own thought, what the world needs more than anything else is the belief that there *is* that which is wholly admirable, worthy of the completest devotion of a man's heart, and the ideal of giving that devotion. It needs the aristocratic ideal, one half of which is the sense of responsibility toward those under one, and the other half is the joy of looking up, of loyalty, admiration and devotion to those above one, the joy of aspiration. It has been said that the soul lives on hope, and on admiration of that toward which it aspires. One of the things which the world needs to-day is something on which the soul can live. It needs a goal, the vision of a goal with all that that implies.

What does the Lodge want from us? The Lodge must want instruments. What does it ask of an instrument? First, and above all, there must be the burning desire to *be* an instrument. And then there must be complete loyalty,—as was said here some Conventions ago, “the loyalty of a devoted dog”. It was one of the great saints who prayed the prayer, “O Lord, give me that which every dog has by nature, utter devotion and loyalty”. If utter loyalty and whole-hearted desire to serve be given, surely there is nothing that the Lodge cannot do. Here is a test that we can apply to ourselves: how much of our thought could, with safety, be multiplied a hundred times and reflected to anyone else? Can what I am doing and thinking, be safely intensified by the Lodge force? The application of that test requires constant alertness, and means a definite choice between the interests of the Lodge—which are identical with those of our true selves—and the interests of the personality. One must pray with all one's heart for the power, now while our eyes are open, to make the choice aright and to make it irrevocably. On the one side there is the infinite glory, the final victory of the Lodge, for which it has striven all these ages; and, on the other, what? Chaos and ultimate extinction.

Last night, thinking of this meeting, I wondered what was the last thing that Mr. Griscom had said at a Theosophical Convention. I turned back to the July, 1918, *QUARTERLY*, and found that he had spoken of Jeanne d'Arc and the miracle that the Lodge had wrought through her as its instrument, the

tremendous things that had been accomplished because of her loyalty and devotion. And he went on to say that each one of us could be used in the same way, to the same great ends, if we would but conquer the little sins and the small weaknesses that keep the Lodge from using us.

The Convention also had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Brush, Mr. Costello, Mr. Fisher, Mr. A. Griscom, Mrs. Lake, and Dr. Woodworth.

The thanks of the Convention having been voted to its officers, with a special vote of thanks to the editors of the *QUARTERLY*, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

*Secretary of Convention.*

JULIA CHICKERING,

*Assistant Secretary of Convention.*

## LETTERS OF GREETING

AUSSIG, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Our hearts and thoughts are more than ever directed to the Annual Convention of this year; more than ever we feel that we must exert ourselves to the utmost to accomplish our tasks, to satisfy our obligations towards the Masters of Wisdom to whom we owe all. . . . Our every thought, our every wish is turned to the source of power, the only support that humanity has in this time of great calamity, and we implore the Masters of Wisdom and their followers to grant us mercy, because to ask for justice would bring about destruction. We ask for strength to the end to meet the dark powers of the Black Lodge and their obsequious creatures.

Seeing our own personal futility, we feel that the power which is able to transform all things, can also enable us to face those dark powers which are trying recently again in their blind madness to turn the partly lost war into a complete victory, thereby destroying wholly themselves and all of their allies. . . .

In the name of the Aussig Branch:

HERMANN ZERNDT,

*Chairman.*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* On behalf of the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch, I have much pleasure in conveying to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. We look forward to your deliberations more keenly and eagerly each year, and we shall be with you in heart and mind again as we gather at our special meeting on this occasion.

We feel that the Society is what the Branches and members make it, and we hope that our efforts during the past year have done something to strengthen and consolidate it. We realize that there must be consecration and self-sacrifice, vision and understanding, if the Society is to be a *living force* in this outer world. . . .

A year of embodiment is a year of love, and what rejoicing for the souls who meet! And we who cannot meet in person can meet in spirit; can catch the fire and enthusiasm as it is first wafted through the ether and later translated into living winged words. So much for our joy, then, and is it not helpful? Shall we not make it the basis of further effort; a heartening resolve for the work that lies ahead? In this spirit we can not only face our responsibilities, but can bravely accentuate them—as H.P.B. so strongly advocated.

We, therefore, trust that the keynote of this Convention will be fearless onslaught against the powers of evil by definite allegiance to the powers of good. We shall thus be truly hastening the advent of the next Lodge Messenger, and fulfilling the work of the Masters in the world. Another day of history will then have been made, and a valiant start for the next milestone.

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,  
*President.*

AYLSHAM, ENGLAND.

Mrs. Graves wrote: We members of the Norfolk Branch T. S. send our warmest and most heartfelt greetings to all of you for Convention. I need not tell you that we shall be with you in thought and aspiration, joining our hopes, our efforts, and our resolutions to yours, and endeavouring to share with you the spirit of faith and courage that we know will animate all your deliberations. Perhaps there was never in the world's history, a time when courage was more necessary than it is to-day. All that we hear and see around us, the desperate self-seeking, the struggle for existence, the forgetfulness and the trampling down of all Reality, of all that makes for the good of humanity, the terrible cruelty of nations and individuals, the craving for sensation in all forms, make us heartsick, and the strongest spirit quails before the terrific onset of the powers of Darkness.

Yet we have reason for faith and courage. The Light *is* shining steadily, and there is not one of us who can fail to see it, if we will but look. As each year passes and Convention time comes round again, I think we feel less the limitations of time and space, and more and more that we are a united body, thinking the same thoughts, serving the same Masters, and we *know* that their Cause must triumph in the end.

H.P.B. left an injunction with those who were intimately connected with her life and work here during the closing years of her life, and they in their turn handed it on to us. It was that her flag *must* be kept flying.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote: At present all our thoughts must turn to Convention, feeling our great responsibilities and opportunities in regard to it; hoping and praying that it may be a truly great one, in every sense of the word, and that good may come of it for the whole of humanity. Above all that it may hear and understand the message the Masters have for it, and that hearing it we may all put it into practice in our daily lives. It really seems at present as if half the world had gone mad, and one wonders if it is because the Gods wish to destroy it.

Yet that does not appear to be at all in accord with our Theosophical teachings, and I think that one ought rather to believe that this fierce boiling pot is designed to bring all the scum to the top, so that it may be swept aside and what is good underneath may then have a chance of appearing.

In 1915, one of our older members sent me a card on the back of which she had written, "These are days to try the faith of many, therefore it behoves us, to whom so much has been given, to have brighter and stronger faith; that, beholding our own, others shall also believe and be comforted."

I think that these days, more than those of the War, must "try the faith of many", for then the issue was clear cut, and vast numbers of men rose to the call of their great opportunity; whereas now, on every side, one sees little but confusion, irresolution, discord and misery.

At such times more than at any other men need all the wonderful help and light that Theosophy can give them, and never, so it seems to me, have its teachings stood out so clear and shining against the dark background of this unhappy world.

Miss Bagnell wrote: Recently I came across an explanation of the meaning of *pontifex*, the priest who is also the chela. Now that word means "bridge-builder", and it came to me with some force that this is the mission of would-be disciples and of all sincere members of the Society, to build and to maintain that Bridge between this world of frail and stumbling humanity, and that true and eternal world of our home in the Heavens, where we know that the power of the Lodge resides.

OSLO, NORWAY.

The members of the Oslo Branch wish to send to all members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled their fraternal and heartfelt greetings, joining with you in thanks for all the blessings received, and praying that in spite of all discord in the outer world there shall nevertheless be hearts open for those souls who shall fight their way through all discord and show humanity the path to tread to divine harmony whether within or outside this mortal body.

HENNING DAHL.

Mr. Harry Knoff wrote: Reviewing the past year, it appears that no country, no single individual, has escaped being affected in some way or other by the wave of misfortune sweeping over the world—the ever-increasing hardships of the present day—and one is apt to lament and complain, to voice protests against the unjustness of “Fate”. Few are they who recognize that we are receiving but just and well-deserved Karma—that of nations as well as of individuals—and, in doing so, *try* at least to make the best of it. Still fewer admit that this should be accepted as a splendid opportunity given unto us. Such a standpoint being infinitely higher and more compelling, it can hardly be expected to become popular, nor is it likely to be perceived intuitively, without the aid of spiritual guidance,—Theosophy.

Kali Yuga, the Black Age, has to me, however, taken on quite a different aspect after realizing the truth of what was stated at a meeting of the New York Branch this winter (January 28th), to the effect that if it were not for Kali Yuga—spirit descending deeper and deeper into matter—Theosophy would not have been offered to us to-day. When contemplating this thought, it grows in significance to comprise everything worth while, replacing the old bitterness with deep gratitude, becoming a new incentive to life, inspiring courage and faith in the wise governing of the Masters. Truly, “There is no other thing than that which Theosophy brings which is sufficient to support mankind in their trials.”

TORONTO, CANADA.

*To the Members of The T. S.:* Once again it is our privilege to send most hearty greeting to the Convention.

At this time, when the depression has brought to so many people the truth that those who have placed their dependence on material things and personal well-being have been building on a foundation of sand, it is for those who have been building on a more solid foundation to endeavour to call attention to the fact that life has a spiritual basis and that all who ignore this truth are doomed to disappointment. So few there are who have placed their dependence on the soul; so many to whom the loss of material advantages has seemed the loss of all.

Yet this really is a time of opportunity. Such is human nature in its perversity that it is necessary for trouble and anxiety to come at times, that it may be forced to recognize that the things of this world are evanescent and not to be depended upon. It is for those who have had a vision of truth to hold firm in their faith that all is well when it is realized that the well-being of the soul is the important thing in life; that man is creator in the deepest sense, not only of the present and the future, but also of just what the present means to him. . . .

We recognize with gratitude the help that has been given to us, and believe there may be many who, perhaps unconsciously, are awaiting the help *we* may give to inspire them to seek for a deeper meaning in life and so make use of life's ever-present opportunity.

ALBERT J. HARRIS,  
Toronto Branch.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* The members of the Venezuela Branch hereby convey their heartiest greetings to the fellow-members who integrate the visible body of The Theosophical Society and pay homage to its invisible Founders, whose hearts are here because this is their treasure.

Our activities have been almost the same on the surface though different in their innermost significance, as things are not different because they change but because we change: a new perception making all things new.

So we can say that this year both Christianity and War have appeared to us in a new light because we have seen them with a new mind. This new understanding is itself a new consciousness, and this consciousness is the reason of life in more distant cycles, or better say, more inward ones: each plane of consciousness reached being a cycle that we have drawn nearer.

This study of Christianity and War has been based on the editorials and other articles in the QUARTERLY, and we are making a selection of this material to have several copies typewritten so that each student may have at hand this arsenal of spiritual ammunition which will be wanted in the near future, trying in such wise to thought-broadcast this consciousness through the world, or bring it to the tribune or to the press, if necessary, in due time.

Complementary of this new vision has been the study of the Reports of the New York Branch, the work of which has always been highly appreciated by our members here. . . .

A. GONZÁLEZ JIMÉNEZ,  
Secretary.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* The members of the Whitley Bay Branch send sincere fraternal greetings. We have always looked forward to Convention day with a deep sense of its importance. This year, with the prevailing world conditions of instability and seeming chaos, the full importance of the aims and objects of the Society must be more fully realized by all members. To do this it only becomes necessary to view the results of the ineffectual platitudes which masquerade as wisdom, such as "The right of Self-Determination for all nations", which was declared as the right policy after the war, and which was immediately taken by individuals and nations to mean that the determination of the lower self to do as it pleased was to be the policy of the future, irrespective of moral obligations or the injustices caused to others,—the world to-day acting in accordance with that idea. . . .

FREDERICK A. ROSS,  
President, Blavatsky Lodge.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

*To Our Fellow Members in Convention Assembled:* We cannot find any better words by which to convey our feeling and attitude, and our greeting to you, at this or any other time, than those Mr. Judge once used:

"In storm and shine, in heat and cold, near or afar, among friends or foes, the same in One Work."

Pacific Branch,  
W. H. BOX, President.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow Members,* Again the Day of T. S. Convention has returned in that Easter-Month, which shall be remembrance for the Passion and Resurrection of Souls. I would like that these Days may become a memorial for the whole year, a mark in our inner life, a brilliant North-Star for our lonely ship amidst the Ocean. We feel the ardent desire to be spiritually united with you all, in these blessed hours, from our long-lasting loneliness.

ALBERTO PLINIO.  
TERESA PLINIO.

Delegates and members as usual showed deep interest in the reading of Letters of Greeting, including, in addition to the foregoing, letters from Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Miss Anna Fjæstad, President of the Arvika Branch (Sweden); Miss Görich (California); Capt. and Mrs.

Hamlen (Maine); Mr. Herman F. Hohnstedt, President of the Branch in Cincinnati; Mr. R. Jäger, Treasurer of the Aussig Branch, Czechoslovakia; Mrs. H. Maughan, Secretary of the Branch in South Shields (England); Mrs. John L. Mitchell (New Hampshire); Mrs. H. P. Moser (New York); Mr. Wm. E. Mullinax (Arkansas); Mr. A. Valedon (Venezuela); Miss Wallace and Miss Evans, Secretary and President of the Branch in Denver; Mr. Percy W. Ward, Secretary of the Branch in Gateshead, England; cablegram from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell, Miss Bagnell; telegram from Mr. Rivero (Washington, D. C.). Several letters from Germany (as well as a letter from German members in Brazil), were also read; these, like all other letters, were received with applause, but are not acknowledged or quoted in the open pages of the *QUARTERLY*, in case this might cause the writers inconvenience in their own country.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:*

May I be permitted, through your columns, to reply to letters in which I am requested to say what I know about various papers referring to Mrs. Tingley, marked Private, issued after Judge's death?

The request in itself is strange. Papers marked Private, sent out and received on the clearest understanding that their contents would be preserved with inviolable secrecy, are what I am urged to discuss. If others choose to do such a thing, on their heads be it. I will not. There are those who excuse themselves for such conduct on the ground that they believed certain things at the time these papers were issued, which they do not believe to-day. On that basis anyone would be free to release himself from any sort of promise whenever he felt like doing so. Such persons are outside the pale of human intercourse.

This much, however, I can say:

(1) The papers in question gave exactly what they purported to give, namely, extracts from Judge's diaries and occult records, referring to Mrs. Tingley, in his handwriting, accurately copied, nothing being omitted which would have discredited or nullified the passages quoted. The originals were seen at the time by several persons who certified they had seen them.

(2) Mrs. Tingley *was* Judge's successor so far as his non-public position was concerned. She was intended to serve as a stop-gap.

(3) Mrs. Tingley failed, and then intrenched herself in her failure. Her new position had fostered her ambition and other very serious weaknesses. Consequently she was deposed by the order of those whom, from the beginning, Judge recognized as his Superiors and as the true Founders of the Theosophical Society.

(4) As Mrs. Tingley refused to accept her deposition and was able to persuade many that it was invalid—not even the formation by her at Chicago of the so-called Universal Brotherhood with herself as Official Leader with autocratic powers, serving to open their eyes—the task of carrying on the Work of Judge and of H.P.B. and their Masters, fell to those who have been identified with The Theosophical Society and with the *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY* from that time to this.

(5) The Point Loma Society represents those who followed Mrs. Tingley out of the Movement, in spite of her obvious failure and her open violation of Theosophical principles.

(6) The United Lodge represents those who, like Robert Crosbie, followed Mrs. Tingley to Point Loma, out of the Movement, and who, when they did finally wake up to the fact of her failure, lacked the moral courage to seek re-admission to the real Society, preferring instead to claim they had been deceived, and that Mrs. Tingley never had been Judge's occult legatee.

(7) The Adyar Society represents those who attacked, slandered, and did their utmost to destroy Judge, as part of the Brahmin campaign to destroy the reputation of H.P.B.

Allow me to add that those who have questioned me on this subject (none of them members of The Theosophical Society) are of two kinds: those who are looking for controversy, and those who are looking for light. As to the first group, they can be of interest only to themselves. As to the second, they are looking for light as it never can be found; they are attempting, by analogy, to determine whether John the Divine was "genuine" by an analysis and comparison of texts, authorities and other material details which are not only unilluminating and lifeless, but childish and deadening; they are trying to decide, again by analogy, whether H.P.B. was really a Lodge Messenger, by counting the number of misquotations in *Isis Unveiled*. If they would know Judge, they must seek him in what he wrote, in what he did; in the pages of the old *Path*, in *Letters that Have Helped Me*, in *The Ocean of Theosophy*, in his letters now appearing in the QUARTERLY; they must seek his spirit and purpose in all these things, and should then look for his "fruits", as in the thirty published volumes of this magazine. If they will do this honestly, they will find him,—in all his simplicity, integrity, unswerving devotion, and great attainment; they may discover even why it was that H.P.B.'s Master called him *friend*; why Mrs. Besant betrayed him; why he died prematurely and was obliged to name Mrs. Tingley his "successor"; finally, why and how it was that Mrs. Tingley so lamentably turned her back on the Lodge to follow her own will and desires.

E. T. HARGROVE.

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"I cannot find its works," said the child, as he tore a butterfly into smaller and smaller pieces.—BOOK OF MEMORIES.



# REVIEWS

*Egyptian Tales and Romances*, translated by Sir Ernest A. Wallis Budge; Thornton Butterworth, London, 1931; price, 15s.

One of the objects of this interesting collection of stories, is to show the continuity, under various disguises, of the religious and secular form of thought in Egypt, throughout many thousands of years. The collection begins with tales said to belong approximately to the Middle Kingdom. Many of them, however, undoubtedly date back at least to the days of Khufu, builder of the great pyramid, probably much earlier. We are then carried through the Coptic period, after which we pass to the Arab conquest and to the time of the Mohammedan domination. The book has therefore been divided into three Parts: I Pagan; II Christian, or Coptic; III Muslim; these divisions being a guide for the reader, though, as a result of the very divergent types and characteristic colouring of the narratives, he would have little difficulty in distinguishing between them. The *ancient* Egyptian tales have, of course, already been translated many times, notably by Maspero and Petrie, but it has not been customary to emphasize (by gathering together into one volume the earlier and the later stories) the fact that, after the most ancient days were past, the centuries which followed not only inherited, but also adopted and kept alive many of the ideas and ideals which had existed in antiquity. It is true that Maspero suggested (no doubt intentionally) that such continuity existed, for, at the end of his *Contes Populaires de l'Egypte Ancienne*, he adds a most interesting fragment: the Theban-Coptic version of the Romance of Alexander the Great, belonging to the Arab period; but in the present book the reader is given a very wide choice of narratives in each period, through the thousands of years over which they are spread, and he can decide for himself whether or not there was any similarity of thought, expression and habit between the early ages and those which succeeded. Sir Ernest Budge justly refers to previous collections of Coptic stories as being, in his judgment, too limited "to show the magnitude of the literary revolution which took place in Egypt when the Egyptians, under the influence of the teaching of St. Mark the Evangelist, embraced Christianity in the first century of our Era". He points to the attempt which was made—and the "curious results" which followed the attempt—to graft the Christian religion upon the older religion of the country. To the student of Theosophy, however, it might appear less of a grafting on of the new, than a deliberate *carrying on* of the old—the



old, changed merely in its outer form so as to suit the newer conditions. Moreover, the student of Theosophy would endeavour not only to trace the connection between the Pantheon of ancient Egypt and the later Christian Hierarchy, but he would also search for parallels in other religions of the world, knowing that, back of each and all of these religions, stood the great Lodge of Masters.

One most interesting matter for comparison, which this book enables the reader easily to study without having to resort to many volumes, is the transformation of the "power of magic" in the Dynastic period, into the "Power of the Word" in Christian Egypt (the "magic" of the ancient Egyptians became the "miracle" of the Copt), and again, in Mohammedan Egypt, the return to "magic", but a magic more fantastic than any which the ancient world has offered us. For, in the early Dynasties at least, magic was still a reality, a force to be reckoned with, a recognized spiritual accomplishment; whereas, in the Muslim tales, while the alert reader may still have glimpses of the magical powers described of old, the description of these powers no longer suggests reality; they no longer seem to be known at first hand; they are fanciful, imaginary, often grotesque. It will be remembered that de Rougé, as far back as 1852, brought to light documentary evidence that a story, familiar to us in the Arabian Nights, had an almost exact counterpart in XIX Dynasty romance, and Brugsch followed, a few years later, with similar discoveries, so that it became a well-established fact in the study of ancient literature (a fact, however, which was long ago known to Theosophy); that the present grows out of the past; that there are no sharp breaks.

This book, with its many well-chosen illustrations, may be recommended to anyone who is interested in literature of this type, and we are indebted to Sir Ernest Budge for the wide and varied selection of stories which he has given us.

T. D.

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*Twenty Years in Tibet*, by David Macdonald; Seeley, Service and Co., London, 1932; price, 18s.

The author's father was a Scotchman; his mother, a Sikkimese woman of good family. Speaking Tibetan, Sikkimese, Nepali and Bhutanese fluently, he was appointed British Trade Agent in Tibet in 1905, and held that position until his retirement in 1925. He had close personal contact both with the Dalai and Tashi Lamas, and has much to say that is of interest regarding them and their people. Almost inevitably, however, the author's experience was confined to the surface of Tibet. Apart from the self-evident truth that the more genuinely occult, occultism is, the more difficult it is to discover outwardly, the author's tastes and interests did not run in that direction. If they had, it is unlikely he would have been appointed Trade Agent, or would have held that position for so long. He records two or three curious experiences, none the less, though these have to do with surface "magic" only. For example: When Lord Ronaldshay (now Marquis of Zetland), who at that time was Governor of Bengal, visited Tibet in the summer of 1918, the author accompanied him to the Tungka Monastery, the headquarters of a famous oracle, said to be con-

trolled by the spirit of a departed lama, Shong Ton by name. Says the author: "Among other questions put by Lord Ronaldshay was one as to when the Great War, which was then raging, would end. The reply gave November of that year, 1918, as the month in which hostilities would cease, a surprisingly accurate statement, coming as it did from one who could have had no knowledge whatever of world politics, or even of the progress of the war". T.

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*China, The Pity of It*, by J. O. P. Bland; Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York; price, \$2.50.

To those who love China, Mr. Bland's book must be intensely interesting, however painful, and even those to whom the Celestial Empire, past or present, makes no appeal, can read it with profit, for while it describes the tragic condition of China, it exposes the policies of the Powers, especially of England and the United States, which have so largely helped to plunge it into this state.

Mr. Bland deals with the conditions in China during the past years, beginning with the Washington Conference in 1921. He speaks of the three influences which governed this Conference: "The influence of the traditional, unswerving national policy which, through successive administrations, has always asserted and jealously safeguarded American interests in the Far East; secondly, the influence of American pacific idealism in politics, chiefly manifested on this occasion by the Women's League for Peace and Freedom, the missionary and educational societies and other similar organisations; and thirdly, the influence of China's skilfully organised and widespread political propaganda."

The ability of these western-trained propagandists of the Cantonese wing of the Kuomintang is truly remarkable. "It is sufficient to say that the Chinese delegates succeeded in 'putting across' a glowing picture of a purely imaginary Chinese Republic, successfully progressing towards orderly constitutional government by virtue of liberal ideas and democratic institutions. In the name of democracy, they made eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the Western world, inviting its moral and material support for an imposing programme of wholly visionary reforms. . . . Not a voice had been raised during the Conference to suggest, on humanitarian grounds, that a genuine effort should be made to stem the tide of anarchy in China; no delegate had disturbed the harmony of the proceedings by drawing attention to the pitiful plight to which the defenceless people had been reduced by ten years of devastating misrule; none had even hinted at the fact that the chief and abiding cause of China's parlous state lies in the nepotism and corruption of her official class. . . . The rise to power of the 'Nationalist' Party—the unruly Cantonese wing of the Kuomintang—in 1927, was undoubtedly as much a result of the Washington Conference as it was of Bolshevik influence and subsidies."

He then proceeds to describe the Cantonese Government and the doctrines and apotheosis of Sun Yat Sen. His chapter on "The Missionary Factor" is extremely illuminating, and should be read by all "up-lifters" who fancy that

a little hygiene, and undigested culture from the Mississippi "Bible Belt", can convert a race to sainthood. "Broadly speaking, most of the calamities, which together make the tragedy of China in the twentieth century, may be ascribed to the impact of the West, to the undermining of the old social order by the military, economic and political forces brought to bear upon it from over-seas since the beginning of the nineteenth century. The long-drawn tragedies of civil strife and administrative chaos are no new experience for China, whose history has been fittingly described as a series of paroxysms, where the passing of a dynasty has repeatedly been followed by periods of anarchy and where the annihilation of millions by flood, famine or disease has always been accepted as part of the inevitable destiny of mankind. But the cataclysm of China in the twentieth century differs from those of former days, in that the nation is now threatened with the permanent destruction of those things which heretofore constituted its unfailing preservatives of cohesion and recuperative energy. So long as the ethical foundations of the old social order remained intact, calamitous periods such as those which occurred at the close of the Ming dynasty or during the Taiping rebellion, left no visible mark on the national life. . . .

"Without endorsing in its entirety the opinion of the British ex-Ambassador . . . which ascribes all China's present troubles to the influence of American Mission Schools and to the Chinese students educated in America, it is safe to say that, in so far as they have striven to undermine the old morality, based on the Confucian system of ethics and the family, they have been, and are, powerful instruments of social disintegration and therefore responsible for much of the indiscipline prevailing in the younger generation and the general disorder thereby produced. Broadly speaking, every Chinese youth educated in American Mission Schools has been a carrier of the germs of disruption. He has usually been taught to despise the wisdom of his forefathers, reject the cult of ancestors and with it the traditions and standards which, as a French observer (Émile Hovelague) rightly says, 'have given to China's civilization and to the life of her people a stability and harmony never excelled in the history of mankind.' In place of the traditional principles of the Confucianist family and the clan system, his mind has been imbued with the doctrines of denationalized individualism, with results that have been plainly demonstrated by the self-assertive indiscipline and frank materialism of the student class, and by the violent hostility to foreigners displayed by the younger generation of politicians educated in American Schools."

The Missions, forced to endorse the goings-on of their pupils, are now in the extraordinary position of sympathizing with and applauding a government allied with the anti-Christian Soviets. The influence of Soviet propaganda in America is well described. "The Bolshevik's method of procedure, like the wasp's, is to make a way to the heart of his objective by attacking it at the weakest spot. Thus, in England, his activities have been chiefly directed towards fomenting disorder and creating discontent by boring within through the trade unions and the revolutionary elements in the body politic. But recognizing the fact that the Federation of Labour in the United States represents

an industrial population definitely opposed to the doctrines of Marxian Communism, the directing minds of the Third International have concentrated their energies on the creation of a body of public opinion favourable to their purposes amongst the religious, educational and 'uplifting' societies throughout the country. Their insidious approach has been steadily made upon the common ground of pacifism. . . ."

Mr. Bland goes on to picture the Foreign Office brand of thought in Britain, which is well depicted as an "atmosphere sickli'd o'er with the pale cast of high-brow internationalism", and he quotes a sermon by Prebendary Gough, with which we can agree violently. "Any attempt to energize the nation by appeals to a masculine and Imperial spirit—however gracious and humane the purposes to which it is invited to devote its energies—is becoming increasingly regarded as 'unchristian'. We are to have a special kind of politics, economics and citizenship for restraining efficiency and flattering the incapable. . . . The Feminine Man is so full of pity for any spectacle which suggests hard work, and so unfriendly in his attitude towards robust strength or efficiency, especially efficiency which expects to receive any reward for being efficient. Very strangely, he can often applaud vigorous exercises in other races which are not friendly to us, but he holds that it is irreligious to commend these things in the people of England.' . . . This sort of person has a settled conviction that his country is wrong, and any foes who rise against her, right. He is for the most part in favour of making friendly agreements with irreconcilable enemies, even with an enemy who throughout the world is striving for the overthrow of our Empire. And he is quite pleased to bribe the old English energy down into home-abiding lethargy by doles and such-like expedients."

Another apt quotation is from Meredith Townsend, who wrote even twenty years ago: "Whether for good or evil, a great change is passing over Englishmen. They have become uncertain of themselves, afraid of their old opinions, doubtful of the true teaching of their own consciences. They doubt if they have any longer any more right to rule any one, themselves almost included. An old mental disease, the love of approbation, has suddenly risen among them to the height of a passion. Instead of being content to rule well, to do justice and to love mercy, they are trying themselves by a new standard, and desire to rule so that the governed may applaud, or, as they phrase it with a certain unconscious unctuousness, may 'love' them. That is the real root of the great change that has passed over the management of children, of the whole difficulty in Ireland, of the reluctance to conquer, and of the whole of our new philanthropic and social legislation."

Finally, we must quote one more excellent passage from Mr. Castle, American Under-Secretary of State: "No nation has ever forwarded the cause of peace by weakness when a moral principle is involved."

It may be seen from these passages that Mr. Bland's book is not merely a statement of interesting facts, but is provocative of much thought upon the moral principles involved in the state of the world to-day. The student of Theosophy will find it well worth his attention.

ST. C. LAD.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 379.—*In Book XVIII of the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna says: "Better is one's own duty without excellence than the duty of another well carried out; doing the work imposed by one's own nature, he incurs no sin." I have never understood this, for we are told that one's own nature is evil; how, then, can action imposed by it be without sin?*

ANSWER.—Man's nature is dual: there is the higher, or real, or good nature; and the lower, or unreal, or evil nature. As I understand it, the statement quoted does not suggest that man follow the inclinations of his lower nature, but that by meditation, self-examination and right self-identification he throw the weight of the will and imagination to the side of his real nature, which is at one with universal nature, and do scrupulously whatever may be imposed by it. By doing the work imposed by his real nature, he works in harmony with all nature; he particularizes the universal, and so is said to incur no sin. He must be sure that it is his *own nature*, and not inclination, which imposes the task. A good rule for guidance would be to follow Mr. Judge's advice: "Never do anything which the lower nature desires for itself alone"; which is another way of saying that one should do "the work imposed by one's own nature".

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—We have been told that the duty of another is full of danger, and we have only to contemplate people whom we know, dashing about in the world to-day, "doing good" at the slightest provocation, ready and willing and eager to tell everyone else just exactly what ought to be done at any given moment and at any and all junctures, to realize how true this is. It is appalling to consider the amount of other people's Karma which they assume, the harm they do, the difficulties they create, and the sin which they incur themselves and which they force others to incur.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—We should consider the teaching of the *Gita* as a whole if we would understand any selected passage properly. What is said of caste in Chapter II, wherein Shri Krishna showed Arjuna that it was his duty as a Kshatriya to fight, and that egotism causes violation of duty and grief,—should be read in connection with the verse quoted in the question. Referring to that verse, an Indian commentary says: "He who does the duty ordained according to his nature [and his caste is said to be an outer expression of his *personal* nature] incurs no sin, even as a worm born in poison does not die from that poison."

R. P.

ANSWER.—No student of Theosophy would say that "one's own nature is evil". There are two natures in man, the higher and the lower; the soul, the spark of the Divine, and the false personality. It is this latter that in the average man is "evil", for it has not yet been brought under the control of the soul. The first work imposed by the soul's nature is the dominance of its personality. It cannot carry out the purpose for which it exists until it is master in its own household. Karma provides the special circumstances and duties best suited to enable each soul to bring its particular personality into obedience. One's own duties are one's own road. Obviously, to do the duty of another does not help him to conquer his personality.

The degree of development of the soul, its "nature", determines what duties it needs, and hence what Karma gives it. They are in that sense imposed by its nature. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—It should be remembered that the work, or activities, of the mind, are at least as important as outer action, and that mental meddling, mental curiosity, mental speculation and interference with the duties and affairs of other people, even when confined strictly to the mental plane, are sinful, with the additional odium of being vulgar. That *part* of the mind, the nature or tendency of which it is to indulge in such activities, should be checked remorselessly, and set to work along the lines of "one's own duty". There is always something one *ought* to be thinking about, to put in the place of needless, fruitless, impertinent, morbid or other sinful thoughts. H.

QUESTION NO. 380.—A recent "Hibbert Journal" had an article, "Does God Evolve?" How would a Theosophist answer this?

ANSWER.—Turning to *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, we find: "Our Deity is neither in a paradise, nor in a particular tree, building, or mountain: it is everywhere, in every atom of the visible as of the invisible Cosmos; in, over, and around every invisible atom and divisible molecule; for it is the mysterious power of evolution and involution, the omnipresent, omnipotent, and even omniscient creative potentiality." It is at the same time, "Absolute Thought itself, Absolute Existence." "Thou art one, and Thy unity is never diminished, never extended, and cannot be changed." "Our Deity is the eternal, incessantly evolving, not creating, builder of the universe itself, unfolding out of its own essence, not being made. . . .

"It is the one law, giving the impulse to manifested, eternal, and immutable laws, within that never-manifesting, because Absolute Law, which in its manifesting periods is the Ever-Becoming."

We should distinguish, however, between the Absolute, the Unmanifested Logos, and the Manifested Logoi. R. P.

ANSWER.—Would not the answer depend almost entirely upon what we mean by "God"? Do we mean some Great Being whom we can define, even if but dimly; or do we mean the Formless, the Undefinable?

"Does God evolve?" It is a question which, of course, lies far above even the shadow of real comprehension for most of us, and the answer is certainly far removed from the plane of words, of human reasoning; but we have been told that Masters themselves are evolving (though the word is, perhaps, not wholly appropriate), so it follows that even the Lodge must be in process of evolving, since a deepened consciousness gained by one Master, becomes the common property of all. Further, *The Secret Doctrine* tells us that at the dawn of each new Manvantara, Spirit descends into matter; that, at length turning, Spirit reascends, diversity seeking unity once more. We are told that, after passing through myriads of worlds, the monadic Life-tide at length rejoins its Source, carrying with it a Self-consciousness wrung from the millions of opportunities for choice which this unthinkable long passage toward an unimaginable goal has given—a Self-consciousness, the fruit of experience. Is it not therefore conceivable that even the Logos might be the richer (and in that sense evolve), with the in-sweeping, the Home-coming of each new Life-tide? T. A.

ANSWER.—This is a subject that appears to fascinate most beginners. H.P.B. and her Teachers, recognizing the need to satisfy our groping minds, until such time as our wills could be turned in the right direction, did their utmost to put into our two-dimensional language the truths which, in the nature of things, can at best only be symbolized by such limited and inadequate tokens. Knowledge *is* obtainable; but it would be tragic indeed if our minds could contain or express it. Can a cow distinguish between a man of culture and an ordinary Bachelor of Arts? Can the ordinary Bachelor of Arts see any difference between himself and the man of culture? We must *become* the Spirit if we would know the Spirit; and Theosophy declares that we *can* become the Spirit, and then shows us how. H.

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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.

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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.

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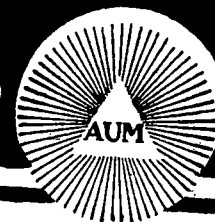
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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.





OCTOBER, 1933

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#### GEOLOGICAL CYCLES

THE second fundamental proposition of *The Secret Doctrine* affirms "the absolute universality of that law of periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow, which physical science has observed and recorded in all departments of nature" (ed. 1888, I, 17). Pure time or absolute duration is not comprehended by the human mind. We are conscious of time only in so far as we are aware of its rhythms, of the days and months and years by which absolute duration is, as it were, differentiated into a vast complex of cycles within cycles. In one sense, the prime objective of natural science is the measurement of the periodicities which may be noted in all phenomena, astronomical and atomic, electro-magnetic and biological, mechanical and organic. If such periodicities were not recurrent, all calculation of the future would be impossible, nor would any record of past events have the least significance.

*The Secret Doctrine* refers to many cycles, such as the *kalpas* and *yugas* of Indian chronology, which Western science has generally disregarded. For example, Madame Blavatsky asserted that the transformations of the earth's surface have proceeded in orderly sequence; that the submersion or emergence of continents or great islands is never the effect of some "accidental" explosion of terrestrial forces, but is associated with meteorological and magnetic changes that occur as rhythmically as the tides. She further suggested that these great geological cycles are intimately connected with the history of the human races, and that human action, good and evil, can measurably retard or accelerate many rhythms of Nature.

Science is far from believing that man is "the thaumaturge of the Earth"; but it is interesting to note that geologists are beginning to recognize a certain cyclic regularity in the formation and destruction of continental areas. We quote from a report of the sixteenth international Geological Congress recently held in Washington, D. C. (*New York Times*, July 25, 1933).

The movements of the continents are due to a rhythmic advance and retreat of sea level, each advance and each retreat lasting tens of millions of years, the Congress was told by Dr. A. W. Grabau of Peiping, China. Dr. Grabau presented what he called a pulsation theory "as a working hypothesis".

"The conviction is growing among stratigraphers", Dr. Grabau stated, "that the great oceanic transgressions and retreats, which involve not one section but all continents, are primarily due to rise and fall of the sea level, the continent movements being secondary and contributory factors. . . . As our study progresses the fact becomes more and more evident that transgressions and regressions are primarily 'holo-geodic'; that is, universal so far as the earth is concerned, and that, moreover, they proceed in a rhythmic manner, regression following transgression, and being in turn followed by renewed transgression. . . . It is this rhythmic pulsation that can be shown to have taken place."

Dr. Grabau showed charts of studies made by him of the Palæozoic era, which began about 550,000,000 years ago, showing that its first seven periods . . . left evidence in rocks of rhythmic advances and retreats.

### CYCLES AND ÆONS

Western science has no conception of any relationship between cycles and the evolution of states of consciousness. From the theosophical point of view, however, the true significance for man of the rhythms of Nature is made manifest through the transformations of his mind and heart, for each rhythm has been said to originate as an aspect of divine consciousness which is reflected more or less confusedly on our plane as a corresponding phase of human consciousness. Every force in Nature and man "has a living *Conscious Entity* at its head, of which entity it is an emanation" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 293). The word, æon, generally used to denote a period of time, also signified, in Gnostic terminology, a ray of the Logos or Spiritual Sun, a member of the Divine Hierarchy who emanated from their essence the Universe in space and time. The Gnostic *æons* are the final causes of all cycles, as well as the divine powers which become successively active in the human soul through the operation of cyclic law.

According to a tradition preserved in theosophical literature, the occultist whose mind is united with the Logos, knows the order of the *æons*, and can, therefore, predict the emergence of new phases in human consciousness as exactly as an astronomer can tell the minute of to-morrow's sunrise. This prophetic power is illustrated concretely in *The Secret Doctrine*, where we can find more than one definite prediction which has come true.

### A PROPHECY FULFILLED

One of the most notable of these prophecies is to be found in Vol. I, pp. 610-612.

Science is, undeniably, ultra-materialistic in our days; but it finds, in one sense, its justification. Nature behaving *in actu* ever esoterically, and being, as the Kabalists say, *in abscondito*, can only be judged by the profane through her appearance, and that appearance is always deceitful on the physical plane. On the other hand, the Naturalists refuse to blend Physics with Metaphysics, the Body with its informing Soul and

Spirit. . . . All their wonderful discoveries will go for nothing and remain for ever *headless* bodies, unless they lift the veil of Matter and strain their eyes to see *beyond*. Now that they have studied Nature in the length, breadth and thickness of her physical frame, it is time to remove the skeleton to the second plane, and search within the unknown depths for the living and real entity, for its *sub*-stance—the noumenon of evanescent Matter. . . . One by one facts and processes in Nature's workshops are permitted to find their way into the exact Sciences, while mysterious help is given to rare individuals in unravelling its arcana. It is at the close of great Cycles, in connection with racial development, that such events generally take place. We are at the very close of the cycle of 5,000 years of the present Aryan Kali Yuga; and between this time and 1897 there will be a large rent made in the Veil of Nature, and materialistic Science will receive a death-blow.

In 1895 Roentgen discovered the X-Ray and Ramsay extracted helium gas from uranium ore. In 1896 Becquerel proved that uranium has radio-active properties. These discoveries led directly to the isolation of radium in 1899 by the Curies. The study of radio-activity at once forced scientists to alter radically their conceptions of matter and energy. To-day the particular form of materialism which flourished in the Nineteenth Century, is merely a historical curiosity, like Ptolemaic astronomy or old-fashioned phlebotomy.

#### THE REVOLUTION IN PHYSICS

The magnitude of the revolution in physics was made clear by Dr. Arthur H. Compton in an interview given on the occasion of the summer meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago (*New York Times*, June 19, 1933).

Professor Compton was asked for an authoritative résumé of the various "models" of the atom and a word on the up-to-date model. At the time of the last World's Fair in Chicago, Dr. Compton replied, the atom consisted of a hard, indivisible, indestructible unit of matter, the ultimate unit of each chemical unit. Each of the ninety-two chemical elements had its own individual atom, different from the atoms of the other elements. . . . Then toward the end of the century, came the discovery of radio-activity, which indicated that the atom was made up of smaller parts, units of electricity. J. J. Thomson, in 1900, conceived the atom to consist of a negative electron, vibrating in a sort of jelly-like positive mass of electricity. Next came Lord Rutherford's experiments on the scattering of the positively charged alpha-particles (helium nuclei, composed of two electrons and four protons) by atoms, which showed for the first time that the atom had an impenetrable positive nucleus, about which there was an atmosphere of negative electrons. It was Lord Rutherford who originated the idea of the so-called "planetary atom", in which electrons revolved about a nucleus as the planets revolve about the sun. In 1913 Niels Bohr, of the University of Copenhagen, developed Rutherford's planetary electron theory with the help of the Quantum Theory, originally announced by Professor Max Planck of the University of Berlin and later developed further by Einstein. . . . The Quantum Theory has been referred to as the "atomic theory of energy". It shows that all energy, such as radiation, comes in distinct, discrete units. Units of energy, corresponding to units of matter, such as electrons or protons, are known as photons. . . . H. G. J. Moseley of the University of Cambridge was the first to show that the atomic number in the periodic table of the elements, had a definite relation to the electric charge in the nucleus of the atom. . . .

"Within the last few years", he added, "we have come to see that the picture presented

by the Bohr atom is not quite the exact picture, and it has, therefore, been refined to include the so-called 'wave-atom' as distinguished from the 'particle-atom'. It was shown definitely, first by Einstein and later by myself, that waves of light radiated by these atoms partook of the nature of particles. Then de Broglie of Paris suggested the corollary to this phenomenon, namely, that electrons and atoms which were of the nature of particles should also have the nature of waves. This was proved to be so by Davisson and Gerner of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Thus was established the duality of all matter, partaking at the same time of both the nature of particles and the nature of waves.

"This discovery, to my mind, was the most important revolution in physics since the days of Newton, for it brought about the breakdown of the law of causality in the physical universe. . . . The discovery of the wave characteristics of the atom showed that the atom may be interpreted in a different manner, and so Heisenberg and Schroedinger developed the latest model of the 'wave-atom'. According to this picture the atmosphere of the negative electricity around the nucleus becomes much more diffuse than in the Bohr atom. Instead of the electron being found in a fixed orbit, it can be found at any place within that atmosphere, but with a greater probability that it will be found more likely in one place than in another. This 'place of greater probability' is the orbits determined by Bohr. The wave-atom has no definite boundary. It is like the atmosphere of the earth. It extends indefinitely but with less density. Nevertheless, the number of electrons in each element remains the same as before. The diffusion refers only to the position of the electron but not to its charge. . . . It makes you think that the atom is a wave, not of matter, but of probability. The electron is still a particle. Its wave nature, that which is diffused, is the probability as to where these particles are going to be. This, in my opinion, settles the age-long controversy as to the nature of light, whether it is a particle or a wave. When light does something, such as affecting chemical changes on a photographic plate, it is a particle. But its propagation is due to its wave character. . . ."

A large rent has, indeed, been made in the Veil of Nature, and science has been forced to take account of a new order of phenomena, the very existence of which was scarcely suspected before the discovery of radio-activity. But one should carefully distinguish between the facts, which laboratory investigation has revealed, and the interpretations which scientists have imposed upon those facts. It would be rash to assume that any of the models of the atom, which Dr. Compton describes, resembles the reality, or even that any of the entities which are supposed to constitute the atom, necessarily exists outside the scientific imagination. So far as we know, electrons, protons, deutons, and neutrons are only concepts, and nothing more.

The physicists themselves are aware of the difficulty of forming a coherent and unified image of the events occurring within the atom. How is one to define, in ordinary language, a particle having a "wave-nature" which is the probability as to where the particle is going to be? At the scientific Congress, to which reference has been made, Dr. Niels Bohr was present as a famous foreign guest, and unequivocally affirmed his belief that science will always have contradictory ideas about the atom, because "contradictory duality lies at the very heart of things". He proposed a "theory of complementarity" as the logical supplement of relativity, quantum mechanics, and the Heisenberg principle of uncertainty.

## COMPLEMENTARITY

Professor Bohr has come to discover an inherent essential duality in the nature of things as they relate to man's ability to know them. The paradox of this duality lies in the fact that the Jekyll-Hyde nature of all things is essentially contradictory, with both aspects being true at different times, but with only one aspect being true at any one given time. In other words, the very process of knowing one aspect of nature makes it impossible to know the other aspect. We can know only one side of nature at any one time. There is a definite discontinuity in all things partaking of existence and knowledge, so that when one thing is true this very truth perforce makes another thing non-existent as far as any possible knowledge on our part is concerned. This contradictory duality is inescapable because it lies at the very heart of things. It is wrong, according to this theory, to say that there is either free-will or determinism, causality or chance. Both are essential parts of one and the same reality.

Dr. Bohr told the story of how he and Einstein had recently joined forces to find a way around the troublesome principle of uncertainty, according to which it is possible to determine either the position or the velocity of an electron but absolutely impossible to determine both the position and the velocity at the same time. . . . [Finally they were convinced] that the uncertainty principle is not the result of a lack in our knowledge but is an inherent part of the very mechanism of knowledge. . . .

"We have been forced to recognize", Professor Bohr said, "that we must modify not only all our concepts of classical physics but even the ideas we use in every day life—such as our ideas of space and time. Indeed, the features which are characteristic of atomic phenomena are of such a nature that they cannot be analyzed in ordinary mechanical and electro-dynamic concepts, and we have to renounce a description of phenomena based on the concept of cause and effect. However, since all measurements must ultimately be interpreted on the basis of classical ideas, we cannot desert or modify these ideas but are compelled to apply them also in our description of atomic phenomena.

"We are thus led to the description of the universe which is 'complementary', that is, in quantum mechanics the application of any classical concept will invariably exclude the simultaneous use of other classical concepts. Logically speaking, it is this peculiar 'complementarity' which leaves room for the atomic phenomena and the principle of uncertainty" (*New York Times*, June 23, 1933).

A student of Theosophy is not unduly impressed by the claim that the theory of complementarity is an astonishing novelty. The name is original, but it is only the most recent of a long series of efforts to solve the riddle of the Universe on a dualistic basis. No one who meditates on the elementary data of existence can avoid the conclusion that everywhere in Nature there are "pairs of opposites",—spirit and matter, subject and object, universality and individuality, good and evil, positive and negative, light and darkness, stability and motion, and so on. Wherever there is manifestation, there is an appearance of duality or of complementarity, if one prefer the term. The supreme purpose of the seeker of truth is, in one sense, to ascertain for himself whether duality is inherent in the eternal essence of things, or whether Nature only seems to be contradictory because our minds in their present state of evolution are incapable of reflecting its unity, and can represent it only as a complex with many contrasted aspects.

Dr. Bohr, if we understand him correctly, believes in the intrinsic duality of Nature itself. At least he seems to be convinced that even if there be a higher unity in which all contradictions are resolved, there will never exist a mind

capable of apprehending it. Certainly he does not conceive the possibility of a state of consciousness in which the opposed qualifications of existence are seen, as from the apex of a triangle, to be the truly complementary aspects of an indivisible unity.

Theosophy, on the other hand, distinctly affirms the possibility of such a state, and of its attainment here and now. Its literature assembles the evidence of those who have testified from their own experience that vision of the One is attainable. Theosophy does not deny that the human mind cannot really understand what true unity means; but its doctrine of evolution includes mind as well as matter, and, further, recognizes a faculty of perception which transcends all mental processes. How can the mind realize the essential oneness of all things before this oneness has been experienced personally by means of the synthesizing faculty of a higher consciousness?

#### ATOMIC PHYSICS AND THE ASTRAL WORLD

It should be obvious that the mind can only have adequate ideas concerning what has been experienced. This simple psychological fact explains the confused and contradictory theories and "models" which have succeeded one another during recent years, as science has made one effort after another to make more intelligible the data of atomic physics. The contemporary physicist seems actually to have touched the fringe of a world, which in its relation to our ordinary sphere of experience is, perhaps, best defined as "astral" or "etheric" or "alchemical". However, he does not perceive astral phenomena as they occur in an astral world. He becomes aware of them only as they are projected or reflected in the physical world to which his body, with its brain and five senses, are conformed. Their place of origin is hidden from him, as if this were located in another dimension. They come from a realm outside his zone of immediate contacts, and their laws are not identical with the laws of the gross material plane which he is accustomed to regard as the only real plane in the Universe.

However, as Madame Blavatsky insisted, science must blend physics with metaphysics, or it will sooner or later terminate in a labyrinth of inconsistencies, from which no escape will be possible. The real atom must be sought where it belongs, in a world that is metaphysical, in the sense that it is above or within the world of ordinary physical sense-experience. This does not imply that atomic phenomena emanate directly from some ineffably divine and exalted order of being. According to the traditional theosophical teaching, substance becomes manifest in a graduated scale of "emanations" or "hypos-tases", descending from a condition of ultimate subtilty, through a succession of progressive "condensations", into a condition of ultimate grossness and differentiation which is illustrated on this planet by so-called physical matter. The atom of physical research seems, indeed, to be "Matter on quite another plane of perception and being, and it can neither be analyzed by scientific apparatus, nor appreciated or even conceived by the scientific imagination unless the possessors thereof study the Occult Sciences." Certainly it is neither

"physical" nor "spiritual", as those terms are usually defined. We wonder what would happen if some heroic scientist were to conceive it as "astral" or "semi-astral". It is not unlikely that he might learn a great deal. In any case, he would be justified in adopting such a conception as a working hypothesis.

We are not in total ignorance of the astral world, if we accept the theosophical view that our psychic life is built by astral forces, and that the substance which clothes our thoughts and moods is drawn from an astral source. In brief, we may be said to have a certain *subjective* or "microcosmic" familiarity with astral states, and this should aid us to understand, in some degree, various statements which have been made about astral substance in its *objective* or "macrocosmic" condition.

In the first place, these statements suggest that subject and object, microcosm and macrocosm, are less sharply divided in the astral state than in the physical; that it is not always easy to discern where the perceiver ends and the object of perception begins. Thus the astral plane has often been represented as "critical", that is, as a "mid-world" between the spiritual and the physical. As subject and object are more or less blended there, so are the other pairs of opposites which are so evident in physical existence. For example, there is the duality of stability and motion. Astral substance is said to be plastic, fluidic, in perpetual movement; but it is also said to be the paradigm and matrix of form. It is as if the pairs of opposites, the contradictions of the physical world, developed by a process of bifurcation or branching out of an astral Nature, in which they appear to be fused together in a state which is neither pure unity nor pure duality, but which partakes of the qualifications of both.

These generalities may be tested in our normal psychic experience. Consider a dream, for instance. Can anyone say where the subjective factors of the dreamer's consciousness end, and the objective factors begin? He is vaguely aware of an environment in which all things seem to be in a critical or intermediate state. He is surrounded by forms perpetually emerging from and returning into formless zones of subconsciousness or superconsciousness. His mind is perpetually bifurcating, dividing itself, and yet he is in some way sensitive to the existence of a common source of all his varied mental states. He does not find it remarkable that he should be talking to some personage and that he should at the same time be the personage to whom he talks.

There are many analogies between these astral or psychic phenomena and the atomic phenomena which bewilder the physicist. The uncertainty principle is equally dominant in both, and there is the same lack of sharp demarcations, the same plasticity, the same convertibility of force into form and of form into force. If the scientist would condescend to use his imagination, not "scientifically" only, but poetically or creatively, he might recognize that there are definite psychological correspondences for most, if not all, of the contradictions of his quantum mechanics. The closest counterpart in objective Nature to his corpuscle that is also a wave, is an organism, a living creature, whose movements cannot be calculated though one can frequently guess aright the *probability* of their direction.

"The chief and most fatal mistake and fallacy made by Science, in the view of the Occultists, lies in the idea of the possibility of such a thing as inorganic, or *dead matter*, in nature" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 507). "The day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the 'Forces' *we* know of are but the phenomenal manifestations of Realities we know nothing about—but which were known to the Ancients, and by them worshipped" (*ibid*, I, 509).

The astral may be called the immediate model or archetype of the physical, but the astral itself can only be understood through knowledge of its own paradigm, the spiritual or divine. Strange as the suggestion may sound, we believe that there is only one final way of salvation for the man of science. He cannot be excepted from the common destiny of the human race. He must learn the truths of Divine Nature, before he can expect to understand physical Nature.

According to the immemorial tradition of the Mysteries, the Divine in Cosmic Nature is only known, in so far as one discovers the divine powers latent in the nature of man. Therefore, the scientist is invited to supplement his study of objective Nature with the study of the mysteries of his own Self. He should give heed to the ancient tenet that man is the microcosm of the Macrocosm; that as he enters into his heritage, man becomes a faithful copy of the Universe.

"The Spirit of Nature", said the alchemist, Trithemius, "is a unity, creating and forming everything, and by acting through the instrumentality of man it may produce wonderful things. Such processes take place according to law. You will learn the law by which these things are accomplished, if you learn to know yourself. You will know it by the power of the spirit which is in yourself."

#### THE REAL WORLD AND ITS SHADOW

The scientists' meeting seems to have been notable for its "discoveries". Probably most people must have concluded at some time or other, that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of", and that the world in which we live is only a shadow-world, an illusion. Indeed, most Indian philosophers are so saturated with the sense of the unreal and *mayavic* character of physical life, that they talk of little else. However, it appears that this venerable fact has not only been discovered, but for the first time has been proved by Professor Henri Pieron of the Sorbonne, through the application of the laws of quantum mechanics to the data of psychology.

It is best to let Professor Pieron speak for himself, as his ideas are reported in the *New York Times*, June 26, 1933.

The latest findings on the mechanism of sensation give positive proof, Dr. Pieron stated, that between us and reality there stands an insurmountable barrier, beyond which our knowledge may never pass. What we see, hear, touch, smell, taste, feel, think, or know, are merely shadows of objects but not the objects themselves. While this conclusion dates back to Plato, the proposition is now established on a much less debatable foundation. Its first scientific proof was furnished in the theory of sensation of Helm-



holtz. The latest evidence utilizes the revolutionary findings of quantum mechanics, hitherto applicable to light, X-rays, radio waves, and the like, in the study of the inconceivably minute quantities of that radiant energy, which, somehow, in the mysterious chemical laboratory of our nervous system become transformed into thought-processes. . . .

The explanation for the existence of upper and lower limits of sensation, and our total insensitiveness to phenomena, such as magnetism, has been found by experiment. Dr. Pieron said, to be due to the fact that not only is each particular type of sensation dependent qualitatively on a special neurone, or "telephone line", but that there exist special neurones also for the various intensities of the same sensation. Thus the reason we can distinguish between a dim light and a bright light . . . is because there are special separate neurones leading to special separate centres in the brain. . . . The reason that we do not see ultra-violet light, or feel the heat of infra-red rays, is because of the absence in the sensory cortex of the brain of special neurones by which alone these could become part of our sensations. . . .

The assemblage of facts gives positive proof to the reflection of Helmholtz that the representations which we form of things can only be symbols, or natural signs of objects, which we learn to use in regulating our movements and actions. All our sensations rest upon the circulation of electric charges in cells which stimulate each other, but for all of that we build up out of them a representation of the external world—a representation which is nothing more than symbolic, and as far removed from reality as the word which designates a sensation is from that sensation itself.

We may link Professor Pieron's theory with Dr. Bohr's. It suggests one reason why the "brain-mind", which in the last analysis can only reflect and elaborate the data of sense-experience, is unable to represent astral nature other than as a bundle of paradoxes. Certainly, as regards the physical world, Dr. Pieron is as right as Plato was. It is not a real world at all, but only a subjective and incomplete representation of a real world.

However, one is not obliged to assume that it must be permanently impossible for man to perceive reality, or even that his present perceptions do not bring him into contact with some degree of reality, though the measure of truth which they convey may be very small. As the alchemists taught, spirit and matter, the perceiver and the perceived, are two aspects of one unfolding entity, and each quality of matter becomes manifest as there is a development of the sense or perceptive faculty which has that quality as its object. In other words, the evolution of the earth proceeds *pari passu* with the evolution of man. Thus Eugenius Philalethes could say that men do not yet know the true or complete form of the earth, because men have not yet realized the true or complete form of their consciousness. The real earth is, as it were, still *in abscondito*, in an astral state beyond the threshold of knowledge for all save those few who have brought into activity a perceptive power which is only latent in the vast majority of mankind.

Dr. Pieron says that "under certain circumstances the limit of sensitivity of some of our receptor mechanisms is of a molecular order", for it has been demonstrated that "our eye is capable of seeing an amount of light which seems to represent a single quantum of energy, defined as that amount which is capable of being absorbed by a single molecule of light-sensitive substance." It is

interesting to compare this affirmation with Madame Blavatsky's statement that the basic substance of the animal man is molecular, whereas the basic substance of the enduring human personality is atomic. When the enduring human personality is completely embodied, it is reasonable to suppose that its body will be the seat of sensory "receptor mechanisms" which will have sensitivity of an atomic order.

There is a passage from *The Secret Doctrine* which casts a flood of light upon all these questions, and which also, like the words quoted earlier, has a prophetic quality.

The faculties, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and by the time that it fully develops the next characteristic—let us call it for the moment PERMEABILITY—this will correspond to the next sense of man—let us call it "NORMAL CLAIRVOYANCE"; thus when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension to explain the passage of matter through matter, and the production of knots on an endless cord, what they were really in want of, was a *sixth characteristic of matter*. The three dimensions belong really but to one attribute or characteristic of matter—extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that under any condition of things there can be more than three of such dimensions as length, breadth, and thickness. These terms, and the term "dimension" itself, all belong to one plane of thought, to one stage of evolution, to one characteristic of matter. . . . But these considerations do not militate in any way against the certainty that in the progress of time—as the faculties of humanity are multiplied—so will the characteristics of matter be multiplied also. . . . A *partial* familiarity with the characteristic of matter—Permeability—which should be developed concurrently with the sixth sense, may be expected to develop at the proper period in this Round. But with the next Element added to our resources, in the next Round, Permeability will become so manifest a characteristic of matter, that the densest forms of this will seem to man's perceptions as obstructive to him as a thick fog, and no more (I, 251-252, 258).

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*The doctrine of Cycles is one of the most important in the whole theosophical system, though the least known and, of all, the one most infrequently referred to.*

W. Q. JUDGE.

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*It is not only in heaven and earth, but above all in ourselves, that there are more things than all philosophies can contain.—MAETERLINCK.*

# FRAGMENTS

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. . . And I saw a road before me, the highway of life, leading from here to Eternity. It stretched on and upward, always upward, and in the far distance, rising as it seemed among the clouds, were the towers and battlements of some fair castle, from which a light shone forth in dazzling splendour. I marked the turrets glittering in their own radiance, shading my eyes with my hands, straining to see more plainly; and such a homesickness came over me, such a rush of yearning, that it seemed as if my heart would leave my bosom, and as if I could gaze no longer, though I could not cease from gazing.

There were others working in the fields beside me. One said, making swift strokes with his scythe: "Strange how this mirage comes now and again above our valley, some curious effect of light and atmosphere." His companion half grumbled: "It comes too often for my taste, distracting dreamers from their work, turning good labourers to idlers; here is enough to fill our days without sky-gazing." Some, hearing, laughed: "Well, we do not envy the visionary who sets out to find that Castle of the Clouds. Hard toil will be his, and a lonely death among the mountain crags as the end of it": then they glanced my way and lowered their voices. The first speaker said again, never ceasing his labours: "A curious trick of light and atmosphere; our scientific friends have explained it. But deluded souls have undertaken the journey; not often—now one, then another. Usually we never hear of them again, they are lost as you say, though I have heard men declare they had reached their goal, and had returned to urge others to a similar effort, so worth while they found it. The world has strange men in it who cannot follow the beaten track, but are the victims of their fancy. We must have patience with them."

And I, still gazing, shading my eyes with my hands to see more plainly, if might be, said to myself: Must not a man always follow his heart? Who can resist a love that possesses him? Who would not die were the journey denied him? O Life, O Way, O Beauty Eternal! I leave these fields though they ripen to harvest, I leave these hills, these companions, these joys and these sorrows,—all I leave for the far-off glittering turrets, that shimmer and burn in the light of the morning. Whatever the toil, whatever the pain that await me, whatever success or failure reward me at evening, one thing I desire, one alone is my longing. I go, unprepared, unadorned, where thy Vision compels me.

CAVE.

# THE LODGE AND THE PERSONAL SELF\*

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ONE central theme has run through all our discussions this season: the theosophic teaching of the existence of the great Lodge of Masters—the spiritual hierarchy that stretches without break from man to the Supreme—together with its corollary, that chelaship is a present-day possibility and fact. The Masters are not inaccessible; they may be found by such as seek them through the Path of aspiration and service. To-night, in our closing meeting, we are to try to see more clearly certain ways in which the acceptance of this doctrine must differentiate our thought from the thought of the world, our acts and life from the life of the world. We are, for the moment, to turn away from the Lodge to a consideration of ourselves, for it is upon ourselves that we have to work. If we are to draw near to the Lodge, it is we who have to move. We have to rise to the levels where they are. Even when they descend to ours, it is for the purpose of aiding us to climb to theirs. Heaven is not to be degraded to earth, but earth lifted to heaven; and the Path for each man must begin from just where and what he is.

Where and what are we? We may have thought we knew, but we do not find it easy to frame an answer,—for one reason, because we are uncertain as to what terms to use: to what standards, or “axes of reference”, the question can be referred. If we are not to take “here” for granted, we can only define it in reference to some “there”; and what “there” should we choose? The angels? or the beasts? or what?

We turn to our books for aid, recalling what *Esoteric Buddhism*, one of the earliest of them, has to say on the constitution of man. Of the seven principles listed, we are interested, particularly, in three, all designated by the word “soul”: *Kama Rupa*, the “animal soul”; *Manas*, the “human soul”, and *Buddhi*, the “spiritual soul”. Here our humanity is placed between the animal and the spiritual; and we have only to look within ourselves to see the truth of the classification. We share in all that we regard as normal animal life. The instincts and desires of the animal, for food and drink and sleep, for shelter and comfort and security, for the perpetuation of itself and of its kind,—all these are ours, and constantly press upon us. On the other hand, often less definite and concrete, but it may be even more insistent, we are aware of a spiritual will, of an “ought”, which we have to obey if we are not to be shamed, of an imperative that speaks through the voice of conscience, and which is in constant conflict with our animal desires. The simplest duty compels the surrender of ease; love, honour, loyalty outweigh life,—though it may not be without a struggle.

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\* From the notes of an address before the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, at 64 Washington Mews, New York, May 28th, 1932.

The Path for each of us begins in this struggle. It is the "here" where we are, in the midst of the conflict between the two "souls", if we choose so to call them, that lie above and below us. And "what" we are is determined by the part we play in that conflict. Our personal self and character are constituted by what we make our habitual reaction to these opposing forces of the spirit and the flesh.

This theosophic doctrine, which we recognize so readily in our everyday experience, is being reflected back to us from modern science with a curious twist, but in a form which we may find it interesting and illuminating to consider. It had its rise in the work of Jung, the Swiss psychologist, and has been growing rapidly in popular favour. Jung called it the theory of the "persona". He and his school begin, as Theosophy does, by pointing out that man's life is lived in the midst of conflict, and that this is its primary characteristic, human life differing from life in any other form in that it is dominated by interior conflict. In lower forms, even among the "social" animals and insects, such as the wolves or the ants and bees, it is supposed that there is a clear line of instinct, of accepted and established habit, which is followed as a matter of course without interior question and opposition. But in the human kingdom this is not the case. Man always sees alternate possibilities. He cannot escape the necessity of choice, and the constant exercise of his will on one side or the other. He acts from the centre of contending forces, and by an adjustment somehow achieved between these forces. The nature of the adjustment which he effects becomes his nature; but before it can be made in act, it must be made in imagination, and the picture which each man thus makes of himself in his own mind, his adjustment of himself to the opposite forces on either side of him, Jung calls his "persona".

As we have seen, this doctrine of the psychologists comes close to the teaching of Theosophy. There is substantial agreement as to the facts, but very marked disagreement as to the origin and explanation of the facts—though perhaps it is only fair to say that the psychologists have been less responsible for these explanations than speculative anthropologists and sociologists. They ask us to go back to the much overworked hypothesis of the "primitive man", whom they would have us view as an intense individualist, only slowly and painfully adapting himself to family and social life. Just how he became an individual without participating in family life, is not made very clear (it seems to be the old question of whether the egg or the chick came first, but for the purpose of the argument we have apparently to assume that both the egg and the individual chicken somehow arose before family life became at all prevalent). The primitive man was faced, therefore, with a problem which even now has not lost its difficulties. How was he to get along with his sisters and brothers and aunts? And how were they to get along with him? It is in these questions that we are asked to see the beginning of the inner conflict which marks our life, and which made man not only an individualized but a social and an economic animal. Of course your family is not going to let you live with them unless you have a minimum of respect for their wishes and feelings; so if you want to enjoy the greater security and ease of association with your fellows, you have, at least in some particulars,

to subordinate your own inclinations to theirs, sacrificing some possible personal benefit for the common benefits in which you are to share. Your individual thought, desire and effort have to be directed to ends that are not confined to, but transcend, your individual self. You have to suppress many promptings of your personal ego; submit yourself to discipline; and accept, and even lay down for yourself, a good many prohibitions. However much you may wish to play horse, for example, with "the old man's" club, it is not safe for you to take it off into the bushes where it cannot be found when he needs it. To touch it is "taboo"; and you violate "taboos" at your peril. Such, a very popular school of modern thought would have us believe, is the origin of all the interior prohibitions and inhibitions which make up a large part of what we call our moral nature, and which speak with the voice of conscience. They are the surviving "taboos" of a primitive savagery.

We have often had occasion to express our opinion of the fashionable theories of primitive man and primitive savagery. For the most part they are based on sheer assumption; but the student of Theosophy might grant all that they allege as fact, and still disagree, diametrically, with the inferences and conclusions drawn from them in so-called scientific thought. For once Theosophy has shown us the dual current of evolution—the descent from above matching the ascent from below—we can never thereafter blind our eyes, as modern science seems deliberately to do, so as to take the half for the whole. Of all falsehoods, the half-truth may be the most misleading, and this is as true here as elsewhere. It falsifies the whole picture and concept of man, to see him as rising from the slime, up out of merely animal existence, and to exclude all vision of that toward which he is rising—that which draws him up. And what do we mean, what do the scientists mean, when they speak of man having "risen" through evolution, unless it be that he has "risen" from the animal toward the spiritual, toward reason, toward the soul and divinity, incarnating more and more of the powers and qualities of the spirit as he develops a vehicle capable of manifesting them? The inner conflict, which Theosophy and the psychologists alike find fundamental in human life, is not the anachronistic survival from some evolutionary stage we should have left behind, as we are asked to believe. It is rather the origin and *modus operandi* of the whole evolutionary process,—the very means by which man has risen and must rise.

Perceiving this, we perceive that the process cannot have been purposeless or unguided; and if we have accepted the theosophic doctrine of the existence of the great Lodge, we know the agency through which this has been accomplished. The "taboos" and requirements of family and social life, the demands made upon man by tribal or national life, the profoundly transforming effects of love and altruism and patriotism, which lift him from self to the heroism of self-sacrifice,—these are seen as instruments designed to inculcate the spiritual ends which they so patently do inculcate. They are the outer means whereby the individual man is educated in the laws of the unindividualized portion of his being, in which he as yet functions imperfectly and blindly, through which he comes to recognize a Self that transcends himself, a greater, overshadowing Self

in which all mankind is One. They lead him to the acquirement of the possessions of that greater Self, the possessions which *Light on the Path* tells us are alone to be desired, that must be possessed by all pure souls equally; and to which Spinoza referred when he said that for himself he was "certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's".

Precisely the same facts, therefore, lead to diametrically opposite conclusions if viewed in the light of Theosophy, instead of in the half lights of modern "scientific" thought. Both show man's inner state as one of conflict, between man's moral sense and animal nature. Consciously or unconsciously, modern psychology, particularly the materialistic schools of sociology and psycho-analysis, would explain away this conflict by explaining away the moral sense, picturing it as but the survival of the superstitions and economic necessities of primitive savagery, into an enlightened age which should have outgrown them. The modern man who follows these schools, and listens to their jargon of "taboos", thinks of these as pertaining properly to Alaskan Eskimos or the cannibals of the southern seas; and so his half-truths, that are whole falsehoods, rob his moral nature of its virility and authority, and leave him defenceless before his animal propensities and appetites. In him, the current of evolution turns backward and sets against itself. In the student of Theosophy, on the other hand, everything he is taught must re-enforce his moral nature, and intensify its conflict with the animal, until final victory be achieved. For him there can be no surrender, no compromise. He cannot shirk the battle that is life.

It is possible here to appeal from these schools of psychology and anthropology to the more general—and far truer—findings of biology, whose elementary textbooks tell us that life is an organization of energy to overcome hostile energies; that it is designed to meet and overcome resistance, and to grow strong with the strength that it extracts from what opposes it. Wherever we see living things, growing things, we do see conflict, and opposition turned to gain as it is conquered. This but reaffirms the conclusion that we have reached from another approach. Instead of conflict being an accident of man's development and evolution, it is the very root and basis of life itself; and man here differs from other forms of life only in that he has drawn the spiritual conflict wholly into himself as the roots of his spiritual life,—just as the animal differs from the vegetable in that it has drawn into itself the roots of its physical life. Think, for example, of the tree, and of how marvellously it has devised an instrument and method for lifting its leaves from the ground up into the air, where they may get air and light all around them, and the full benefit of the rain. At the start, there is but a little shoot. How does it push itself up against the pull of gravitation? Why does it grow vertically and not at an angle? It is being drawn to the light, but in its response it uses the opposition of gravity. Balancing itself against it, it grows symmetrically, its weight over its base. Or, if that cannot be, then it twines its roots around some rock, strengthening itself against resistance. So it is with man himself. The fundamental basis and law of his

life is that he develops against opposing force; conflict, generously and valorously faced, is not an evil for him, but a good.

As a matter of fact and of our own experience, what is it in us that is growing and being transformed and strengthened by the inner warfare that we have to wage and the opposition that we have to overcome? Perhaps we may say, our will; or our vision of truth and concept of right. It is some subtle self, not the physical self, which is being developed and benefited,—though even the physical may share in the benefit when it ceases to act independently. It concerns us to recognize the nature of this subtle self, if we can do so; and so we come back to the question with which we started: what are we? There is another question which might enable us to answer this one: to what are we sensitive? what affects us? Years ago there was a tag of verse which street urchins used to throw at one another in answer to taunts and abuse: "Sticks and stones can break our bones, but words can never hurt us". Is that tag true, in our own experience? I think not. Rather does it seem the exact opposite of the truth; for if we ask ourselves what it is that has hurt us most in life, I think we should have to say, "words", or what lies behind words and which words can convey. The reason for this is that we are in fact formed of the very magical stuff with which words can deal and which they reflect. We are formed of desire and emotion, *Kama* and the *Kama Rupa*; and thought, and the images and pictures of thought, vitalized by desire, the *Mayavi-Rupa* and *Kama-Manas* or *Buddhi-Manas*; and by the ideal that lives in us and by which we live, moving us to loyalty and worship and the devotion which loses self in service of what is greater than self, *Buddhi*, the spiritual Soul and Will. All these things are subtle things and are affected by subtle things. When desire is met with contempt, and thought with ridicule, and affirmation by denial, and devotion with scorn, and loyalty with opprobrium, we are hurt and know that we are hurt, because the very stuff of which we are made—or conceive ourselves to be made—is being violently wrenched, or corroded as with acid.

We say the stuff of which "we" are made, meaning, of course, the personal self and what Jung calls the "persona". The word, like our word "personal", goes back to the Greek and Latin words for "mask", that through which the voice sounds,—the mask that the actor wore on the stage, depicting his part, hideous or beautiful, comic or tragic, according to the character he was to portray. His rôle, which he carried in his hand, told him what he was to say; but his mask told him and the audience alike what he *was*, and what both words and actions had to represent. For the play, the mask was the self, the picture that the actor had to fill. So, Jung points out, each man makes for himself a corresponding picture of the part he is to play and fill, his personal adjustment of himself to the opposing forces between which he stands. Always, even in the simplest motions, the imagination must precede the will; for the will can act only upon the moulds that the imagination makes for it. Therefore our first business is with the imagination and its pictures, and particularly its picture of ourself, our "persona". There can be no consistent playing of a part, if our concept of what that part is to be, is not clear and definite. So Arjuna, as he is shown to us



in the opening of the *Bhagavad Gita*, stood hesitating on the battlefield between the opposing armies, in each of which he saw his relatives and friends, because he could not picture himself as fighting against either. All that Krishna says is to make him choose his part aright and don the mask through which his will may work. Had he pictured himself differently, his actions would have been different, and *he* would have been different. For himself and for the world, in his own thought and in his effect upon the world, a man is what he holds himself to be, just as for the play, the Greek actor was the mask he wore; for according to his picture of himself will be the forces that he welcomes and uses, and those against which he fights and endeavours to overthrow.

Do we recognize ourselves now? Do we see that the personal self is indeed no more than a mask, nothing but a picture formed of desire and thought and will, a magical creation of our own, empty save as it may be filled by what is drawn to it from above or from below? I doubt whether we fully realize this as yet; but what I think we do see, or what at least it should be very easy for us to see, is that we are all of us constantly making such pictures of ourselves, and that our conduct, the part we play in life, is determined by them. In these pictures we are given to bedecking ourselves with many graces, dignities, and "rights"; and are often even more desirous of imposing recognition of them upon the wills of others than upon our own wills. Anyone such as we picture ourselves to be, should, we are convinced, be treated with respect and be accorded privileges; and when we are not so treated, we deem ourselves injured. Herein lies the origin of half man's discontent and misery. He mistakes the nature and function of his personality, his "persona". It is designed to serve as a mould for his own will, not for the wills of others; and therefore it has no "rights" but duties, and the greater the dignities we ascribe to it, the more rigorous is the *noblesse oblige*. It is, as we have said, the most empty of all things, vanity of vanities, nothing but a mask. And yet it is the most potent of all things. It holds our sense of self-identification, and imparts this to whatever it represents. It is the mould into which we pour our self-consciousness and life. It determines each day what we do in that day, and in each life what will be the harvest of that life.

What has this to do with the doctrine of the Lodge of Masters? And why have we given so much time to talking about it in our last meeting of the season? Because the picture of himself—the personal adjustment each effects toward the opposing forces between which he finds himself—ought to be, and inevitably will be, a very different picture if he believes in the existence of Masters, from what it is likely to be if he does not. If we think of the spiritual will and our moral sense as but the lingering effects of the "taboos" of primitive savagery, effects that have been carried over, but should have been left behind with the superstitions or necessities from which they are assumed to have grown, we shall be far less apt to listen to the voice of conscience than if we recognize in its dictates the guidance of our "Elder Brothers" and a "Heavenly Father", leading, urging, us toward the fulness and richness of spiritual life. In the one case, the moral sentiment and the Path to which it points are degraded and made to seem un-

worthy; in the other, they are exalted and lit with love, and made dear and desirable to us because of those who have followed them before us and have now returned to help us on. As Krishna taught Arjuna, so does Theosophy teach us, that we can neither escape the battle nor wish to do so, for it is our destiny—the Path that we have travelled from the dawn of evolution and the beginning of time—and in it we shall come to our highest good. By no other means can our aspiration be fulfilled. Even as the tree must raise itself against the force of gravity, to open leaves and blossoms to the sunshine and the air, so must we raise ourselves against the pull of the animal in us and the qualities of our lower nature, in order to open our souls to the life of the Spirit and realize, in it, our true being. And because this true being is a thing of consciousness and love and will, something flaming and moving from within, and not merely pushed about from without, so all that seems to oppose us, all the inner temptations against which we have to fight, all the outer circumstances that seem so often to limit and thwart us, all the hardship and suffering and denial that we may have to face,—all these things, and all things whatsoever, are but aids to us to grow, yielding their strength to us as we learn to master them; and that toward which we grow is not some cold abstraction of righteousness, but the likeness and fellowship of all that we most love, the Brotherhood of the Great of Soul, the Lodge of Masters and their chélas.

How are we to do this? By altering our present picture of ourselves, our present “persona”, which is petty and vain,—and vain means empty. It is self-created, it is sensitive, it is terribly vulnerable to attack, it is a womb of pain. We carry this picture around with us, and identify ourselves with it, so that we are never free from it, and whenever it is hurt we are hurt; and it is being hurt all the time. Yet it is false—as false as the crude drawing of a child. How shall we rid ourselves of it? It is all very fine to say, Stop making pictures of yourself; stop thinking of yourself at all. You will not stop thinking of yourself. If you did, the “self” in question would disappear. It has no other existence than this picture you make of it, and it knows this; and therefore it is fighting for its own existence in clamouring for your attention and in striving to focus your interest upon itself. So firm a hold has it upon its creator, that men will die rather than have it injured. Some day, we may have to look at this more closely, and see that it is well that it should be so—for nothing is without its rightful use and purpose—but that is “another story”; and here we see that the hold on us of this false picture is something from which we must, at all costs, free ourselves.

How are we to do it? There is but one practical way to begin, and that is to substitute a right self-identification for a wrong one. Line by line we have to correct what we have drawn amiss. We, who drew the picture, must now redraw it aright; no longer in the deformity of our untutored fancies and dazzled eyes, but as the Masters themselves have seen and embodied the fulness and perfection of spiritual reality. In them we have our model, and can copy it.

Since, therefore, as we are at present, we are bound to think of ourselves in some way or other, let us do it in relation to the Masters. Let us begin, in the battle which we have to fight, by looking to them for our orders, realizing that

we are not fighting alone, but in the warfare in which they too are engaged, since the goal to be won is the same, and the enemy the same, for the individual soul and for the soul of all mankind. Though the fight be within ourselves, it is thus none the less of universal moment and significance, and concerns the victory of the Great Lodge as well as our own. They, having conquered within themselves, have come back, risking all again, to help us to conquer also. Let us think of them, then, beside us, the perfect embodiment of all to which we aspire, calling themselves our "brothers", and leading us in the fight. There is our mirror; the mirror of inner, spiritual chivalry, where, looking at the Master, we can see the picture of what it is our birthright and opportunity to be, and what we must become. There we have the true picture of ourselves which must be substituted for the false. In the battle itself is our opportunity to do this; for as we act, so shall we become, and by obedience we may become like. Let us never forget that the Lodge is militant, and that it was through battle that the squire could win the spurs of knighthood and admission to the brotherhood of knights.

If we keep this in mind, we shall find it transforms both our view of ourselves and of our environment. We shall learn to welcome every obstacle and difficulty as an opportunity; for in calling forth the energies—the will and thought and labour—necessary for its overcoming, so much the more of ourself has been given to what we would become. As a man wills and desires, so he is; and even should he die before he succeed in overcoming the obstacles against which he contends, so that outwardly his life be no more than a stale-mate, yet if his will never swerve nor relax in its pressure, he will develop a force which at his death will take him, like an arrow loosed from the bow, straight to the mark of his desire.

This is the way, therefore, that we, who are students of Theosophy and know of the Masters, can, by turning our hearts and minds to them, correct the false picture that we have made of ourselves, and substitute for it a true one, no longer the creation of our own fancy, but reflecting the real being of our "Father in the Heavens", into whose likeness we aspire to grow. Being a real picture, it can be really filled; and thus we can become something other than an empty mask, a mere "persona". We shall not be able to do this all at once, but we can do it step by step; seeking in each moment the Masters' will and striving to carry it out, we shall find it progressively possible to think less and less of ourselves and more and more of the will we serve and the ideal we love and wish to further. In the end, all thought of self is lost in the consciousness of what is greater than self, and the picture which is filled in action is the picture of this greater Soul in which all souls become as One. With that, we enter into the nucleus of the universal brotherhood which the Society was formed to establish, and know that it, too, is one with the great Brotherhood of the Lodge.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

# ON LIVING BY PRINCIPLE

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TO stand for one's principles, to stick to one's guns,—do these words still have a meaning, or are they mere fossilized phrases indicative of loyalty and honour in a past that is no more?

*A fait accompli*, does that justify everything? When the burglar whom I resist, at last overpowers me and carries off my goods,—must I then, because he is a fellow townsman and of the same biological genus, dine at his domicile, content to see, *fait accompli*, my grandmother's brooch gleaming on his wife's bodice?

Are we to adopt the attitude of a mother who now stands conspicuously in the public view, and who is reported by the newspapers to have stated recently that we are living in new conditions, and must remove old anchors from our minds; that we must open our minds toward new arrangements; that if our young people through new combinations find happiness [as by rapid divorce], the elders should be more than content? What does such a speech reveal but that principles are no longer in vogue in America, even if anyone understands what the word, principle, means?

A century or so ago, to stand for principle was not yet obsolete, and an example from that epoch may aid in rescuing the practice from the stratum of fossils. Edmund Burke, philosopher and statesman, offers a conspicuous example of standing for principle; of standing even through the door of death that he might be found so standing at the bar of judgment.

Among the men of the Whig party with whom Burke's public life was passed, was the brilliant Charles Fox, of many amiable qualities despite much in his character that was gravely censurable. Twenty years Burke's junior, he had endeared himself to Burke as well as to the general British public. Side by side, they collaborated in the affairs of the realm, their official relation becoming one of personal friendship, shared too at the literary clubs by Dr. Johnson, Joshua Reynolds and others.

Burke was sixty when the Revolutionary movement in France forced itself upon the attention of Europe in 1789. Thanks to his high morality, his deep religious faith, and his clear thinking, Burke instantly recognized it for what it was, a new episode in the old Satanic campaign of revolt against God; man's declaration that it is "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven". It was this view of the French Revolution that is set forth with such eloquence in his writings, the view that, in the House of Commons, he endeavoured to share with the nation whose response to his passionate appeals was very slow, people wondering why one man should be so concerned over what was taking place at a safe distance, on the other side of the Channel. Fox was no exception; he could see no justice in Burke's denunciation of the French malcontents; on the contrary, he was stirred to admire their revolt: "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best", he said.

What would come to pass between two such men, separated not by a mere difference of opinion as to expediency, but by convictions as to moral right and wrong? Giving expression to his convictions one day in the House, Burke was interrupted and jeered by incredulous fellow Commoners, Fox being of their number, but stood his ground, retorting with the words of Lear: "The little dogs and all—Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me." At his age (62), he continued, a man did not like to risk the loss of long standing friendships, but it was his duty to state the truth as to conditions in France, and he would sacrifice everything to that duty. "There is no loss of friendship", said Fox, in a loud whisper. Burke paused for a moment, faced his friend squarely, and said: "There is loss of friends; I know the price of my conduct, I have done my duty at the expense of my friend. Our friendship is at an end." Leaving his place and the group with which he had for so many years worked, he walked across the hall, taking a new seat among a few who, he had reason to think, might prove like-minded.

That crisis occurred in 1790. Seven years later, Burke lay dying, broken by the sudden and totally unexpected death of his son, Richard (an only child), to whose association with himself in matters of state the father had for years been looking with ardent anticipation. Shortly after that death (1794), Burke was seen one morning in his park, pruning-shears in hand, walking dejectedly among the shrubbery, mournful words from Virgil on his lips, that no grandson of his would ever delight in the shade of those trees. Immediately, however, he checked his sorrow: "They grow to God", he said, and set about his task of pruning.

It was a lonely man who lay dying that summer of 1797. So many of the close ones had passed on, Johnson, Reynolds, "dearest Garrick", and, finally, his own son, Richard. Knowing his end to be at hand, Burke sent a last message to friends, begging their forgiveness for wrongs done, a message to all save Fox. None the less Fox believed the moment for reconciliation had come, —for does not death change all things?—and made a final effort, to which Burke, through his devoted wife, sent this reply:

"Mrs. Burke presents her compliments to Mr. Fox and thanks him for his obliging inquiries. Mrs. Burke communicated his letter to Mr. Burke, and by his desire has to inform Mr. Fox that it has cost Mr. Burke the most heartfelt pain to obey the stern voice of his duty in rending asunder a long friendship, but that he deemed this sacrifice necessary; that his *principles* continue the same; and that in whatever of life remains to him, he conceives that he must live for others and not for himself. Mr. Burke is convinced that the *principles* which he has endeavoured to maintain are necessary to the welfare and dignity of this country, and that these *principles* can be enforced only by the general persuasion of his sincerity. For herself, Mrs. Burke has again to express her gratitude to Mr. Fox for his kind inquiries."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The italics are added. To a friend in conversation, Burke had said: "My separation from Mr. Fox is a *principle*, and not a passion; I hold it a sacred duty, while the present disorganizing system continues in operation in Europe, to confirm what I have said and written against it by this sacrifice, and it is no trifling test of my sincerity. To me the loss is great; but to what purpose would be our meeting when our views and conduct continue so essentially at variance?"

Should we not expect fidelity to principle to be one requirement for entrance into the ranks of discipleship,—reverence for principle as a divine obligation to which it is a man's privilege and honour to sacrifice everything else? The reason for this requirement has been explained many times, but by no one with greater finality than by the author of *Through the Gates of Gold*:

. . . The soul of man is of that order of life which causes shape and form, and is unaffected itself by these things,—of that order of life which like the pure, the abstract flame burns wherever it is lit. This cannot be changed or affected by time, and is of its very nature superior to growth and decay. It stands in that primeval place which is the only throne of God,—that place whence forms of life emerge and to which they return. That place is the central point of existence, where there is a permanent spot of life as there is in the midst of the heart of man. It is by the equal development of that—first by the recognition of it, and then by its equal development upon the many radiating lines of experience—that man is at last enabled to reach the Golden Gate and lift the latch. The process is the gradual recognition of the god in himself; the goal is reached when that godhood is consciously restored to its right glory.

C. C. CLARK.

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*Let Virtue be esteemed wherever it is; and if it be eminent in one who is not Noble, let it meet with regard; for he has made himself Noble.*—FRA PAOLO SARPI.

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*Better is it to have a small portion of good sense, with humility and a slender understanding, than great treasures of science with vain self-complacency.*—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

# REINCARNATION AND PURPOSE

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THAT the purpose of life is the evolution of consciousness, is one of the fundamental principles of Theosophy. Each man is, in essence, a spark of the One Divine Consciousness, possessing potentially all the powers of the Divine; the goal of life is the development of these potentialities until, in the course of the ages, man himself becomes divine, "perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect". Obviously such an evolution of the soul is not a matter of three score years and ten, but of many millenniums and of thousands of lives. Without a belief in progressive evolution and in the re-incarnation of the individual soul, life must inevitably seem meaningless, and its inequalities unjust. This injustice disappears when one realizes that each man harvests to-day the fruits, bitter or sweet, of what he himself sowed, in this and in past lives, and will himself reap in the future what he sows to-day. It is thus that he learns his lessons. Through pain and effort and the struggle against evil on earth, he slowly develops his character. This struggle, and the effort to conquer faults and to acquire virtues, would have little meaning if, at death, we could all be transformed at once into a state of perfection and eternal bliss, irrespective of what we had or had not accomplished with ourselves here.

Of one thing we may be sure: Life is not meaningless. The Creator of the universe did not create it, or any part of it, in idleness or without a purpose. The whole manifested universe is a purpose of the Logos. Sir James Jeans recently suggested that the universe was the thought of its Great Architect, whom he sees as a pure mathematician. Mr. Judge wrote in the *Path* in 1892: "The universe is thought and is dominated by thought". Thoughts are living things, so we may think of the thoughts and aims of the Logos as great, living, spiritual Beings, endowed with divine life and intelligence; and the same thing is true, in their degree, of lesser purposes and of each one of us. Every created thing represents a Divine purpose. Every man is a purpose of the Logos, brought into existence by the Divine desire for the fulfilment of that purpose, and endowed potentially with all the powers of the Logos to enable him to carry it out.

Purpose is one of the essential characteristics of spirit. Purposeless spirit is unimaginable, almost a contradiction in terms. It is, in fact, often enlightening to substitute, in our thinking, the word "purpose" in place of "soul". The spirit that animates a man, and his purpose, are one and the same. As those first turning their attention to spiritual things, ask: "Have I a soul?", and, when they know, do not say: "I *have* a soul", but, "I *am* a soul", so, in the same way, we first ask ourselves: "Have I a purpose in life?", and then come to realize the truth: "I am a purpose, a purpose of the Divine, and, in the ultimate harmony of the universe, there must be something which I alone can contribute,

and without which it would remain incomplete. Had this not been the case, I should not have been brought into being at all."

If I am a purpose, what, then, is the purpose that I am? We do not now have to be greatly concerned with the ultimate goal of our creation, but there are intermediate goals which it is vitally important for us to discern and to attain. If a man starts to walk from New York to San Francisco, he knows, when he comes to the Mississippi, that his purpose requires him to cross that river. That is all he needs to know until he succeeds in accomplishing it. Once across, the next stage of his journey may require a totally different form of activity, but the underlying motive remains the same. There are subsidiary purposes facing each one of us, which must be attained before we can proceed. What they are in his own case, every man can discover, for to every one who seeks, the needed light is given—usually in the prosaic form of his daily duties. All these lesser purposes are aspects of one central purpose, the purpose of each one to find his Master's will for him, to train himself so that he may become capable of carrying it out, and then to carry it out.

The interests of Masters are not narrow, nor are they limited to what we think of as "religion". They embrace all the activities of life, everything that affects men and the development of their characters, whether through business, art, music, state-craft, war, education, or even sport, for team-play and good sportsmanship have their lessons to teach. It follows that those who set themselves to aid the work of the Lodge in the world, must be ready to serve in any field, whether as diplomats, generals, teachers, business men, or wherever they may be sent. Consequently, there is no power that is not of interest to them; no quality that they do not want to gain in order that they may have it available should their Master's service require it. They know, furthermore, that the soul has all powers potentially, and hence there is no power that they cannot develop in themselves with effort and perseverance. When one adopts this point of view, every incident that arises in life becomes an opportunity to acquire, or to strengthen one's hold on, some quality that one wishes to make one's own for all eternity. That which had seemed merely irritating, or painful, or dangerous, becomes a chance to gain patience, or cheerful endurance, or courage, or whatever it may be. This emphasis on the need for spiritual qualities is one of the ways in which a belief in re-incarnation alters one's entire standard of values. Nothing so weakens the desire for material possessions as the habit of thinking instinctively in terms of a series of lives, regarding any given personality or life as passing like a day in the experience of the soul. Possessions that must be left behind at the close of a day are hardly worth accumulating. On the other hand, if one thinks of oneself as facing new lives under new and perhaps difficult conditions, there are certain qualities of the soul that one would by no means wish to be without. It is well worth while to consider what these qualities are, and then set to work to make them so much a part of oneself that no deficiencies of heredity, environment or faulty education can deprive one of them.

Suppose that, as those who dislike the idea of re-incarnation might put it,



we were about to be pitch-forked into another life, landing, let us say, in the middle of Asia, with what qualities of mind and heart should we want to be equipped? Manliness, cheerfulness under adversity, chivalry, honour, sympathetic understanding of others, a sense of humour, resourcefulness, recognition of nobility with the power to love and admire it, and the desire to be with those nobler than ourselves, are among the many that come to mind. Everyone ought to make his own list. A man would certainly want to be inherently a gentleman, whether he were born in a palace or in a wattle hut. Perhaps we could sum it up by saying that one would want to remember who and what he is, and the purpose of his being. To carry forward one's ideals, one must, while he still realizes what they are, so work them into the fibre of his life that to fail to live by them would be a violation of every instinct of his nature. There are many activities quite "harmless" in themselves, which have no relation at all to the purpose of the soul, and hence are at best a waste of time and energy for one seeking to identify himself with the soul. No one whose eyes are in the least degree open to the purpose of his life, can afford to waste time. Like a man searching for his road in strange woods with darkness coming on, he must use every moment of light that he has, to find and familiarize himself with his path, so that even in the dark he can still follow it. Next time, his eyes may not open.

While it reveals the need for speed in certain directions, in others a belief in re-incarnation helps to bring patience and contentment with our own outer lives and with what may perhaps seem to be the narrow lives of those we love. Does a man, tied to a desk, long to travel the seven seas "for to admire and for to behold" the wonders of the world; or, required to dig ditches for a living, does he yearn to study music or painting? Never mind. If not in this life, in another. The world will still be there to be seen, and music, painting, and all the wide experiences of life will wait for a better day.

Of course, we are not "pitch-forked" into another life, landing among strangers in a strange land. The universe is a universe of purpose and of love. The idea of re-incarnation would be intolerable were it not for the fact that love is the strongest bond there is, and inevitably draws together those who truly love, inevitably draws us to what we love. Groups re-incarnate together, and those who really love are drawn to one another again and again, life after life. It has been said that this law works down so that even a devoted dog may re-incarnate almost immediately so as to be once more with his beloved master. Nothing in the universe can separate us permanently from what we love.

Life not only unites us with what we love; it also unites us with what we desire; which, in view of the character of most of those desires, is rather a terrifying thought. Desires as well as qualities are carried over with us from life to life. Here again a man is wise to ask himself what desires he is harbouring within himself, wishes which, perhaps, he has no intention of seeking to gratify in this particular life, but which none the less he permits to remain within him, and so will carry forward into his next birth. As we grow wiser, we shall learn to be afraid of thoughtless desires. Life has a terrible way of granting them.

It is one of its methods of showing the man, by making him eat the bitter fruit thereof, that that particular wish is not what he really wants, so that next time he may choose more wisely. That is what Karma is: training in seeing what is and what is not one's true desire, training in making right choices. Every quality that we want to gain can be described as the ability to make and to carry out a right decision, when faced by circumstances that call for the exercise of that quality. Courage is the ability to choose to go on, irrespective of danger, and so with all other qualities. The choice is really between giving expression to our own desires, the desires of the soul, or to the lower impulses, the ambitions, passions, etc., that enter the personality from the psychic sea in which we are all immersed, but which succeed in making us believe that they originated in us and are our own. In time we learn what we do and what we do not want, what is and what is not in accordance with our true nature. The desire of the soul, our real self, is to express itself, to build up an instrument through which it can express itself and all of itself. The soul lives out its nature by fulfilling its purpose. There is no difference between the self-expression of the soul, rightly understood, and the carrying out of the purpose of the Logos—the soul *is* that purpose. The scientific basis of ethics lies in this fact: that the true moral laws—which are the “will of God” for the soul—are identical with the laws governing its growth and self-expression, so that an infraction of the moral law is a crime against the growth of the soul.

Some years ago, a woman who greatly disliked the idea of re-incarnation, asked a member of The Theosophical Society if he “really believed that we come back again inside of somebody else”. He laughed and assured her that we come back inside of ourselves, but when he came to think it over, he was not so sure that she was not right. How many of us can say that we are “inside of ourselves” at the present minute? We are a purpose of the Lodge. Are we inside a purpose of the Lodge? Each man is inside his own personality, or rather, inside the personality that he has built up through the thoughts, motives and desires which he has habitually entertained and believed to be his own. In very few cases were they really his own, that is, the thoughts and desires of a purpose of the Lodge. For the most part, they were motives and wishes that swept over him from outside himself, to which he gave admittance and with which he identified himself. These outer desires wall the soul around and shut it into a prison. It can only express itself through the personality, and if that personality be composed of purposes opposite to those of the soul, all expression is blocked. When a man first catches a glimpse of his true purpose in life, and realizes what is his heart's desire, he is appalled by his own inability to carry it out. He finds that he is in truth “inside of somebody else” and must break his way out. It is out of this prison that the “Gates of Gold” open.

Much can be learned from an effort to find the element of truth in the objections to the idea of re-incarnation. One of the most common is the question: What is the good of having lived past lives if we can remember nothing of them? One of the many occasions on which that question has been asked, was at a meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society a number of

years ago. The air of triumph of the visitor who asked it, made it apparent that she felt she had discovered something that the members of the Society had never thought of. One of the older members asked in reply if she could remember what she had done before she was three years old. Yet had she not learned to walk, to talk, to see and to understand what was said to her during that period?—acquisitions whose value to her to-day did not in any way depend on her memory of when or how she had acquired them. It is not the memory of individual occurrences that is of importance, but that the lessons they are meant to teach should become so much a part of us that we act on them instinctively, in this and in future lives. As we have said, every incident is an opportunity to learn a lesson, or to gain a power that the soul needs in order to carry out its purpose. The point is to be alert to the opportunity. Suppose, for example, a business man, striving to put into effect principles which he believes to be right, finds that day after day he has to go into harassing meetings where he meets bitter opposition, criticism and misrepresentation; he may feel that life is being very unkind and unjust to him; or he may realize that he is being given an opportunity to learn tact in handling men, to disregard himself and his own feelings, to think only of what he is trying to accomplish, and so to gain entire impersonality in working for it. Those are qualities that he will need in his Master's service, and he may well feel grateful for a chance to acquire them.

There is, however, truth in the objection. A man may profitably ask himself how much good his present life will do him in his next one. How much of it is he living from the point of view of the soul? In how many of his activities is his soul interested? What is there in them that the soul *can* remember, or would have the least wish to remember? The soul is interested in carrying out its purpose, in living out the purpose that it is. How many of our activities from minute to minute have any relation at all to that purpose, and so to the soul? The soul must incarnate before it can re-incarnate. It incarnates to the extent to which it dominates, and succeeds in expressing itself through, the personality. If in this present life we cannot identify ourselves with our real selves, or perceive who and what we are, how can we possibly expect to look back across the bridge of death and rebirth, and recognize ourselves in memory? It is the purpose that a man is, that constitutes the line of continuity binding his series of lives together. As he strives to carry that out, he comes more nearly in touch with the consciousness of the soul, and with its memory of other lives in which he also strove for the same end. At the same time, he makes it possible for this life to be remembered in the future. If, on the other hand, he can find neither purpose nor continuity in his life to-day, and if ninety-nine per cent of his thoughts and activities have no relation at all to the soul, what is there in his life worth remembering?

J. F. B. M.

# RIGHT SELF-IDENTIFICATION

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WE have frequently been told that students of Theosophy should learn to express its wonderful truths in all religious tongues—to the Buddhist, in terms of Buddhism, to the Christian, in terms of Christianity, and so on round the circle, according to the need and mental background of the person addressed; and as most readers of the *QUARTERLY* are in contact with an environment almost exclusively Christian—nominally Christian in any case—it should be serviceable to them to present a familiar Theosophical truth in a manner and through a terminology with which Occidentals are already more or less familiar.

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Some sixty years ago, a new tutor came to an undergraduate lecture-room of Balliol College, Oxford. His predecessors had been of the clergy, and he, being a layman, hesitated to follow the custom of choosing a religious subject on the eve of Holy Communion. But he decided to use the opportunity to try to penetrate the cloak which he felt theology had wrapped around St. Paul's interpretation of the Death and Resurrection of Christ, and to suggest that the methods emanating from the resulting discoloration involve, in Paul's view, the wisdom of the world, of the "carnal" or natural man—the personal self—in place of Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God (*Christos theou dunamis kai theou sophia*).

The tutor's name was Thomas Hill Green. His address on that occasion was not published until after his death, under the title, *The Witness of God*, with a Preface by Arnold Toynbee. Professor Green was a metaphysician, a devoutly religious man and a fearlessly independent thinker. It is evident that, though he may have known nothing of Theosophy, he had, as a student of St. Paul, grasped that Initiate's doctrine of Right Self-Identification, and, in his lecture, strove to convey it to his students.

The gist of Professor Green's interpretation may be given in his own words as follows:

"Christ was that Second Man, who is the Lord from Heaven. He was God's power and God's wisdom. God was in Him, so that what He did, God did. A death unto life, a life out of death, must, then, be in some way the essence of the divine nature—must be an act which, though exhibited once for all in the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, was yet eternal—the act of God Himself. For that very reason, however, it was one perpetually re-enacted, and to be re-enacted, by man. If Christ died for all, all died in Him: all were buried in His grave to be all made alive in His resurrection. It is so far as the Second Man, which is from Heaven and whose act is God's, thus lives and dies in us, that He becomes to us a wisdom of God, which is righteousness, sanctification,

and redemption. In other words, He constitutes in us a new intellectual consciousness, which transforms the will, and is the source of a new moral life."

Still more simply stated, the tutor sought to explain to, or, rather, to remind his audience that the life in every human being is God's life; that Christ came to show God to man; that He could do this only by the life He lived and the death He died, deliberately thus living and dying that He might for ever and in actual fact live in the hearts of His children. He had indeed always been there (the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"), but now this mystery, hid from the ages, was at last made known: Christ *in us*, the hope of glory; Christ *in us*, inviting us to self-identification with Him, as our only real Self and immortal being.

This is why St. Paul, writing to his "churches", where gross abuses and sins had sprung up, while rebuking these unsparingly, still addresses his converts as saints (believers), appealing to their Real Self, throwing his whole impassioned effort into persuading them to Right Self-Identification. "What? know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God is in you, and ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price?" He *must* save them from his own earlier, bitter, and (as he tells us) fruitless struggle against sin, knowing that this brought no power to the will, and only defeat through the virus of the personality; whereas, by recognizing the Christ within, by acknowledging Him, they would become more than conquerors *through* Him,—would become, in manifestation as well as in fact, "members of Christ, the children of God and inheritors of the Kingdom of heaven", as the Christian Prayerbook renders it in the Baptismal service. What Christian denies all this? None. But do they all realize that they have both the model and the power *within* themselves, "whereunto," Paul says, "I also labour, striving according to His working which worketh in me mightily." And if someone should say: But we have not St. Paul's passion,—well—"The life of prayer is the Christ-life, the life of which Christ is at once the source, the dynamic and the goal",<sup>1</sup>—which ought to help us to a consideration of this "Mystery hid from the ages which is Christ in us, the hope of glory." Such consideration *is* prayer, and if it is difficult for us owing to the inertia and deadness in which we have buried ourselves, then let us remember Keble:

"There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;  
It fits thy stature now;  
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,  
'Twill crush them by and by."

Z.

<sup>1</sup> Dean Inge in *Speculum Animae*.

# MANAS, AND BEYOND

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**P**ROGRESS, whether spiritual or otherwise, is a two-fold operation. It is initiated and continued by leaving something behind—often what has been counted an asset—while carrying forward a higher aspect of that something, or the value of a lesson derived from its use.

A child learning to walk, first helps himself to his feet by holding to a chair and, for a time, walks around the chair, using it as a support. One day he strikes out for himself. He leaves the chair behind, while retaining the sense of balance acquired during his use of it as an aid. So the child automatically discards a necessary, though temporary, help in order to carry forward the power of locomotion. Become a youth, he pursues the same method in his studies. In his study of literature, for example, he reads various kinds of prose belonging to different periods of literary development. As he leaves each period, he carries forward, because of it, a background which otherwise he would not possess. He studies the structure of paragraphs; learns syntax; and, minutely dissecting words, studies etymology. He proceeds to verse, and learns to scan it. Then, one day, he comes upon a poem so rich in its appeal that it causes to vibrate within him a chord which was not touched by the prose and verse studied previously. He *feels* the poem as a whole. He *lives* it. Because of it, life is more exalted. To him the poem is too beautiful and sacred to be broken into separate parts. That would spoil its completeness. He does not study its individual words and phrasing. He leaves behind that which analyses and reasons. Yet because of his studies of syntax, of etymology, his practice in scanning, he carries forward the faculty of a deeper and broader appreciation than otherwise would have been his.

The child discards the chair, the youth, certain mental props. So the man who would be a disciple must become as a little child, be born again, and in childlike faith learn to "stand *alone* and uninfluenced by other men or events". He must gain a physical, moral and mental equilibrium. As he proceeds—becomes a "youth" in the spiritual sense—he reaches a stage where the qualities of the heart must become positive to those of the mind, if he would continue toward spiritual maturity. He must awaken within him the higher and true heart-aspect of feeling, aspiration, love, rather than continue to rely on their lower counterparts which, however valuable as guides they may have been, must be superseded by deeper and higher aspects of themselves. The "Eye" Doctrine must give way to the "Heart" Doctrine. Understanding is not a quality of the intellect, as is commonly supposed, but of the heart. "The pure in heart" shall see God. To the pure in heart, to the simple of heart, to those perfected in devotion, the Master comes. The intellect may help to *cognize* the Lodge, but the intellect alone cannot *contact* the Lodge.

Theosophical philosophy postulates a fundamental Unity, a Cause, and

shows duality as the result of the manifestation of the Unity, the Cause. Wherever there is cause, there is effect. As evolution proceeds outward and downward, that which is effect on one plane is cause to the plane next below. When the turn of a cycle has been reached, as is the case at present, and an inward and upward progression is under way, the reverse process is operative: instead of working from cause to effect, action and consciousness rise from dealing with effects to dealing with their cause, the latter becoming, in turn, recognized as an effect in relation to a cause to be reached on the plane next above. So it is said that man lives in a world of effects, which manifest as pairs of opposites, such as good and evil, noble and ignoble, beauty and ugliness. As these two opposing forces contend in the world around him, so they meet within man and contend, one against the other, for supremacy.

In the table listing the seven principles of man in *The Key to Theosophy*, Manas is shown as gravitating, that is, oscillating, between Buddhi, the spiritual soul, and the Kama Rupa, the seat of animal passions and desires. It is there said that the future state and Karmic destiny of man depend on whether Manas gravitates more toward the Kama Rupa or to Buddhi, "the individual spiritual aspirations of Manas" assimilating Buddhi and being absorbed by it. As long as Manas continues to oscillate between the two poles of man's nature, it may be thought of as an effect produced by the interaction between Buddhi, symbolic of the "Heart" Doctrine, and the Kama Rupa. It is to this effect that so much attention is given to-day, rather than to the opposite poles of man's nature between which it oscillates. Viewing Manas as an effect, it is not difficult to see the fallacy of modern systems of education which put entire stress on its development, especially as, in its oscillating, Manas is more apt to gravitate downward toward the Kama Rupa than upward to Buddhi.

The reason modern educational systems concentrate on the development of Manas—which is dual in its function—should be clear to all students of Theosophy. Because it is clear, does not mean that it is right. As Races and sub-races evolve, the sense and the principle peculiar to each is marked for special development. Evolving at present is the fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root Race, so the development of the corresponding principle should be most marked, which principle is the fifth, Manas or mind, counting from below upward. It is obvious that Manas, or mind, should come in for special attention during this fifth sub-race cycle within the larger Fifth Root Race. As usual, however, man has misinterpreted and materialized the purpose. So modern educational systems turn out purely intellectual progeny whose mental ability is used for the gratification of personal desires and passions, whereas the real purpose of the present favourable opportunity to develop Manas should be to cause it to gravitate more towards Buddhi, and thus help prepare the way for the birth of the new sixth sub-race. Therefore, the present duty of the disciple is to work in the opposite direction from that of modern educational systems, and thus, among other things, help to restore an equilibrium, and form, or keep intact, a contact with the Great Lodge of Masters.

The transfer from the purely mental to the Doctrine of the "Heart" is the

thesis of *The Voice of the Silence*, and is detailed specifically in what is said regarding the Seven Gates through which the disciple must pass. It will be seen that the requirements of the first three Gates are largely mental, or exoteric, whereas progress through the fourth, or middle, Gate is of the heart, and is esoteric. It is here the disciple meets and must overcome the "temptations which do ensnare the *inner* man." This fourth, or middle, Gate, this turning-point, is of particular present importance to the disciple. Man in his evolution has passed the halfway mark of a major Yuga, and is headed back towards "home", difficult as it may be to realize this from what one sees going on about him. The Viraga Gate marks a somewhat similar point in the progress of the disciple, a transfer from the exoteric to the esoteric. It is at this Gate he so easily may fail, and thus forfeit the hard-earned prizes already won.

All religions, philosophies and sciences, rightly understood, point to the royal road of Love. They show that "the small old Path" which leads to the eternal is found, entered and travelled, only as the heart becomes positive to the mind; only as Manas gravitates upwards to Buddhi, assimilates it and becomes absorbed by it; only as Manas ceases to be an effect of the interaction between the two natures in man by becoming at one with the Higher; only as man seeks out "the Rajah of the thought sensations"—the Kama Rupa, in the terms being used—and, withdrawing the force from it inward and upward to Buddhi, changes the polarity of his nature. Not until this has been done, at least in some measure, can the eyes "be incapable of tears", the ear lose "its sensitiveness", the voice lose "the power to wound", and the feet of the soul "be washed in the blood of the heart". "The power must retire into the inmost chamber."

It is not that the disciple should neglect the intellectual, it is not that he should cease to keep Manas informed; but that is not his objective. He should read and study theosophical literature assiduously, or the mind will become slack. The mind is kept open by the reading and study of spiritual literature, and it is only the spiritually open mind which can gravitate upward to Buddhi and eventually become conjoined with it as the Buddhi-Manasic consciousness, which is, at once, within and above the conflict taking place between the two opposing forces within man, instead of being entirely immersed in the conflict as is the Kama-Manasic consciousness. Being above the conflict, which has not ceased, viewing it from a vantage-point, it is possible to deal with it intelligently.

The force behind the Kama Rupa must be drawn inward and upward so that the Rupa, as such, deprived of nourishment, eventually may die as an entity. From the Kama Rupa as a base and with Buddhi as an objective, the disciple must erect, section by section, what may be likened to a scaling ladder, for want of a better simile to describe the Antaskarana, the way or bridge up which the Kamic force must be indrawn and updrawn to Buddhi; the disciple being aided from above by the *draw* of the force descending. In these terms the Antaskarana is an interior Jacob's ladder.

When the force has been indrawn and updrawn to Buddhi, and it may take years or incarnations to accomplish this, and the Buddhi-Manasic conscious-



ness is formed, the process must be reversed. Working from the Buddhi-Manasic plane, the disciple must draw the scaling ladder, section by section, upward and away from its Kama-Manasic base, until the ladder ceases to exist as a means of communication between Buddhi and what was the Kama Rupa. He must "sacrifice the personal to the Self impersonal, and thus destroy the 'path' between the two—Antaskarana—the highway of sensations". Toward the beginning of *The Voice of the Silence* it is said, "The Mind is the great Slayer of the Real. Let the Disciple slay the Slayer." This has particular bearing on the accomplishment of the Viraga Gate, the phase in the development of the disciple which marks the turning-point from the exoteric or purely intellectual conception, to the esoteric or way of heart-understanding. Yet Manas "means, when unqualified, the sentient reincarnating principle in man". Surely, then, it is not meant that Manas, as such, is to be slain. No; for to slay Manas would be to slay self-consciousness, and the disciple's attainment must be accomplished with full consciousness. It is the lower aspect of *qualified* Manas which the disciple must slay: Kama-Manas. He must leave behind in order to carry forward, somewhat as the child ceases to rely on the chair while learning to walk. He must transmute, cease to depend on those aspects of Manas which weigh, analyse, debate; he must raise the lower mortal thought to the realm of the immortal, somewhat as the youth with the appealing poem merged himself into the spiritual entity by quitting analysis in favor of synthesis. It is on the higher aspects of feeling, of aspiration, of love, that Manas gravitates upwards to Buddhi, eventually becoming conjoined with Buddhi, the spiritual Ego, to form, in these terms, the self-conscious reincarnating Spiritual Ego.

When the Lord said to King Solomon, "Ask what I shall give thee", Solomon replied, ". . . I am but a little child: I know not *how to go out or come in*. . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." Because he asked "an understanding heart", the Lord gave him that and much more. The disciple must judge his "people" wisely: his thoughts, his words, his deeds. Man cannot dream himself into discipleship. Either he is a disciple in fact, in the practicalities of life, or he is not a disciple. Of such an one it is written in *The Gates of Gold*, "He utters no idle word, he does no unconsidered action, he neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult."

The disciple accomplishes his end by means of meditation; supplemented by intelligent action, based on right self-identification and supported by devotion.

G. M. W. K.

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*That God may enter into us, the creature must depart.*—J. THAULÈRE.

# MAHAYANA BUDDHISM

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## II. TRUE AND FALSE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

*In truth, there is nothing else but, He and the whole world does not know Him. How, then, has this strange folly of the world arisen, which causes men to cling to their little selves that do not really exist and to leave completely on one side. That which is?—ASANGA.*

THE cosmological and psychological doctrines of the Mahayana do not constitute a mere collection of intellectual speculations. They respond to the practical needs of those who dedicate themselves to the Bodhisattva ideal. The Mahayana sages did not intend to invent one more philosophical scheme, for India already had more metaphysical systems than she needed. So far as was possible in mental terms, they tried to indicate and to explain the nature and laws of the inner world to which the disciple may gain access.

The inner world is described as the domain of pure, undivided consciousness or "Mind-only" (*cittamatra*). It is contrasted with the outer world of our ordinary experience, where consciousness imagines itself to be limited and divided. The true "self-nature" of every being dwells in the inner world, and is one with the "self-nature" of all that is; it is Buddhahness (*buddhata*)—from which it follows that, in truth, the *real man* is Buddha, potentially if not actually. Indeed, the purpose of evolution is said to be the realization of the Buddhahness latent in every drop of the universal *alaya*, the great Ocean of Being. The development of this process is called "inner self-realization" (*pratyatmagocara*). The outer world itself, the nursery of all human illusions, becomes divinely significant, when it is seen to be the field in which the seed of Buddhahness is planted. Thus, the mother of Gautama Buddha bore the name of Maya,—as if Wisdom could not pass from a passive to an active condition, without the aid of the "magical power" that transforms the One Life into the appearance of a divided and manifold existence.

To affirm the absolute non-being and meaninglessness of physical existence, is often supposed to be characteristic of Eastern thought. As a matter of fact, the great sages of the Orient had the profoundest reverence for Nature as the cosmic principle presiding over the birth of beings in all worlds. When they defined the manifested Universe as Maya or Illusion, they implied that it has no "self-existence" apart from consciousness; that it is unreal in the sense that a shadow or an echo or a picture is unreal. A painting of the Bay of Naples is obviously not the same thing as the Bay of Naples itself, but only a reproduction of the impression which the Bay of Naples made upon the artist. If it be a work of genius, it may give us the illusion of actually being there; but the illusion only becomes serious for us, if we lose the awareness that it is an illusion.

That is precisely the way in which we react to the World-Illusion. We habitually think of it as real in itself, not recognizing that we are contemplating a picture, a representation, an image, a realistic dream.

The Madhyamika School of the Mahayana developed this conception of the dream-like quality of the manifested world into the so-called *sunyata* doctrine, that all things are empty and void. The underlying idea is that the only permanent substance in the Universe is the one and undivided stream of life. The forms and personalities which bulk so large in our notion of existence are nothing more than momentary views which living Nature takes of itself. Always changing, never the same from instant to instant, they are like ripples on the surface of the ever-flowing stream of life, nor can they be imagined apart from the medium in which they occur.

Other Mahayana philosophers, in particular those of the Yogacharya School, identified the stream of life with the "Essence of Mind". This "Essence" remains eternally itself, and yet is for ever seeking Self-consciousness. It is passive in its inmost nature, for no potentiality can be added to or subtracted from it; but it is the source of all cosmic activity when the "desire" to realize the potential awakens in it at the dawn of every cycle. It "becomes", during the periods of evolution, the stuff of which the objective worlds are made, and at the same time, the subject which, contemplating these worlds, sees its nature reflected therein, and thus enters into self-knowledge. But it only acquires this self-knowledge as a permanent possession, in so far as it perceives itself to be one with the inmost Essence of Mind that endures without change as the indivisible root of both subject and object. As Kuroda says: "In contradistinction to the fallacious phenomena of existence, there is the true Essence of Mind. The Essence of Mind is the entity without ideas and without phenomena and is always the same. It pervades all things and is pure and unchanging . . . so it is called *bhutatathata*—permanent reality."

These large metaphysical conceptions seem to have been formulated as a commentary upon one of the fundamental propositions of the Buddha, that real self-consciousness does not involve isolation or "separateness" (*niratmana*). This teaching was directed against the general assumption that the forms of manifested existence are not images or reflections of reality, but realities themselves; but its special significance is that it placed the responsibility for that assumption where it belongs,—in human egotism and self-will. The Buddha never ceased to testify that the delusions to which men succumb are not due to the action of external forces, but to their own self-created ignorance, to their abuse of the natural functions of mind and body. We convince ourselves that we are separate egos, and the presumed reality of other separate egos and of an "external" world is then accepted as a matter of course.

The Buddha defined what is commonly called human nature as a compound of five primary *skandhas*: *rupa* (form, body), *vedana* (sensation, feeling), *sanjna* (thought), *sanskara* (predisposition, desire, dynamic imagination), and *viññana*, the various meanings of which will be considered later, and which here may be translated loosely as the "life-energy" that binds or seems to bind the other

*skandhas* into an entity. The Buddha said that the wise man should affirm, as regards his body, his sensations, his thoughts, his desire and imagination, his life-energy: "This is not mine; I am not this; this is not a [real] self". He listed four heretical opinions concerning the relationship between the real man and each of the five *skandhas*. For instance, the disciple should beware of thinking: "I am this body; I have this body; this body is the essence of me; the essence of me is in this body."

True Buddhism, as Madame Blavatsky said, is a restatement of the same doctrine which had been the basis of the older Indian teaching of the Upanishads. The identical origin of these two great expressions of the Wisdom-Religion is further confirmed by any detailed comparison of the Mahayana *sutras* with the treatises attributed to Shankara Acharya, the founder of the Vedanta and the greatest of commentators upon the Upanishads. The only difference is one of terminology. For example, in the Vedanta, *atman* signifies the substratum of spiritual consciousness underlying all the manifestations of individual life, and is said to be one in essence with the *brahman*, that is, with universal consciousness. In the minds of Buddhists, however, *atman* came to mean the human individuality wrongly conceived as an unchanging entity, permanently isolated from the rest of the Universe. That explains why we meet with so many derogatory references to the *atman* doctrine in the Mahayana scriptures. It stood for the idea of the ego which they regarded as the source of all evil. It often happens that the most sacred word of one religion assumes a connotation the reverse of sacred, among the devotees of another faith,—like the *deva* or bright spirit of the Hindus, which became the Zoroastrian *dev* or devil.

Like the great Initiates of the Upanishads, the Mahayana sages do not argue that the sense of being a personality does not seem real to the man who experiences it. The lunatic who fancies that he is Napoleon, is Napoleon on the plane of his fancy but nowhere else. So the personality is a real entity only in the estimation of him who identifies himself with it. When it is truly discerned, it is known to be neither more nor less real than a mirage, than "a palace of the Gandharvas". Like a figure seen in a dream, it is an invention of consciousness into which is breathed for an instant the breath of life. Such a thing is, perhaps best described as neither real nor unreal, for it is impossible to enclose it in any category, either of being or of non-being.

When Buddhism speaks of the egolessness (*niratmana*) of all things, this must be understood . . . in the sense that while all things have their characteristic marks, they are without self-substance (*atman*). Inasmuch as the cow is not the horse and the horse is not a cow, they are quite distinct one from the other. Their individuality is to be reckoned with, but as to each possessing any substance in itself, or anything that remains eternally so, except its appearance (*lakshana*), that cannot be. Therefore, things in one sense are as they are, but in another sense they are not. . . . The *Lankavatara* proceeds to say that the ignorant and confused use their own way of discrimination (*vikalpa*) to grasp the theory of non-ego, but as existence is really beyond any system of categories, the Tathagata's wisdom alone is capable of penetrating into reality (D. T. Suzuki: *Studies in the Lankavatara Sutra*, pp. 135-136).

As will become clear later, the Mahayana philosophers do not assume that personality altogether disappears even in the Absolute, even in Paranirvana. They were too wise to pretend that any attribute can be excluded from Paranirvana. If it be impossible to imagine what personal consciousness is like there, it is none the less unjustifiable to deny the possibility of any kind of Paranirvanic personality. There are many passages of paradoxical appearance which suggest that the Buddha's consciousness is a perfect blending of personal and impersonal elements. He is more truly individual than other men, but this is because his individuality is devoid of egotism. He has transcended the heresy of dualism, the delusion that an impassable gulf separates the knower from the known, the subject from the object, the individual from the Universe.

The Tathagata is so called because he is not abiding anywhere; his mind abides neither in things created nor in things uncreated, and yet it is not separated from them (*Ash-tasahaskrika*, II).

When the sense of identity is firmly detached from the *skandhas* and kept fluid and dynamic, the personal "self" of the disciple ceases to be an obstruction and begins to perform the function for which it was designed by Nature, being transformed into a medium which reflects the qualities of the Higher Self. This transmutation is associated with what is called the great "revulsion" of consciousness (*paravritti*), which originates as a change of polarity in *viññana*. The life-energy, which has built the mortal man, reverses its direction and begins the building of the Immortal.

It is necessary to get as clear an idea as possible of the earlier connotations of this word, *viññana*, before we approach a study of the doctrine which grew up around it in the Mahayana. As Dr. Har Dayal says: "It is distinctly stated in the Pali canon that *viññana* is that *skandha* which continues to exist after death and enters the mother's womb for the next re-birth. Mara, the *deva* of Desire and Death, could not find the *viññana* of Godhika and Vakkali after the death of those monks, though he looked for it everywhere. They had attained final and complete *nirvana*, and their *viññana* was not reinstated in a new embryo" (*The Bodhisattva Doctrine in Buddhist Sanskrit Literature*, pp. 74-75). In the Pali Dictionary we read that *viññana* is a "mental quality as a constituent of individuality, the bearer of individual life, life-force (as extending also over re-births), principle of conscious life, general consciousness (as function of mind and matter), regenerative force, animation, mind as transmigrant, as transforming (according to individual *karma*) one individual life (after death) into the next."

Upon the general basis of such ideas, the Mahayana constructed a cosmological and psychological schema of great interest. As a result of experience and deduction, it was concluded that the life-energy in man is derived from the *alaya*, the ultimate source of all life-energy in the Universe; and that this universal principle, *alaya*, is also the highest principle of human consciousness, the container of all its divine possibilities. "Alaya is both the Universal Soul (Anima Mundi) and the Self of a progressed adept. 'He who is strong in the

Yoga can introduce at will his Alaya by means of meditation into the true Nature of Existence' " (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 49).

In its most abstract sense, the *alaya* is absolute consciousness or mind (*citta*), from which the seven conditioned *viññanas* or phases of consciousness proceed, and into which they are resolved at the end of a life-cycle. These *viññanas* are manifested in man as the five senses, ordinary mental consciousness (*mano-viññana*), and self-consciousness (*manas*).

The evolution of the *viññanas* in man can, however, only be understood, as it is seen to be an aspect of a universal evolutionary process. There seem to be, in fact, three distinct streams of evolution or three ways of regarding the operations of the one life-energy. They may be compared to the Monadic, the Intellectual and the Physical "Evolutions", to which reference is made in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 181. First, there is the process which is occurring in Universal Nature.

In the Yogacharya School, . . . the *alayavijñāna* in its as yet non-dividuated phase is the energy behind inanimate life, the world of minerals, etc. It is also the life-force behind life in the vegetable world. As such it is the Form or essence of the objective world. Eventually this life-force attains the power of sensation and percipiency. It is latent in the vegetable world and is fully developed in the animal world. It becomes aware of the other currents in the stream of life, or, if you prefer, the other phases of the *alayavijñāna*, from which we understand why it is said that it is both subject and object. As this sensory or perceptive faculty develops, . . . thought or normal consciousness comes into being . . . in the higher animals and in man. This in turn develops into self-consciousness or reflection, . . . only to be found in the highest order of sentient beings. . . . This may be called the cosmic evolution of the *alayavijñāna*, or the evolution of the Universe in itself . . . as it really is, as compared with the experienced universe which each person creates for himself (William Montgomery McGovern: *An Introduction to Mahayana Buddhism*, pp. 144-145).

One recalls the Hermetic axiom, that "Man [the Divine Monad] becomes a stone, a plant, an animal, a man, and finally a God."

Secondly, there is the process of the "inner self-realization" by every sentient being, that it is Buddha; that *buddhata* is the inmost essence of the *alaya* itself; that the manifestation of the Universe is a "skilful device" to make that essence manifest as the true Self of all beings. Therefore, as the *alaya* is the substance of which the Universe is formed, so it is the *tathagatagarbha*, the womb or matrix in which the Buddha is born.

In its third aspect, the *alaya* appears to be identical with *karma*, the Good Law which adjusts the aberrations of personal life to the ideal design traced for man within the *tathagatagarbha*. It is interesting that the literal meaning of *alaya* is store-house. In its *karmic* aspect, *alaya* is the depository of the seeds of past actions, the reservoir of all the unfulfilled *karma* which each centre of consciousness has generated during "beginningless time". The point is that every act, every thought, every desire, good, bad or indifferent, leaves behind it a seed which will inevitably tend to reproduce the act, the thought, the desire, when a season favourable to its sprouting recurs. In other words, when-

ever we put a part of ourselves into anything that we do, thus merging our identity with it, this force is stored up in the *alaya* in the form of *vasana* or "habit-energy".

There is the connotation that all the powers of consciousness are preserved in the *alaya*, though many are imprisoned in forms futile and unworthy of the true destiny of man. The practical implication is that the human being is free to choose between self-identification with the Buddha-nature which he really is, or with the lower nature, the psychic personality, fed by the "habit-energy" which has already fed countless such "impersonations" in the past. Buddhism has no teaching of an "original sin" which occurred at a certain moment in history. Sin, the fruit of self-will and unwisdom, is said to be without a conceivable beginning in time, as we understand time.

The divine compassion of *karma* is made manifest through the tendency of "beginningless sin" to repeat itself. The persistent return of a temptation to repeat some ancient self-indulgence, gives man his only opportunity to reconquer a portion of the life-energy, which is seized by the Dark Powers whenever the illusion of separate selfhood is mistaken, in thought or act, for a reality. The Bodhisattva is the great reconqueror of the possessions of the spirit. As Dr. Har Dayal suggests, the term Bodhisattva "should be interpreted as 'heroic being, spiritual warrior'. The word suggests the two ideas of existence and struggle, and not merely the notion of simple existence" (*op. cit.*, p. 9).

The *alaya*, in its "native condition", is said to be in a state of repose, being described as "Mind (*citta*) eternally quiescent". This repose, however, is itself a balance of forces, for the habit-energy with which it is charged is always ready to "explode" in action, as soon as the ever-mysterious manifesting power of Cosmic Nature inaugurates a new effort to raise the general level of consciousness in the Universe nearer to the state of Buddhahood.

The process of activity begins with the appearance of *manas*. *Manas* seems to be the *alaya* itself conceived as a positive or active power. "The *manas* is a discriminating agency by which the homogeneous, undifferentiated *citta* is divided into two parts: the one as the seer and the other as the seen; the one as the grasping ego and the other as an object grasped. The *manas* is not only an intellective but also a conative principle. . . . The *manovijñāna* is separated from the *manas*, only retaining the latter's intellective function, and may be translated as the intellect; in which case the *manas* may be regarded as corresponding to the will and the affection. The five (other) *viññānas* are thus the five senses which discriminate a world of individual forms, each within its own sense-field" (Suzuki: *op. cit.*, p. 248).

*Manas*, as defined in the Mahayana, resembles the theosophical principle of the same name. In one sense, it is a product of the interaction between the "higher" and "lower" aspects of the *alaya*, between that part of the *alaya* which is called the *tathagatagarbha* and that part which is the agency of *karma*, the storehouse of "habit-energy". That is why it appears to borrow attributes from both *Buddhi* and *Kama*, from the purest aspiration and the basest desire. It is "consciousness as the will to be", the principle of individualization which blows over

the surface of *alaya*, setting in motion the "waves of differentiation" which evolve into "this world of particulars where the intellect discriminates, the affection clings, and passions and desires struggle for existence and supremacy". This image of the wind evokes the universal myth of the Logos, the Spirit of God or Narayana, moving over the waters at the dawn of creation. In a less exalted phase, *manas* is the magician who falls a victim to his own powers. It calls forth the illusory form of the objective Universe, and then imagining itself to be the subject that views this "picture", it is deceived by the fancy that both subject and object are permanent and real. In so far as it is, in this way, the author of all egotism, it bears the name of *klishita-manas*, meaning "*manas* in defilement".

In ordinary human consciousness, *manas* can scarcely be said to exist as an independent principle. It seems to be always associated with one or more of the other six *viñānas* which themselves become centres of self-consciousness, in so far as *manas* is entangled in them. For example, if a man thinks of himself as his body and acts accordingly, he merges the identity of his *manas* in that of his body.

These lower *viñānas* are, of course, not evil in themselves. Their natural function is to keep open a way of communication between the subjective and objective "halves" into which the activity of *manas* "divides" the *alaya*. Thus the sense of sight, faithfully transmitting the visual aspect of the objects with which it enters into relation, should be a means of acquiring knowledge of the spiritual truth which this visual aspect of things reflects. But this is only possible when the sense of sight is firmly controlled by the disciple, who must feel himself to be as detached from it, as if it were an object external to his body.

Doubtless, the commonest instance of wrong self-identification is the blending of *manas* with the *manoviñāna*, the normal brain-mind, or Lower Manas, as it would be termed in theosophical literature. The *manoviñāna* "is a sort of door-keeper between *manas* and the five *viñānas* [of the senses]. All the impressions and reports gathered at *manoviñāna* are here classified according to the categories of 'me and not-me'—this being the function of *manoviñāna* given by *manas*. The authority of *manas* thus increased by its faithful servant and backed inwardly by the presence of the *alaya*, gains strength in the conviction that there is an ego on the one hand, and an objective world in all its reality on the other hand. From the disciplinary point of view, the most refractory agent is *manas* supported by *manoviñāna*. When this pair, especially *manoviñāna*, is put back to its proper function and made to see things in their true bearings inwardly as well as outwardly, the *viñāna*-system ceases to be an evil-creating machine and becomes the storage of things good and pure" (Suzuki: *op. cit.*, pp. 197-198).

The cure is, therefore, a "revulsion" occurring in the whole system. The five senses must cease to be vehicles through which self-will gratifies itself, and the *manoviñāna* must cease to be the intelligent agent directing this self-will and planning its expressions. But above all there must be a "revulsion" in



*manas* itself; that is, there must be a complete change in the orientation of self-consciousness. *Manas*, as the subject or thinker, "takes as object [of thought] the Universal Consciousness (*alaya vijñāna*) which is its support. It conceives of this latter as 'I'; it conceives of the phenomena associated with the Universal Consciousness as 'mine'" (*Vasubandhu*). This whole order must be reversed. The *alaya*, being in essence pure and undivided, cannot be rightly conceived either as subject or object. It is not denied that knowledge of it can be attained, but such knowledge is of the nature of immediate spiritual vision and is the fruit of inner union. *Manas*, therefore, in its own nature can never know real truth, but it can sacrifice its sense of individuality, yielding up its content of "life-energy", which may be said to contain the fine aroma of all the experience which it has garnered. The Mahayana suggests, in veiled language, that, after the sacrifice of the last vestige of egotism, the "life-energy" of *manas* is transformed into the nucleus of a real self-consciousness in the real world, "the realm of the *tathagatagarbha*." So we have the final conception of this series, the conception of "the real, immaculate ego, *suddhisatyaṭman*, going beyond the grasp of relative knowledge" (Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 254). The following quotations from the *Lankavatara Sutra* bear directly upon our subject. They are cited by Dr. Suzuki in the book to which several references have already been made.

The *vijñāna*-system evolves as one solid undivided body. The evolution thus goes on, but when the nature of a visible world is not understood as Mind, there is a constant rise and disappearance of the *vijñānas*; *manovijñāna*, in union with the five sense-*vijñānas*, grasps forms and appearances in their multitudinous aspect; and there is not a moment's cessation of activity. . . . The body of the five sense-*vijñānas* is exempt from transmigration, is not susceptible to pleasure and pain, and has nothing to do with the attainment of Nirvana. It is the *tathagatagarbha* that is affected by pleasure and pain, becomes the cause [of Nirvana], is subject to evolution and disappearance, and becomes stupified by the four kinds of habit-energy (pp. 198-199).

The *tathagatagarbha* contains in itself causes alike good and not-good, and from which are generated all paths of existence. It is like an actor playing different characters without harbouring any thought of "me and mine". . . . The philosophers not understanding this become attached to the fixed idea of a creator. Infused with the habit-energy of various kinds of speculations and errors which have been carried on since beginningless time, the name of *alayavijñāna* obtains [as *alaya* means all-conserving]. It is in company with the seven *vijñānas* which are generated in the dwelling-house of ignorance. The body [of the *vijñānas*] is stirred uninterruptedly and all the time like the waves of the great ocean, but [the *alaya* itself] is free from the fault of impermanence and devoid of the thought of ego and is in its ultimate substance perfectly immaculate. . . . As long as the *alayavijñāna* known by the name of *tathagatagarbha* is not set in motion and differently oriented, the cessation of the seven evolving *vijñānas* will never take place. The *tathagatagarbha* is awakened and grows quiescent as one perceives what is meant by . . . the non-existence of ego-substance in particular objects; and when there takes place the revulsion [in the *alaya*] by gradually ascending the steps [of perfection], a man will never be led astray by the methods and views held by the philosophers. . . .

The mind is to be regarded as mirror-like, perfumed by speculation since the beginningless past: when things are truly observed, they are not as they appear. . . . As the ignorant see the finger-tip and not the moon, so those who are addicted to letters understand not the thatness (*tattvam*) of the things I teach (pp. 193-195).

By being untruthful it is meant that the self-nature of things is not truthfully discerned as it is in itself. When, however, an untrue view prevails, there is an attachment to the self-substance of things, failing to see them in their solitary quietude, and as long as this quietude fails to be seen, there will be no disappearance of wrongful discrimination. . . . O Mahamati, one finds Nirvana where one sees the abode of reality in its truthful signification and abandons the discrimination of all that is mind and all that belongs to mind. Then there is the realization of supreme wisdom which lies in the inmost consciousness of the Tathagata. This I call the Solitary (*vivikta*) and Nirvana (pp. 294-295).

Born or unborn, the Mind always remains pure: those who reason about the existence of an ego-substance—why do they not prove it by illustrations? . . . The self realized in your inmost consciousness appears in its purity, this is the *tathagatagarbha* which is not the realm of those given up to mere reasoning. . . . The *citta*, pure in its original nature and free from the category of finite and infinite, is the undefiled *tathagatagarbha*, which is wrongly apprehended by sentient beings. As the beautiful colour of gold and the brilliance of a stone are revealed by purification, so is the *alaya* which is hidden in the *skandhas* revealed to sentient beings. The Buddha is neither an individual soul nor the *skandhas*, he is the wisdom of non-outflowings (*jñānamānāsravam*), and knowing that he is eternal quietude, I take refuge in him. . . . On account of external defilements from the beginningless past the pure self is contaminated: it is like a soiled garment which can be cleansed. . . . As the essence of medicinal herbs, as fire hidden in fuel, so the soul in the *skandhas* is not perceived by the dull-minded. As the unwise fail to see that in all things existent there is the nature of eternity and emptiness, so they do not see the soul in the *skandhas*. If no real self exists, there will be no stages [of Bodhisattvahood], no self-mastery, no psychic power, no anointment of the highest order, no excellent *samādhi* (pp. 255-256).

One could multiply citations, but, in the writer's opinion, those here given are sufficiently rich in meaning to provide countless subjects for meditation. This is, indeed, certain, that the Mahayana, like all profound mystical systems, can only be understood by the development of an inner understanding based upon inner experience. Any commentary, which is merely mental in its origin and purpose, is apt to mislead both the commentator and those who take him for guide. It is not unnatural that anyone who tries to interpret these subtle doctrines should feel that it is in order for him to apologize to his readers for attempting what is beyond his powers. This is particularly true of this subject of the false and the true self which we have been examining. In the Chinese *Sandhi-nirmocana-sutra*, there is a stanza often quoted by those who allude to the Yogacharya psychology.

The *Adana-vijñāna* is deep and subtle,  
Where all the seeds are evolved like a stream;  
I do not elucidate this for the ignorant,  
For they are apt to imagine it an ego-substance.

STANLEY V. LADOW

(To be continued)

# THE JOURNEY

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IN these days of modern transport and locomotion, there are few people who do not make a journey of some kind, and thus have some experience of life beyond the precincts of their own homes; at the other extreme there are those who travel widely, and others again who encounter hazard and difficulty in their journeyings, as evidenced in the mountaineer and explorer.

But it is not with such journeys in the general sense that our subject is concerned—it refers to one of a specific character, to a journey which, strange to say, does not necessarily imply any outward movement at all. This paradox may be difficult to understand, but it can well be seen by turning to *The Voice of the Silence* where we read: "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself", and by referring to the footnote, which further says: "When this path is beheld . . . whether one sets out to the bloom of the east or to the chambers of the west, *without moving*, O holder of the bow, *is the traveling in this road*. In this path, to whatever place one would go, *that place one's own self becomes*."

This particular journey, then, is the journey to the Master, and can only be accomplished by ardent desire and determined will. It has been said that "when a man really wants to know the Master he will know him, but it must be a one-pointed, overpowering desire." This may appear a selfish quest, but it is not, in reality. There is nothing selfish in the Master, and there must be nothing selfish in the disciple, for to know the Master the disciple must be like the Master.

There are two factors essential in this great adventure, and they are faith and love. We must have faith that our goal can be attained, and is not a mere idle dream or foolish fancy. We must have faith that we can contact the Master, or we shall never exercise the will to that end. We need love to carry us through the trials and temptations we are sure to meet, for in this spirit we can gladly face all experience for the training it will provide. The steel must be tempered; and if we really wish to help to serve, we must welcome the discipline that will make us resolute and strong. And there is one very wonderful thing that will increase as we go along, and that is our vision and understanding of the Master's love for us. This is the lodestone, the magnet that will draw us to him and carry us far. We shall see a significance in the lines: "Souls of men, why will ye wander from a love so true and deep", that we never saw before. It will strike home to us in no uncertain fashion and reveal the pettiness of our lives. If it does this and spurs us on to greater effort, both inner and outer, then the gods may have cause to rejoice.

Since this journey does not necessarily imply any outward movement at all, it surely indicates a progressive attitude toward life; there must be an increasing vision and understanding of the purpose of life, and this is only attained

by a practical embodiment of our ideals. As we live the life we shall know the doctrine, and in no other way. First-hand knowledge is not gained by mere lip service, but by "being", by "becoming". There is no favouritism in this school of experience; we must learn the first lesson before we can be taught the second. We can only be helped by our real need and not our fancied need. The Masters have said, "Deeds are what we want and demand." Thus our faith must be translated into action. If we believe in the Masters and their teachings, we must show it in the way we live.

The journey to the Master is one of increasing likeness, and it is only on such terms that contact can be made. It is wonderful that contact can be made without movement; we do not need to go away to some quiet, remote spot for such experience. From within ourselves we can rise to the plane where the Masters are; and this is no conjuring trick, but a genuine raising of the consciousness to the spiritual plane, which is theirs. This, then, is inner contact, whatever may be our lot as regards outer things. Doubtless the times and cycles are different; what is opportune at one time is not at another,—which recalls the experience of a certain chēla who set out to find his Guru and the resultant physical contact. It was no doubt a wonderful experience, and must have made a lasting impression; but greater still must be that inner vision and touch when the consciousness is raised beyond the confines of the physical plane, without severance from earthly life. It is surely a taste of the Immortal and, as such, a real triumph for the personal man. Not that this should be, by any means, a cause for pride or egotism, but rather for greater humility and thankfulness.

The journey to the Master is one of stages or degrees, in which all have varying experiences. But varied as these may be, there are certain similarities, and one of these is in the association of kindred souls. The younger meet the older, and are encouraged to go forward by their greater purity and light; by their nearer approach to likeness and Reality. On the other hand, the older are gladdened by the forceful, persistent efforts of the younger, and are ever ready to advise and adjust as occasions arise. The experience of the younger meeting the older is a definite stimulus to higher ranges of attainment, and fills the gaps in the ladder of life that would otherwise seem to exist. Man can be perfect as his Father in Heaven is perfect, and can bridge the span between the human and the Divine.

For the aspirant or would-be disciple, all this seems afar off, exceedingly remote; and so it is necessary and wiser, once that he has a view of the plan, to concentrate his attention on the steps immediately ahead. The journey to the Master, which discipleship involves, is akin to the action of the sailor unfastening the moorings of the boat, and leaving the security of the harbour; he sets out for the open sea with all its risks and dangers. If none were brave enough to take such chances, voyages would be idle dreams instead of definite accomplishments. In like fashion the would-be disciple launches his boat on the sea of life, and takes all the risks and dangers that adherence to divine Law engenders. He takes the vow to live his life out from the standpoint of prin-

ciple, regardless of consequences, and to accept gladly the events and circumstances which the Law provides, having faith that this particular order, whether it consist of poverty or riches, sickness or health, trial or difficulty, is the wisest and best for him at any given juncture. Such a step, which one might say is practically the beginning, clears the way and opens up the path that was otherwise obscure; gives a definite indication of the direction to be taken, and places on record the soul's urge to return again to its own. The cry of the soul, like the cry of the prodigal son, is always heard, and the messengers of the gods look down for the tiny flame that has dared to establish itself in this darkened world. In due time communication will come. There have always been teachers and pupils, older and younger students,—why not now?

There is much said, in various works, of discipleship and its trend,—no need of going into it here in detail; but one or two points may be stressed. We are told that "when the pupil is ready, the Master is ready also." This is no mere platitude but contains as much as we can read into it—and that, of course, is the measure of our intuition and our faith. It may be difficult to believe that a Master, who is an embodiment of the Divine, takes an interest in the aspirations and efforts of the would-be disciple—far beneath him in spiritual stature, and yet so it is. The Master not only takes an interest in the neophyte, but has a love for him that is beyond the power of words to describe. When a trial has been bravely faced and gone through, a circumstance accepted and made good, the Master yearns to press that child-soul to his heart. The Master's love goes out to him with endless patience; he longs for the day when the pupil can be accepted as an accredited agent or disciple.

We may now see more clearly the meaning of the words: "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself." The Path is a way of becoming, an embodiment, that admits of no lesser interpretation. We *are* that Path as we actually experience its light and truth. We must therefore conform to the ways of living whereby this is to be attained, and there are many ways in which the nature requires to be attuned for this purpose. This Path is referred to by Jesus when he said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me"; but how little have these words been understood and consciously followed.

It remains for each one to decide as to the value and significance of making the journey. If we do see its import, we shall take the plunge in response to our inner urging, and then learn for ourselves at first-hand how truly the step is worth while. And, gratifying as this may be, there is that greater joy of knowing those who have toiled for years in the Cause, for to all of us our strength is only as the day. The Lodge seeks to draw to itself all souls who are ready and willing to make this journey to the Holy Land, that they may fit themselves for service, and be, in some measure, conscious co-workers with nature, as the Masters are completely. If we remember that the greater the likeness the greater the service, we shall rise to our high calling, and strive our utmost to manifest the powers and energies of the Immortal.

STUDENT.

# SELF=DETERMINISM

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MAN'S struggle for liberty, which has come to a head periodically since the dawn of history, has carried him afar afield. For, whether it be liberty of conscience, as in the Reformation, or political liberty, as in the French Revolution, or liberty as to privileges (the social liberty which our present chaos bids fair to lead to),—it is all, fundamentally, a perversion of the urge of the soul to gain freedom from the self, of the will of the soul to wield, untrammelled, the spiritual powers rightfully belonging to it. These are the only real "Rights of Man". Even the desire to explore untrodden territory, or the desire to fly (when not sheer desire for sensation) are a distorted expression of this higher urge—and it is doubtful if they offer as their goal anything finer than the quiet sense of achievement and unfolding vista, that accompanies even a small self-conquest, reasonably complete.

The personal self, feeling the soul's urge, has as in all things dragged it down, perverting it into a desire for unlimited opportunity to expand and assert itself, and to gain as much power over other selves as it can seize. At bottom, of course, the error lies in regarding energy, force, as a personal possession. Theosophy offers the corrective in its concept of a universe composed of hierarchies of spiritual beings, with rays of force, extending downward to each successively lower group or plane, until the least and most finite is in line of communication with the Divine Thought at the head: "through the countless rays proceeds the Life-ray, the One, like a thread through many jewels." This concept once accepted, the true basis of class distinction is disclosed, and there is no longer a basis for class struggle. The force received by each group or class is, both in kind and degree, the force adapted to that particular group for the fulfilment of its particular function in the great scheme. Also that force is held in trust. Had the evolutionary plan developed as intended, there could be no turning of one group on another, no confusion of groups, no usurpation of force or struggle for supremacy.

Viewing only our own day, with its complete confusion of classes, with individual self-assertion avowedly cultivated as a major qualification for "success", and with a general reversal of the standard of values, the standard of what is and what is not worth while in life,—it is difficult to see how this hierarchical scheme could ever be applicable on the human plane. It is easier to see, perhaps, if we turn to the period of the French Revolution. That Revolution was responsible in rather large measure for many present ills, since current democratic, socialistic and communistic doctrines received, at that time, their first forward impulse (in our modern era), and it affords a field in which causes and effects closely related to the present, can be regarded in relatively right perspective,—a truer perspective often, than we can attain when regarding events nearer by.

Our contemporary historians, drawing on hitherto unpublished documents of all sorts, archives, journals, letters to and from eyewitnesses of the events of the time, are contributing continually to a better understanding of the Revolution. They have confirmed the already-accepted fact that in the preceding century, the life of the common people, instead of being wretched to a degree which compelled their final revolt, was in most cases comfortable and sometimes ample. Taxation, while vexatious in the extreme, is shown to have been by no means ruinous. The taxes had roused the animosity of the peasant, and only by a show of dire poverty could he evade payment. "The richest man in a village", wrote a Frenchman in 1709, "would not dare to kill a pig at present except by night, for if he did so in public, his taxes would be increased." Similarly, a story is told of Rousseau, lost in the mountains, and meeting with vehement refusal when he begged some bread at a peasant's cottage. The man repeatedly declared his cupboard was empty, he had been stripped of his last morsel—but finally, reassured by learning the name of his would-be guest, he produced from a secret store, meat, bread and wine, insisting that he would be lost "if anyone were to know that he possessed so much wealth". "The people groaned, wept and protested incessantly, and those came off best who groaned, protested and wept loudest and longest, so as not to appear richer and more easy to deal with than their neighbours."

The fact is likewise confirmed that in 1789 the people were by no means desirous of a Revolution directed against the King. A financial crisis, it is true, of a most extreme and critical kind, with the usual accompaniment of unemployment and want, brought things to a head, and started the Revolution, but the fundamental purpose of the French people as a whole was to get rid of certain hated forms of taxation and certain left-over feudal rights. Mirabeau wrote, "I feel deeply how great is our need to kill ministerial tyranny and to raise up the authority of the throne once more." The early leaders wanted the King to lead the Revolution, and their aim was to free the authority of the King, not to destroy it. The much-discussed Constitution did not mean to them the subordination of the monarchic system, but "the kingdom ruled by a King freed from any hindrances that yet remained." Public opinion was not inclined toward drastic reforms. Louis Madelin writes: "A careful examination of these parish reports, the results of the deliberations of local authorities, leaves one with a very definite impression that our ideas of what the people's wishes were in 1789 are entirely erroneous. *Equality in matters of taxation and justice*, much more than a 'Liberty' which no average Frenchman, and much less the peasants and workmen, either understood or desired." The peasant's chief interest was to "free the land", and that being accomplished early in the Revolution, he was satisfied.

The major cause of the Revolution, the most pernicious influence in the entire period, is shown to have been the work of Voltaire and his fellow philosophers and encyclopedists. Practically without exception, every outstanding figure in the Revolution is shown to have formed his ideas on the basis of their writings. "I have traced the destruction of ideals right through the century",

writes Madelin, "and have reconstituted each of the score of men who were the protagonists of the great drama that lasted from 1789 to 1799, in the moral and intellectual surroundings amidst which they grew up. Every one of them bears the impress of the same philosophy." It was a purely destructive philosophy,—anti-monarchic, atheistic, sensual, aiming at the overthrow of civilization and the establishment of a state in which all men would have equal rights and equal possessions.

All over France, it was adopted and propagated by clubs, societies, reading circles, *salons*, academies, patriotic societies, agricultural societies and Masonic lodges (the latter with principles very different from those prevailing to-day in the Masonry of England and America). These were affiliated, and carried on incessant correspondence and exchange of news. From them developed the Jacobin Club, and in them lay the machinery which gave that terrible body its power. There grew up a passionate enthusiasm for educating mankind and showing the way to Liberty, carrying to all the world the new political gospel. Then as now, catch phrases had incalculable power, and the "Rights of Man" and the "inalienable sovereignty of the people" became things to die for. There was much sentimentality and enthusiasm over the American Revolution. Some became Quakers as an expression of that feeling; others went to America with Lafayette. It seems most unlikely that any of the extremes of the Revolution would have developed except for this malignant poison. "The Terror itself was not—as is commonly pretended—necessitated by the perils of the country; indeed, it reached its height after the victories of the French arms had removed all danger of invasion. It was deliberately maintained, and intensified by Robespierre and his lieutenants, as the necessary means to their end, which was the social revolution. 'That which constitutes a republic,' said Saint-Just in the Convention, 'is the destruction of all that is opposed to it'" (*The French Revolution*, Pierre Gaxotte). The infection spread to practically every strata of society.

*The aristocrats* were divided among themselves (and of course, thereby weakened), some adhering almost too rigidly to the old régime, others entering blindly and headlong into the liberal theories of the time. In the *salons* the philosophers, sought after everywhere, were treated with adulation. Even the Court was interested. At the theatres, subversive plays were applauded—"I should not have believed", wrote a member of this class, "that it could be so amusing to see oneself hanged in effigy." As a whole, the courtiers were estranged from the monarch by the philosophical vogue.

*The lawyers*, who formed a class by themselves and a numerous one, were more deeply dyed than any other with the "new" ideas. In the Assembly they represented the agricultural classes, but to the simple wishes of their constituents as expressed by the latter, they added all their own idealistic theories based on those of the philosophers. Out of 700 deputies, more than four hundred of the bourgeois were petty lawyers of this stamp.

*The clergy* were divided among themselves—the lower clergy regarding with shame and anger the abuses practised by the higher. But there was almost



entire unanimity among them in their endorsement of the Revolutionary ideals and democratic principles. Influenced by the theories of the philosophers, it was their attitude and procedure in the Assembly which made possible the triumph of the Third Estate; they hailed with enthusiasm innovations which later worked to their own undoing.

*The army*, shot through with subversive ideas, was a menace instead of a safeguard. The officers, it is claimed, were in many cases not fitted to command, and the men, badly recruited and including ruffians of all kinds, though brave were dangerous. The *Gardes Françaises* announced early in the Revolution that they belonged to the Third Estate, and would fire only on nobles and ecclesiastics. One instance is given of a member of the *Gardes* boxing the ears of an officer. Ill-treating, threatening, robbing and even imprisoning officers was a frequent occurrence in many regiments. There were various reasons for the general spirit of insubordination, but not the least important was Freemasonry. Twenty-five lodges in army circles were, by their emphasis on equality, certainly not contributive to military discipline.

*The King* is shown to have been notably fearless where his personal safety was concerned—a most well meaning man, industrious, conscientious, possessed, in fact, of all the virtues of an excellent private citizen; but he was weak, and, in matters of state, inactive, undecided, unwilling to assert authority, always hesitant to act the King where firmness and decision were called for. Gaxotte quotes him as saying to Malesherbes, when the latter resigned his post, "How lucky you are! I wish I could leave my post!" and continues, "At heart he was the King in [Fénelon's] *Télémaque*, a crowned philosopher who blushed at giving orders to free men. He was so saturated with Fénelon and Rousseau that, a year after his accession to the throne, he became affiliated to a Masonic lodge attached to the Court."

Much of the King's inaction at certain crucial points would of necessity have been accounted for by the disaffection in the army. He could not act boldly where results were dependent wholly on military support. But in keeping with the theories of the day, he had unlimited belief in the goodness of Man, the kindheartedness of the people, and he was determinedly unwilling to cause bloodshed, however great the need or the gain which might be effected. His passivity at times, when (as is now apparent) a mere show of firmness would have turned the tide, is almost incredible: his failure to take action at the fall of the Bastille; his failure to enforce his decree after the Tennis Court oath; his failure to make any resistance at the time of the march on Versailles when, a contemporary wrote, "any captain of grenadiers could have saved both him and the State, if he would only have allowed anything to be done"; his refusal to use force when stopped on the flight to Varennes; his surrender to the Assembly before the capture of the Tuileries. At point after point, he was beaten before the battle had begun, and beaten by his own mental attitude.

The failure of the established classes to be true to their traditions and their destiny was not limited merely to those already mentioned. Madelin refers to the indifference of the European monarchs to the fate of Louis XVI, adding,

with numerous proofs, "The blood of kings had ceased to be sacred in the eyes of their fellow Kings." It marked a general trend,—the point being, that the trend begun then finds its logical outcome in the confusion of to-day, a confusion that is world-wide, for even Asia has become inoculated. And it would be a great mistake to suppose that France has recovered from the insanity which then possessed her. She is facing this year a deficit of from eight to ten *milliards* of francs, and the Socialists, who hold the balance of power, refuse to allow any of those economies—including the suppression of needless government bureaus and of innumerable political perquisites—which every patriotic Frenchman desires (see *La Revue de France*, August 1st, 1933; an article by Raymond Recouly on "Finances et Pacte à Quatre"). But to return to 1789:

*The Government* represented, in the members of the Assembly, the theories of every one of the philosophers. Many of the members had been agitators for years, eager to gain power, but rather at a loss when actually faced with the opportunity to act. The earlier stages of the Revolution were accordingly characterized in the Assembly by wavering, indecision, uncertainty. Each party in turn thus allowed, successively, a more extreme element to get the upper hand and wrest away its power, and policy came to be determined increasingly by popular uprising. Mirabeau stands out as the one strong figure of the period—a man of titanic mould, he had lived his life in and from the lower nature until its shackles bound him to earth like Gulliver. The Revolution brought his higher powers into action, but years of evil-living had fixed their imprint; what he now attempted from right motive was always baffled, the edge turned—the good that he would do, he could not—and he died partly of despair caused by the Revolution which he realized he had helped to unloose. He wished to aid the monarchy. He saw more clearly than anyone else the ruin that lay ahead. He wrote, "I am furious at the idea that I have only helped to bring about a huge destruction." Madelin, who gives a most illuminating analysis of certain of the leaders in his *Figures of the Revolution*, quotes someone as saying of Mirabeau, "He is the only man to whom one can pay the compliment of believing that, had he lived, France's destiny would have been changed."

Sharing the general fond belief in the goodness of human nature, the Government, when anarchy finally began, had no way of meeting the situation. The police force had been reduced to nearly nothing; the army, as already indicated, was undisciplined and mutinous, and but few troops were at hand. When the frequent insurrections occurred, the Assembly declared itself "sorrowfully surprised", but took no action, and the officers who tried to resist the mutinous troops were regarded as thereby blameworthy. Mutiny became so extreme that the Government summoned fresh troops, but then nullified whatever good effect was produced, by ordering them to abstain from violence and under no circumstances to fire on the people.

The significant fact is that from top to bottom of the social scale, from King to commoner, the hierarchical system had ceased to function. What ought to

have been a line of connection had been broken and scattered: a King who did not believe, or who only half believed, in his kingship (compare with his attitude, Louis XIV's conviction that "the office of a King is grand, noble and delightful"); a Government that had ceased to govern; an Army that had ceased to obey; an aristocracy that had ceased to be aristocratic, either in spirit or behaviour; a clergy that was either corrupt or rebellious, when it ought to have set an example. From one aspect, it was all a widespread passivity, a negative attitude at the point of duty; a letting down of the sense of obligation—not only of *noblesse oblige*, but of bare recognition of the law governing each man's position in life. However, in many cases, the reverse aspect of that same passivity was positive self-assertion: the licentious prelate, negative to the duties of his See, positive in his self-gratification; the courtier, negative to the duties of his estates, positive in his search for pleasure or preferment or personal aggrandizement.

Robespierre was an outstanding example of positive self-assertion *in excelsis*. He is shown to have been actuated by exaggerated vanity and egotism. Cold, unfeeling, an extreme *idéologue*, carried away by his philosophical fancies, he regarded himself as the incarnation of Liberty, of the Republic, of the Revolution; therefore *these* were attacked when any opposition to him was shown. This is the key to much that he did. His work, the Terror, is perhaps more widely known than any other part of the Revolution to-day: the *Noyades* under Carrier in Brittany, when hundreds of innocent men and women were bound together and drowned; the slaughter in Toulon, reducing the population from 29,000 to 7,000, after which Barras, the perpetrator, was, according to his own account, hailed in Marseilles as "the Saviour of the South"; the massacres in Lyons when, the incessantly active guillotine not being sufficiently wholesale in its methods, people were herded together and mowed down with bullets, then tumbled into the ditch behind where they fell, and buried in it, alive or dead. G. Lenotre, in his *Compagnie de Jésus*, has reconstructed in minute detail this hideous period, when the earth was so blood-soaked as to be slippery to the tread, and Fouché, agent in the destruction, wrote, "Their bloody carcasses thrown into the Rhone presented a terrifying sight, and an impression of the people's limitless power."

In the welter of depravity and horror of the later stages of the Revolution, there is one significant point which warrants special note: the dregs of the country now governed it. Paris, to which had drifted the destitute unemployed from all the provinces, had, during the last few years, become a rendezvous as well for revolutionaries from all over Europe, malcontents, political exiles, "the wreckage of abortive insurrections". In the smaller towns and villages, likewise, the evil elements had gained the upper hand, terrorizing all others. The self-assertion which had at first manifested on the intellectual plane (and which, there, was held in leash to some extent by the force of long-standing tradition, customs, habitual social observances and all the other props which aid so-called civilized man to maintain his equilibrium), had now worked its way down to the lowest depths, where the self-assertion of the thief and the ruffian recog-

nizes no restraints. Every revolution follows the same course: rebellion against authority, the overthrow of existing law and order, a resultant chaos, then the backward swing to some new authority imposed from above (and frequently an authority far more oppressive than that of the old régime). The France of the Revolution became "a heap of ashes soaked in blood" before the better element, the real France, again became positive, and before the swing of the pendulum placed her under the will of a Napoleon.

The consideration of such facts throws light on various theosophical principles; but the principle of chief importance, perhaps, is that referred to in the beginning, involving the difference between real and fictitious liberty. In the hierarchical system, each group should be at-one in will with the group next above it on its ray, making an unbroken line of force. In application on the human plane, it is a matter of obedience to authority, the obedience of each to the will next above,—beginning with the obedience of the child to its parents. The ideal would be that the parents in turn obey a higher will (that of the Higher Self),—the same will that exists potentially in the child. Rising in the scale, as obedience becomes more nearly perfect, it develops into more than obedience: at-onement with the higher, when real freedom is attained. A Master obeys his own light, but that is the Supreme Light, and is identical with the light of other Masters. Man perverts this: obeys his own "light" wherever he stands, whether that "light" be evil or good. It is the perversion that leads to trouble, the world over. History could be written as a record of the struggle of the mob to express itself, unhindered. And this age-long struggle for "liberty", with its attendant warfare and bloodshed, will end only when it is recognized that real freedom lies in freedom from self—an ever-continuing self-transmutation, and an ever-ascending Self-realization. That is the only real freedom; it affords the only real progress, and it leads to the only ultimately satisfying goal. Behind the outer fact is a law of the universe, the same law that lies behind those well-known lines from a Sufi poet:

I died as mineral and became a plant,  
 I died as plant and rose to animal,  
 I died as animal and I was man.  
 Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?  
 Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar  
 With angels blest; but even from angelhood  
 I must pass on: all except God doth perish.  
 When I have sacrificed my angel soul,  
 I shall become what no mind ere conceived.  
 Oh, let me not exist! For non-existence  
 Proclaims in organ tones, "To Him we shall return."

# THE GREAT PYRAMID

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WE do not believe that there is another monument of antiquity, or great relic of the past, which has been studied more and understood less, about which we know so much and know so little, as the Great Pyramid.

If we seek the salient points in its history, we find that it has important periods peculiar to itself. We know: (a) That in prehistoric times it was in use for a sacred purpose, and that this purpose was related to, and interwoven with, the life of a great nation; precisely how, has been the subject of a variety of conjectures leading to some generally accepted conclusions. (b) That it stood quiescent, silent and sealed for a long time, attracting very little attention. (c) That after interest began to revive, and curiosity—particularly in the western world—was aroused, it was subject to numerous investigations, measurements and surveys throughout the centuries, until now such a vast amount of detailed data of almost every conceivable kind has been collected, that it is actually possible for one having the time, inclination and library at his command, to write a voluminous and valuable discourse on the Pyramid without ever going near it.

Too gigantic and stable to be destroyed by man or by the elements in a long time, containing within itself its subtle, involved and intriguing mysteries, it remained practically an unsuspected storehouse of information and records until it was opened under great difficulties by Al-Mamoun about the time of Alfred the Great. Al-Mamoun failed to find the treasure, wealth or records that he sought, whichever it may have been, and the modern "diggers" have been baffled in important respects just as he was. But from that time on, the accumulation of information regarding the Pyramid proceeded with various vicissitudes until it began to be noted that certain of its dimensions were related to systems of measurements in vogue in ancient times, and also to more or less intricate geometrical propositions. Now it is realized that its detailed measures and geometry are involved with astronomical data and with almost every conceivable kind of a cycle that is known to the western world. It was not until about 1800 to 1850, however, that the first thorough surveys and studies were made, which led irresistibly to the conclusion not only that the ancient Pyramid builders knew as much about astronomy as we know, and more, but that they knew all of the cycles, with their epacts, known to exoteric and Biblical prophecy, and many others beside, which are identifiably involved with Pyramid geometry and masonry.

In the year 1878, Dr. Grattan Guinness published his very orthodox work illustrating the cyclic character of profane and sacred historical events and periods—all of which was subsequently confirmed by Pyramid chronology through the investigation of the Edgar brothers and Davidson and Aldersmith, the latter expanding and correcting Guinness's work, and extending the interpretation to about the year 1960 and in some particulars even further.

The amount of archæological, scientific and engineering work done in Pyramid investigation is highly creditable and laudatory, for earnestness, thoroughness and, in some cases, for intuitive liberality of thought with considerable freedom from bias. Nevertheless, for the western world, the facts and data collected have not been sufficiently well interpreted and applied to illuminate the real meaning of the activities of the ancient Lodges when the Pyramid was in use by them. Up to a very recent time, there has been apparent unwillingness to attribute its date to any period prior to 4004 B. C.—the date fixed by Archbishop Usher for the creation of the world! This is in sharp contrast to the suggestions made by Madame Blavatsky, that it is at least 70,000 to 78,000 years old, or to the important notes made by Mackey of Norwich in 1825-1830, which supply data substantiating the opinion that it may have been in existence, in a preliminary basic form at least, about 143,000 years ago. At that time, due to the great inclination of the ecliptic, the sun would have shone down the *northern* passage-way at noon!

As long as Pyramid study consisted of measuring, weighing and geometrizing, all was simple, but now that the stock of information conveniently at hand has permitted students of the occult a glimpse into ancient mysteries, we cannot help noting that nearly every fact, having a hint of deeper meaning, is compelled or constrained to fit into a narrow, modern, *a priori* religious or scientific assumption; for which reason, western learning surges in vain against that immovable mass, and only has its preconceived notions shattered and confounded by the discoveries made.

I have spoken of the identity existing between the numbers occurring in the measurements of the Pyramid and the duration of astronomical cycles, *all* of which synchronize with chronological history. A cyclic period of 2520 years\* has strongly impressed Pyramid experts and students of prophecy. This period, with its epacts of thirty and forty-five years, becomes 2550 or 2595 years. We have yet to hear of the scholars adding a cipher and detecting an identity, by proportion, with the precession of the equinoxes (some 25,800 years). However, 2520 years taken "literally" has, in addition to its extraordinary harmony with our chronological records, a special interest when compared with the Pyramid.

\*The number 2520 is, among other things, the number of days (excluding the intercalated epacts) in a period of seven years. The Egyptian calendar, from which our own has been modified through its introduction into Rome by Julius Cæsar, divided the solar year into twelve months of thirty days each, and a sacred period of five feast-days, the epact, intercalated at the end of the year. In ancient datings the months were indicated by their symbols, but the five days of the epact were indicated as a space—in that sense not counted (See Wilkinson's *The Ancient Egyptians*, Vol. III, pp. 103-4). The year began on the day when Sirius, the Dog-star, called by the Egyptians Sothis, and one of the brightest stars in the sky, "first appeared on the eastern horizon at sunrise, which in our calendar was on the nineteenth of July. But as this calendar year was in reality about a quarter of a day shorter than the solar year, it therefore gained a full day every four years, thus slowly revolving on the astronomical year, passing entirely around it once in fourteen hundred and sixty years, only to begin the revolution again. An astronomical event like the heliacal rising of Sirius, when dated in terms of the Egyptian calendar, may therefore be computed and dated within four years in terms of our reckoning, that is, in years B. C." (*A History of Egypt*, Breasted, pp. 32-3). It should be noted, however, that though a date thus fixed might be accurate to within four years in its own cycle of 1460 years, it might be amiss by any multiple of 1460. A parallel might be drawn between this and the modern custom of writing the year as '32 or '33; there is no risk of confusion for proximate dates, but nothing to determine the century if it be remote or otherwise unknown. It is the failure to make adequate allowance for such possibilities of cyclic law, that has frequently misled archæologists, and which accounts for the often wide discrepancies between dates as fixed in occult tradition and as set by modern inferences from ancient relics.—EDITORS.

It may be worth while to examine this, so far as can be done without going into involved and abstruse technicalities.

Pyramid surveys have shown that the length of the inclined "grand gallery" (everyone who has ever seen a picture of the interior of the Pyramid, or who has read a description, knows of the grand gallery), measured in Pyramid units, is 2520 inches. Each measurement of an inch is counted as a year. It has also been determined that several Old Testament dates, taken as starting points near the lower end of the grand gallery with its inclined approach, will cause 2520 years (2520 inches) to terminate at the beginning of the entrance to the vestibules or lobbies that give access to the central core chamber; that the dates fixed in the Pyramid masonry by the comparison of years with inches of distance will make those entrances coincide very precisely with the years 1914, 1918 and 1933 (see *The Great Pyramid*, Davidson and Aldersmith, Plates LXVc and LXVI), and if carried on into the central chamber, always matching inches of measurement with years, the epacts on this cycle will also compare with the remaining series of dimensions. These remarkable parallels, which permitted anticipation of the general conditions prevailing at present, have induced the prophets (characteristic of western minds) to jump to the extraordinary conclusion that the Pyramid, which was built thousands of years ago, was intended to incorporate a prediction of current events for the sole enlightenment of modern people.

Without discarding any of the interesting identities which interlock this 2520 year cycle with Pyramid dimensions, we can logically view them from another, wider angle, showing that it is possible for a material symbol to signify several different things. To those familiar with this subject, the original, and comparatively recent, opinion that the Pyramid was a tomb, can be dismissed without recourse to much argument. It is becoming quite generally held that the interior passages, galleries and chambers were used for ceremonial purposes in the initiation of disciples,—perhaps into Orders of the Lodge, when the latter was well established in ancient Egypt. It has been suggested, for example, that the progress of the candidate for the initiation, which finally occurred in the central core chamber, would begin at the entrance to the inclined passage-way leading up to the grand gallery, and would require about 2520 minutes, forty-two hours. This would be six periods of seven hours each, or seven of six hours each, and we may note the septenary involved. During this time the candidate would be faced with a series of tests and trials (involving invocation of, and intense simultaneous vivification of, all the powers and elements of his personality), calculated to try his fitness and qualifications for the dangerous and important steps he was taking up a steep acclivity, and designed to force him to concentrate on the goal to be attained and the Master to be faced, to the exclusion of every other consideration not essential thereto. Following this, if he could still command enough endurance, with both exclusiveness and inclusiveness of purpose, to carry him on, he would find himself at the entrance to the vestibules to which we alluded above. Through these he would have to pass and be purged, that is, be purified from every last remnant of grossness, selfishness and self-

seeking in his personal nature. Nor could he, by any possibility, during such a ceremony, obtain entrance to the central chambers, in which the real illumination, ignition, and final identification with the Lodge, was to be acquired, unless the preliminary stages of preparation qualified him for the ordeal of being cut loose from himself, without permitting a desperate last minute attachment for the personality to drag him back and to confuse his sense of the purpose that had to be kept unswervingly in mind.

That he would be willing to discard, renounce and accept, goes without saying, and really is not so important; that he could identify his self-consciousness with those elements of his soul which are above destruction, was the key to attainment. It was essential that, after the purgation, he should still have a conscious self-controlled identity left, around which could be built the new vesture for a new order of life. Some such cycle of initiation as this which we have crudely described, must have been applied uniformly to all candidates, though it could be, and doubtless was, varied from 2520 minutes; yet there is reason to suppose that it was always based on a standard fundamentally related to the peculiarities of the digits, 2520, whether as a distance or as a complete ceremonial unit of time.

The period 2520 years, we now begin to see, was represented in the Pyramid as of fundamental importance. It is not just a certain number of years of an astronomical cycle, synchronizing with our calendar of events. It is a grossly inadequate conclusion, and a lean and narrow opinion, to believe that it should be tested as forecasting only the times we ourselves know. The cycles in question, 2520 years (or 2595 or c. 25800, to say nothing of some similar ones), may be taken to be actually great periods of trial and initiation for people in the aggregate. Large, collectivized portions of humanity, such as the different races, are involved in, not a mechanical repetition of similar events, but a repeating series of opportunities, for the practice of a life calculated to lead men to a knowledge of the spiritual world through the discipline of their religion and divine instruction. The significant digits 2520, or multiples of them, cannot be applied to nations and races collectively, in terms less than years (or greater units), but they were, and can be, made applicable on a proportionately smaller scale, to select groups of enlightened students, who, acting on their own initiative, are able, by reason of a degree of enlightenment out of the common, to recognize an obligation and an opportunity to make an effort to change, metaphorically speaking, 2520 years into 2520 minutes, by their fortitude, endurance and self-discipline.

This 2520 year cycle, which Pyramid scholars have calculated as terminating about now, instead of being a simple time-period, having few correlations, reveals itself as the more important, the more it is studied, and yet is only the last one of a series of similar cycles of the same number of years, which has been repeated at least thirty-three times since the Pyramid was built, and possibly fifty-seven. These facts in themselves would seem to disqualify the claims, or inferences, that the Pyramid, with its prophetic symbology, is to be interpreted exclusively as applying to the present generation.



Now, in its shattered, silent, majestic form, the Pyramid is still by far the greatest exoteric (I might almost say, esoteric) monument to the work of the ancient Initiates in the world to-day. It beckons and baffles, it explains and confounds, it coaxes and repels, and all the time, silently, steadily, unswervingly, drives into western minds a challenge and an appeal for an understanding of eternal sacred things, in a manner appropriate to the temperament attracted to this kind of study. The problem of the Pyramid was, first, one of recognition, then of investigation, next of measurement and survey, and is now one of analysis and interpretation. Experts on this subject could perhaps profitably cease their microscopic X-ray investigations, for a while at least, and, withdrawing to a distance, view the whole problem from a broader perspective. It does not seem to be sufficiently well realized yet, that the Pyramid might be forced to yield a great deal more than it has, if the examinations were expanded to include careful comparison with the data, meagre as it is, which is available relative to certain old Chinese pagodas with terraced towers, Angkor-Vat in Cambodia, and Chichen-Itza and Palenque in Yucatan and Mexico, or Stonehenge in England. The last has been compared, but apparently chiefly with a view to substantiating theories already formed as to the Pyramid. If the archaeologists would study such monuments as those mentioned, as well as others known to them to have an ancient legend, from the point of view of distance, bearing and location with respect to the Pyramid, the geometry and geography involved might yield some interesting and valuable information of a comprehensive nature. It might, indeed, convince even the sceptics that the great Pyramid is, metaphorically and literally, very much larger than is generally believed, and that it still has far more to tell than has yet been told.

A. B. R.

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*In the great monuments of antiquity, the Guardians of the race recorded the Way of man's ascent; and because man is the mirror of the universe, that which records the Cosmic process, and the rise and fall of nations, also depicts the secret passages through which man must pass to extricate himself. Motionless blocks of stone and marble are symbols of motion more swift than the wind, as of progress more slow than the passage of infinite years. Always a symbol that is god-given, tells, not only of things that are past and of things to come, but of that past and future as enacted in the present—within your own soul, O man!—THE BOOK OF OLD MEMORIES.*

# ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

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THE first thing to realize, if we are going to look at pictures on the Screen of Time intelligently, is that they *are* pictures, quickly come, quickly gone,—‘even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away’. There are many things in life that are beautiful,—shadows of an eternal beauty; there are still more things, man-made, that are either evil or empty,—and it is by means of empty things that noise is made. That is why our newspapers, which live on noise, select the emptiest of events through which to blare; for a blare must be boisterous and blatant and bewildering to make a head rattle, when the head, instead of being empty, is full of mush; and, unless it rattles, how is it to know that anything is going on? Heads to-day are ‘educated’: what the public schools begin, the ‘Movies’ and our Colleges complete. Therefore what the newspapers tell us of the world and its doings—all about the NRA, and the latest kidnapping, and Hitler’s speech, and the price of wheat, and another ocean flight, and Japan’s grimace at the League of Nations—are certain to be as hollow as the drums of Coney Island. It is the unseen, the unheralded, that counts; the formative world, the world of causation, is totally beyond the ken of those who mistake the reflection of a sword for a sword, and who would think you mildly mad if you were to tell them that the meditations of a hermit in the desert may be more potent in moulding national destinies than the edicts of a Roosevelt (never mind which) on his throne. If you want thoroughly to irritate a New Era devotee, tell him there is nothing new under the sun, and that they tried all that in China millenniums ago. If he asks you when, tell him it was during the Hsia dynasty, or, if you choose, under Ch’ien-lung, for he’ll be none the wiser, any more than you are,—and the point is that everything was tried in China, until Confucius simplified matters by explaining that nothing was worth trying anyhow except the single, simple, unexciting expedient of turning the animal man into the moral man,—not into the prig, but into the moral man as Confucius declared him to be. You may remember the opening sentences of *The Conduct of Life*, the *Chung Yung*: ‘The ordinance of God is what we call the law of our being. To fulfil the law of our being is what we call the moral law. . . . Our true self or moral being is the great reality (*lit.* great root) of existence, and moral order is the universal law in the world.’”

It was the Philosopher. Someone had to stop him. He was thoroughly wound up. So the Recorder suggested that China, for the moment, seemed to have forgotten Confucius.

“Just taking a day off; no more. Foolish of them; several millions of lives thrown away already. But that, too, is an old story. They have done it scores of times in the past, and when enough of them are dead, they sober up and settle down. ‘We won’t go home till morning’, and so forth; but they go home.

Fifty or a hundred years in the life of China are no more than a twinkle in her history. There is a good deal of Mehitabel the Cat about China, and I can see her winking at me (I like her), as if to say: 'Just a bit of a frisk, my dear, before the fire-side claims me'. And of course, what Mehitabel calls a 'frisk', is the bloodiest kind of slaughter; though she'll limp back all right,—as before."

"But what is the point?" someone asked.

"The point is: don't take current events too seriously, even when they seem to affect you. If it were not for the newspapers, you would remain in blissful ignorance of practically all that is happening, while the probability is that your ignorance is just as complete, though by no means so blissful, after reading as before. *Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*, as a German schoolmaster of my youth was fond of quoting. One of our greatest needs, as individuals, is to train ourselves to see things in the light of Eternity, or, if at present we should feel unequal to that, then to ask ourselves how things will look in a hundred years from now, when the present personality has passed away. Few other practices will give us a better perspective or greater detachment."

We knew that the Philosopher honestly strives to practise what he preaches, so there was no thought of him in the interjection of the Student at this point.

"I wonder", he said, "if there can be students of Theosophy who accept such propositions with emotional and mental enthusiasm, who are prepared to talk about them by the hour, but to whom in fact and practice they mean no more than their hymns mean to many so-called Christians. It would be terrible if that were the case. I have taken part in Church services with the congregation singing well-known hymns at the top of its lungs, with all the gusto of a College boy yelling a College song,—such words, for instance, as those of 'Fight the good fight'. You may remember the last verse:

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

"Sung, as I say, with the gusto of College boys after a football match,—you can call it singing; and by people supposed to believe, supposed to understand! It seems so extraordinary. Surely, if a man really believed those words were true, singing them would bring his heart prostrate to the foot of the Cross. Is it that religion, for some people, is simply an æsthetic appreciation corresponding to a love for old china,—nothing to be done about it: just the cause of a pleasant thrill? And is it conceivable that anyone can 'accept' Theosophy on a similar basis? Do we *work for* detachment? Do we steadfastly persevere in such practices as the Philosopher suggested? If we do not, and yet say we believe in them, are we not rank hypocrites and pretenders?"

"All of which", commented the Ancient, "is open to very serious misunderstanding. Vanity is easily discouraged; unless vanity can excel, it is not interested, and quickly ceases to try. Vanity would argue, therefore: 'If that is the way I ought to feel and act, it is hopeless: I must try another way; I must try

to excel elsewhere, in a direction and in circumstances which demand less of me.' The believing Christian, who sings or reads or prays his hymns *with realization*, has not always felt that way about them; he, too, had to begin. Probably his realization is the fruit of innumerable failures, of much suffering, —and certainly of meditation long continued. Even among students of Theosophy, how many of us genuinely desired detachment, until suffering forced us to seek it? Everything has a beginning; we must give everything time in which to grow; above all, we must learn to give ourselves time in which to grow, though always on the understanding that we never cease to try, and to try to the very best of our ability. The man who stops trying, postponing his effort 'for a future life', in the first place may not have a future life, and in the second place would necessarily find his task ten times more difficult then than now.

"There was an article in the January (English) *Quarterly Review* on 'The Meaning of Monasticism', by Dr. G. G. Coulton, about whose great learning and religious sincerity there can be no question. Whether intentionally or not, he in any case seems to argue that Monasticism was a failure because (to use my own figure of speech) so very few monastics hit the bull's-eye. He admits that the average of monastic life was on a considerably higher level than that of secular life, or, to use my simile, that the average monastic hit the target somewhere, while the layman did not hit it at all; but he does not seem to realize that logically, from his own statements, Monasticism was a success, not a failure. In the same way, any Church, any religious or ethical movement, any connection with Church or movement, is beneficial, if its tendency is to raise the average effort, from the material to the spiritual, from self to God. Even when positive results are not visible, we should ask ourselves how much worse things might have been, without the influence, no matter how slight, which Church, or Masonic Lodge, or Ethical Society, exerts. It is better, I think, to bawl hymns in a Church, than to bawl lewd songs in a tavern."

"I wonder", said our visitor, thoughtfully. "Can it be that the bawling of lewd songs in a tavern gives a man something to react *from*; may, in other words, lead to self-dissatisfaction, self-disgust, and at last to an ardent desire for something better; while the bawling of hymns in Church only leaves him self-satisfied, with a general sense that he has proved himself superior?"

"That argument," the Ancient replied, "is based upon appearances, not upon realities. No one can sing or utter words of nobility or aspiration without leaving within him (within his aura) a deposit, as it were, corresponding to those words; no one can sing or utter vile words, without linking himself to vileness. We must look to more than the immediate, transitory effect; we must look ahead to some time of crisis—of temptation or of sorrow—when words which formerly had slight significance, suddenly come to the surface with their meaning revealed and accentuated, either to lift a man to his best, or to precipitate him into the wickedness which evil words had portrayed. But approach it on a different plane: is it not better for a child to read good English, such as the noble language of Scott, even if much of it remains unintelligible, than to read the pseudo-English of some 'books for children', or bits out of the tabloid

press? (I am supposing, of course, that you want him to write and speak good English when he grows up.) That, however, is of the surface. The question you raised involves a principle for which Theosophy stands more immovably than for any other; it is expressed in *The Voice of the Silence* in these words: 'Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Mara. It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart.' To indulge a bad inclination of any kind, whether physical or mental, although such indulgence may be followed by a *momentary* reaction, inevitably strengthens the inclination, insures its continuance, and results in a habit the chains of which it may be almost impossible to break; more than this, it perverts the judgment and conscience until wrong seems to be right, and right, wrong. If you should ever encounter a so-called Theosophist who says otherwise—who believes in 'working it off', or, let us imagine, 'in a little wrong-doing rather than too great a strain on the higher nature'—you may be quite certain that he has *gone bad*, and that his place is with the garbage."

"I am grateful for all you have said", the Recorder now interjected; "but I do not want the Philosopher's opening point to be side-tracked. It was, if I understood him correctly, that we should always regard surface phenomena, no matter how conspicuous, as ephemeral, and that we should study causes and ultimate effects, instead of allowing ourselves to be swamped and blinded by the froth of the morning paper."

"Or by the froth of our personal lives", the Philosopher amended.

The Historian chimed in. "I received a letter this morning from an old friend, residing in England", he said, "which I should like to read. It will make you smile; but if we were equally truthful about our own experience, ours might make other people smile also. What we need, if I mistake not, is to see our own lives with the detachment we now extend to those of others, and the lives of others, with something of the concern we now extend to ourselves. However,—this is the letter: '*Mice* appeared in my rooms at the — Hotel, and I am ashamed to say I have never overcome my real terror of them; so I escaped here [a new address]. They did not deny the existence of mice; merely said they were not in *all* the rooms, and that the man in the rooms next to mine had complained also. I had the night porter up, and he brought a cat, but it would only spring about, and wanted to stay on my bed! The heat has been worse than one remembers in this country, too hot to walk, and the garden here is a great boon. So thankful — is away and out of it. I think if I dared I would send *King Edward VII*, by Benson, to the ex-Kaiser. Never has there been such real courage [why "courage"?] in denouncing him, and showing the *deceit* in all he said and did throughout his life. It is really good reading, though one has heard and read much of it before. — is slowly improving; he knew his mother for a few minutes. — writes of "bad days", and that she now weighs less than 5 stone [70 pounds]. It is too terribly sad. How long will it be before Germany and Austria fight? All the interference in the world will never stop two nations fighting if they mean to. As to America, one tries to

understand, and cannot,—it is all muddle and change. As to this country, the papers say trade is better, but one sees no signs of it, and the usual autumn strikes are earlier!"

"Incidentally, the writer of that letter showed splendid courage during the War, nursing the sick with bombs dropping all around her, frightened nearly to death, but for love's sake, pretending not to be,—real courage; but I read it because in some way it is so typical, so unpremeditated, such a jumble, and because it suggests something at least of our common human tendency,—to agonize over things that to-morrow will be forgotten; to grow sick with worry about other things that do not happen; to pray both for things that would poison us, and to be relieved from things that are blessings; to treat trifles as finalities, and great forces (such as motives) as though they were trivial: a mirror, in other words, of the personal life,—which I think fits in with what the Philosopher began by saying."

"You call that letter a jumble", said the Engineer; "but it's obvious that your friend who wrote it was at her wits' end to entertain you, you dull old thing, and that, what's more, she succeeded!"

"You are quite right", the Historian replied blandly; "that's part of the picture."

"But now that the Philosopher's way has been paved, what was he leading up to?" It was the Student who asked this question.

The Engineer evidently thought he knew what was coming. "This fact may further pave the way", he said. "I received a letter yesterday from our Works Manager, stating that many manufacturers in his vicinity were taking out extra Insurance against 'Riot and Civil Commotion', and asking if he should do the same. The premium would be over \$500.00 for one year. We have lived without thought of such a thing, ever since the War, when, in 1914, we were busy (losing money) making shells for the Allies, and had to protect ourselves against a large body of Germans and pro-Germans, both within our plant and in the town near which it is situated. Why this sudden need to protect ourselves again? We certainly are not making shells! Who is responsible? Is it part of the New Deal?"

"By the way, I wish its orators would not be quite so oratorical, quite so tragic", broke in the Student. "Here is the well-known, or, rather, the widely advertized New York representative of the NRA (not a born tragedian) trying to whip up enthusiasm by announcing that the Old Deal—which, after an existence of some centuries, presumably expired last March—was 'a frayed and worn economic system which denied to the American citizen the right to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and the right to the pursuit of his happiness'! It has seemed to me, during the several decades of my experience, that the American citizen pursues his happiness with considerable zest, and was certainly not pursuing it with less zest during the period from 1920 to 1930! He would have been amused—not even irritated—if anyone had told him then that he had no 'right' to the pursuit. As to 'the right to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow', it has appeared, in any case, that the American

citizen, though willing enough to sweat when playing games, rather objected to having to sweat when earning his bread, and would have been distinctly pleased if someone *had* denied him the right to do so. Many Americans worked, and worked hard; but I should have thought that a rough synthesis of the national dream, in the matter of earning one's living, would have been—during some interval between rounds of golf, or of watching baseball—a semi-reclining attitude in an arm-chair, with a private 'ticker' at one's elbow, and the making of easy millions by telephoning inspired orders to a broker."

"Your orator *may* have known better", said the Philosopher; "he did not ask for faith. It was left to General Johnson to achieve that,—though he took the precaution of adding that the faith might need to be blind. In the *New York Times* of August 14th, under the heading, 'Urges "blind" following of Roosevelt plan', General Johnson is quoted as saying: 'where he [the President] leads, I, for one, am proud to follow, and, in this great crisis in the world's affairs, to follow blindly, for thus—and not otherwise—are human ends attained.' (He probably did not see the significance of his adjective, 'human'.)

"That speech, in St. Louis, followed closely on another, in which the same speaker (see the *New York Times* of August 7th, under the heading 'Call to "Buy Now" issued by Johnson') had ascended to heights that should have left his hearers dizzy. 'Turn your money into things', he said, 'because, almost before you can draw a breath, the things you want will be worth more than the money you can save by not buying.' Controlling your dizziness, as I had to control mine when I first read it, I invite you to recall one or two facts. First, there are still many millions of dollars in Savings Banks,—in any case, dollars were put into them. Depositors are now requested to spend those dollars on things, such as clothes, automobiles, pianos, houses, hair-tonics: whatever you want. A run on the Savings Banks! What would become of them, and of the mortgages now representing a goodly portion of your dollars? What would become of the people who did not get there *first*? But, it may be urged, General Johnson did not mean that; he was appealing only to the rich. To which my answer is: explicitly he was not; he said he was appealing to consumers, and explained: 'Whether a man is a worker or an employer, we are all consumers.' In any case General Johnson must know—it is his business to know—that many of those still classed as rich, inasmuch as they may own many shares of stock in many corporations, have been and still are living on borrowed money,—for lack of dividends. Does he invite them to borrow more in order to spend more? I had supposed that over-borrowing might have had something to do with our financial crisis. But take the very rich: no one can imagine that they walk around with a million dollars in their pockets. (One rich man told me, when the Banks in New York stopped payment recently, that he had been obliged to borrow fifty dollars from his Club.) Nor can anyone suppose that very rich men keep more money in Banks than they actually need for current expenses, especially now that Banks have ceased to pay interest on deposits. Their wealth is in stocks and bonds, and, in order to spend more than they are already spending, they would have to sell securities. Who would buy these, if

everyone were buying *things*,—unless you count securities as things, in which case, why sell one kind of things (securities) in order to buy another kind (such as tables and chairs)? And if you do not count securities as things (though securities undoubtedly represent the ownership of things, including real estate, machinery, inventory and so forth), then, if all the rich men were to try to sell their securities, and there were no buyers of securities but only of *things*, the result would be, not only a spectacular and I should think final panic on the Stock Exchange, but the collapse and ruin of all the corporations producing goods and employing labour, as well as of all the Insurance Companies, Savings Banks and similar institutions.

“‘If you don’t spend now and get something’, General Johnson continued, ‘you will spend later for taxes and doles and get nothing.’ It reminds me of: ‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die’—except that he omitted to add with St. Paul: ‘Be not deceived’ . . . ‘Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap . . .’

“‘After all, it should not surprise us, I suppose, that General Johnson and St. Paul differ, seeing that St. Paul was a Theosophist and a mystic, and that the General represents the last word, the supreme efflorescence, of the democratic philosophy.”

“‘Cheer up, cheer up!’ laughed the Historian. “‘Take some of your own medicine; they don’t mean what they say; they are just having their day off,—like China: an old, old story,—a short cut to the Golden Age; new rules and regulations, inaugurating the Golden Age. I grant you that it’s a shade confusing, at first, to be assured so vehemently that 2 minus 2 equals 5; that the only way to save money is to spend it, and so forth; but when you are dealing with a Brain Trust, you must be prepared for wonders, especially when it undertakes to beget, incubate, deliver and proclaim the Dawn that is to be. They mean well, I am sure.

“‘And remember: a ‘strong committee’ has been formed in New York, under NRA auspices, with three Professors to steer them,—a committee to teach people ‘How to Play’ during all the spare time they will have, while working less and (somehow) earning more. You must take lessons. I adjure you to do so. You can get full particulars from the front page of the *New York Times* of August 23rd; ‘NRA acts to teach Workers to Play—Eight Prominent Men Named to Study Proper Use of New Leisure—Millions to be Benefited—Many Toilers Already have had Time Cut to Half—City to be Model for Nation.’ Why not be one of those Millions? Don’t miss your chance. And they seem to think the Nation will be grateful. Just think what you may do as part of the Nation’s Model!”

“‘Yes,” echoed the Student: “at all costs cheer up! Listen to this (both items from the *New York Times*): ‘Postmaster General Farley predicts Democratic Victory in 1936—Says Roosevelt is Sure of Second Term.’ What more do you want? Then listen to this: ‘The principal stars of Hollywood have donated their services to make the Blue Eagle campaign a complete success. Many are now at work on a series of featurettes [I ask you to admire that word] de-



picting national recovery. . . . Radio celebrities, motion-picture stars and the legitimate theatre will join forces in a simultaneous broadcast.' Really, you *could* not resist the principal stars of Hollywood, pleading with you, threatening you, jollying you over the Radio. For weeks they have been taking lessons in English, so that you may understand."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the Recorder. "I find such cheer exhausting; I am older than some of you; perhaps my vitality is not equal to it."

"I thought you people never discussed politics anyhow", said our visitor, not quite sure whether to laugh or to shiver,—for must not the NRA in some sense be sacred, since even the newspapers were treating it with respect?

"You are quite right", the Recorder answered. "We never discuss politics as such; it makes no difference to any of us that the NRA was sponsored by one Party rather than another. We discuss it regardless of Party and of politics, and simply because, affecting everyone in this country, attracting the attention of the entire world, its discussion serves to illustrate the fact that transitory events are illuminating if seen in the light of universal principles and experience, but are misleading and confusing when treated, in newspaper fashion, as isolated phenomena, with no past, no suggestion of sequence or causation, each event brand new and of interest chiefly for that reason.

"The so-called Brain Trust represents 'science'; and modern 'science', instead of seeing the physical world and its laws as a reflection or expression of the spiritual world and its laws—instead of seeing spiritual forces as causal, and physical forces as effects—sees physical conditions and movements as generating mental and ethical states. This is where the trouble begins. Thus, the NRA avowedly is an effort to suspend the natural working of the law of supply and demand, 'science' seeing in it, not a universal law of life, but, rather, a mere tendency in the field of economics only. Students of Theosophy, on the other hand, see in that law an aspect, or manifestation of the law of Karma; for Karma is not only the moral law: it is that and much more; it is the law that governs all action on all planes of the Cosmos,—not a mechanical law, but a law which expresses the Divine Will universally, in hell as in heaven, on earth as throughout the infinite æther. The law of supply and demand, for instance, very clearly governs both on the spiritual and intellectual planes: on the former, aspiration meets with immediate response, while, without the aspiration or prayer or 'thirst' from below, the 'water of life' remains—so far as this world is concerned—a potentiality, but not an actuality; on the plane of the intellect, a genuine demand or desire for education is certain to produce a supply,—and essentially just the sort of supply which the demand called forth.

"'Hast not thy share? On wingèd feet,  
Lo! it rushes thee to meet . . .'

"Desire precedes function, and function precedes organism, said Lamarck: what is that, if not a statement of the law of supply and demand in terms of the evolutionary process? Won't you please illustrate that?" And the Recorder turned pleadingly to the Biologist.

"We call it the 'principle of epharmosis'", replied the Biologist, "which only means that organisms can respond directly to the environment by taking on structural modifications which are often useful to them. For example, the coat of tan which happens to be fashionable just now, protects the deeper lying tissues from the harmful effects of certain rays of the sunlight; the calluses developed on the palms of the hands may be interpreted as nature's shield against blisters; the progressively earlier flowering of a species of plant such as the wild aster, as we follow it northward—all these instances suggest that a need sets up an adaptive response, or, if you prefer, that supply follows demand.

"Your question, however, referred more directly to the possible molding influence, upon a race of organisms, of an environment which, working over a long period, finally changes one species into another. Take ordinary cacti—they had perfectly respectable ancestors, but, stranded in the desert, they turned into queer fleshy things, devoid of leaves and covered with tough cuticles—features all making for the conservation of water. One might interpret the case, certainly, as one of demand and supply—the demand for protection against water-loss leading to a supply of water-conserving devices."

"Thank you", said the Recorder, "but I note the reservation—the 'might interpret'—in your last sentence."

"Teleology!" the Biologist replied. "One's old prejudices die hard, and Lamarckianism is temporarily under a cloud. Not a bit of the evidence alleged for the 'inheritance of acquired characters' has stood the rigorous scientific test, and biologists are chasing other rabbits now anyhow. However, the word teleology isn't quite the scientific outcast it was twenty years ago, and what physics and chemistry can't unlock may open to the psychological key."

"What is teleology?" someone asked.

"It is the doctrine that means are adapted to ends; that a plant growing in a dark room, for example, reaches toward a window in order to get light."

"I should think that was obvious enough."

"My friend, you know not yet the secret and subtle ways of the scientific Lower Manas. It becomes my painful duty to inform you that unilateral illumination of the cauline axis is accompanied by a decreased turgor of those epidermal and cortical cells which receive the greater quantity of incident light; whereupon, as a necessary mechanical concomitant, the axis exhibits the so-called prophototropic curvature. The naïve opinion of the layman that 'the plant seeks the light because it needs it', is unnecessary and unscientific."

The conversation was becoming uncomfortably reminiscent of a "Brain Trust", and the Recorder hastened to draw it back into the worlds of form.

"Won't you tell us, please", he asked, "what happens when the experimenter tries to act in violation of the law of supply and demand, or, in fact, of any law that is inherent in the nature of things? Again I want illustrations."

"Well," replied the Biologist, "such an experimenter is riding for a fall. He never gets anywhere by trying to defeat the basic organic laws. Take the plant in the darkened room; if you prevent its leaves from reaching the win-

dow, it soon relieves you of any responsibility for its welfare by passing to the 'Summerland'.

"Certain poultry breeders, not long ago, succeeded in establishing a race of chickens which made unheard of records in egg production. But complaints began to come in from the growers: the chicks were too weak to break through the egg-shell, their mortality before and after hatching was excessive, they were often malformed, and were dreadfully subject to all the diseases in the fowl catalogue. All of which simply means that the force which should have gone into blood, bone and muscle had been deflected toward excessive egg-yield. The functional harmony of the system had been disastrously upset through long-continued artificial selection for a single factor. Under natural conditions this evil outcome can never come to pass, since an organism with any marked deviation from the racial norm is promptly wiped out in the struggle for existence.

"Mr. Johnston points out in his *Religion of the Will* that man has imposed upon nature an artificial world of just this sort of life, which he maintains only through constant vigilance—monstrous animals and plants, hypertrophied vegetables, sterile races arisen from miscegenation, weak and sickly growths—all abhorred by healthy nature herself.

"Now I am not saying that human interference will necessarily produce dire results in the organic world. We can work *with* nature, conform to her laws, encourage and stimulate her normal processes. We take a poor, starved bush from a rock crevice, plant it in proper soil, and it grows into a mighty tree—the perfect type of its species. So it is always and everywhere. A slight oscillation about the golden mean is not of great moment, and the ignorant experimenter may be encouraged to think that a small positive fluctuation is warrant for a high success in the near future; but his perpetual motion machines finally come to a stop, his defiant architecture tumbles about his ears, his boilers without safety-valves blow up, his white-leaved ornamentals die in the seed beds, and his dogs with undershot jaws die of starvation with food before them. He has loaded one pan of the balance with so great a weight that he has thrown it off its pivot."

"None of us is likely to forget", commented the Engineer, "what a Master wrote to the author of *The Occult World*: 'We but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works. . . . We never pretended to be able to draw nations in the mass to this or that crisis in spite of the general drift of the world's cosmic relations. . . . And we, borne along on the mighty tide, can only modify and direct some of its minor currents. . . . Can you turn the Gunga or the Brahmaputra back to its sources; can you even dam it so that its piled-up waters will not overflow the banks? . . . [If] the universal and immutable laws were but toys to play with, then, indeed, might we have created conditions that would have turned this earth into an arcadia for lofty souls.'

"There is bound to be trouble", the Engineer continued, "if you try to suspend the workings of natural law or the normal flow of energy. You can do it for a time, but must then create a very explosive situation. This is very evi-

dent in the case of electric charges and currents. The positive and negative charges seek to mingle and neutralize one another. Each 'demands' the other. Let them do this steadily, and there is no danger; but prevent the flow, and the tension augments, until the intervening medium is rent in a lightning flash."

"Having disposed of that", the Recorder now said, "it may be as well to add a further and important reason for our consideration of national and international events, namely, the lessons we can learn, as students of Theosophy, by never losing sight of the analogy between nations and individuals. For example—going back to what I was saying about much newspaper-reading, and the resulting habit of regarding events as isolated phenomena—is there not a widespread tendency to-day for individuals to meet and consider the events of their own lives as jerkily and as inconsequentially as the news of the day is presented in the press,—the result being, of course, that they live in a world of unreason and of fantasy? I have known even students of Theosophy who could see all kinds of things except the one thing they needed to see, which was,—their own lives flowing out of their own natures."

"From one point of view", the Student remarked, "it matters very little *what* the wide and silly world is doing, since, so long as it is silly, what it does can be only some expression of its silliness; but it is clearly *our* duty, first to try to remove the least or last traces of it from ourselves, and then to try to stand for the detachment and wisdom which Theosophy is. To use the slang of the day, we must not mistake ballyhoo, or Pollyanna propaganda, for a new Evangel."

"What we *must* do", added the Historian, "is to remember and love that marvellous promise in the Psalms: 'Blessed are they who, going through the vale of misrey, *use it for a well*',—words that contain the very soul of the Christian Master's message, so tragically misunderstood. Do you know the latest 'defence' of that Master,—a book by an Episcopal clergyman with a degree in theology from Harvard? According to its author, 'the circus and the theatre answer the same needs as worship'; and then he asks: 'Does not Jesus promise us exactly what Charlie Chaplin promises us, rest and restoration?'"

"Beware of disgust of the world!" said the Philosopher, smiling.

"It is a condition not easy to avoid as one grows older", the Historian replied.

"You are right", said the Ancient. "It is at once the blessing, temptation, and opportunity of age. It is a blessing, because few things are more tragic than age which is still in love with the world, or which still finds in the world any possibility of reward; it is a temptation, because age that is sour is hideous; age that laments and groans is a nuisance; age that sees nothing to look forward to, from day to day, is utterly blind. It is the service of youth, said Juliana of Norwich, when the world is still attractive, that has special value in God's sight: and doubtless that is true; but it is also true, I believe, that the service of age is of no less value when age makes the same yet opposite sacrifice by conquering its disgust. That is *our* opportunity: to look forward to each day with thanksgiving, *not* because the world is attractive, but because, from the midst of hell, we are still permitted to pray, to aspire, to love, and occa-

sionally, perhaps, to share the burden of some other soul. It is difficult to escape entirely from the materialism of our nature, so I suppose I ought to add to those opportunities of age, the 'word in due season',—though I think it is the motive more than the word that counts, and that, even so, it is not until 'after many days' (usually, not until after we are dead) that words of ours carry any real weight. No,—it is what we *are*, inside, that makes us useful. Youth, that rises superior to its love of worldly things and aims; age, that rises superior to its loathing of worldly things and aims, are brethren in a common cause,—the triumph of the spiritual world."

"But do you think age *can* achieve that, unless its own youth prepared the way?"

"There is repentance", the Ancient answered; "and repentance is a spring-board which should add immensely to a man's momentum. . . . In any case, if age can ceaselessly give thanks, not only for the past but for the present—give thanks, that is, for its immediate opportunities—it will go down, when it goes, with flags flying and bugles sounding the 'Advance'."

"You remind me", said the Student, "of a very old prayer: 'Lord, make us men and women after thine own heart, that we may fight our battles gladly for love of thee, fearlessly for faith in thee, with power and with might; with wisdom, tact and skill, discretion and zeal, through to victory, to thy honour and glory. Amen.'"

The atmosphere of our next chance meeting was very different. Only a few days had passed. Much had happened. Folly had worked its will; the spirit of the world had extended its domain; self-assertion had triumphed.

"We are plunging deeper into Kali Yuga", said the Ancient. "What can you expect! The weak are swamped by it; but the fact remains that the smallest progress counts for more now, in the long run, than giant strides when the sweep of the cycle is with us. It is a time of marvellous opportunity, just for that reason,—of far greater opportunity than if the world were full of Adepts and the veil of darkness had lifted. Then, much would be asked of us; now, so little,—nothing but faithful, steady effort, in spite of failure, and, in a sense, regardless of failure. It is only when love of self becomes so powerful that honour, loyalty, the sense of duty—of *noblesse oblige*—count for nothing in comparison, that something at last snaps, and defeat is registered. Once more then, the moral of it all is: Up, and onward for evermore! 'United we stand, divided we fall.' We *are* united; in fact, in all my experience of the Movement, I have never known a time when there was such proved and perfect unity of heart and purpose, not only at the centre, but throughout our ranks, to the furthest outpost. Standing for righteousness—and not simply for our own interpretation of it, but for the changeless and constantly restated principles of the Lodge—we stand also on an experience which makes this truth our own: 'If I am with thee, who shall be against thee, but if I am against thee, whither canst thou flee!'"

T.



# REVIEWS

*Science and its Function in Education*, with an Illustrative Commentary Based upon the Author's General Botany for Colleges, by Dr. R. E. Torrey, Assistant Professor of Botany, Massachusetts State College; obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department, Box 64, Station O, New York; price, 50 cents.

It has been said that every occult truth, every law of life, may be seen illustrated in a garden, as in a nursery, but there is little to suggest this in the ordinary textbook on Botany. In the old days of Abdul-Hamid in Turkey, when he was striving to keep his country free from the perverse doctrines of the West, it was Gray's Botany that was made the textbook of English in the royal schools, for, as Abdul explained, through it one "might learn the language without any contact with an idea". It is the outstanding feature of Dr. Torrey's books and teaching that the facts and laws of Botany are presented in their relation to universal principles. He shows us the unity of Being, and makes of the plant world a window opening upon long vistas into the eternal verities of the soul. To be able so to use one's subject is a mark of mastery in any science; but to make the result so vivid and convincing requires the gifts of the born teacher, whose words reach the hearts, as well as the minds, of his hearers.

The present volume, a paper pamphlet of 92 pages, was written as a supplement to the author's *General Botany for Colleges*, though it may be read, and read with understanding and profound interest, without reference to the larger work, and by those who, like the present reviewer, have little or no knowledge of Botany itself. In the introduction we are brought face to face with the problem that was central to the author, as it must be to all real educators: how to make teaching of benefit and not harm to the student.

What, then, were the basic principles upon which a sound pedagogy might be established? Surely they were none other than the basic principles of human nature itself, foremost amongst which stood forth the central fact of the immemorial wisdom: "There is but one problem in life; throughout all lands, in all ages, it has been the same. It is the problem of the soul and immortality". Each of these young men and women is a soul—a nucleus of organic potentialities sown in the soil of time and space in order that it might grow as a flower grows and open to the air. Like the Soul of the World, the soul of man has not become—it is becoming. . . . Only one appeal, I believe, can set these transforming currents into action, and that is an appeal to the Life which dwells in the sanctuary of each human heart. We have tried all the miserable and unworthy substitutes—appeals to expediency, to social idealism, to emulation, to greed. They

have all failed, or at best have yielded but meagre harvest. And why? Because they have been addressed to a make-believe, to a mask—a *persona*—a creature of time and space as unreal as Narcissus reflected in the water. Why not try the "appeal to Cæsar"—to the genius who sits in the sanctuary? This is his battle. "To second the will of the genius in men even against their mortal wills", is an ancient and honourable method of dealing with sluggish personalities.

It is this appeal which one feels in all that Dr. Torrey writes. As he goes to the heart of his subject, so does he go to the hearts of his readers, and to the soul which there has its sanctuary.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

This pamphlet of two essays is, on the one hand, a commentary upon Dr. Torrey's recently published textbook, *General Botany for Colleges* (reviewed in the *QUARTERLY* for July, 1932); on the other, an attempt to set forth what should be the true goal of modern science, namely, an understanding of fundamental spiritual principles which are at once the pattern and the law of the universe. Dr. Torrey writes:

In the first [essay] is set forth a frank criticism of the agnostic and materialistic dogma which is centred in the universities . . . the creed that man is a highly developed animal whose highest good can be found in the realm of material satisfaction, and that human intelligence applied to the amelioration of economic, social, and private ills, is enough to institute a reign of happiness upon earth.

In the second essay I have tried to lay the foundation stones of a constructive philosophy of biology upon the ancient, time-tested foundations of spiritual law.

A few eminent scientists, Jeans, Eddington, and others are, for the time, considering the deeper significance of scientific phenomena, but these are not the men who teach and impress the army of students that graduates every June. Most often the incentive that moves the student of science is the desire to see the results of his work printed in one of the many scientific journals. In this connection an eminent scientist once said that the value of a doctor's thesis was inversely proportional to the length of its bibliography. For the most part, college professors are "men of small stature" who bring no inspiration to their classes. Disheartened by the narrow interests of such teachers, a student who craves to gain the scientific insight into life may journey to the renowned laboratory of one of our large eastern universities, hoping there to find the inspiration which has elsewhere been lacking. What does he actually find among the "advanced investigators of natural laws" who conduct their experiments in that laboratory? One investigator may lead him to an incubator: carefully breaking the shell of an egg so that the beating heart of an embryo chick is clearly seen, he empties the shell into a dish, and with a scalpel in each hand unconcernedly macerates the embryo, as if it were a lettuce leaf, and then puts the dish into the incubator to learn whether anything more will "happen". That investigator had for nearly two years been thus dissecting three chick embryos each day, to see whether anything would "happen". At the end of the two years he purposed to write and publish, as his thesis for a doctorate, any "happenings" that he might have observed.

Another investigator in that same laboratory takes from an embryo salamander its hind leg "bud" ("bud" is a technical term which means an as yet undeveloped organ). This hind leg "bud" was then set in the middle of the salamander's back, again to see what would "happen". Another advanced student, also working with a group of salamanders, was taking their ear "buds", and re-setting these "buds" at various distances from the normal place of growth. Why?—to discover how far a "bud" might be transplanted and still live and function naturally.

Does any one care to know the monstrous results of such experiments?

It is this materialistic trend of modern science that Dr. Torrey has attempted to counteract,—this mania for facts of whatever kind, however gained, this utter disregard for spiritual principles. He writes: "This appalling revelation of the charnel house is not man; it is a demon risen from corruption and destined to go whence it came. . . . Only one appeal, I believe, can set [the] transforming currents into action, and that is an appeal to the Life which dwells in the sanctuary of each human heart."

Let us hope that some of the students of science will stop, look, and listen to this humane warning written by a scientist. A YOUNGER STUDENT.

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*The Modern Theme*, by José Ortega y Gasset; translated from the Spanish by James Cleugh; W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1933; price, \$2.00.

Some one has said that "what Rousseau's *Contrat Social* was for the Eighteenth Century, and Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* for the Nineteenth, Señor Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses* should be for the Twentieth Century." In the reviewer's opinion, this does not make sense. Ortega is as far removed from Rousseau and Karl Marx as he is from Henry Ford. They were plebeians, inciting other plebeians to assert their rights; whereas he is a patrician to whom the extension of such rights signifies the triumph of mediocrity, the progressive depreciation of all the standards by which a civilization judges itself.

In *The Modern Theme*, Ortega considers various aspects of "the conflict between spontaneity and tradition" which is continuous throughout all history, and which is particularly evident in an age, like the present, when the masses have revolted against tradition in the name of their right to live spontaneously.

There is a very interesting chapter on "The Sunset of Revolution". Ortega points out that nations and civilizations, as well as individuals, have their life-cycles, their periods of birth and growth and maturity, followed by decline and senility and death. To understand the present properly, "one must turn to study the development of the great historical organisms which have completed their full cycle. We then find that in every one of those great composite movements mankind has passed through three distinct spiritual situations, or, in other words, that the life of the human psyche has gravitated successively towards three diverse centres. The psyche passes from a traditional state of mind to a rationalist and from the latter to a mystical régime" (pp. 102-103). The development of rationalism in a civilization is shown to coincide with the genesis



of revolutionary sentiments among all classes of society. These sentiments normally originate in the form of Utopian idealism, but sooner or later they explode on the outer plane in some catastrophe like the French or Russian Revolutions. Ortega traces many correspondences between the democratic rationalism of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, and the doctrines of Cleisthenes and others, who tried to draw up perfect constitutions for the Greek cities and incidentally paved the way for the collapse of Hellenic civilization. This collapse was inevitable, for the revolution of "pure reason" against tradition always inaugurates an era of decadence, when men discover that Nature has no respect for their Utopian schemes. "In the course of the sunset of revolution ideas gradually cease to be a primary factor in history and return to the negative status they had occupied in the preceding traditionalist age" (p. 131). But this third age, as has been said, is marked by signs of degeneration. Ortega describes its spirit as "mystical",—a very unfortunate word to use in this connection, as he himself admits, when he says that it is more properly termed the spirit of superstition and slavery.

The ancient world completed its cycle. It is a most pressing question to-day whether we of the modern world shall also complete ours, descending into the same Limbo whose shadows finally engulfed the civilizations of the past; or whether by some supreme effort the modern world will withstand the forces which are dragging it downwards. The renewal of the vigour of youth is gained only as the reward of superhuman labour and insight. It is, indeed, the outward expression of a spirit which is truly mystical.

Ortega has a clear vision of many of the evils from which modern man is suffering. But he is a feeble physician; he has no idea of a real cure for them. He seems to believe vaguely that things might improve if men would only abandon the search for absolute standards and would be content to recognize that truth is nothing but the assemblage of all possible points of view. "Malebranche used to maintain that if we know any truth at all, it is because we see through God's eyes or from God's point of view. To me the inverse seems more probable, viz., that God sees phenomena through the medium of mankind or that mankind is the visual organ of divinity" (p. 95). He finds corroboration and support for this equivocal doctrine in the Relativity Theory of Einstein, with its insistence upon the finite character of the Universe. So, as he imagines, we may refashion a limited and balanced world, like that of the Greek, the "classical" man who "has a horror of the infinite and seeks the *metron*, the mean".

He ends his book, however, with the following paragraph which reveals the pessimism and despair that he cannot exorcise. "It would be superficial . . . to believe that the human mind is being directed towards a new classicism. There has never yet been a new classicism which has not resulted in frivolity. The classical man seeks the limit, but it is because he has never lived in an unlimited world. Our case is inverse: the limit signifies an amputation for us, and the closed and finite world in which we are now to draw breath will be, irremediably, a truncated universe." He might have added that a mind which can rejoice in the idea of such a universe must itself be "truncated", if not devilish.

The uncertainty revealed by these concluding words seems partly to explain why this aristocratic and disdainful philosopher has actively co-operated with the "revolt of the masses" in Spain. With all his qualities and talents, he has apparently not the least appreciation of the real meaning of principle. If he had such an appreciation, he would never have fallen into the error of supposing that truth becomes any less absolute, because the human mind is incapable of recognizing more than a few facets of it at any time; nor would he have imagined that the infinite universe can possibly be "truncated" by anything that Einstein says about it.

Doubtless, the Relativity Theory is a valuable mathematical instrument; but relativity as a "moral principle" is vicious and dangerous, a contradiction in terms, a peculiarly odious expression of the widespread decadence which Ortega deplores. In a "relativistic universe", it would be ridiculous to die for any Cause or for any ideal, for one could always change one's "point of view", when the need for self-sacrifice became too apparent. It is no accident that Einstein is popular with the mob. It is much harder to understand why he should be so much admired by Ortega, whose work testifies that he ought to know better.

"Our attitude implies," he says, "a new irony, of a type inverse to that of Socrates. While he mistrusted spontaneity and regarded it through the spectacles of rational standards, the man of the present day mistrusts reason and criticises it through the spectacles of spontaneity. . . . Such is the irreverent irony of Don Juan, the enigmatic figure which our age has continued to prune and polish to the point of finally bestowing a precise significance upon it. Don Juan revolts against morality because morality had previously risen in rebellion against life. Only when a system of ethics is current which affirms plenary vitality as its first rule, will Don Juan agree to submit. But this will mean the succession of a new type of culture, the biological. Pure reason has, then, to surrender its authority to vital reason" (pp. 58-59).

Thus Ortega contrasts the intellectual and the libertine, and expresses his preference for the libertine; and he takes such a man as Socrates as an exemplar of the barrenness of "pure reason". Doubtless, the so-called *intelligentsia* as a class have done more damage than all the Don Juans who have ever lived. As has been said, the "lower astral" world, to which most human thoughts belong, is inferior in the scale of being to the physical world which the "lower astral" can only reflect in inverted and distorted form. But Socrates, a true sage, was not affiliated with the *intelligentsia*. It was his teaching that there is also a "higher astral" or creative world, to which the *purified* intelligence of man, his *nous*, has free access; and that in this creative world exist the true ideals which the spontaneous energy of life seeks to realize. As the career of Don Juan testifies, spontaneity, when it is not subject to *nous*, can generate nothing but anarchy and barbarity.

One wonders whether Ortega has ever seriously considered this question. Who lived the more intensely, the more consciously, the more naturally, the more spontaneously, in the true sense of the word,—Socrates or Don Juan?

L. V.

*In the Footsteps of the Buddha*, by René Grousset; George Routledge and Sons, London, 1932; price 15s.

"The theory of great centuries is not a mere literary fiction. . . . Perhaps the old Indian tradition of the Kalpa does indeed correspond to the hidden nature of things. Periodically, humanity, after an infinite number of gropings, creates itself, realizes the purposes of its existence in one brief and rare moment of success, then destroys itself, loses itself once more in an all-too-slow process of dissolution."

This is the opening paragraph of the Foreword of René Grousset's book. The book itself is about such a period, the Buddhist World in the seventh century.

India and China were living with an intense political, intellectual, religious, and artistic life. Buddhism, in bringing them into contact with one another, had created a vast current of humanism, from Ceylon to the furthest isles of the Japanese archipelago. The withering of Islam, the decline of Neo-Confucianism, and the retrogression of Hinduism, which were unfortunately close at hand, had not yet made themselves felt. . . . It was the time of the Chinese epic in Central Asia, and of the great pilgrimages to the Holy Land of the Ganges, the time of Mahayanist idealism and the plastic art of the Gupta dynasty.

It is this period of high culture that I should like to try to bring to life again to-day. I should like to sketch the portraits of some of the great characters of that time, from the founders of Chinese Imperialism and of the Tang dynasty, to their contemporaries Hsüan-tsang and I-ching, the pious pilgrims whose travels across the Gobi desert and the Pamir plateau, or along the shores of the South Seas, equal in interest those of our most daring explorers—down to the thinkers and sages whose speculations attained, in the realm of metaphysics, horizons yet more vast. And for the setting, I shall have, as we cross the Himalayas and the Malay States, the whole of Buddhist art in its flowering-time, from the 'Romance' statues of the Wei dynasty at Yün-kang, to the supernatural apparitions at Ajanta, Horyuji and Borobudur.

M. Grousset has accomplished this task with the supreme elegance of French erudition which expresses itself so clearly and simply that one delights in its riches unaware of the years of research and scholarship which have made it possible. He not only writes about the outer history of the period, the great military figures and kings, but quotes the men of letters and the poets, and describes the marvellous works of art, with the ideas which evoked them. He has chapters on the Mahayana philosophy, on the Mystic Heaven of Buddhism, and on the Revelation of Indian art. His book will appeal to many different kinds of readers, those who love heroic deeds and adventures, those who are moved by the zeal and adoration of the pilgrims for their Masters, those who are stirred by the magnificent ideas of the sages, and those who love the supreme beauties of the arts of that time. M. Grousset quotes as the epigraph of his book the beautiful lines of Paul Valéry:

L'âme enfin sur ce faite  
A trouvé ses demeures.

"The soul at last upon this summit has found its dwelling-place."

ST.C. LAD.

*The House of Exile*, by Nora Waln; Little, Brown and Company, 1933; price, \$3.00.

Although they have lived for six hundred years in their northern home, the house of the Lins is still called the "House of Exile".

Nora Waln, who writes this beautiful book, belongs to a Quaker family of Philadelphia which for more than a hundred years traded with the house of Lin. She met two members of the house when they came to America, and, going to visit them in China, was adopted as a daughter. The first part of the book is about the life in the House of Exile. Later, she was married to an Englishman in the Chinese service, and the second part of the book concerns her experiences in the disordered, political China of the day. A part of the book has appeared serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The family, in accordance with Confucian precepts, has always been the centre of Chinese life, and the family of Lin presents an admirable picture of clan consciousness in its best aspects. This life, so rich in traditions, so elevated in its sense of honour and responsibility, so dignified in its ordered ritual, so happy in its pleasures, fills us with a sad longing. We see even more plainly the hideous disorder of our society, and our barbaric ways. Alas, our barbaric ways are becoming those of young China itself, and who knows how long the ancient beauties can survive.

There are two gates to the House of Exile, the Gate of Compassion, a small window through which charity is given to the poor, and the To and From the World Gate, with its massive doors and its great dragon screen of red, blue and green tiles. Behind the massive walls are many buildings, the Hall of Ancestors, the library, the school, the courts of the men, the courts of the wives of the sons of each generation, the courts of the maidens, of the children, of the servants, with all their gardens and parks. Six generations of Lins live together there.

Upon the first stone laid in the building is carved the inscription: "Glazed brick, white mortar, and blue roof-tiles do not make a house beautiful; carved rosewood, gold cloth, and clear green jade do not furnish a house with grace; a man of cultivated mind makes a house of mud and wattle beautiful; a woman, even with a pock-marked face, if refined of heart, fills a house with grace." The outer beauties of the House of Exile, its vermilion lacquers, its gilded carvings, its jades and pictures, its gardens are established and maintained in loveliness by the generations of honourable spirits who have built it up.

Time in these courts is reckoned by the Time Stick, a long spiral which burns like incense before the bronze Bird of Dawn. For eleven generations the forefathers of the old servant who attends to it have measured time for the Lins. It is regulated by the stars and is more accurate than a watch. The farming is carried on by the Farmers' Calendar handed down from the Han dynasty (B.C. 200—A.D. 200). For twenty-two generations the wife resident in the Second House of the Jade Rabbit has kept a record of the harvest and the effect of winter weather upon the crops.

The rites of birthdays, weddings, funerals and Calendar festivals are described.

These ceremonies, with their offerings to the Gods of Nature, the Goddess of Compassion, the spirits of the Ancestors, seem infinitely more profound than the barren emptiness of our celebrations from which "superstition" has been so antiseptically banished, with reverence and the sense of the oneness of nature and the spiritual world.

The Lins are by no means ignorant of modern civilization. They have travelled in Europe and America and studied in foreign universities, but their feeling is summed up by the Family Elder: "Go, and see the world if you like. You will soon come home again. I was abroad for forty-two years, and I know that the best of worlds is inside our own homestead wall."

The second part of the book is in striking contrast. Here we read of the internecine wars of the rival governments and generals, of the misery of the harried country-people, of the neglect of the dykes, the Bolshevik massacres, the violence of student mobs, the graft of politicians and the general anarchy: the same sad story of ruin and desolation which Bland has described in his *China, The Pity of It*.

Despite the plain spectacle of Bolshevik intolerance and bloodshed, of the greed, incapacity and anarchy of Young China, Nora Waln is carried away by the personality of Sun Yat Sen. She is a pacifist, with the usual pacifist lack of logic. When her Chinese sister says that the Government has made a mistake in accepting Soviet assistance, she writes:

Sometimes my tongue is quicker than my brain. I retorted: "You Chinese do not know what you want. I have met the Russian [Soviet] adviser, Mr. Borodin. I've talked often with him. I think that if the ideals he voices were put to work in every country the world would be a much saner place." Mai-da's lip curled, "My husband and his confederates are fooled just as you are. Western education must blind folk. We who have been brought up inside courtyard walls, with no broadening advantages, have sharper eyesight. We recognize a flight of stairs leading to calamity."

This passage shows that the authoress is able to separate her own ideas from the representation of what she sees. Indeed, she reflects as in a mirror, impartially, but with sympathy and a profound sense of beauty, the sights and events around her, so that the reader is able to draw his own conclusions undisturbed, and will find her book a source of delight and of stimulating ideas.

ST.C. LAD.

*A Garland for John Donne*, edited by Theodore Spencer; Harvard University Press, 1931; price, \$3.50.

A world that seeks "a change"—"anything so it's new"—must occasionally be driven to the desperate strait where, all secular themes exhausted, novelty can be found only among things religious,

simigliante a quella inferma,

Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,

Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma (Dante, *Purg.* VI).

This volume is a collection of essays by a number of scholars. Its composition

was inspired by Mr. T. S. Eliot (who wrote the first essay), editor of the English quarterly review, the *Criterion*. Mr. Eliot is called a poet, and thinks of himself as a present-day Donne; his friends, fellow-contributors to the *Garland*, seem to share that opinion. The book appears to have no vitality, but is only a focussing of academic scrutiny upon a great and religious man—mere “turnip blood” extracted by the grinding machine of philology.

A veteran critic, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in *Studies in Literature*, Vol. I, has indicated Donne's true greatness—which could not be guessed from this dusty *Garland*. “Imperfect mystic”, as Donne was, he nevertheless had sufficient experience of the inner life to stand as a beacon of hope to his generation, disillusioned at last by the failure of its material aims. Born in 1573, Donne, a contemporary of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, was a man of the world, in military and diplomatic service, and shared the hopes of that age as to the enormous amelioration of the human lot that would be effected by the unheard-of changes taking place in the outer world—education to be diffused by the printing press, opportunity brought to every door through new lands opened West and East, the standard of living raised by the diffusion of comfort and luxury in the form of pepper, etc., etc. Long before Shakespeare's *Miranda* spoke the words (1611), Donne's generation had hailed a

brave new world,

That has such people in't.

So men dreamed, as they always dream. The great national enemy, Spain, was defeated, and the triumph of Protestant England assured. At any moment, men expected to open their eyes in Arcadia, but, rubbing their eyes to clear them completely for the new sights, only found themselves still cabin'd and confined by old, unchanging human conditions. Then they childishly cursed life for cheating them with illusions, which illusions had in truth reeled from the spinning wheel of their own brains.

Because Donne had been converted from illusion to Reality, he could preach to those poor weary worldlings, and they listened avidly to one who spoke with authority of the inner life. Surfeited with great poetry and art, surfeited with adventure by land and sea, surfeited with the success of their own Protestant cause, what remained to give their life zest? He encouraged them to fresh effort by suggesting that not their aims were mistaken, but the direction in which they had sought to realize those aims. The fountain of youth, he could assure them, does indeed flow, though not in Florida but from Calvary. El Dorado does stretch gleaming, not beyond Atlantic waves, but beyond the waves of their own restless desires:

there is a country,

Afar beyond the stars,

Where stands a wingéd sentry

All skilful in the wars.

Further to discomfort and perplex the generation of 1614 (the year of Donne's ordination), science was making its seasonal shift of opinion, proclaiming with familiar tone and gesture that all that past ages had believed must now be

discarded as a *mode outrée*. Donne was a man of wide reading and erudition. He lived at a time when ideas from East, and West, and from many ages were being again discussed (see "Eastern Influences in Mediæval Christendom", THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1932). His great-grandmother was a sister of Sir Thomas More, and More had translated into English the works of Pico, Count of Mirandola, a veritable treasury of Platonic and Neoplatonic wisdom. Though Donne did not endeavour to unify the philosophies of East and West then current, with one old idea he was completely saturated, the Platonic, Christian, Indian thought of the unseen Eternal, as against the transient world of the senses. The one, permanent Reality that abides, a Rock, whatever tides may shift,—that he preached, with conviction that made, and still makes him, a power.

Donne's parade of what then passed for learning, his frequent lapse from good taste, his purposed irrelevancy for the sake of attacking Roman dogma or practice, his academic pride in his intellectual acumen, seem to have been faults so common in his auditory, as to be unresented in his sermons. Stripped of those local and temporary encumbrances, many of his sermons are applicable to present day conditions.

C.

*Through the Menin Gate*, by R. H. Mottram; Chatto & Windus, London, 1932; price, 6s.

It will be the title itself, perhaps, which first arrests our attention, as any reference to the immortal Ypres Salient is sure to do, though the author is already well known for what he has written about the Great War. It is a book of grim reality throughout, and a reality which has been experienced at first hand. Partly fiction—if there can be such a thing as "fiction" when dealing with an episode of the War in which the unimaginable was not only the actual, but was also the daily matter of course—three-quarters of it is, nevertheless, frankly a personal record of the swift-moving events from 1915 to the end, and after. There are in it many clever, rapidly-drawn portraits of some of the men who moved undismayed through that carnage; portraits of the type of man out of which the New Army was created—"the New Army as it was still called [1915-1916] by real soldiers", modestly adds the author. These were "not the military type proper", officers in reserve or Sandhurst cadets, but public school men destined for other professions, civil servants, bank clerks, everything that was *not* military. The drastic readjustments, both theoretical and practical, which many of the Regular Army men were obliged to make when brought into close contact with what must have seemed to them most astonishing irregularities on the part of some of the New Army individuals, is recorded with good-natured humour; the impressions of the modern battlefield, so different from what those first volunteers expected, are sketched: "the enormous noise, continuous explosions, deserted landscape, complete immobility of everything", and the early, tragically prosaic realization that "a casualty was not a matter for wonder or horror, but for replacement".

Mr. Mottram went out to France about the time of the Battle of Loos, in the autumn of 1915, and he tells us that he was among those thousands of other men "who never sought and never gained glory or destruction, and who, when they enlisted for 'Duration', never dreamed that the responsibility they undertook, swearing as they did loyally to uphold their Lord and King, would continue to rest upon them, with rather wider implications, for the rest of the lives of those who survived." To the author, the yearly, two-minute silence on November 11th, is not solely in memory of those who are fallen, nor does it celebrate the coming of the Armistice which, as its name implies, is the laying down of arms—"for the arms we bore then we can never quite lay down", he says. He is evidently among those who do not feel that the War was or is "won". Had conditions been better understood, he thinks "we might have saved European civilization whose fate, now, in 1932, seems so dubious".

Mr. Mottram was present at the dedication, in August, 1928, of the great Memorial Gateway at Ypres—the Menin Gate—and it was on that occasion that many realized, perhaps for the first time, how ineffaceable are the memories which the War's experiences have left—"dreams that are nightmares, and others we would not part with for any consideration". That day's ceremony, commemorating the Salient's long agony, throughout the years of which Mr. Mottram had taken his active share, seemed to bring to an end but one more phase of the War, for, with the huge crowds beginning slowly to disperse, with the fading notes of the Last Post and the Reveille, and the standards lowered in salutè, "still up the Menin Road they come", we read, "the long procession of spirits of those whose very graves could not be found. I cannot see them, but I can feel that they are there." The War is indeed not over, and we re-live it in the most unexpected ways. We see a tree which has been struck by lightning, but to us it looks shell-riven; or our attention is called to so simple a thing as a torn-up road or a few sand bags lying in a heap, and immediately, almost imperceptibly, we have passed through the gate of memory, and stand once more beside old friends—"those who have been these many years in their graves"; once more we clasp hands with our comrades of those stormy times; from our drab surroundings of to-day, we have escaped into the glory of the days that are gone. "No, we shall never be able to forget." T. D.

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*Babylonia*, by W. H. Boulton; Sampson Low, Marston & Company, London, 1932; price, 3s. 6d.

This book is one of several which, together, form "The Ancient Lands and Bible Series". It is the third in line, the subjects of the first two being Palestine and Egypt; those in preparation: Assyria, Persia, Media and Elam, Greece and Rome. Thus the whole Series, if continued on its present simple yet reasonably comprehensive plan, should be found very useful for popular study, especially that which has to do with comparing up-to-date archæological discoveries (whether research or field work), with the Bible records. This particular volume is only concerned with the southern portion of Mesopotamia, and there is



no attempt made to give an exhaustive account of the recent "finds" there; on the other hand, a fair knowledge of the Old Testament is evidently taken for granted. The author wisely feels that "nothing is so helpful to the proper understanding of history as the re-creation of the atmosphere in which it was worked out", and, thanks to the unflagging enthusiasm of the various archaeological expeditions which have, for some time, been sent to the land of the Euphrates and the Tigris, our sense of this atmosphere has been enriched beyond our most sanguine hopes. Many picturesque facts have recently come to light in connection, for instance, with Ur of the Chaldees, and it is now possible to get a very clear idea of the kind of city it was (streets and houses and gardens) in which Abraham lived; the kind of home he left when, in obedience to the Divine Call, he started on his long journey, "not knowing whither he went"—a journey which ended in far-off Palestine. One very interesting part of the book is that which concerns the Code of Khammurabi—the great, archaic law-giver of the First Dynasty of Babylon—especially where this Code is compared with the Mosaic Law. Exceedingly interesting too is what we have lately learned of the daily life of Babylon in the days when the mighty Nebuchadnezzar reigned; we can reconstruct with dramatic detail the last day of Belshazzar, and the scene in the vast throne-room with its gypsum-faced walls on which the words of doom were traced. It is now fairly evident, as a result of the careful excavations of the ruins that, unless there had been actual treachery within the gates of this great, walled, strongly-fortified city, its capture, except with a terrible loss of life on the part of the attacking forces, would have been quite impossible, for the approach was so arranged that the defending force would have been able almost to annihilate the besiegers. In fact, throughout the book, the reader will find much information which will convince him, if he need convincing, of the debt we owe to archaeology; of the way it is increasing our knowledge of the past, filling in gaps which, until now, have remained mysterious blanks.

T. D.

*The Great Crusade, A Chronicle of the Late War*, by Jennings C. Wise, D.S.C., Lt. Col., Infantry, U. S. A., A. E. F.; The Dial Press, New York; price, \$2.00.

This book was recommended to us by a discriminating friend at a Church Fair. In spite of the recommendation, we postponed reading it, as we dreaded the "We did it" tone of most American War books. Finally, we read it, and now want everyone to read it, especially in Europe, as it will do more than any other book at present known to us to prove that there are still some Americans who can be patriots without being braggarts; who are chivalrous by nature, and who, after close association with the British and French armies during the War, can be as fair to them as to their own people. The author served with his regiment—many of them Virginians like himself—in Picardy and in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, and was awarded the D. S. C. "for extraordinary heroism in battle, retaining command though wounded". In his book, to avoid the personal pronoun, he attributes his experience to "Smith".

He by no means confines himself to descriptions of actual fighting; there are brief but illuminating comments on things seen and heard, after as well as before the Armistice, which are curiously in line with the opinions often expressed in the *QUARTERLY*. This means, incidentally, that Colonel Wise's book is not likely to become a "best seller"—yet; though there is no knowing what may happen in twenty years from now, when, let us hope, a genuine desire for the truth, whether flattering or not, will have become more prevalent.

In one respect the attitude of the *QUARTERLY* differs radically from that of *The Great Crusade*: its author shows that the result of the War left him a saddened and, in a sense, a disappointed man. He had hoped for so much, both for his country and for the world, and those hopes were not realized. The *QUARTERLY* had this advantage: during the early days of the War, in 1914, when the Germans seemed to be tearing their way through to Paris, and we were in agony, word came to us from one from whom a message means much—and who, at another moment of agony, sent word, "I am at Verdun"—that we must "take long views", which we tried faithfully to do, extending them from that day to this, partly from downright necessity. In other words, we were helped to brace ourselves, almost from the beginning, against disappointment, our whole philosophy aiding, because it teaches us that while Time, on the one hand, is an illusion, an immense amount of time is needed, on the other hand, to effect even the smallest permanent change in mass human nature. As our statesmen, in a democracy (and England, though a "Kingdom", is at least as democratic as America), necessarily reflect the mass, it follows that they would be incapable of doing any better after the War than before it. The War, and the spirit of self-sacrifice it engendered, lifted many people far above their normal selves. In most cases they reacted badly when the inspiration of the War was withdrawn. The financial depression, perhaps, will help such people to recover their moral balance,—for there are "tides in the affairs of men", and it is his own fault if a man forgets this, and so allows himself to expect too much in too short a time, with disappointment as an inevitable result. Those who were disappointed by the outcome of the Great War had imagined that a thousand years of normal growth could be squeezed into five. Actually, and to look no further, how *could* a real victory, or a real peace, have been earned—leaving the so-called statesmen out of the count entirely—by men who so often undid with one hand what they built up with the other, by reacting, then and there, from heights of magnificent heroism, to depths of self-indulgence and licence? Even the little that the author permits himself to say about the streets of Liverpool, Brest, London and Paris—wherever soldiers on leave or en route congregated—is enough to show that, if the men at the top lacked "final perseverance", too many of the men beneath them lacked it in another form, failing to realize that to die magnificently is not enough, and that a decent life is essential if we are to draw down from "the Father of lights" the "good gift" of victory,—of real victory. The cause of the Allies, in our opinion, was sacred, not only worth dying for, but worth living for, not only during part of the time, but all through the day, every day. In so far as men fell short of that, what they had begun

they left unfinished, and, as Genghis Khan said: "The merit of an action lies in finishing it to the end."  
T.

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*Words to The Deaf*, by Guglielmo Ferrero; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

People sometimes ask: "How do you reason by analogy? How, for instance, can you foresee difficulties in the inner life by observing outer events?"

Here is a book on which to practise. The analogies it suggests are innumerable. The author, presumably, has no conception of discipleship, as students of Theosophy understand that word. The sub-title of his book is: "An Historian Contemplates His Age." The principle upon which he bases his criticism is suggested in his Preface, and it will be seen at once that he might be addressing a group of would-be chélas. This is what he says:

"What do we want? That is the essential question. Every man and every epoch should keep this question constantly before them, just as a lamp is kept burning day and night in dark places. On the contrary, our will is in a state of complete confusion. Sometimes it is split in twain, at once desirous of good and evil, or of benefits that are mutually exclusive. Sometimes it cloaks itself in agreeable falsehoods, persuading itself that it desires one thing, while all the time it desires something different or even antithetical. Sometimes it entirely strays away from reason and reality, lured on by a chimerical mirage.

"This disorder of the will is the disease from which our age is dying. . . .

"Are these words sibylline? A few examples of dual volition, veiled volition, and strayed volition, may make their meaning less obscure to those who are not, as so frequently happens, stricken by an instant deafness at the first word of truth. How many will hear? I do not know. In any case, I shall speak to the deaf."

As he proceeds, it will be found impossible to agree with many of his statements of fact; he does not suggest any practical cure for the conditions he describes, but he writes brilliantly, fearlessly, provocatively, and his book should do something toward upsetting the fat self-satisfaction which is the outstanding characteristic of our machine age. Also, as said, it may be read as an elementary treatise on "obstacles in the path of discipleship", though it certainly was not written with that intent.  
T.

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*When an anchorite goes into a tavern, the tavern becomes his cell; but when a wine-bibber goes into a cell, that cell becomes his tavern.*—HAJWIRI.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 381.—Is “the brotherhood of man” in the Theosophical sense expressed by the American, “All men are born free and equal” and the motto of France, “Liberty, equality and fraternity”?

ANSWER.—Among other things, the brotherhood of man must mean that there is in all men—save in those “soulless” persons of which we are told—that spark which comes from the Divine Fire; that this spark can be fanned into flame, using toward that end the circumstances and environment in which the individual finds himself, using aspiration, devotion, self-discipline, self-sacrifice. In that sense there is equality of opportunity. The brotherhood of man must mean a community of service, the privilege of striving to further spiritual ends, the privilege of obedience to Spiritual Law,—which alone can make a man free. It must mean a union on inner planes, on the part of all those working along these lines, akin to what is referred to as the “Communion of Saints”,—a blessed company of all faithful people.

Men are not born free and equal, and it is futile to pretend that they are. They are the products of their past lives, they are on very different levels of inner attainment and accomplishment, and they start from where they left off in their last incarnation. True, the way is open to them for inner growth; but even on the material plane of national mottoes, events themselves prove again and again that there is no such thing as liberty and equality, that men are tied and bound by the chain of their own characteristics (sins), and that there can be no spirit of fraternity when selfish impulses are uppermost.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The Theosophical conception of brotherhood is one in which the *liberty* of the members rests on the emancipation of the soul, the *equality* of the members on possessions which may be possessed by all pure souls equally, the *fraternity* among the members on being united in spiritual purpose—to work for the eventual salvation of mankind. Members of such a brotherhood must gain their own freedom and equality through becoming as little children and being born again. Any so-called brotherhood or fraternity—and their name is legion—or any declaration or slogan not founded on the fact of freedom through re-birth into the spiritual world, is the antipode of the Theosophical conception.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—Liberty, freedom, is an ideal,—attainable at the price of absolute obedience to Spiritual Law, and in no other way. Fraternity is an ideal,—attainable at the price of complete self-abandonment to the purposes of the Fraternity (there may be genuine fraternity in a regiment, with fullest recognition of superiorities and inferiorities). Equality is not an ideal; it is a nightmare. Unless a man can look up with awe, with reverence, to men greater than himself—can look up with something of adoration—there is nothing to draw him from his own littleness. To look up to “God” only, does not help him in the least, because his vanity will find refuge in the fact that “God” is “different”,—is, as it were, in a class by himself. In no single respect are any two creatures in the universe equal. The word was borrowed from the domain of mathematics in a jealous and angry effort to drag superiority down to the common level. There is nothing that egotism resents more bitterly than a sense

of its inferiority in any direction; and as this is incurable, the only palliative is to pretend that what is, isn't.  
H.

QUESTION NO. 382.—*The author of "Letters to Friends" says no man can serve God in anything or in any moment unless he serve him in everything and in every moment. This would seem to dismiss all but the saints. What hope is there for the man whose spirit is willing, but whose flesh is weak?*

ANSWER.—What we do at any given moment, in an emergency, in a crisis, depends upon what we have done in the little things of every day over a long period beforehand. There is no time to say, "Here is a crisis", to key ourselves up to meet it, to try to act as we should like to act, as we think we ought to act. No, we act instinctively and at once, and the line which our action takes will depend upon the motives behind the decisions which we have been making from day to day and have been translating into daily action.

So it comes back to motive. If the main motive is to serve God at all times, in little things as well as in great, what difference does it make if some times there is failure, provided that the failure is laid hold of and used to learn by? If a man is trying to serve God in everything and in every minute, it is not failure in an emergency or in a crisis that he need fear, but rather those unguarded moments of slackness and idleness, when the spirit is, perhaps, not less willing, but less alert.  
C. R. A.

ANSWER.—His hope is to *attempt* to serve God in everything for a single moment, then for two moments, then for three moments, and so on until the sum of such moments constitutes all his time. He cannot serve him in everything and in every moment without making a start at the *first* moment; and then succeeding ultimately in making that one moment continuous with all moments. It is only the Real Man who can serve God in the way set down in the Letters. To become the Real Man, one must act as if he were one. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—It is a mistake to think that one has to do everything perfectly before one can serve. The author of *Letters to Friends* assuredly did not think so; he wrote that we had to begin somewhere, and that place was just where we were. The starting-point, the fulcrum, is our *desire* to serve,—a *little* devotion. As we use what we have, where we are, we shall find ourselves gaining in devotion, until, as the *Gita* says, "He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time."  
G. H. M.

ANSWER.—We can always *learn*—let us hope that we are, at this very moment, in process of learning. Were not even the saints in process of learning? And is not that a great part of the lesson which we get from the study of their lives: the gradual, perhaps even painful unfolding of the inner life of the spirit? Probably no saint who ever lived felt that he had actually accomplished anything so transcendent as serving God literally "in everything and in every moment." Had he so declared, it is to be doubted that he could have been reckoned a *true* saint. We have often been told that the status of "saint" is far from implying the understanding and the consciousness of a *chêla*, even that of an accepted *chêla* of low degree. And we know that *chêlas* are in process of learning exactly this: to serve their Master at all times and in all ways, and to have no occupation *but* this. Let us therefore begin exactly where we stand, and gradually, if our hearts are truly set upon it, we shall surely learn.  
T. A.

ANSWER.—What hope is there for the man whose spirit is willing, but whose flesh is weak?—The age-old answer—as all our Guide Books tell us—the old, old story, to turn round, shouldering the Cross, with the Vow of Poverty for staff. So doing, in any case, he will find he no longer falls between two stools, in the bitter weakness of hesitation.

Yes, it is true all is not fair sailing, for he will desire to do, and do not, and this again

and again because of the weakness of the flesh, yet, in that very weakness is his hope hid, for is he not learning? He is not flesh, but spirit!

Slowly the position may then change, and Cavé gives the picture: "... The disciple, if truly a disciple, must be a Priest. He will live in such close communion with his Master, that he will make of each common act or detail of life a sacrament [Will he not then be serving in everything and in every moment?] and so turn the bread and water into the Eucharistic flesh and blood,—make of himself a channel that Christ may use. ... To pass this Communion chalice to others, we must watch with the Master in Gethsemane, and be able to pray his prayer there with our hearts ... the Garden is offered to each one." R. P.

ANSWER.—Each of us must start where he is. Weak flesh must be made a strong and useful instrument, and this will be done if indeed the spirit is one-pointed. The willingness of the spirit must be more than a "favourably disposed mind". We must be willing in the sense of "prompt to do", "ready to act". Once we have learned to control our weak flesh by the spirit which is really willing,—then we are ready to serve God in everything and in every moment. Till then we are only dabbling, and really "leaning on". L. S. W.

ANSWER.—The passage in question was not original with the author of *Letters to Friends*, for it but paraphrases what may be found in all religious treatises. In the things of the spirit half-measures are futile, and the secret of success lies in giving one's all. So Christ turned back to the ancient law of the Jews, in answer to the lawyer's question as to how eternal life was to be won: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." The virtue of the widow's mite was not that it was small, but that it was her all. The letter bears its own evidence of having been written to a man who was clearly not giving his all, who still thought of his daily life as separate from his religious aspirations, and who had not faced the fact that a divided allegiance is, in reality, no allegiance at all. The servant who sometimes obeys you and sometimes does not, is not your servant. The soldier who is sometimes with you and sometimes with the enemy, fights for himself, not for you; and though he may to-day win or lose a battle for you, in the long pull of the campaign he can be counted only as a constant danger. If this be true outwardly, it is far more gravely true inwardly. There is no more pernicious foe to the morale of any force than the support of the lukewarm, and the "service" of the half-hearted bears down as a dead weight upon the spirit. There can be no service of God that is not service of the spirit, and there is no escaping the fact that until you are whole-hearted and of undivided loyalty, whatever you may be permitted to do in the furtherance of right, is not you serving God, but is God serving you,—giving you the opportunity to make yourself whole-hearted by acting as though you were. This is the hope of those "whose spirit is willing, but whose flesh is weak". It is a strange misapprehension to think that one must be a saint before one can be whole-hearted. As well think that the enemy must have surrendered before a soldier can be valiant.

M.

### NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64 Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half-past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement, giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and 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.

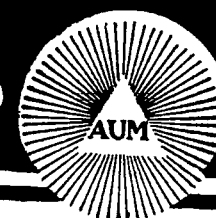
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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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



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*We have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, formerly headed by Mrs. Besant, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.*

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.





JANUARY, 1934

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#### SOLAR OXYGEN

WE read in *The Secret Doctrine* that "neither the stars nor the Sun can be said to be constituted of those terrestrial elements with which the chemist is familiar, though they are all present in the Sun's outward robes. . . . Our globe has its own special laboratory on the outskirts of its atmosphere, crossing which, every atom and molecule changes and differentiates from its primordial nature" (ed. 1893, I, 638).

These words suggest that the spectroscope cannot tell us the real composition of any material body outside the earth's atmosphere. When the spectrum of a star indicates the presence of hydrogen, for example, there is no proof that this stellar "hydrogen" is identical with the hydrogen of our laboratories. The most that can be said is that the spectroscope reveals a correspondence between terrestrial and celestial elements. The astronomer tries to translate the language of the stars into the earthly terms which are all that we know. Sometimes, he is hard pressed to find a terrestrial equivalent for what he reads in the heavens. For example, the *New York Times* (October 25th, 1933), reporting the discovery of "oxygen-lines" in the Sun's corona, stresses the fact that this solar oxygen, though generically identical with the oxygen of our air, has certain peculiar qualities.

For the first time since the spectra of the corona in eclipses of the sun were observed by astronomers more than sixty years ago, science now has a definite clue of what the corona is made, and incidentally of what goes on there in the heat of the outer atmosphere of the sun. Three of the strongest lines of the sun's corona, Dr. Harlow Shapley [of the Harvard College Observatory] announced, have been identified as being due to neutral oxygen atoms in the high solar atmosphere, these atoms being in a peculiar state of excitation. The mysterious radiations of the sun's corona have been attributed for years to a hypothetical element "coronium", much as the light of the distant nebulae was long attributed to a hypothetical element "nebulium". A few years ago the mystery of nebulium was solved when it was found that highly ionized oxygen and nitrogen were

responsible for the nebulae's radiations. Similarly, in recent years, the mysterious light of the aurora has been found to be due to ionized oxygen. Oxygen is described as ionized when one or more outer electrons are stripped from the oxygen atom.

#### THE REAL SUN

As Dr. Shapley points out, similar highly excitable states of oxygen can be duplicated in the laboratory. This might be taken as evidence that the matter of which the corona is composed, is not very different from the matter of our planet. But the nature of the Sun is not understood by science, as astronomers themselves must admit, since they are unable to explain the source and maintenance of its apparently inexhaustible power. According to occult tradition, we do not see the real Sun but a mirage or reflection of it. This would seem to imply that the real Sun is of such subtle substance as to be beyond the range of our bodily senses; and that the visible orb of day is a great vortex of gross matter which is excited and set in motion through an infusion of the "vital electricity" radiated by the real, invisible sun.

There are some suggestive comments upon the mystery of the Sun, in a letter received by A. P. Sinnett in 1882 and signed K. H.:

[The corona] is simply the magnetic and ever present aura of the Sun, seen by astronomers only for a brief few moments during the eclipse, and by some of our chélas—whenever they like—of course while in a certain induced state. A counterpart of what the astronomers call the red flames in the "corona" may be seen in Reichenbach's crystals or in any other strongly magnetic body. The head of a man—in a strongly ecstatic condition, when all the electricity of his system is centred around the brain, will represent, especially in darkness, a perfect simile of the Sun during such periods. The closer to the head or the aura-emitting body, the stronger and the more effulgent the emanation (due to hydrogen, science tells us, in the case of the flames); hence, the irregular red flames around the Sun or the "inner corona". The fact that these are not always present in equal quantity, shows only the constant fluctuation of the magnetic matter and its energy, upon which also depend the variety and number of spots. . . . The further the emanation shoots out, the more it loses in intensity, until gradually subsiding it fades out; hence the "outer corona", its rayed shape being due entirely to the latter phenomenon whose effulgence proceeds from the magnetic nature of the matter and the electric energy and not at all from intensely hot particles as asserted by some astronomers. . . . The Sun we see is not at all the central planet of our little universe, but only its veil or its reflection. . . . We know that the invisible Sun is composed of that which has neither name, nor can it be compared to anything known by your science—on earth; and that its "reflection" contains still less of anything like "gases", mineral matter or fire, though even we when treating of it in your civilized tongue are compelled to use such expressions as "vapour" and "magnetic matter". . . . The Sun is neither a solid nor a liquid, nor yet a gaseous glow; but a gigantic ball of electro-magnetic Forces, the store-house of universal life and motion. . . .

#### LIFE-RAYS

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Not only the visible sun but every manifested thing reflects an essence, a noumenon which is invisible to the physical man. Physicists tacitly admit this principle, inasmuch as they represent the chemical atom as a system of infinitesimals, the objective form of which we cannot even imagine. It appears

that even biologists are now beginning to look beyond protoplasm for the ultimate cause of life.

Certainly they still cling desperately to the supposition that life and consciousness are by-products of protoplasm; but they have begun to suspect that protoplasm itself is produced through the action of radiant energy upon inorganic matter. According to the latest theory, rays with certain wave-lengths are continuously generated and emitted by the body, and these rays are the principal factors in the manufacture of organic compounds. This theory was recently outlined by the well-known surgeon, Dr. George W. Crile of Cleveland, in a lecture at Chicago before the American College of Surgeons, the following excerpts being taken from the report of his address in the *New York Times* (October 8th, 1933):

The processes of life and the mystery of matter involve a mechanism very similar to a radio set, depending for their growth, development and functioning on a definite series of radiations of various wave-lengths, emanating from the living substance of the body. This, in essence, was reported to-day by Dr. George W. Crile. . . . The medical man of the future, Dr. Crile said, would "tune in" on the living body as one does now on the ordinary radio. By "listening in" to the short waves and the long waves, transmitted by the various organs, he would hear the "symphony" played by the living organism and would determine the rhythms of the "dance of life". Long before there was any outward evidence of disease, the physician-radio-engineer of the future would thus be enabled to tell by the "reception" of the "life-waves" whether they were playing a melody of health or whether they were signalling an SOS. The life-rays, Dr. Crile added, have a range of wave-lengths from the ultra-violet, through the visible spectrum, down to the infra-red. These rays are generated and emitted during life, and change with the state of activity of the protoplasm. . . .

It is a proper balance of the infra-red, the visible, and the ultra-violet radiations that makes possible the building up of the dynamic mechanism which we call protoplasm, Dr. Crile said. "On this conception, protoplasm is no more mysterious than is a combustion engine. In either case the energy depends upon oxidation in the course of which solar energy is released. It now appears probable that when we wish to increase the activity of the brain, for example, it is necessary to alter the wave-lengths so as to increase the percentage of the short-wave radiation within the brain, and this is done by increasing the action of the thyroid gland and the adrenal gland. . . . Already a rapid penetration into the mysteries of protoplasm has been made by the application of physical and chemical laws, and we may believe that this advance will not stop until we are able to define, clearly and simply, what a living thing is and the principles by which it is governed. . . . The present trend of thought regarding the nature of protoplasm is strongly mechanistic. Already we know that the phenomena of life are only phenomena of energy; already we know that all energy is interpreted by the known laws of physics and chemistry; already we know that no living thing can exist in the absence of chemical activity. . . . There will be developed in this coming century such an exact understanding in physical terms of the requirements of protoplasm. . . . that there will be a new means of estimating the state of activity of the protoplasm of the body by measuring the relative percentages of the different parts of the spectrum emitted by different parts of the body."

The biologists are at last becoming interested in something more subtle than the physical structure of protoplasm; but Dr. Crile's remarks indicate how deep-rooted is their materialism. Like the physicists, they have come into contact with phenomena which, in our opinion, are reflections or projections of astral or

semi-astral forces. However, again like the physicists, they persist in the effort to interpret these phenomena in conventional materialistic terms. Most physicists are at least aware of the inconsistencies and contradictions of their position, and in enlightened moments are ready to admit that they really do not know what they are talking about. But Dr. Crile is representative of the biological and medical mind, when he affirms that already "we" know much about the mystery of life; and that what remains to be known will be discovered during the next hundred years.

In such circumstances, it is not surprising that his life-ray theory is concerned only with the possible ways in which radiation can be directed by mechanical means, to stimulate or to retard the growth and activity of various organs of the body. Nevertheless, it seems probable that these vital waves emanating from the organism constitute part of the luminous atmosphere or aura, the counterpart of the solar corona, which, according to the testimony of clairvoyants, permeates and surrounds the living body. One recalls the teaching of Mesmer and the alchemists, that every creature is charged with a magnetic fluid, and that physical health depends upon the harmonious reciprocal action of the positive and negative currents of this fluid. It is even possible that, without realizing the fact in the least, biologists have stumbled upon a manifestation of "the alternate functions of the Fiery Lives, as Destroyers and Builders" of the physical body of man (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 283).

#### THE PHYSICIAN-RADIO-ENGINEER

In the concluding words of his address, Dr. Crile explains some of the things which the "physician-radio-engineer" of the future will do to those of us who may have the misfortune to be alive. It is charitable to suppose that he did not intend to be taken seriously.

The well child, under the guidance of the physician, will probably be trained in a very different way than by our present haphazard methods, because as time goes on there will be discovered what measures will build up and what will deteriorate the child's nervous system and mentality. When the mechanism that operates the brain is understood, then there will be an accurate knowledge as to what patterns of action should be placed in the brain. . . . With a better understanding of the laws of life and of heredity, the reproduction of the unfit will be reduced, and as a consequence there will emerge the beginnings of a superior race. Within certain limits, therefore, the physician of the future will be able to control the growth of the body and the development of the mind. He will acquire such a knowledge of biochemical and biophysical processes that he will be able to guide his fellow-men as an engineer of living processes.

This is a nightmare, a veritable paragon among nightmares, even in an age which is rich in such productions. It cannot possibly come true, of course, for one must believe that Nature itself would destroy the human race rather than allow such a thing to happen. Moreover, one doubts whether an advanced black magician could ever expect to wield any power like this. It is, of course, quite possible that someone or other will try to plant patterns in the brains of guinea-pigs, if not of babies. But regardless of anything that experimenters

may do or not do, it is horrible enough that such a conception should be born in the world of ideas.

The notion that states of consciousness can be manipulated at will by chemical and physical means, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of biological and medical materialism. It presupposes that Nature is devoid of purpose, and that her processes have no meaning or value apart from what we impose upon them. The materialist loses the sense of the mystery which underlies everything that is. He ceases to be aware of the unfathomable depths within every phenomenon. We actually know nothing of the real nature of fire, for instance, but the materialist can actually convince himself that he knows everything about it. It is quite inevitable, then, that he should look upon a child as a radio-active mass of protoplasm, and nothing more. But this child is, in truth, a soul, potentially if not actually, a *mysterium magnum* in the profoundest sense. It is grotesque to imagine that any analysis of its "life-rays" would provide us with the key to its destiny, even if it gave some clue to its aptitudes. The utmost that could be expected would be that the "physician-radio-engineer" would be no more inaccurate in his guesses than the average astrologer or palmist.

But even assuming that one knew the talents buried in a child's consciousness, this would not imply that one had the duty or the right to hypnotize him, or to shoot rays at his brain. "The power of right action", said Plotinus, "is the model of the art of minding one's own business." Those who have attained human perfection, the Masters of Wisdom, must know, as no "physician-radio-engineer" can ever know, what patterns should be placed in the minds of men; but it is inconceivable that they would ever exert artificial pressure to force any human being, without his consent, to become what they desire him to be.

Anyone who is not blinded by materialistic and mechanistic preconceptions, can understand why it is a crime against Nature to meddle with the consciousness of another person. In the measure that it is successful, it is black magic. If the purpose of Nature be the evolution of true Self-consciousness, the individual soul or even the potentiality of an individual soul, is a sacred object. It is the Law, respected by God Himself, that the soul must create itself. The advice and inner support of those who have already travelled the road to perfection are indispensable at every stage of the way; but it is none the less true, as the mystics and sages of all ages have testified, that the soul must freely choose at each instant the course which it will follow.

Doubtless, many men who might be poets or statesmen, are obliged by circumstances to be factory hands or office clerks. But why do we assume that this is necessarily a tragedy? The Oriental, who believes in reincarnation, would say that these limiting circumstances were specially designed by Nature or Karma to provide new opportunities for self-conquest. Why should anyone fancy that he is fitted to take the place of Karma as the judge of what is best for anybody else?

#### THE PRINCIPLE OF ADJUSTMENT

The mania for interfering with Karma, that is, with normal evolution, is not

peculiar to the medical profession. Economists, social workers, politicians are haunted by it. It is indeed as universal as the glamour which the lower self of man always interposes between truth and the mind. The lower self, being essentially unreal, is not at home in a real world. Thus it cherishes the illusion that it can alter facts, that it can change the actual order into something more conformable to its own nature. All of us know how this illusion is cultivated and maintained. A glamour, a fanciful picture of what we desire, is substituted for the reality which we do not want to see. Under the impulsion of the force which we put into this mind-image, we proceed to act as if it were true.

A certain native caution prevents us from taking many liberties with the laws of the physical world. Unless a man be obviously insane, he does not jump from a cliff, merely because he regards the principle of gravitation as a nuisance. But this instinctive realism tends to disappear, when we begin to function upon the plane where moral laws are operative. Especially in ages like the present, when the restraining influence of religion has been weakened, the lower self feels free to do what it likes, without reference to any external ethical standard.

Whether we approve or not, such a standard exists. It contains within itself the power of enforcing its decrees, a power which is as certain in its effects as any physical force. It acts to re-establish the "balance of Nature" on the moral plane, whenever this is disturbed by the thoughts or acts of men. It is the principle of adjustment, the *vis medicatrix nature*.

Man inflicts upon himself much unnecessary suffering because he is unwilling to submit to this law of adjustment which governs all human relations. He can understand how a living body or even an inanimate thing, like a ship, moves to return to its normal position when it has been thrown out of equilibrium. However, he does not recognize that the same tendency to find adjustment asserts itself when his moral nature undergoes a derangement. He resists and complicates what ought to be a simple process of restoration to health. In extreme cases, he resists to the point where any recovery of balance is impossible. Like a badly handled ship, he capsizes and sinks. That which Nature cannot heal, it destroys.

### THE DISEASE OF PACIFISM

One can observe this principle of adjustment at work in every field of human effort, for it acts whenever man attempts to force reality into the mould of an unreal mind-image. There is the delusion of internationalism, for instance. The actual facts of the lives of nations reveal, with astonishing clarity, the inevitability of war in the present state of the world. The realist, who believes that some nations are much more deserving of survival than others, can have only one desire, that they shall be strengthened and united. He knows that their strength and their unity are the only guarantees that there will be even brief intervals of recuperation in the incessant warfare between good and evil which will only cease when evil disappears from manifestation. But the pacifist internationalist, unwilling to face these facts, bewitches himself into believing that

evil is non-existent or that it can be placated by the general disarmament of its foes. The result of fifteen years of pacifist agitation has been, not to advance their doctrine of peace, but to multiply the causes of war,—if only because the only concrete objective of the advocates of disarmament has been to weaken France, to divide the Allies and to strengthen Germany. They have unbalanced themselves and others by substituting illusion for truth. To-day we can perceive how the law of adjustment is working to restore the balance. It is mercifully making the nature of the German nation so manifest, that even a child can understand.

However, Karma can only reveal the truth; it cannot compel men to look at it. In spite of the extraordinary publicity which is given to events in Germany, the pacifist virus has scarcely slackened its activity. Unfortunately, among the worst infected are the teachers of youth. This is true even in France, where pacifism has become an issue in some schools. In the United States, many colleges are veritable "jungles of delusion". For example, we quote the following from the *New York Sun* (November 2nd, 1933), the italics being ours:

A resolution against any co-operation with the United States War Department in the event of war was approved by two hundred Columbia University students at a pacifist meeting last night. The delegates to the meeting, selected at random from among those who signed a petition that the meeting be held, represented every department of the University. *It included twenty faculty members.* . . . Eleven student speakers expressed a preference for jail sentences as conscientious objectors rather than service in co-operation with military forces. *J. Bartlett Brabner, assistant professor of history at Columbia, presided.*

Experience forces us to conclude that all the powers of Nature cannot heal us, unless we co-operate with them. Surely this is as true of nations as of individuals. The pacifist who persists in his refusal to co-operate with Nature, is a traitor to civilization itself.

#### THE UNITY OF TIME

If professors of history really meditated upon the subject which they are employed to teach, they would be more impressed than they seem to be, by the continuity of human experience. As Bergson has made clear, time is not a succession of separate moments, but an indivisible unity. The past flowers in the future; the future is born in the past; the present holds the complete heritage of the past and the whole promise of the future. Therefore, no man, no nation, no race can forget or deny its past and continue to live. It is impossible to create a future which is not an extension and transformation of the past. The French tried to do this during the Revolution and are still paying dearly for the experiment. The sense of the unity of time seems to be the basis of ancestor-worship; and it is notable that the longest-lived civilizations known to history, such as the Egyptian and the Chinese, were those which were the most deeply imbued with respect for tradition.

People are beginning to wonder whether modern civilization is going to disappear, like all the civilizations of the past, beneath a wave of barbarism. In

any event, it may be taken as axiomatic, that if it can be saved by any means, it will not be through a "new deal" which differs in principle from any of the "old deals" that brought their measure of security in the past. If the experience and hard-won wisdom of thousands of years be of no avail as guides to the solution of the problems of the Machine Age, no solution will be possible. The principle of adjustment will have thereby demonstrated that our civilization is too inhuman to be preserved.

#### THE WAY OF THE TRUE REFORMER

It is possible, however, that our predicament is not so serious as it seems; that the real problem which we have to solve is much simpler than we imagine. The modern man is obsessed by the notion that humanity can be made over as a whole and at once. He loses sight of the individual in the mass, and tries to quicken the tempo of evolution by legislation. But the study of Nature and history shows that no enduring reform has ever been inaugurated in such a way. A new truth which comes to stay emerges slowly out of the matrix of old experience, nor does this truth appear everywhere instantaneously. It takes form in a particular locality before it passes into the world at large, and it makes its initial appeal to a small and compact group.

The Masters and the Sages who have done the most to enrich the consciousness of mankind, did not begin by broadcasting their views far and wide. They translated universal truths into the language of their race, even into the dialect of a province, for only in this manner could they reach the individual. Humanity is composed of concrete men and women; it is not an amorphous mass which can be moulded at will into any shape. Therefore, the true reformer addresses the individual, urging him to make fruitful his personal heritage which is also the heritage of the race and region to which he belongs.

A similar idea was expressed recently by the French royalist, Charles Maurras, the occasion being the annual commemoration of the birth of Mistral, the Provençal poet:

The study of Mistral is of the greatest interest, nationally and internationally. The laws which determine the right direction of the mind, the essential method of thought and action, can be re-discovered and, above all, rectified by an understanding of Mistral's undertaking. Whereas all our wonderful men of intellect, misled by a false education, pretend to themselves that they can reform the vast world by giving it a code of laws, as extensive (that is to say, as vague and irrelevant and impractical) as possible, Mistral directs our attention to the dwelling, the hearth, the church-tower, the village, the province, the language, . . . in brief, to all that which concerns those nearest to us. Let us first settle these problems. Let us first establish right relationships with the things which immediately surround us. Let us watch over the heritage which we have received and which we must transmit, and let us meditate upon the conditions essential to this transmission which has been entrusted to us. We must inform ourselves of other things: we have no desire to exile ourselves from the human race. But if we would really serve humanity, let us serve, respect, venerate and observe the laws of our own native force, of our own native health; and let us ask the secret of this health and force from our ancestors. So wise they were, so very wise, since it is thanks to them that so many treasures have come down to us (*L'Action Française*, September 7th, 1933).

## SECURITY

Considered in these terms, the real problem of this century does not differ from that of any other. It is to transmit to future generations the patrimony which we have received from the past, to add to it—if we have anything to give—but at the very least, to preserve intact the essence of what has descended to us. Our material possessions, our machines, our arts and sciences, may be lost and forgotten. That does not matter greatly, for such things come and go in the course of the cycles. What is of the first importance, is that a sufficient number of individuals in each generation shall confirm by their own experience the truth, old but ever new, that in essence man is a spiritual being, a living soul.

There is need of security for the soul. Many will ask what sort of security is possible in these troublous times. In the *Figaro* (September 13th, 1933), the French poet, Francis Jammes, undertakes to answer this question. He notes the instinctive desire of every man to ensure some measure of repose for his old age, some measure of material well-being for his descendants. The depression, however, has forced even the least imaginative to understand the insecurity of all forms of physical wealth. But the longing for security remains, deep-rooted in the human heart. Francis Jammes suggests that in its pure state it is the aspiration of the soul for the spiritual solitude which is a primary condition of its growth. It is "the flight of the alone to the Alone".

Before the spectacle of this financial disaster, which has affected so many families that were the honour of France, I no longer look back with regret to the house of Jean-Jacques, already too small, but to the patriarchal tent which could not be alienated. That which is nothing but desert cannot be legally seized. It is safer than the thicket into which a maddened civilization is driving us. Noble is the desert, which causes the soul of a Foucauld or a Psichari to blossom. It is poor and it is bare. . . . I recall Abraham who was born not far from Babylon, where had already appeared, in the midst of a luxury altogether modern, the vices which inevitably brought about the decadence of a dynasty of tyrants. The patriarch turned his back upon Babylon and buried himself in the desert, where he found peace,—like the good carpenter, when he saved Jesus from Herod. I suggest that in the midst of so many trials which assail us during this century, and of which insecurity is not the least, there is only the desert where we can find refuge. Some one will say: Is this a jest? Of what Arabia Petræa or of what Sahara do you speak?

There are those who have already understood. To the others I shall repeat this sublime sentence which I found in Villiers: "There will always be solitude, in this world, for those who are worthy of it."

# FRAGMENTS

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WHEN the dark hours come, lift up your hearts and rejoice. Rejoicing is not for times of happiness, lest we be carried away on the tides of feeling, or, lulled in a false security, lose our direction on the Path. In the glad days be thankful, but on guard; they are perilous. We have stepped into the Great Lure, and a personality, quick to break its bounds, may at any instant betray us.

For those and those only, whose natures are undivided, is there safety in the peace and joy we crave. Life mercifully brings conflict, to hedge the soul about from the enemies within its own gates, as well as from the enemies who ceaselessly watch outside. Therefore I say, in the dark hours lift up your hearts and rejoice, for the Good Law has taken note of your infirmities, and, in its vast compassion, provided for them; patient with your protests, tolerant of your misunderstanding, holding you against yourself until such time as you have gained the power to stand and face yourself unaided.

The purpose of life is found in the interior life, in the life beyond the veil: we are not meant to feed on husks and rinds. There, is happiness, undimmed and unalloyed; a sunshine that never scorches nor dazzles; that stimulates true growth, not bringing forth to destroy, as is the wont of that which prospers here.

We never see the true sun, they tell us, only a false appearance. What a key to the meaning of all outer life! God's philosophy is spread forth entire in Nature, only we, unheeding, make few applications of it.

Realities like these are easily tested, could we but live and act, for a sufficient while, on faith and trust. Those who have thus put it to the proof, bear a united testimony.

Meanwhile I say again: In the dark hours lift up your hearts and rejoice.

Cavé.



# THE COLLEGE PROBLEM

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THE parallel between our own time and the period immediately antedating the French Revolution is becoming more and more marked. Now, as then, there appears the group of "intellectuals" with a similar plan for hastening the enlightenment of mankind, with the same confidence in science as a guide to the good life, and the same willingness to cut loose from accepted traditions in morals, economics and government.

It is the open season for the doctrinaire reformer. Warnings against trespass are down, fences are broken, responsible landowners are too bewildered to use their shot-guns effectively, and the poacher is everywhere setting his snares and filling the columns of the press with specious articles buttressed with graphs, statistics and the results of questionnaires.

To him we must attribute most of the clamour about a "college problem". He is particularly desirous of harnessing the powerful physical and emotional forces of young men and women to his cause, and it is to his best interests to cajole and flatter, to provoke nervous tensions, to sow the seeds of discord and sedition, and to make it appear that higher education is floundering in a sea of futilities. American college youth, however, is generally apathetic to the appeals which periodically send his European cousins into the maelstrom of political upheaval. In part an index of the immaturity of our college population, this indifference to radical propaganda is a fortunate fact for society.

But though the college boy is quite willing to let the reforms and the reformers alone, it is sometimes his misfortune to be betrayed by those who are supposed to be his rightful guardians. There is a "left wing" in education, very doctrinaire, very noisy and very powerful. It has the common school system in its grip, and it is reaching out for the control of the college. It is fertile with programmes for a "Super-University", a "New Era in Education", or a "Renaissance of the Greek Spirit"; but, whatever the title, the same sinister elements, so familiar in the subversive writings of the French pre-Revolution agitators, always appear. Rules, schedules, routines, required courses, all these come in for attack under the old, old doctrine that man must be set free from the fetters imposed by artificial conventions. To quote from a recent editorial pronouncement: "Department divisions . . . must be broken down to abolish senseless prerequisites, harmonize divergent and prideful policies, and utilize the re-directed rock-bottom energies of the depression student."

The colleges have seen repeatedly the dire consequences which follow the attempt to put into practice the mistaken notion that freedom from restraint ushers in better conditions. Yet the lesson does not sink in, and from time to time, a plausible apostle of the enlightenment can still win the consent of a body of trustees or legislators to an operation upon the student body. The experiment follows an invariable and well-defined course. It begins with a fanfare of trum-

pets from the press announcing "the greatest advance ever made in higher education", and one which is to waft a crop of fledgeling American eagles to Olympus. Tired professors mop their brows and sink back in their chairs, waiting hopefully for the end of the first four-year plan. They vision a long line of athletes in Parthenaic procession emerging from the portals of Academia ready to make mincemeat of all the problems, big and little. Only an occasional grumpy pedagogue peers over his spectacles, rubs his nose vigorously, and mutters something which sounds like "Fiddlesticks!". But who pays attention to a relic of Victorianism when the sun of a New Era is rising?

"But oh my prophetic soul!" Rumours, disquieting rumours soon arise to disturb the pretty idyll. These new Greeks like to lie abed all morning just like ordinary American students. The professors send forth a questionnaire, and a statistical study of the matter reveals an undoubted correlation between lying abed in the morning and staying up all night. They approach their studies languidly, and have even been known to nod over the Socratic dialogues and Homer's catalogue of the ships. No soilure mars the beautifully bound, deckle-edged volumes of documented and footnoted "Hellenic Studies", so thoughtfully provided by the library. To make a sad story short, the unfettered eagles never get beyond the pinfeather stage, trustees and legislators begin to grumble about "professors' notions", the purse strings are drawn shut, the golden haze disperses, professors sigh and go back to marking Blue Books, and there is a steely glitter in the eye of the grumpy pedagogue.

But does the sponsor of the "interesting experiment" admit defeat? Not a bit of it. His logical faculty informs him that the idea is flawless, and he finally evolves the thesis that there is no solution of the college problem apart from a revolution—presumably an economic and social revolution which will kill off the reactionary trustees and legislators, and put liberal professors in control of the purse strings.

This incident, patterned after a recent model, is introduced here, not to impugn the high motives of the sponsor, but to illustrate the signal deficiency underlying most of the reform movements of the day which fill the world with confusion and end in futility. One might suppose that the practice of educating his young over a period of some thousands of years would have given man a little insight into "the objective truths of the premises adopted" (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Vol. xxxi, p. 10), and that this insight would render unthinkable any radical departure from accepted tradition. Some of us are convinced by far-flung studies, extended sometimes over half a lifetime, and others know from direct experience, that the principles of conduct laid down in the immemorial codes are not the ephemeral notions of a day, or the work of a body of democratic legislators serving a policy of personal or party expediency, but are based instead upon repeated experience of the fact that certain causes are invariably followed by certain effects. The explanation of the present confusion of ideals, pedagogical and otherwise, lies in an utterly mistaken notion of progress, which, in its turn, rests upon the false philosophy made popular by the scientific revolution of the Nineteenth Century. The evolution of mankind is

read in terms of a triumphant progress from brutishness and superstitious fear, toward a society guided and ruled by the light of reason. Therefore it follows that ancient prohibitions and commandments are to be replaced by new principles, which rest, it is assumed, upon a clearer understanding of man's animal needs as they are revealed by scientific study. This attempt to overthrow ancient ethical and moral prohibitions and sanctions has already led to appalling results in individual lives. A long line of ambitious world-reforms and peace conferences has ended in distressing brawls, yet the mad prophet of the "Age of Reason" starts up again serenely, armed with the inevitable graphs and statistics, and prepared to spend more millions of other peoples' money in subduing the natural man through peace pacts, and saving the world by sentimentalism.

If there be a real college problem apart from the distempered fancies of the doctrinaires, it is only part and parcel of the one central and serious problem whose roots are imbedded in the unregenerate nature of mortal man. The college faithfully pictures the lineaments of the democracy which supports it, and it becomes the target of every reformer who hates to see his neighbour's face reflected alongside his own. Yet the very extravagance and paradoxical nature of the criticism to which the college is subjected, should prove to any normally balanced observer that it is largely the froth of extremists of all sorts and degrees, who find themselves powerless to warp the institutions of higher learning into instruments for the propaganda of their own special views.

The only legitimate criticism of the college which the democratic public is entitled to make—that same public which veers with every changing wind—is identical with the criticism which can be levelled at every social institution to which the democratic public has given birth. The college may be singled out for special censure by an informed student of Theosophy, but the criticism he might make is one which, in the nature of things, the public is hardly likely to understand or appreciate.

There are doubtless many parents who are bewildered and disheartened as they listen to the continual din of criticism, or read the startling items of college news which a degraded press loves to serve up to satisfy a degraded public taste for sensationalism. Dare they entrust the education of their children to such a protean monster? Shall they risk the loss of all that their care and patience have established through eighteen or more years of training? To such parents a short analysis of this much maligned American institution may be of service. If we can penetrate the haze of prejudice, extravagant criticism and adventitious accretions, we may discover that in spite of buffets and betrayals a worthy spirit still lives and works at the heart of the college. We shall seek to show what is its true and central function in society, and then to point out the nature of the forces which have deflected it from the fulfilment of its proper purpose.

A college stands to its constituency as the brain-mind stands to the body. It is the organ which mediates between the desires of society and the satisfaction of these desires. Its function is to send forth trained men and women equipped to guide the social will toward effective action. Society needs food, clothing and shelter. These desires, these demands of the body politic, exert a pressure upon

the college which is met by the establishment of vocational courses and professional schools. The arts of agriculture and horticulture and animal industry; the arts of textiles and ceramics, of architecture and engineering and medicine—these and a dozen others constitute responses to the legitimate vocational demand of the social body on the college brain. Society also demands the satisfaction of its æsthetic and emotional needs. Man wishes to sense more intimately the currents which play through his common social nature, and which set him apart from the brutes. He desires to surround himself with the products of creative genius embodied in rhythm, colour and graceful form, and to appreciate the subtle values which they carry. So the college responds by instituting instruction in literature and in the various branches of æsthetics. Finally, man desires to understand the structure and processes of the world in which he finds himself. So the college introduces the study of the physical and biological sciences. More than that, he seeks to range the heterogeneity of his immediate impressions of the world into an order which shall be satisfactory to the intellect, and in response to his high desire to transform a "chaos to the sense" into "a cosmos to the reason", the college gives instruction in philosophy. Vocations, humanities and sciences—these are the aspects of the triune man, of the Soul which is *Atma-Buddhi-Manas*. And just as the Soul is One behind its triple manifestation; and each of its aspects shows forth the other two, so the triple college disciplines are not sharply sundered from one another. Their artificial disjunction marks a concession to the limited powers of finite minds. There is an æsthetics of science and there is a science of æsthetics. Yet, on the other hand, confusion results when the specific quality of any one of the three disciplines is over-emphasized in the field of either of its fellows. Overtones should not become dominants. It may be remarked in passing that literature, in particular, suffers to-day from this very defect. The scientific-analytical element which is not its natural concern, and which should have remained subordinate to the emotional and intuitive element, has been imported wholesale into a province not natural to it, and the heavily documented doctoral thesis in literature, with content and significance sacrificed to matters of form and historical source, is the lifeless result. In abandoning his own peculiar duty to take up the practice of an alien discipline, the professor of literature bears testimony to Krishna's words; that "the duty of another is full of danger".

From the analysis just concluded it would seem to follow that the true function of the college is patent, and that no particular problem should arise to harass either educator or public. It has, indeed, been argued that faculty members are employees of society, and that their sole concern should be to carry out the wishes of their constituency effectively and skilfully. Society pays their salaries; society has the right to demand whatever type of teaching it prefers. If society wants its children taught Mongolian, the colleges should forthwith establish chairs of the Mongol language and literature. This simple principle of conduct, based upon the natural law of demand and supply, would be perfectly just and lawful if it concerned a natural system and a natural desire. Unfortunately, the human social organism is the most unnatural of all the organisms "in the

three worlds". If parents, students, faculty members and trustees were wise beings; if, during the thousands of years of historical experience they had really learned anything; if they could be depended upon to distinguish between a false dawn and a sunrise, and not go running about all over the place whenever an errant meteor appeared; if, in short, they knew that "the universe exists for the purposes of soul", and that the body wars against the soul, then, social pressure, guided by wise desires, would meet with a quick and harmonious response from the college.

Every right-minded parent knows the longing which lay at the heart of Enoch Arden: "To give his babes a better bringing up than his had been, or hers." The desire is instinctive, and is an expression of the Will which moves the worlds along the path of evolution; but its formulation in mental and moral terms accords with the character and outlook of the parents, and is debased everywhere by egotism and the popular philosophy of success. At the lower levels it becomes the fierce desire to coerce the forces of life to one's selfish will and to win emotional and mental goods without payment. The son must be taught, not only how to triumph over his fellows in the race for wealth and position, but, at the same time, must win success easily, since work is slavery and the prevalent American dream is the "lucky deal" which wins "big money" with the adulation of the envious and sycophantic. At the higher levels of the social ladder, parental desires for their children's future are little more than refinements of the cruder longings of their younger brothers. Any college dean can testify to the fact that there is often a cold, calculating selfishness among those whom the world regards as refined and cultured, which is more deplorable than the "Elizabethan gusto" of the vulgar. Such a parent insists that his son shall be shown the way to a selfish success in one of the professions. First of all, there must be a reasonable guarantee of a comfortable income and the assurance of a certain social standing. Rarely is there the least indication that the parent recognizes the dangers which attend a higher education when separated from moral and ethical checks. Much less is there evidence that he suspects the need for a measure of integrity, and a certain humility when dealing with truth. The false teaching that the powers of nature are to be exploited to the uses of the natural man, has tainted all ranks of society, and the college is selected as the instrument which is to cater to this perverted desire.

This selfish ideal of education, and the pressure which it exerts upon the college, could, perhaps, have been effectually resisted if college faculties had been true to their trust and their duty. Upon the college teacher, in no slight degree, rests the responsibility for the confusion which has come upon the world. Before we touch, however, upon the most serious matter of his defection, we may look at certain failings which he shares with the rest of humanity, but which, because of his peculiar position, are enhanced to a degree which is abnormal and even pathological outside college walls. An inflamed egotism is the common foundation whereon rest all his other serious faults, such as cocksureness, vanity, jealousy and combativeness. Several factors contribute to this unfortunate situation. There is the well-known tendency of the intellectual to make life

subservient to ideas. In the world of practical affairs, the business house which is conducted according to personal predilections and false premises, promptly crashes about the ears of its owners, and the architect who attempts to run up a fancy skyscraper without regard to the laws of strains and stresses, is made to repent of his notion. But men who work with the combinations and developments of ideas may spend a lifetime in erecting an intellectual scheme which has no relation to either the visible or invisible structure of the world. Such a thought-spinner becomes dangerous to society when he is permitted to put his notions into operation. This unfortunate tendency to soar away into the ether is mitigated in the colleges to a certain degree by the very nature of the subjects which are taught. The sciences and humanities are rather securely tied down—the one by the inescapable facts of physical and biological nature, the other by the inescapable facts of documented human history and literary relics. It is upon those matters where facts are less well authenticated, that speculation runs riot and spins a tissue of whims and fancies. The subjects of education, economics, sociology and modern psychology attract "immature minds in mature bodies" as a honeycomb attracts bees, and the vagaries of their devotees are calculated to make the angels weep. One of the signs of the times is the sudden popularity of these subjects. According to a recent editorial in a college journal: "The curriculum of the modern college must centre around the Social Sciences." This is, of course, a reflection of the emotionalism which attends the current pathetic dream of the New Era.

In addition to the well-known tendency of the intellectual to subordinate life to ideas, the college teacher is exposed to the full force of a temptation which is checked and tempered for those who are in more intimate contact with the world. With a greater liberty of action than his non-professional brother, and with the sense of self-identity centred in the notoriously separatist intellect, he tends to become a petty and tyrannical dictator in his small realm. Private egoisms swell to amazing proportions, and the inevitable result is a perpetual clash of personalities. The proponents of the disciplines of arts, humanities and sciences, for example, struggle respectively for place and power. This is the major battle, whose echo reaches the public, and whose varying fortunes of shock, triumph and disaster are registered by the press. The pendulum of college policy swings to and fro, now veering toward science and practicality, now careering toward an exaggerated humanism. The vocationalist triumphantly cites the case of the Irish maid in the Emerson family, who, ignorant of transcendentalism, knew the nature of young calves, and successfully lured the obdurate mammal into the barn, after the Emersons, father and son, had pulled and pushed in vain, front and rear. "I like people who can do things", the inspiring Concord Sage records in his journal; and in that remark he sounds the war cry of the vocationalists.

The humanist-classicist seeks to perpetuate the European tradition of polite letters. He regards vocationalism as a vulgar assault upon the best that has been thought and said, and he resents the machine age which owes its genesis to science.

The third contender wields the flail valorously for his ideal of dispassionate scientific research, freed alike from money-grubbing and idle dreaming. An incident will serve to orient him clearly before us. A professor of science, who had just published the results of his laborious researches, was asked by his practical college president: "Mr. —, what is the value of your discovery?" Back came the answer like a shot: "Thank God, it has no value whatever."

In pensive mood one sometimes recalls a poem which was popular in the "Reading Book" of a former century. A group of learned gentlemen is provoked to acrimonious dispute over the colour mutations of a chameleon. One declares:

"I caught the animal last night  
And viewed it o'er by candlelight,  
'Twas black as jet!"  
"Black", cries the other in fury,  
"Do you, sir, think I've lost mine eyes?"  
" 'Twere no great loss", the friend replies.

Finally the chameleon was forced to settle the matter by declaring: "You all are right, you all are wrong", whereupon he proceeded to point a much-needed lesson anent the virtue of tolerance.

It is evident, then, that the unfortunate features which characterize the college teacher are such as result quite naturally from his type of training and environment. He is but a man of the world whose intellect has been forced forward regardless of the harmonious development of his spiritual nature, and who has been released from the social friction which tends to hold unbounded egoism in check. In this lies the key to the deeply serious nature of his sin. He is a *man of the world*, and it was his duty to have been a *man of God*. His true function is not alone to fulfil the desires of the social body, but to guide those desires along right channels.

In the ancient theocracies the office of teacher and priest were one. His function was to mediate between the Soul and the world, to teach men the nature of lawful desire, and to train them in the disciplined use of will, heart and mind so that they might at last attain to true individuality. Authentic guidance and leadership come only from the Soul; all rightful authority is authority delegated from above.

In the growing darkness of *Kali Yuga*, the spiritual connection which bound the teacher to the Lodge was overcast and forgotten. Self-will and prideful violence and worldliness broke the link of spiritual transmission, and he became the victim of fluctuating opinion, psychic contagion and fierce egotism. False to his trust, he continues unconsciously to betray the society which it was his business to direct aright, and his teachings fill the world with confusion and bewilderment.

Many matters become clearer when viewed in the light of this suggestion. Mr. Judge remarked that vanity loves to "assume the teaching perch", and it has been pointed out many times that when the true Light is lost, the victim, unable longer to distinguish between the true and false, sets forth his own phosphorescent psychic imaginings in place of spiritual teachings.

There is, however, another peculiar factor in this matter. It must be set down to the credit of the college teacher that he has kept alive in the world a respect for honest intellectual work, and has preserved and transmitted the creations of genius in which "glows a pure and original fire". He recognizes and loves the higher psychic elements which endow the sciences and humanities with magnetic appeal. Moreover, he gives of his very best to his students.

We read that the first Teachers of mankind stamp indelible impressions of Truth upon the nascent mentality of the first Races, and that these are the "innate ideas" which survive the obscurations and mutations of the long ages which come after. Man who has walked with the gods in his childhood can never forget the experience, so long as he remains human, the voice of faith is stronger than the doubts and negations of the mind. So the teacher, the spiritual descendant of those who received the primal truths, and whose lips spoke the primal revelation to mankind, can, likewise, never free himself from a sense of peculiar responsibility. He is haunted by a vague memory of the ancient *guru-parampara* connection, and he hears the faint echo of Krishna's words: "I declared it to the Solar lord. The Solar lord imparted it to Manu, and Manu imparted it to Ikshvaku. Thus the Rajanya sages knew it, handed down from Master to disciple."

Separated from the Holy Office, the teacher seems still to sense the vanished glory of a lost estate and a forfeited power, and he translates it into a call to guide his students along the ways of his own ideal, based generally on a lingering afterglow of traditional religion. But lacking the Light of guidance from above, and relying on the "light of men", too often he leads his followers into swamps of doubt and confusion.

So we return to the question which perplexes the parent who has caught a glimpse of the true issues which lie behind the vagaries and fancies of the personal life. Shall we counsel him to entrust the higher education of his children to men who are certainly no better and no worse than their cultured patrons? Again we need to pause and look deeper.

In ancient Egypt, at the time of the Middle Kingdom, the people rose against their rulers and seized power unlawfully. They violated the sanctity of the temples, looked on the sacred symbols, and read the holy rituals transmitted by the gods through the descending links of the Solar hierarchy. And though, henceforth, they might demand Osirification, we know that the rituals were inoperative, or, if virtue still remained, it was the terrible virtue of black magic.

Triumphant democracy likewise has forced wide the doors of the college, and many

"... for their belly's sake

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

But Truth is veiled to their unworthy eyes; its embodiments in the symbols of form, colour, sound and ideas, are empty of meaning, and the "rituals" of class and laboratory instruction remain inoperative in the hands of an unworthy priesthood, or, in deadly parallel, lead to debasement. Thousands of young men pass annually through college halls, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, under-



standing nothing. Yet the Vision Splendid is possible to the pure in heart, even in a college. The essence of Divine Wisdom does not change.

The college, like The Theosophical Society, spreads its offerings before its members, but it cannot turn dullards and worldlings into wise scholars.

Not long ago an advanced student in science, after reading Darwin's *Fertilization of Orchids*, was speaking of the wonderful style of the author, and of the glow of enthusiasm which shines through his words, lifting the book far above current uninspired scientific contributions to knowledge. Then he made a significant comment: "It all goes to show that science should be in the hands of a cultured and appreciative class who are not always trying to drag it down so that they can make money out of it." Such a remark would have won the approval of Plato. It carries a thought which is rarely recognized to-day, when the main object of scientific research is to force nature with lever and screw to yield up her secrets for the delectation of the natural man. The criticism applies likewise to the whole range of liberal and classical studies, which, in all but the rarest cases, are made to further the growth of "the barren fig tree".

The parent asks whether he dare entrust his son to the college. Perhaps the real question is whether we dare entrust the college to his son. Has he shown any fitness for the high privilege? Does he respond intuitively to noble thought and noble example? Has he a sustained thirst to know and to understand? Has he a quick intellect, a gracious humour, a developed imagination and a retentive memory? Has he a level head, and an eye which can distinguish between an honest domestic hen and a dove of peace? Has he a high ideal, with power and brains to back it up? In a word, has he shown evidence of those qualities whose deeper and fuller expansion leads to chéliship? If he can pass this test, then the college is for him; he is one of her own, and in the years to come he may help to re-establish the ancient connection with the Lodge. The heart of the college is not looking for genius, but is seeking character and integrity. There are dangers in every form of human activity, since dangers are inseparable from life itself. But young men must learn to stand on their own feet. They cannot always be shielded by their parents, and if the years of parental care and protection have not given a normal boy any feet to stand on; have not provided him with an armour of morality and a sword of self-reliance to protect him in the battle against worldliness, then he must learn the severe lesson of defeat and remorse. A college is not a reform school or a place for moral weaklings and cowards. A son will come into contact with the best that has been thought and written, and he may also come into contact with the worst. Can he distinguish between the two wisdoms, and, having distinguished, will he choose the better rather than the dearer?

If he has been brought up to love the good, the true and the beautiful, he will not find himself a stranger in an alien land. He will discover students who, dissatisfied with lifeless erudition, are hewing out roads for themselves in solitary study and in those long evenings of talk, so dear to the young man's heart, where the problems of earth, heaven and hell are scrutinized and debated without fear or favour. He will find instances of high integrity and burning enthusiasm; he

will come to distinguish between crystal-clear thinking and the turbid currents of popular opinion. Let him seek out his own kind among students and faculty and, having found, shut away the trivial, the ugly, and the unworthy.

The wise parent, and the parent in particular who is associated with the Movement we hold so close to our hearts, longs to see his son become a power for good in the world, a tempered instrument in the hands of the Masters. If he is to do his best work there, he must be able to inspire confidence in men and women. Educated people distrust the untrained speaker or writer whose factual knowledge is blurred, and whose appeal rests upon emotionalism. We have been told that we must be able to say to those who are honestly seeking light amid the confusions of the modern world, not: "This is what the Masters say", but: "Here is the principle which fits the facts".

In brief summary, then, we have seen that the "college problem", as it is presented to the world by the body of agitators, is largely a fiction of their own devising to further their own subversive schemes. We see that the original and true function of the college was to mediate between the Lodge and the world, and that the betrayal of a sacred trust has shut away the light of guidance and left it at the mercy of opinion and popular pressure. There would seem to be but one way in which it may redeem itself. The broken link must be reformed, the *guru-parampara* connection re-established. If that could be successfully accomplished, The Theosophical Society might pass out of existence. Where shall young men be found who will essay this high and difficult task if it be not among the sons or close friends of those to whose hands Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge entrusted the desperate mission for which they had given their lives? The intelligent college youth is truly seeking light in this "New Era" of political confusion and economic bewilderment. He is weary of lifeless erudition and meaningless research for trivial knowledge. His intuition is sound, and if the Ancient Truths of his own Christian Faith, for example, can be presented to him, freed alike from the dead letter of current materialistic theology and of some so-called "Theosophy", and can be supported by a solid wall of scientific facts and analogies, he will give them his earnest and enthusiastic support.

To-day the direction of his superabundant energies constitutes a constant problem to college faculties. This is one reason why they are forced to put up with the absurd hullabaloo of intercollegiate athletics. A student body, emotionally exhausted by the wild enthusiasms which attend a football game, is not likely to get into mischief. Better to raise the flood gates and let the waters roll harmlessly to the sea, than set up a pressure which may burst out into a destructive flood. Oh yes, the pity of it!—energy running to waste, enthusiasm dissipated, which, if controlled and directed, might be used to storm the heights of heaven. Perhaps one gets some slight inkling of the price which the Lodge is paying for man's salvation. Words written in another connection come to mind: "What they have done they have done at frightful cost." That is the keynote of the whole evolutionary drama.

R. E. T.

# HORUS OF EDFU

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*The winged globe of Egypt, symbol of the radiant and soaring Spirit.*—FRAGMENTS, Vol. I.

IN thinking of many of the great gods of antiquity, it is much to be regretted that almost invariably we surround them, whether consciously or unconsciously, with so dense an atmosphere of unreality that they appear to us far off, unsubstantial, like dream-figures looming dimly through a mist. Hidden behind a thick crust of accumulated legend which, through the passage of the ages, has too often become crudely fanciful; disguised by grotesque tales of every imaginable description; addicted to amorous adventures—quite evidently distorted truths—these great Beings have become not only hazy shapes without definite outline, but, in some of the texts, are actually repulsive. Students of Theosophy, reading between the lines, naturally recognize many of these texts for what they are—vivid records of sacred and secret ceremonies, initiations and fragments of the Mysteries obscured by almost impenetrable “blinds”. To a certain extent, this fact is also realized by some recognized authorities of to-day, but the majority mistake the “blind” for the reality, seeing in the texts no more than a surviving record of gross, primitive orgies.

It is, however, true that these all-powerful gods of ages ago are approached, by some, from the opposite direction—as too transcendent to have been human, even in the most comprehensive sense: they are Cosmic like Illimitable Space, and beyond definition; they are abstract like Universal Intelligence, and we are awed into silence. For although, theoretically, we know that transcendent, universal Forces may be personified in a single individual, many of us feel the need of something more tangible, more approachable. Why, therefore, do we not oftener think of these great “gods” of an infinite past, in their divinely human aspect, entering as an actual fact into the lives of the people who loved them, and whom they loved with a wise and tender compassion?

Men of to-day who are considered experts in the wholly modern study of folklore, will tell us that “the gods” of antiquity are mere fabrications; that primitive man created them out of his own fancies, and in response to a need—though they fail to account for the source, the *inner* source, of that “need”. It was necessary, they say, for primitive man to find an explanation of the awfulness of the sky at night—the sky with its ever-watching stars; of the moon with its changing forms and its strange, intangible influence on the wild life of the desert; of the gloomy forests, and why the light never penetrated there; of the deep, swift-coursing, sleepless rivers; most of all, of the sun, passing majestically, day after day, across the heavens, disappearing at night—where? Primitive man wanted an explanation of the mysteries of the whole natural world in which he found himself, and so, forsooth, he *invented* his gods! Modern anthropologists ignore the simpler interpretation as well as the nobler one; men

like Frazer, Reinach, Tylor, distinguished as they are in their limited fields, seem curiously to have missed their way. Could even primitive man, to whom strange powers are attributed by modern folklorists, create out of nothing a whole pantheon of gods? Could even a consuming need for heavenly protection and guidance win a response from emptiness? Students of Theosophy would answer that the Lodge of Masters has been in existence since the beginning of time, and that Elder Brothers never turn deaf ears to frightened children; that in the very helplessness of the early races lay man's power to attract the unfailing compassion of the Lodge. Moreover, all through history—and before historic times—as far back as we can go, there are traditions or records, as everyone knows, of Great Souls who have appeared in the world of men, whether the world was, at the time, primitive or highly civilized. Ra and Osiris seem to us abstract, remote, but we do not think of the Master Christ or of the Buddha in that light. Wherein, then, lies the difference? Perhaps it is merely a matter of time, of the slow sweep of the ages. Had Ra and Osiris lived a few thousand, instead of many hundreds of thousands of years ago, they might still have the power to illuminate, as they had in the days of Egypt's splendour. But why think of them as belonging only to the past? Can Beings so exalted, so sublime as they, really have vanished like smoke-wraiths? Where are they now? What if we were to think of Ra in his glory as still in existence, somewhere, even to-day? What if we were to think of Osiris the great King who, through countless centuries, was the sure friend of the poor, the lonely, the neglected—were to think of him as alive and still spending himself because of his quenchless love for struggling humanity? Ra was the first King of Egypt, so said tradition—a tradition which no passage of time could dim. Is it conceivable that he was snuffed out as a candle is; that he was extinguished by a breath of wind? Osiris gave his life for the people and the land he loved. Is it rational to suppose that he could merely disappear—and then forget? Where have they gone, Ra the Supreme, the August, and Osiris the Comforter, the Well-Beloved? May we not even ask: Is "ancient Egypt" herself really dead? There must surely be many students of Theosophy who would answer that, in their belief, this could not be.

How much more convincing, therefore, to think of the great gods of old, not as a series of grotesque, man-made inventions, creatures with more power but with fewer morals than the early races over which they ruled; not even as transcendent abstractions, but as "Perfected Men" who taught infant humanity *through* and *by means of* Nature. If we think of them as emanating from the Lodge, as part of the great Theosophical Movement, they become at once intensely real and living; they seem to spring from the grey background into which we, in our ignorance, have thrust them. The Egyptians themselves always spoke simply but definitely of their gods as "The Great Shining Ones", a description which is far too graphic to have had its origin in an abstraction, or in a man-made creation. What if these "Great Shining Ones" were, in reality, still with us, brooding over us? What if they were living still—somewhere in the inner world of reality?

On the lofty, encircling walls of the splendid Temple of Edfu in Upper Egypt, on the inner side, and therefore safely within the temple precincts, is graven across its otherwise bare face, an ancient "legend" which has come whispering down to us through the ages—the story (still unfinished, so tradition says), of the Battles of Horus, "The great One of Valour", against Set, "The evil One", "The Enemy of Mankind". The Temple of Edfu, as it stands to-day, is of late date, having been erected in Ptolemaic times; but the priests who supervised its building, put definitely on record the fact that they were merely replacing an earlier structure which Zozer (IIIrd Dynasty, and so among the first historic Kings of Egypt), had raised after the plans of the famous Imhotep. This celebrated "Wise Man" of yore, "Chief Adviser to the King"—Imhotep, renowned for his knowledge of all things pertaining to the ancient Wisdom of the priests, versed in magic, in medicine, in architecture—is one of the colossal figures of those remote days, and, while he is wrapped in a certain amount of mystery, such was his distinction that Egypt remembered and revered him always and, in later ages, worshipped him as one of the lesser gods. Therefore his building of the IIIrd Dynasty temple at Edfu, which, no doubt, he was consciously and purposely doing on the site of yet earlier shrines (successive shrines going back and back to the dimmest past); his having drawn the very plans for the temple, his having been responsible, as it were, for its very existence—all this carries special weight. For his priestly wisdom would almost certainly have given him an inner, an authoritative knowledge of the past, of truths which, no doubt with the closest secrecy, had been preserved from remotest times. We are for this reason surely justified in believing that the so-called legend of the Battles of Horus against Set, may be grounded on actual, concrete fact; that Horus "The Slayer", while partly typical (as indeed, like most heroic figures of antiquity, he must remain), had also individual, concrete existence in those golden, bygone days when the foundations of Egypt's glory were being laid. That he belongs to the exalted Hierarchy where the other "Great Shining Ones" have their place, there can be little doubt.

The worship of Horus was not only very wide-spread, but was also very diversified. He is found under many aspects. It is perhaps, however, as Horus of Edfu that he is the most striking, and in this aspect he belongs to the Ra cycle rather more than to the cycle of Osiris. The Temple of Edfu, as we find it to-day, is one of the best preserved among those which remain to us. This is not strange when we realize how comparatively late it is, although its good condition is also due to the fact that it is built on an unusually solid substructure. Lying on the left bank of the Nile, roughly speaking half way between Luxor and the first cataract, and some distance back from the river, the gigantic pylon can be seen from miles away, towering above the surrounding, cultivated land, and seeming to hold at bay the encroaching desert with its shifting sands. As we approach the temple, travelling across the wide plain which separates it from the river, and more particularly as we draw near to the entrance pylon which, despite the fact that the cornices are now gone, is indescribably dominating, over the lintel of the gateway, and so high above our heads that we must gaze

skywards in order to see it at all, hovers the great winged solar-disc (sign and symbol of Hor-Behûdti—Horus of Edfu), as though ready to soar into the empyrean. The globe itself was originally of pure, shining gold, and the feathers of the mighty, outstretched wings were of many colours—all the seven colours known to man, and all their gradations "known only to the gods". Passing through this gateway, and following an undeviating line, we traverse the huge, colonnaded forecourt, open to the sky, where ritualistic reliefs are to be seen in great numbers; the two lofty, hypostyle halls; the first and second vestibules, straight to the heart of the temple—the sanctuary, where again the great, winged disc hovers above the Holy of Holies. It is dim and intensely silent here, and it seems easy to evoke the past with its white-robed, officiating priests, though we cannot help wondering how much remained, in these late times, of the spirit of true worship—worship as it had existed in the earliest days. But the deserted sanctuary is not the object of our visit. Slipping through a semi-invisible exit, cut through a solid block of granite, we find ourselves in the long, western ambulatory running between the outer wall of the temple proper, and the girdle-wall which encloses the immense structure. Here it is that the priests of Horus once walked in the cool, violet-tinted twilight hours, at the end of the hot day, while roseate mists from the sacred river crept silently across the plain, bringing life-giving freshness with them; here too, processions, gorgeous temple pageants, used sometimes to pass, and here it is that we can still read the famous legend which is engraved upon the walls—the Battles of Horus against Set. This legend has often been translated<sup>1</sup> but, as is the case with so much that reaches us in this way from ancient Egypt, even when through the medium of the best scholars, the student of Theosophy feels instinctively that the inner meaning of the original text has not been understood, and that the world is given but a very small part of what is really there.

The record of this stupendous struggle is long and rather involved, but in essence it would seem to be both cosmic and individual, as these archaic records usually are; it is the primordial encounter of light with darkness, but it may also be interpreted as an initiation into the Mysteries. Stripped of some of its very confusing details, which are, probably in many cases, late additions, but more often undoubtedly deliberate "blinds", the story, briefly outlined, runs thus.

It was in the days of Ra, Father of Egypt, that Set, the Evil One, who had many ruthless followers, rebelled against the King, hoping, of course, to usurp the throne. Ra, "who was getting old"—by which we may, perhaps, imagine that he was about to withdraw, to return to the Lodge from whence he had come forth—called upon Horus, "his own son", doubtless a candidate for initiation, to engage Set in combat; to destroy his growing, insidious power; to expel him from the kingdom; and Horus arose in haste, rejoicing that his day had come at last. Then Ra, "who was in the southland", set sail down the river to meet the foe, and Horus stood at the prow of the barque calling loudly to his adversaries to come out of hiding, to show themselves, to confront him squarely,

<sup>1</sup> Naville's *Mythe d'Horus*, Budge's *Legends of the Gods*, Wiedemann's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*, etc., etc.

openly. But the hosts of Evil, being cautious and stealthy, hid in secret places, hoping thus to strike from a safe distance and from under cover. Seeing which, and recognizing the craftiness of Set's adherents, Horus searched diligently for them, and wherever he came upon the lurking hordes, he slaughtered them without mercy, or put them to headlong flight. For the recruits of Horus—those who, when called upon, fought at his side and under his guidance—were skilled "armourers";<sup>2</sup> they were those who forge in the fire the weapons of the gods, after the base metal has been separated from the pure, the true ore, while the confederates of Set were like beasts of prey, hideous in form, pitiless, venomous, blood-thirsty. Therefore the warfare that was waged between the opposing forces was inexorable. There follows a long account of the subterfuges of the creatures of the Evil One, for not only do they hide in ambush but, as each new battle is fought, Horus finds that in the interval between every encounter, subtly they have changed their shapes, so that, as they turn upon him again, they are almost unrecognizable; or else, believing them to have been slain, he finds that they have sprung to life, and that they swarm around him, more hostile than ever. So the conflict rages. Horus gives battle and, time and again, he falls upon his enemies, utterly defeating them, but while in each of these engagements he is the victor, he fails to come face to face with Set himself. Set, the arch enemy, the one for whom he is looking, always eludes him, though Horus seeks Set far and wide; and so the real issue remains unsolved. In all this part of the record we are irresistibly reminded of certain passages in *Light on the Path* where, for instance, we read that "the vices reappear in changed aspect in the heart of the disciple"; or "Again and again the battle must be fought and won, it is only for an interval that Nature can be still."

Then, at this point in the legend, we are told that over Horus a great change came—a student of Theosophy would recognize it as a god-like change of consciousness, for he was carried to a great height. Standing on the gleaming prow of the barque of his Father Ra, alert, fully aware of the cunning, the savage cruelty of the enemy which he could not clearly see, fully exposed to their treacherous onslaughts, Horus arose—"he ascended above himself, high into the heavens, so, at last, having the enemy beneath him." At the voice of command of his Father Ra, and assisted by Thoth the Twice-Great, Lord of Wisdom and Magic, he uprose in the form of a resplendent, fiery globe of light, flashing like the sun, with wondrous, glittering wings outspread, and there aloft he hovered. It is evident that the moment of transmutation had come, for he was changed in aspect, transfigured; his face shone with the pure whiteness of the sun, the reflected radiance of his Father, and from his head, fanlike, streamed long shafts of fire, many hued—all the component colours of his now divine nature, blended in that central glory. "Looking down from the height of heaven", he clearly saw where the foe had gathered in greater numbers than ever, and fiercer than ever, but still Set remained invisible, for that crafty one, knowing that Horus, transformed, uplifted, could now see all things on the earth beneath, in his turn was transformed—he changed himself into a monstrous, hissing snake, and in that

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Egyptologists as "blacksmiths", but this gives only the tribal, not the mystical interpretation.

shape escaped underground. So Hor-Behûdti soared in celestial beauty, radiant and free in the heavens above, and Set crawled darkly, vilely in the depths below.

Horus, after his transformation, returns, however, to the scene of action, invincible in his newly acquired power. "Like a devouring flame" he hurls himself upon the foe, and the sound of those great, rushing wings is like that of many waters. The legend, continuing, tells of renewed and swift-recurring battles, for the followers of Set, knowing that their leader was still alive, had taken courage to fight on, though more and more were slain. There is a famous hymn to Hor-Behûdti which was sung by the priests dedicated to his worship, one verse of which alone gives us a glimpse of the Mystery Teaching. "Eat ye the flesh of the vanquished, drink ye his blood, burn ye his bones in the flame of the fire." Egyptologists point to these lines as especially interesting, being, as they declare, a survival from the days when cannibalism was prevalent in Egypt! The student of Theosophy has a very different interpretation, however, and would regard these words as having a deeply occult significance, as hiding esoteric truths, the full import of which could be known only to initiates, though one obvious meaning is that *the life* must be withdrawn from the lower elements in our nature, back into the higher, where it belongs; that the best of the personality must be assimilated by the true Ego or soul.

It is interesting to note that the legend, drawing toward its close, has two different endings. In one case, Horus, after a protracted search, is said at last to have met and killed his age-old enemy, thus finishing the matter for all time. The other version is that the last great battle has not yet been fought, that "it is yet to come", but that when Horus finally meets Set in mortal combat, he will kill him; "The Enemy of Mankind" will be utterly destroyed, and *then*, so this ancient prophecy tells us, the gods will reign on earth again—Ra and Osiris, Horus and Thoth and the other gods will come back; they will live once more among us, as they lived in those holy, far-off days, when Egypt was young.

Horus of Edfu is essentially the great Warrior god of Egypt, and it is significant that above the entrance portals of Egyptian temples is still to be seen the splendour of the winged solar-disc, poised and ready to take its upward flight. This, tradition tells us, was done at the command of Ra himself—Ra who decreed that "in every temple throughout the Two Lands", the winged globe of Egypt, symbol of the radiant and soaring Spirit, enduring emblem of his own son, "the Exalted One, he who has emanated from me", should be placed. It is significant because it would seem to indicate that the ancient Egyptians were saying in their own special way, the selfsame thing that *Light on the Path*, *Through the Gates of Gold*, *Fragments*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *The Bhagavad Gîta*, in fact all of our noblest theosophical books tell us, and also what Madame Blavatsky and every one of our leaders since her time has exemplified—that it is only those having the Warrior Spirit who may hope to enter the Path.

HETEP-EN-NETER.



# CYCLES

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CYCLES, Cycles, Cycles. Cycles all around us, cycles all the time, cycles everywhere.

When we speak of so-called Theosophical doctrines we often feel that we must present a reason, or a why and wherefore; but the theory of cycles needs no introduction, no recommendation, no presentation.

Religious cults, the scientific world, the professions and arts, are saturated with an unconscious knowledge of the action of cycles. Historians invariably note the peculiarities of cyclic progress; statesmen are compelled to recognize that numerous activities and events are periodic and repetitive. So prevalent and general is the knowledge of cyclic action and cyclic laws, that it is marvellous, almost incredible, that the world should thus virtually accept the doctrine in its manifold ramifications, and yet still continue to ignore it in a fatuous desire for "self-determination", and to act as though there were no such thing as time and history having habits like persons. It would seem that even well informed people actually fear that "the law of cycles" connotes something akin to restriction in liberty of action—an infringement of their "inalienable rights"—and they will not face it consciously, no matter how fundamental it is in all their instinctive attitudes.

If we try to define a "cycle", we are apt to say something like, "the recurrence of similar events after equal periods of time", and to let it go at that. Such a definition is short and simple, but not enough. We can gain little light if we limit a discussion or investigation to a single, artificially isolated cycle, such as, say, the action of the tides, or the relation of eclipses to mundane events, or the annual characteristics of the sun's motion in the heavens. As soon as we begin to deal with the subject of one cycle, we find ourselves entangled in another cycle, and then another and another,—so in many of them, all mutually involved, all proceeding at the same time. As we pursue our investigation, we find that all cyclic action is virtually related to astronomical periods, that there are peculiar and extraordinary numerical features involving septenaries, nines, or multiples of both, which enable us to determine something of the manner in which they are mutually related and involved. Taken in certain combinations, they produce a unified joint effect like a composite picture, to say nothing, yet, of the peculiarities of their effects, or overlappings.

Here we may pause to reassure those who may be apprehensive about being placed under the control of cyclic action, and of having those sacred personal liberties jeopardized which are so dear to our hearts. Let us remember that we are already under cyclic law. Whether we like it or not, we cannot help ourselves, and any consolation available must be that which is provided by cyclic action and which is not extraneous thereto.

It is quite true that the complicated, inexorable cyclic action of the sun,

planets, moon and stars, exerts a rigid determination of conditions that tend to mould the destinies of races and nations. Very much the same is true of groups and families; and also, as regards individuals, though the tendency is modified in the latter case, by the important fact that the individual possesses a more acute sense of self-conscious personal identity than any group can have, which enables him, not to escape from cyclic action, but to choose his own cycles, to recognize and understand the peculiarities of their action and tendencies, and to place himself under the discipline of one in preference to that of another. The same could be done by a nation if that nation were under the guidance of leaders who both understood cyclic law and worked in harmony with it.

Although I have never heard of cycles being classified in such a way, I would call them, for the sake of convenience, terrestrial or mundane, and astronomical or celestial. Terrestrial cycles—diurnal and annual motion of the earth, lunar cycles, precession of the equinoxes, revolution of the line of the apsides (major axis of the earth's orbit), change in the obliquity of the ecliptic (tilting of the earth's axis), all of which are involved with our calendars, seasons and concatenation of events—are almost all very well known, have been known from time immemorial, and are vitally and intrinsically related to every phase of human progress and development. Celestial cycles pertain to combinations of orbital motions of the planets (and perhaps also to the asteroids, collectively), and are known to influence terrestrial life indirectly, and to combine their action with that of mundane cycles. These cycles are generally the foundation of those immensely long periods which concern races and geological changes.

For example, the cycle of the complete tilting of the earth's axis through  $360^\circ$ , requires a period of about 2,160,000 years, and, in combination with celestial cycles, affects not only races and sub-races, but even the contour of continents. Except to students of ancient occult wisdom, it is little known, and has not even been considered by the western world. Most of the other terrestrial cycles, however, have been, and are now, the subject of profound study and investigation.

Consider such a period as 2520 years (twice 1260 years): it involves, or, through septenary analogies, is related to, other cycles of a similar nature, such as 2300 years, 1078 years, 1040 years, 630 years, 315 years, etc. With its epacts, its subdivisions, etc., it has been found to mark off and correspond with important and critical periods in human history. It has been identified by Biblical interpreters with the "seven times", "times, times and a half", "evenings, mornings" (2300 years), etc., and in noting coincidences these interpreters seem generally to think that such cycles are the exclusive property of Christian civilization. Such a cycle is now terminating, and a similar one is about to begin. By applying cyclic theories to this particular time, Grattan Guinness and others were able to predict world-war dates and subsequent events with considerable accuracy.

I referred above to epacts, using that term in a sense similar to that in which it is applied to the sun and the moon. In the course of a year, the sun marks off twelve solar months. That annual period will include twelve lunar months

(from one new moon to the next) with about eleven days over. Thus, if there be a new moon on January 1st of one year, on January 1st of the next year the moon will be eleven days old. The eleven days is an "epact"—the astronomical term used to express the overlapping, or difference in phase, in the cycles of heavenly bodies whose periods are not exact multiples of one another, so that they are in general, but not complete, synchronism. In the course of 315 years the above-mentioned epact almost runs out; 1040 years has been discovered to be a very finely adjusted solar-lunar cycle, in which the position of the sun and moon in the ecliptic and with respect to each other, synchronize with remarkable accuracy, almost devoid of epact. The varying tendencies and forces involved in cycles may largely counterbalance one another when the epacts are large and the difference in phase correspondingly great; but, as the epact shrinks, they may unite in a concerted and intensified effect, until there is a release of pent-up forces that irresistibly sweeps peoples and things out of old familiar circumstances into new expressions and new statements of ancient and eternal truths.

One might pause here to note that a correct understanding of cyclic action supplies a point of view that enables fatalists and predestinarians to hold their faith, and at the same time to reconcile their logic with that of the lovers of "free will". The former are right if they understand that the general aspect and order of life are regulated and determined by this or that series of cycles (whichever are exerting the strongest influence), and the latter are equally consistent in holding they are free to change their habits, as previously established, transfer their allegiances, alter their motives, and bring themselves within the scope and action of cycles which are in consonance with superior aspirations.

In 1878, Dr. Grattan Guinness published his work on the *Approaching End of the Age*, which contained virtually all of the then known exoteric cycles with their epacts and correspondences with mundane events. It was very complete, thorough and enlightening. Unfortunately (and particularly so as it was obviously inconsistent and not necessary to his purpose), he devoted a very amount of space to abusing the Church of Rome, which prevented a valuable work from receiving the attention and popularity it would otherwise have deserved. From 1920 to about 1928 Davidson and Aldersmith, in their work on *The Great Pyramid*, virtually confirmed Dr. Guinness's forecasts and brought them up to date, so far as exoteric, material investigation would permit. The Biblical interpreters have, to a limited extent, correctly applied the rule of proportionality, adding or subtracting ciphers (multiplying or dividing by ten or by one hundred, etc.). However, in seeking for historical dates from which to count, say 2500 years, or 2595 years or 2300 years, it is noteworthy that they invariably fix on such starting points as 457 B. C. or 485 B. C. or 600 B. C., reached by a study of the records of ancient eclipses (Ptolemy's records for example), and ignore the fact that the rule of proportionality also applies regarding those dates, which, for all they know, might have been counted from similar eclipses or astronomical phenomena at an earlier cyclic period, say 1040 years

or 1260 years before. The exoteric interpreters are prone to manipulate their cycles with extraordinary freedom and latitude when they wish them to agree with some *a priori* assumption, and then to reverse their logic and attempt to clinch the same argument, by being very specific and inflexible as to their dates.

Most truly the sun and stars shine on all people, nations and races, east and west, north and south, and cycles, exerting their unmistakable influence on mundane events and chronology, roll right round the world with absolute impartiality. When men with otherwise practical, level-headed and learned minds, propound the theory that numerous significant measurements incorporated in the structure of the Great Pyramid, which they admit was built at least 4000 B. C. (I believe anywhere from 70,000 to 143,000 years ago), bear exclusive and immediate reference to outer events now transpiring, and to no others in the past or future, and try to establish such a preposterous proposition by repeated checking and re-checking, it is time that someone contradicted them. As long as western speculation and intuitive research are exclusively directed by the blinding and deadening effects of materialistic cycles, *now running out*, our scholars will not be able to apprehend the true nature of the spiritual and psychic forces involved in cyclic action.

Every one of the great and small cycles permits of an expression, an objectification, of a phase of spiritual life peculiar to its own time-period. Each provides numerous opportunities for the achievement and practice of that peculiar expression. Each also provides a force and energy which flow most easily and directly toward the fulfilment of the purposes favoured by, and implicit in, its own particular time. It would therefore appear to be the obvious duty of any religion or cult charged with the guidance of men, to seek and to instil a proper understanding and regard for the trend of the prevailing cycles, so that there may be a wise and effective use and application of the opportunities and forces available.

There is an inferential bargain between the Logos and mankind, with regard to all gifts of the spirit. If they are rightly used, they are beneficial,—a good bargain is beneficial to both sides. But if man misuses the gifts of the Logos, the misuse reacts upon himself. Nowhere is this more true than in the use of time, and of the cycles of time. In the happy event of its right use, the end of a great cycle finds men with valuable, stored-up powers and tendencies that carry them smoothly and easily into the superior and more favourable series of opportunities of new cyclic events. On the other hand, if the life of the time periods is punctuated with blind, wilful ignorance, and the sacrifice of energy and opportunity to wasteful, competitive cross-purposes, the end of such "times" will invariably be charged with a hateful accumulation of pent-up animosities and conflicts that can only terminate in a violent crisis and upheaval.

If we cannot see or comprehend the working of involved occult laws, of which cyclic action is only an objective analogy, we may be able to take a little of the mystery out of them by a simple illustration. Suppose that we were given the task of discarding the present humanity *in toto*, and starting a new and better one (a rather large order). We begin with our new men, organized to live by new

methods, and immediately discover that this novel humanity is very much influenced by the diurnal cycle—of night and day. Soon we learn that we can mark time and events in longer subdivisions with the moon; to which there are compulsorily added the seasonal effects, and the changes in them caused by the precession of the equinoxes, and the tilting of the axis of the earth, and so on and on. As the men of to-day have morning and evening habits, and live differently in summer and in winter, so, though their habits might be very different from ours, it is clear that after thousands and thousands of years, the men of the new race would become irresistibly impressed by the material effect of many, many repetitions, which would ultimately compel compliance. The occult and magnetic influence of terrestrial and celestial cycles is identically analogous to the objective, material effect. Instead of being puzzled and mystified by the influence of cyclic action, we could hardly expect this action to be absent, or unrecognized, or ignored.

We may illustrate this from another point of view. Let us think of a flower, which we bring before us in imagination. We marvel at its beauty, are pleased with its delicate fragrance, and are charmed by its wonderful colour contrasts and combinations; we are awed by the subtle and glorious self-sufficiency with which it worships God and interprets to us the silent purity of the spiritual world. If we ask the naturalist and seer what they think of it, they may confirm our reactions, adding to them an explanation of the symmetry and geometry involved in the flower's form, and the movement of the life-force that compels it to give its unique expression to its own secret motive, in a time-cycle of growth and decay. Human life and the phenomena of manifestation are identically similar. There is a hidden occult motive, involved in a form-pattern, stimulated to seek objectivization by a force-pattern, through the co-ordination and regulation of a time-pattern,—cyclic law.

We live in a period exceptional for important cyclic changes. Some of these changes began before our dates, and others will extend to well past the year 2000 A. D.; but at present there is a concentration of intense cyclic action which would be even greater were it not that the epacts involved make the terminations and beginnings cover years, instead of months or days. Some of the above mentioned cycles synchronize with the dates of the French and American Revolutions. Several different cycles, of particular interest to Hebrews, ended about 1844. We always say "about", because the same periods of time may be counted from different dates; and, of course, any change in the beginning of a cycle means a change in the end, so that different starting points give different sequences of notable events. The first 5000 years of the anciently known 25,000 year cycle (part of the Hindu *Kali Yuga*, or Dark Age,—which does not mean "nocturnal zodiacal signs", as stated by one authority) ended about 1900. The well known short cycles of 2520 years and 2595 years (namely 2520 years plus an epact of 75 years), close between 1917 and 1933. Others extend into the twenty-first century. Within this current period of 150 to 200 years, there is occurring the constant repetition of smaller cycles of 33, 49 and 77 years, with their several epacts. Approximate coincidences of such kinds cause the release of cumulative

bad Karma, accompanied by wars, industrial and social upheavals, and obvious loss of control on the part of the generally recognized authorities. This last is natural because it is extremely difficult for those trained and hardened in an old order of things, to re-orient their point of view to rapid and perhaps violent change.

The present is what we may call "wide open". We are neither here nor there, it is everything and anything. We observe statesmen, theologians, financiers and soldiers, in total ignorance and disregard of the cyclic forces, struggling desperately and futilely to rectify a very bad situation. Still worse, we see them with the most sincere and disinterested intentions, going straight against the "times". Nor do they know that, as the new cycles come into operation, as men begin to feel the characteristics of new conditions, and as new opportunities are exposed, affairs will gradually right themselves, the world will forget the present chaos, and will settle down to head directly for the next one. Almost daily examples are presented of the loosening of the old, familiar disciplines, and of the unrecognized approach of ancient things disguised in new and strange ways.

There is much that might be said about cycles and the world war, but we shall not enter upon that here, more than to comment on a rather generally prevailing error of attitude as regards great catastrophes. There seems to be a mistaken belief, entertained by many earnest and pious people, in one form or another, that the heavenly powers sit on high with a large stock of misfortune and bad luck, which they release on mankind when they are angry with us and wish to "pour out the vials" of their wrath. This ingrained notion has weighed heavily on the Christian world for generations, and is not absent from other exoteric religions; but it is very far from the truth. The powers that guide our destiny have never lost their tempers and hurled wars, misfortunes, earthquakes on us to punish us for recalcitrancy. On the contrary, knowing well from the records of human experience, records more ancient and more complete than any in all our archives, the probabilities of dereliction and misconduct, from the very beginning of any important cyclic period they pour into the stream of life a continual, never-ceasing spiritual current of admonition, enlightenment, warning, coaxing and pleading. Again and again, they instigate efforts to revive the religious forces and beliefs that the world needs, but which it permits to dry up from neglect. Beginning at the beginning of a "time", and persisting without lapse throughout the generations up to the last minute of the last hour, they give, from the bottom of their hearts, from the depths of their unfathomable compassion and charity, their blessing, their love, their teaching, their protection. But when the time draws to a close, when the cycles run out and new ones become incipient, they may, they do, they must, call on humanity for an accounting of the vast wealth of spiritual force and energy that has been given, or loaned, that the work of the spirit should be done as only they know it must be done. When the cycle comes to its end, there must be some recovery, some squaring of moral accounts, lest the force which has been misappropriated, misapplied and bound up in selfishness and evil, be carried over into the new

cycle, and, by repetition and practice along old lines of well established faults and wrongs, become set, hardened and fixed so as to make the work in the new cycle doubly and trebly difficult. For the very salvation of mankind, and not for punishment, least of all to "pour out vials of wrath", must there be a shaking up, a separation of the good from the evil, a re-assortment of occult values and resources to bring about a better, a safer and a clearer start. If the world war was an appalling catastrophe of great magnitude, we must remember that such an eventuality was anticipated by Christ twenty centuries ago, and by the Great Lodge of Masters for an immensely greater period. Every effort had been made by them for scores of generations to forestall its occurrence, while all the modern pacifists were still in Limbo. Nor need we ignore the fact that the horrors, costs and consequences (do we know the consequences?) are a measure of the tremendous amount of misapplied energy and effort loaned to the world by the Lodge in the last 2595 years, and captured by the forces of evil, who are now, through their unconscious agents, whining about peace and international good will, in order that they may retain as long as possible those things which are not theirs, and which must ultimately be returned to their rightful owners. If those restitutions cannot be made without a struggle, they will be made with one.

Let us bring this home to ourselves. Are our personal lives, our so-called "three score years and ten", any different, in essence, from other cycles? Should we be called upon to render up our bodies, submit to a purging of our minds and motives, for any other purpose than that of casting out those things that must not endure, and for the release of those elemental forces which have not been gathered into and permanently identified with our immortal souls? When we begin again with a "clean slate", we should at least have harvested for our permanent individualities some values from the past life, so that the series of those lives may represent a mounting spiral of attainment, a constant crescendo, and not a mere repetition of the same old acts and experiences, neither better nor worse.

There are good cycles and bad cycles, just as there are good men and bad men, and the good and bad are mixed. So we can discern, discriminate and differentiate.

R.

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*Life is made, not to be lived, but to be conquered.*—RÉNÉ BAZIN.

# CHARLES THE TWELFTH OF SWEDEN.

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*La guerre est aux hommes ce que l'eau dormante est aux cygnes: le lieu de leur beauté.*—RENÉ QUINTON.

THE sign on the outside of the Motion Picture Theatre said, "Charles the Twelfth, Historical Picture", and being interested in history, we went in. What a marvellous instrument of Art the motion picture might be and so seldom is! This picture of "Charles the Twelfth" was made under the auspices of the Swedish Government and not by Hollywood. We went to see it many times and each time we were stirred, not with that psychic excitement of the "Thriller", but with that deep emotion which great art, great heroism and the simplicity of reality arouse.

Voltaire says of Charles the Twelfth: "He was perhaps the most extraordinary man that ever was on earth, who united in himself all the great qualities of his ancestors and who had no other fault nor other misfortune than to have carried them all too far." Doubtless, Charles made many grave mistakes, but he always conducted himself with an unfailing adherence to his sense of honour and with unflinching heroism. The magnificent fortitude of his soldiers and of the Swedish people fill us with admiration, and present an object-lesson in qualities sadly lacking to-day. It is well to remember the heroic lives and noble sacrifices of the past, and to be instructed and inspired by them.

There are few books about Charles the Twelfth to be found in English. However, Voltaire's famous *Histoire de Charles Douze*, and *The Charles Men* of Verner von Heidenstam, have been translated. Voltaire's life is a model of admirably written history, and *The Charles Men* is a beautiful book, though the English translation is wretched.

Charles the Twelfth was born on the seventh of June, 1682. As a child, Charles was gentle enough, but obstinate. "With the word Glory one could obtain anything of him." He was interested in mathematics and was an excellent Latin scholar. At the same time he delighted in violent exercise and horsemanship. He read Quintus Curtius and desired to emulate Alexander the Great. He came to the throne while still very young. His father, Charles the Eleventh, died when the son was fifteen, but the Council of Regency and the States General declared him capable of reigning at once.

The life of Charles the Twelfth bears certain extraordinary resemblances to the life of Napoleon, almost as if it had been a preliminary sketch, executed in the North, amid another race, to be sure, but very interesting to observe. When the Archbishop of Upsala, having anointed him, put out his hands to take the crown, Charles seized it and placed it on his own head. Napoleon, it will be



remembered, also crowned himself, perhaps remembering Charlemagne who was a little too slow and made the mistake of allowing the Pope to make him Emperor.

The first acts of Charles were of no great importance. He gave his confidence to the Councillor Piper, who was to follow him through so many adventures, and who died at last of starvation, a prisoner in Russia, refusing to be ransomed and remaining with his countrymen in captivity. "Oh God, Thy course has been so directed, that this man has been chosen as one of the many martyrs of our people. Saved, honoured be his injured name!"

The King was hunting bear when a message was brought, telling him that the King of Denmark, the Elector Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, and Peter the Great of Russia, had all declared war on him. It was then, standing in the forest, with his foot upon a dead bear, that he awakened to his destiny. He turned from sports and idle pastimes and rushed to war. His Councillors were alarmed at the idea of facing so many powers under a King still almost a child. "Gentlemen", said the King, "I have resolved never to make an unjust war, but never to end a just one save by the death of my enemies. I shall attack the first one who declares himself, and when I have conquered him, I hope to frighten the others."

It was at this time that the King adopted that austerity of conduct which he continued all his life. He ate little, he drank no wine, he dressed as a simple soldier, and he never married. In the hours of their greatest poverty and destitution, the Swedes knew that their King ate black bread and slept upon the ground. He heard prayers twice every day, at seven in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and it should be noted that even Voltaire remarks that such an example of piety always impresses men when they see that it is without hypocrisy. His soldiers were under a discipline extraordinary in those times. They paid for what they took.

The King left his capital, Stockholm, in May, 1700, and never returned to it. With him went Count Piper and General Renschild. His fleet blockaded Copenhagen, and the King also attacked it by land. So eager was he to begin the battle, that he leaped from the boat and waded ashore. It was the first time he had heard musket-fire. He took Copenhagen, imposed terms on the Danes, and ended the campaign in six weeks. Augustus of Saxony now raised the siege of Riga and withdrew, leaving only Peter at war with Charles. Peter had three ambassadors in Stockholm swearing inviolable peace, but he had started a war, giving as a reason that he had received no honours when he passed through Riga incognito, and that his ambassadors had been overcharged for provisions "These were the grievances for which he ravaged Ingria with eighty thousand men." Peter at this time was still almost a savage, and his army was composed of even worse barbarians. The only discipline was his will, which he enforced with cruelty. He overate, he drank, there were women in his tent. He was indifferent to suffering and subject to fits of homicidal violence.

In the picture, we see Peter before Narva, with his camp, his fortifications, his bastions, his trenches and his hordes of Russians. In the small citadel of Narva, Baron de Hoorn has only a thousand regular soldiers, yet he holds out.

The burghers tell him of their sufferings; they are starving; they are freezing. He replies that the Swedes do not surrender. Then, suddenly, they hear in the distance the cannon of the King who has crossed the sea to relieve them. They burst into tears of joy.

Peter had eighty thousand men in his camp. Not satisfied, he had sent for thirty thousand more. Leaving the camp, he set out to join them, hoping to crush the Swedes between two armies. The King of Sweden had landed with sixteen thousand foot-soldiers and about four thousand cavalry. He advanced rapidly with only eight thousand of his men, attacked the advance posts, put them to flight, and in two days stood before Narva.

Now we see drawn up upon the hill the line of Swedish cavalry. The great banners with the three crowns of Sweden, and the banners with the monogram of Charles, are flying in the wind. The King on his horse before the lines, looks towards Narva. A boy brings a bucket of water for the horse, which drinks. Then the King lifts the bucket and drinks too, offering it to a general who makes a face and declines. The infantry march past, with their neat uniforms, their muskets, their banners. The cannon are dragged up, very small cannon with piles of round balls. The cannon are fired and the Russian guns reply. The soldiers charge across the fields. Cannon balls fall and the turf flies up. The King charges at the head of his cavalry and his horse is killed under him. The snow falls heavily and men are seen dimly; swords flash, banners fall and are retaken, men die and are trodden upon. The Swedes struggle up the sides of the redoubts. The barricades are forced. The Russians flee in disorder.

Peter, when he heard of the defeat, said: "I know that the Swedes will beat us for a long time, but, finally, they will themselves teach us how to fight."

Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, now renewed his alliance with Peter. Charles, after several brilliant victories, marched into Lithuania. Augustus had been elected King over two other candidates, the Prince de Conti and Prince Sobiesky, and he had a great deal of trouble maintaining his position. He decided to make terms with Charles, and sent the Countess of Königsmark to see him. This Countess of Königsmark was the mother of Maurice de Saxe who won the victory of Fontenoy for Louis the Fifteenth. Charles refused to see her. She resolved to meet him when he rode out alone, as he often did. In the picture we see her driving in her charming little carriage onto a narrow bridge. She gets out and stands in the road, looking as fascinating as possible. Charles arrives. Her coach horses rear and plunge, and she bars the way. "Oh Equal of Alexander", she addresses him, but Charles, raising his hat to her, turns his horse, spurs it down the bank and swims the river.

Charles defeated Augustus at Clissau and entered Cracow unresisted. Augustus withdrew into the city of Thorn, where Charles proceeded to besiege him. It was before Thorn that General Lieven was killed. Charles always wore a simple uniform. Seeing Lieven in a conspicuous blue uniform laced with gold, he feared the General might be mistaken for him by the enemy. He seized him by the arm and forced him to stand behind him, covering him with his own body, but at that moment a cannon shot killed the General. Voltaire says: "The

death of this man, killed instead of himself, and because he wished to save him, contributed no little to establish in him the opinion, which he held all his life, of absolute predestination, and convinced him that his fate, which preserved him so singularly, reserved him for the execution of great things."

All the north of Europe was in consternation. The Councillors of Charles advised him to take the crown of Poland for himself, but he refused it. It was then given to his friend, Stanislas Leczinski. Charles crossed Silesia and entered Saxony. Before him the people fled in every direction, but he proclaimed that he had come only to bring peace, and that those inhabitants who returned and paid his levies, would be treated as his own subjects. As Charles was known always to keep his word, the inhabitants returned. He camped near Lützen, the battle field famous for the victory and death of his ancestor, Gustavus Adolphus. "I have tried", he said, "to live like him. God will, perhaps, grant me one day a death as glorious."

Charles imposed terms on Augustus and forced the Emperor to sign a treaty which protected the Protestants in Silesia. At this time he received ambassadors from all the courts of Europe, among them, the Duke of Marlborough, who hoped to gain his aid. However, Charles' great desire was to conquer Russia. He now hastened towards Grodno, where Peter was. At the news that the Swedes were arriving, Peter fled out of the North Gate as Charles entered the South Gate. Charles had only six hundred men. The Tzar fled with two thousand. Then, hearing of the small number of the Swedish force, he sent back fifteen hundred. Thirty Swedes, who were on guard at the gate, held off these fifteen hundred men until the rest of the soldiers in the city came up, when the Russians were completely routed.

Charles, in a series of magnificent battles, defeated the Russians on the Beresina, and then crossed the Dnieper. He was now on the high road to Moscow. His advisers begged him to wait for General Levenhaupt who was bringing up reinforcements. Much to the astonishment of everyone, instead of waiting, and going on to Moscow, Charles turned south and marched towards the Ukraine. Napoleon severely criticizes Charles' conduct at this point, saying that up to then all his actions had been according to the rules of military science, and his communications secure, but by this movement he exposed his flank to Russia and was unable to receive reinforcements.

The Ukraine was in revolt against Peter. The chief Hetman was that Mazeppa of whose adventures Byron has written. He allied himself secretly with Charles, and promised to meet him on the Desna with thirty thousand men, well supplied with munitions and provisions. After a twelve days' march through forests and swamps where most of the artillery and wagons were lost, Charles' army arrived exhausted and hungry at the Desna, where they found a body of Muscovite soldiers whom they had to defeat. At last, Charles joined Mazeppa,—whose entire army had been destroyed by the Russians. Mazeppa had barely escaped with six thousand men and some horses. Charles counted upon the fifteen thousand men of Levenhaupt and his munitions, but Levenhaupt arrived with five thousand men and nothing else, having fought off the armies of Peter for

three days, inflicting on them tremendous losses indeed, but losing all his convoys. Thus, Charles found himself without provisions, surrounded by enemies, in the terrible cold of the winter.

His march through the Ukraine reminds us of the retreat from Moscow. His men were without shoes, uniforms or horses. They were obliged to abandon their cannon. They lacked food. In the picture, we see them struggling through the deep snows. Men fall, are dragged along by their companions, or are left to die. The King is camped in the forest, the men are gathered around the fires, when a rider gallops up and falls from his horse. Two thousand men are lost, frozen to death! Charles and one of his Generals ride out to look for them, and find them, some buried in the snow, others frozen stiff where they stand. Charles goes from one to another. What thoughts are in his mind? What feeling in his heart? What implacable destiny drives him on? He kneels upon the snow, alone, surrounded by the dead, and prays.

At last the winter ended and Charles camped before Poltava. Sir Edward Creasy, writing in 1852, gives Poltava as one of the fifteen decisive battles of Western history. It was there that the great power of Sweden ended, and Russia rose upon its ruins. Sweden ruled over Finland, Ingria, Livonia, Esthonia, Carelia, Pomerania, Rügen and Bremen, and dictated the policies of Poland. Had she been victorious over Russia, the subsequent destiny of Europe would have been completely changed. Upon what Karma do these momentous events rest? What cycles accompany their rise and decline? If Saturn in his fall shone balefully upon the turning tide of Napoleon's fortunes, what planets rose or set at Poltava?

To take Poltava would open to Charles the road to Moscow, and put an end to the misery of his army which, shot to pieces, lacking everything, consisted of eighteen thousand Swedes and about six thousand Cossacks and Valachians. But it was at Poltava that Charles perceived that the Swedes had taught Tzar Peter the art of war.

On the seventh of June, his birthday, Charles was victorious in a skirmish with the advance guard of Peter's army, but as he was returning to camp, he was shot in the heel. He showed no signs of it and remained on horseback for six hours. At last the pain overcame him and he had to be lifted from his horse. The surgeons decided to amputate his leg—surgeons were the same then as now—but one of them insisted he could save it by making deep incisions. The King himself held his leg with both hands and watched the operation.

Now the whole Russian army was advancing upon him. Charles, wounded and unable to act, found himself between the Dnieper and a smaller river, in a desert country, without forts, without munitions. Peter, with sixty thousand men in good condition and well provided with ammunition, had fortified his position with redoubts lined with artillery.

On the morning of July eighth, Charles, borne in a litter through the ranks, attacked the Tzar. Creasy says: "The Swedes never showed their ancient valour more nobly than on that dreadful day." The battle began with a cavalry charge. The Muscovite squadrons broke. The Tzar's hat was pierced by a bullet. The

victory of the Swedes seemed sure. But if Grouchy was five minutes late at Waterloo, General Creutz with five thousand dragoons got lost at Poltava and failed to come up on the Russian flank. The Tzar rallied his cavalry and fell on the unsupported Swedes. The King with Renschild rallied his troops and the two armies joined in battle on the plain.

We see the great lines of the Russians marching, no longer in disorder as at Narva, but disciplined and steady. We see the furious charges of the cavalry, the *mêlée* of men and horses, the sabres flashing, the bursting shots, the smoke of battle. Three times the litter of Charles is shattered. The Swedes break and fly. Charles raises himself on the wreck of the litter, waving his sword and crying, "Swedes! Swedes!" The fleeing soldiers turn back; but, at last, overwhelmed, they give way. The Prince of Württemberg, Field Marshal Renschild, Count Piper, are taken prisoner. Peter is said to have exclaimed: "The Son of the Morning has fallen from heaven, and the foundations of St. Petersburg at length stand firm."

Charles refused to fly and could not defend himself. Poniatowsky had him set on a horse, gathered together five hundred men, and, cutting a way through ten Russian regiments, they finally joined the remains of the army under Levenhaupt, fleeing to the Dnieper. The Swedes received with joy their King whom they had thought dead, but Charles was not himself through weakness and fever. He was carried across the river by Poniatowsky and Mazeppa. About three hundred men succeeded in crossing with him, but the rest, pursued by the Russians, were forced to surrender. In *The Charles Men*, when Creutz and Levenhaupt part from the King, Levenhaupt says: "The wreath he twined for himself slid off upon his subjects instead. It will lie for ever on the forgotten graves up there in the marshes. So we must thank him for all he has made of us."

Charles, at Narva, had returned the captured Russian officers. The Swedes taken at Poltava were made slaves. Later, Peter, returning to Moscow, marched through the streets with the banners, the wagons, the wrecked litter of Charles, and the captured Generals, Piper, Renschild, Levenhaupt, Stakelberg, Slipenback, as in a Roman Triumph.

After a five days' march through a desert under the July sun, Charles and the remains of his army crossed the Turkish border. The Sultan received him with honours and allowed him to live at Bender with all of his soldiers. When the Swedes learned that their King was a prisoner in Turkey, they came from the remotest provinces to volunteer to rescue him. In *The Charles Men*, at the Council, Wrede says: "When God sets on us the crown of thorns, that man is not greatest who most conveniently puts it off, but he who himself presses it on all the tighter and says: 'Father, here stand I to serve Thee.' And I say to you that never, never amid the victory banners in former years has our little people come nearer to imperishable greatness than to-day."

Meanwhile, Augustus took back Poland, and the Tzar carried on his conquests of the Swedish provinces. The Danes attacked Sweden and were repulsed. Louis XIV was at war with Austria; all Europe was in arms. Had the French been able to agree and to join forces with the Swedes, there might have been

no Austria, no Prussia, no Russia, and no Germany and, perhaps, as the song in *The Mikado* says: "They never would be missed."

Charles, assisted by the faithful Poniatowsky, endeavoured to persuade the Sultan to make war on Russia, and finally succeeded. At one moment, at the Pruth, the Tzar and his armies were at the mercy of the Turks, but Peter's wife, Catherine, hastily bribed the Vizier with her jewels, and he made peace. Charles, swimming the Pruth on horseback, arrived just too late, and found the Russians withdrawing and all his hopes of victory cheated. The intrigues of the Viziers and Pashas of the Sublime Porte were innumerable and too complicated to relate. Finally, the Sultan ordered Charles to leave for Sweden, but he, certain that his enemies would take him as he passed through Poland, refused to go. He was besieged by the Turkish army in his house at Bender. His resistance was magnificent but hopeless. He was overwhelmed, and sent with all his men to be detained at Demotica. Stanislas Leczinsky, driven out of Poland, had fought for Charles in Pomerania. Now he determined to join him, and, passing through or evading all the armies of his enemies, arrived in Turkey where he too was made prisoner. Charles remained at Demotica a year, inactive and forgotten. All Europe believed him dead. The Council of Regency begged his sister to be Regent. When he heard this, Charles decided at last to leave, and started out with his men, his baggage, and a number of his creditors whom he proposed to pay in Sweden. This slow mode of travel did not suit him. At the Turkish border he told his suite to join him at Stralsund, and, with one officer, he started to cover the immense distance between Turkey and the Baltic. He put on a black wig, a gold laced hat and a blue coat, called himself by a German name, and used the Post horses.

In the picture, we see the two horsemen crossing the Carpathians, riding over the great plains of Hungary, passing through Austria, Bavaria, Westphalia, Mecklenburg. After sixteen days they reached the gates of Stralsund. It is after midnight and the gates are closed. "A courier from the King of Sweden." The sentinel flashes his lantern upon them, the gates are opened and they are taken to the Governor. Half asleep, the Governor asks for news of the King. "What!" says Charles, "Have my faithful servants forgotten me?" Druker falls on his knees and weeps for joy. Charles had neither linen nor uniforms. His legs were so swollen with fatigue that his boots had to be cut off. After a few hours sleep, he went out to review the troops and to inspect the fortifications.

Europe was in a very different state from what it was when Charles had left it in 1709. Peace had been made between France and England. Philip the Fourth was King of Spain. George, Elector of Hanover, was King of England. The King of Denmark had taken Holstein. Frederick of Prussia had captured Pomerania and Stettin. George had taken Verden and Bremen. As for the Tzar, he held Riga, Livonia, Ingria, Carelia, Finland and the Aland Islands. Sweden had lost its provinces, had no commerce, no money, no credit. Its old soldjers had died in battle. More than a hundred thousand were slaves in Russia, or had been sold to the Turks and Tartars. Yet, when the news of Charles' return was known, the young peasants came in crowds to enlist.

The Kings of Denmark and Prussia besieged Stralsund. During the siege, Charles went over to Rügen, which was extremely important strategically to the Swedes. The Prince of Anhalt had landed there with twelve thousand men. Charles with about two thousand, attacked his camp by night. The battle in the storm and darkness, was frightful. Grothusen, who had fought beside the King at Bender, and Dardoff and During were killed before his eyes. Charles himself was wounded in the chest, but Poniatowsky was able to get him onto a horse and to save his life once more.

By the treachery of a soldier, and under the overwhelming number of opposing forces, Stralsund fell. The King escaped with ten men in a fishing boat, and after passing the enemy fleet and the guns of Rügen, where two men were killed and the mast carried away, he came up with two of his own ships which carried him to Carlsroon in Sweden.

Charles, returned after so many years, so many glorious victories, so many disastrous defeats, did not go to Stockholm. From Carlsroon he called for more soldiers. There were villages where there were no men left. Taxes were put on everything, silk garments, gold sword hilts, wigs. All the iron implements were seized. Baron de Görtz, the King's new Councillor, debased the currency. But the public danger made the Swedes forget their individual misery. They expected to see the Russians, the Danes, the Saxons and the English invade Sweden at any moment. At this juncture, much to the surprise of the world, Charles marched into Norway. Voltaire says: "Since Hannibal there had not been seen a General who, unable to maintain himself at home against his enemies, had gone to war upon them in the heart of their states."

Now, most surprising changes in European policy took place. Under the Regent of France, the Duc d'Orléans, France favoured Prussia and England. The allies of Peter began to find him too ambitious, and he found them unsympathetic. Görtz persuaded him not to attack the Swedes and, before long, Europe would have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of Charles and Peter allied to place James Stuart on the throne of England, and Stanislas on the throne of Poland. Voltaire says: "There are many examples of states conquered by one power. There are few of a great empire conquered by several allies; if their united forces overcome it, their dissensions raise it up again."

Charles was now in Norway, before the fort of Fredrikshall. It was so cold that digging the trenches was like mining rock, but the soldiers, seeing that Charles slept on the ground wrapped only in his cloak, were ashamed to complain. On the eleventh of December, 1718, St. Andrew's Day, the King washed the grime from his face and, for some unknown reason, he, who always wore the same old clothes, put on new clothes of blue broadcloth and new gloves. Field Marshal Mörner gave him some letters from malcontents who threatened his life. He threw them in the fire. "Tell me on how many men may I depend, not in an engagement, but if things go against us?" "On none," replied Mörner. He then went to prayers. The text for the day was Our Lord's Entry into Jerusalem.

At nine that night, the King went to visit the trenches. He stopped, and

kneeling on the bank with his elbows on the parapet, looked at the soldiers working on the trenches. Near him were two Frenchmen, Siguier, his aide-de-camp, who had been with him in Turkey, and Megret, his engineer. Behind them were two or three officers. Charles leaned on the parapet, his face lit up now and then by the glare of the enemy fire, which was not heavy at that hour. Suddenly they saw the King sink down with a sigh. He was dead. A ball had struck him in the right temple. Even as he died, he had grasped the hilt of his sword.

The siege of Fredrikshall was raised. The body of Charles was borne on a litter by his soldiers, slowly through the snow across the provinces of Sweden. As they went, the people came silently to gaze at their dead King, and to weep as he passed. He was buried in the Riddarholm church. "No one wept and no one threatened. All the Swedes divined that thousands of years would gaze back at that night. They felt that now they buried half of their own being." In the chapter called "A Hero's Funeral", at the end of *The Charles Men*, there is a conversation: "'Never did I hear a tolling that affected me so. There is pleading joy in every tone, as it were for a coronation. And perhaps it is. Does he not return to his capital to-night after eighteen years? Isn't it the expected, the longed-for triumphal march?'

" 'And the victory?'

" 'The steadfastness of his will conquered on the night at Fredrikshall when God struck him dead.'

" 'That steadfastness he turned as a scourge against us.'

" 'Are not your eyes opened yet, so as to see that it was our own secret will and desire which he preserved against our own indecision, like a banner against a rebellious guard?'

" 'It no longer seemed to Brother George that he followed to the grave a solitary and deserted man. He discerned that, when the hero lay fallen and the duel was ended, they who had suffered worst beneath his inflexibility, lifted him up on their arms.' And again: "May we celebrate his memory with torches on stormy winter nights! Where have I seen an epitaph as great as that which our beaten folk is now inscribing over him: He did not make us fortunate and yet we weep for him as for no other.'

At the end of the book, the old Charles Man says: "Where, indeed, are the old battalions with Grothusen's drum and the banners of Turkish silk? And he who held us together in the great strife, and never would believe the sign that God had forsaken us, he in whose heroic nature all our yearning was concealed, —where does he dwell? Ask the children that sing. Alas, they go hence one by one, the old brothers in arms. Wherever we fare through the country, walking or by post-chaise, we shall recognize in the mists of night the small white churches where eight or ten strong sons have laid the slabs above their graves. And where does there blossom in an alien land a field so remote that we may not sit down on the sward and whisper: 'Is this perchance the place where one of ours, one who fought and bled, is slumbering?' In their poor garments they lingered a while before us by the bivouac fire, and then went away and fell. Such they were.



So I recall them. So, too, they live in memory and say amid a grateful land: 'Beloved be the people that in the decline of their greatness made their poverty revered before the world.' "

On the battlefield at nightfall, where the plain was strewn with the dead and dying, Napoleon, gazing over it, exclaimed: "I did not know it was so beautiful." This is precisely the fact which the spectacle of the life of Charles the Twelfth and his soldiers has brought home to us. When a man dies in battle for an ideal, for his country, he affirms his faith in immortality. The true nature of man is immortal. What if the body die? The soul shall live. At the moment of renunciation the heart knows that its love can surmount all obstacles. At the hour of failure the Higher Self appears in its glory.

Alas, immersed in illusion, men forget their true nature and cling to temporary manifestations and transitory pleasures. That is why—and it must be a sorrow to the gods—sorrow, suffering and war are essential to man's salvation. Only before the inescapable stark fact will he face the truth. Only when he must lay down his life and abandon all, will he seize immortality. The soldier's willingness to endure, to suffer, to die, becomes an act of beauty and a monument to the Eternal. When we read of legions of bowmen fighting in the sky, of hosts that appear in the heavens above earthly battles, let us not mistake it for a superstitious legend. The living Will continues to fight in celestial legions. Not in vain is the alien earth of Russia enriched by the Swedish dead and by the French who fell in the retreat from Moscow. What armies can ever pass the great grave mound of Verdun? "Thy saints, in all this glorious war, shall conquer though they die."

The life of Charles the Twelfth appears as a failure only to those who look upon the surface. He maintained to the end an invincible spirit in the face of all disasters. The heroic qualities put into an act are more important than success. We might well as a nation, as a people, if we be a people, meditate upon these things. The fortitude with which a nation faces disaster counts for more than its prosperity. Courage, endurance, a sense of honour are the glory of a race. Even though they lead through poverty, suffering and defeat, ultimately they end in the power and knowledge of the Immortal Soul.

SAUVAGE.

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*Fame is vapour, popularity an accident, riches take wings; those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow, only one thing endures—character.*—GREELEY.

# RICHNESS OF LIFE

## RIGHT SELF-IDENTIFICATION

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EVERYONE desires richness of life and, in one way or another, seeks it. As it is also the Divine plan for man and the purpose of his evolution, the only reason why he does not gain it, is that he persists, and has persisted for thousands of lives past, in looking for it in the wrong place. The trouble lies in an error fundamental in our thought—the instinctive assumption that we feel that which affects our own personality most acutely.

Man desires to feel acutely, hence he gives his thought, attention and desire to his personality, seeking agreeable, vivid sensations for it. It likes to be admired or envied, so he strives to exalt it above the personalities of others. It seeks power, or to gratify its love of comfort or of excitement, and he hurries to satisfy its whim. Yet the falsity of the fundamental proposition on which this activity is based, is within the experience of us all. The fact is that we feel most intensely, not necessarily what affects our personalities, but what affects that to which we have given the most of our interest, attention and desire.

The recipient of the major part of our interest has, it is true, too often been ourselves, but it need not be, as a mother's love constantly proves. Anyone, moreover, who has ever given himself to a cause, knows that there is more joy to be had from the victory of that cause than from any purely personal triumph, gained by, and for, oneself alone. Our attention, interest, and desire are, and remain, a part of our life. When we give them to anything, we make that thing a part of ourselves, taking its essence into ourselves, and, in proportion to the completeness of our giving, live for the time being with its life. When a man unites his desire with the desire of a mob, he lives with the life of the mob, and the common phenomena of mob consciousness, and mob hysteria, result. That which returns to us is of the essence and character of that to which we gave our interest and desire. It may be excitement and psychic stimulation, if we watch, let us say, college foot-ball. It may be evil, if we give attention and desire to evil. It may be nobility and the radiant life of the spirit.

The point is that the life which comes back to us, and with which we then live, has the nature, intensity, power, and richness, of that to which we give our attention, interest and desire. Those who limit their interest to their own personality, limit to its petty concerns the life they can live. Those who give themselves to a noble cause feel with the greatness of that cause. Measuring merely the keenness of the feeling, Nathan Hale, giving his life for his country, must have felt with an intensity far beyond anything which a coward, fleeing from his duty, could possibly feel. No matter how intense his fear, the coward's capacity for feeling is limited to the capacity of his personality. Nathan Hale had made himself one with the total store of love of country, so that, giving himself wholly to it, he felt with all of it. This accounts for the passionate intensity of soldiers in war.

Those who give themselves completely to their cause, may at moments of crisis be lifted wholly out of themselves.

The Great War furnishes many instances of this. Take for example the fight at Bois-Brule, a fight the Germans appeared to have won, for, against their overwhelming numbers, there remained in the French trench only corpses and one officer, Lieutenant Pericard. He, as he says,—

Was transported with rage at the thought of the Boche victory, and cried out, "To your feet, ye dead men". Was it raving madness? No. For the dead replied. They said to me: "We follow you". And, rising at my call, their souls mingled with mine and formed a flaming mass, a mighty stream of molten metal. Nothing could now astonish or hinder me. I had the faith which removes mountains. . . . As for myself, it seems as if I had been given a body which had grown and expanded inordinately—the body of a giant, with superabundant, limitless energy, with extraordinary facility of thought which enabled me to have my eye in ten places at a time—to call out an order to one man while indicating an order to another by a gesture—to fire a gun and protect myself at the same time from a threatening grenade.

A prodigious intensity of life coupled with extraordinary episodes! On two occasions we ran completely out of grenades, and on two occasions we discovered full sacks of them at our feet, mixed with the sandbags. All day long we had been walking over them without seeing them. . . . At last we were again masters of the situation in our angle.

Throughout the evening and for several days following I remained under the influence of the spiritual emotion by which I had been carried away at the time of the summons to the dead. I had something of the same feeling that one has after partaking fervently of the communion. I recognized that I had just been living through such hours as I should never see again, during which my head, having by violent exertion broken through the ceiling, had risen into the region of the supernatural, into the invisible world peopled by gods and heroes. At that moment certainly I was lifted above myself.

Lieutenant Pericard went on to say that he had done nothing of any sort to earn approbation for himself. It was not from the lips of a man that the summons had issued. Why had he—who, he said, never had to leap over the parapet without shivering with fright—been chosen in place of some one whose courage had not, like his, known faltering. "Wherefore? Because one may receive inspiration from above and yet be only a poor ordinary man."

Such strength and vividness of feeling simply obliterate any thought of the personal self. The feelings of that self, perhaps what it would at other times call its excruciating pain, may be so pushed into the background that the man is not even conscious of their existence. During the war, nurses at the front dressing-stations commented on the fact that, on coming to consciousness, the first questions of the wounded, though perhaps mortally hurt or maimed for life, were not of themselves but of how the battle had gone. At Waterloo, a French colonel of cavalry was badly wounded in the arm. He had a surgeon amputate his arm then and there, leaped on his horse and charged back again into the mêlée. In a minor degree, this domination of physical pain to the point of insensibility to it, when under the influence of a stronger interest, is within the experience of everyone. Most people, after some crisis, have found themselves bleeding from a hurt they were totally unconscious of having received. Instances such as those quoted, demonstrate clearly that there is in man that which

transcends his personality, and which, when aroused, feels far more keenly. It is of this far richer consciousness that the seers and saints of all ages have testified, from the time of the Upanishads, millenniums ago in ancient India, through a long line to the present day.

The Ancient Wisdom teaches that man *is* the soul, and that the personality is only its instrument. The soul of each man is a spark of the one, divine Consciousness, and hence contains within itself, potentially, all the powers of the Divine. The soul can, however, only realize its powers, in incarnation, to the extent to which it has succeeded in developing an instrument capable of giving them expression. The field of its possible perception, and the range of its possible action, are limited directly by the degree of development of its vehicle, the personality. It follows that its evolution, and the unfolding of its powers, are dependent upon its ability gradually and progressively to develop an adequate instrument. It is a universal law that all forces and powers can only find expression through some vehicle, and this is as true of the soul as of everything else. A violinist, for example, may be the incarnation of music itself, but he can only give it physical expression through the instrumentality of his hands, and only to the extent to which he has trained them to instinctive and exact obedience to his will. In just the same way, the soul can only express itself to the extent to which the personality has been trained to instinctive and exact obedience to its will.

Failure so to train the personality to obedience is analogous to the failure of a child to gain control of its bodily instrument. It must dominate eyes and ears and tongue before it can see, hear or speak. If it fail to do so, these powers remain dormant. Failure of the soul to dominate, to impose its will, means that the powers of the soul remain dormant. Life is no less impoverished in consequence, because the man may never suspect his loss. A community of the blind would be just as blind if they had never heard of the ability to see.

For our present purposes, we may say that the personality is everything in a man that is not within the immediate control of the soul as its direct instrument—and that means a very large part of what we think of as ourselves. It means that the personality has a life, and desires, and a will stolen from the soul, and usually in active revolt against it. Of course, the personality, which is intended to be the instrument of the soul, has no more right to an independent will of its own than a man's hand or eye has to assert itself against his will. When eyes or hands do so assert themselves in uncontrolled action, the physical results are disastrous; the spiritual results are no less disastrous when the personality asserts itself against the soul. The age-old simile is that of the rider and his horse; it is often fatal for both when the horse runs away with the rider. The right attitude is that of the cavalryman, who cares for his steed because he needs it to carry out his purpose, but who, in a charge, becomes utterly indifferent both to its fate and to his own.

The existence of these two natures within us, and the conflict between them, is a commonplace of everyday experience. The simplest distinction is the one drawn many thousand years ago in the Upanishads, between the "better" and

the "dearer", between what we ought to do, and what we want to do. In general, what a man feels he "ought" to do, is the reflection, often much distorted as it passes through his mind, of the desires of the soul; what he feels he "wants" to do, is usually the desire of his personality. The essence of the soul is universal, and its desire is to carry out the purposes for which it was created—the expression in action of its nature, one with the divine nature—in so far as the unconquered dullness of its instrument makes that possible. All selflessness, compassion for others, nobility, honour, valour, action on principle as against expediency, and, in general, all effort for a true ideal, is of the soul. The essence of the personality is separateness and selfishness. It is interested only in itself, or in other things only as they affect it, its vanity, ambition, desires, comfort, or whatever it may be. Dominance by the personality shuts a man in an ever-narrowing prison, with walls of mirrors. Wherever he looks, he sees only the image of himself reflected back at him. Great causes or events mean only the effect that they will have on him personally, as that he himself will make more or less money, have more or less pleasure, or adulation, or comfort. *Light on the Path* describes this as the fierce driving inward that at last leaves a man only the space of a pin-head in which to dwell. Heir to all the riches of the soul, brother of the stars, he locks himself in a hovel in a corner of his own vast estate, desperately clutching the pitiful trifles he has stolen from himself.

The worst of the trouble is that after such self-imprisonment has long continued, the man loses the realization that the whole estate is rightfully his own, and that it and its riches await his claiming. The power of the personality against the soul depends entirely on this loss of recollection and consequent confusion of identity, so that the man believes that he *is* the personality, its desires his, and, most important of all, its limitations his. The personality does all that it can, therefore, to augment this confusion, and to lead the man to identify himself with it, seeking to limit his interest to its concerns, in order that it may concentrate all his attention and desire on itself. It is on these that it feeds and by which it grows. Its desires lose most of their power when they are seen for what they are, things outside of the man's real self. Take, for instance, the desire to "hit back" which our personalities feel when friends, with more candour than we enjoy, point out some failing of which we ought to be ashamed—and perhaps are. It makes an immense difference whether we say to ourselves, "Who is he anyway, to criticize *me* that way. He does much worse things himself. I am going to tell him what I think of him"; or whether we say: "I must watch out at that point. And here is my wretched personality boiling with hurt vanity, and trying to make me hit back at an old friend, because it has been shown up at its contemptible tricks." The personality hates having its faults pointed out. The soul welcomes it, just as a novice tennis player, preparing for a tournament, welcomes having an expert player point out his faults, that he may correct them. The character of one's reaction to criticism is a sure test of the centre of one's self-identification at the time.

The struggle and ultimate determination of whether a man is to identify himself with his lower self or with the soul, constitutes the battle of life. Victory

goes to the side which he decides to be "himself", and to which, in consequence, he throws his will. The desire of the soul, as we have said, is to carry out the purpose for which it was created, the expression, to the extent of its ability, of its own divine nature. What this purpose demands of him is reflected, with a greater or less degree of distortion, in each man's mind as his own ideal. What a man can see of the ideal is measured by the degree of his development, and by the obedience which he has heretofore rendered to his vision. Each act of obedience makes the vision clearer. Each failure obscures it. The desires of his personality—usually anything but ideal—are also impressed upon his mind, but from below; and the battle is fought out between them, there in the mind. Almost every moment brings its need for decision. Shall I write that letter, which my ideal of courtesy calls for, or shall I continue to sit here comfortably by the fire and read? I am conscious of both desires within me. Which is "mine"? Each such conflict forces the will to choose, forces us, consciously or unconsciously, to identify ourselves with the soul or with the personality, building up correspondingly our centre of self-identification in the higher or in the lower self. Most minds are public corridors, thronged from without by clamouring desires, claiming to be "our" desires. The power to discern clearly, to reject the false claims, and to identify ourselves with our true self and its purposes, is perhaps the most important and least understood of all our powers. Our immortality depends upon it. To the extent to which we identify ourselves with that which dies, we die. When we identify ourselves with that which is immortal, to that extent we gain immortality.

The difficulty of identifying oneself with the soul is increased, at first, by the fact that since the soul is not subject to the limitations which give sharp definition to the personality, its concerns appear impersonal, remote and utterly lacking in intensity and vividness. How false this impression is we have seen. The reason it exists, is because we have, for the most part, as yet given so little of our interest to the things of the soul. Thus, in the beginning, the spiritual life may seem grey and drab; we seem to have so little there with which to feel. But as we give more of our attention and interest, and that part of our life which they carry with them, to the soul, we build up the power to identify ourselves with the soul, and to make our own the intensity and richness of the consciousness that pertains to it. Each of the great qualities of the soul has its own type of consciousness, its own "feel". We share in this and feel it when we give ourselves completely to that quality and make it manifest in action. When, for example, a question of honour against expediency arises, and a man decides instantly and irrevocably on the side of honour, he will feel with the consciousness of honour. To feel this, however, the decision must be instant, whole-hearted and final; any mental debate about it, or any fear of consequences, will so adulterate the feeling that it will be unrecognizable. He may still decide rightly, but he will lose the consciousness that ought to be a part of his reward.

That is one reason why, "To go half way is misery, but all the way is heaven". It is really a question of transferring, grain by grain, our interest and self-identification from the lower centre of the personality to the higher centre of the soul.

Each decision that we make, adds to one of these centres and subtracts from the other, correspondingly increasing or diminishing the power of intense feeling from that centre. Selfless love is the ideal way of effecting this transfer rapidly and without effort from the lower to the higher. The goal of the soul is a passionate, selfless, adoration of its Master, the great one at the head of its "Ray". That attained, all else becomes easy. Pending the development of such love, the transfer must be effected slowly, a little at a time, by conscious act of will, in obedience to the highest ideal we can see. This obedience will itself uncover, in time, the love that is the essential nature of the soul. Spiritual growth consists in this transfer of interest to, and progressive self-identification with, the soul. All disinterested love, all sympathy with others, in fact, all broadening of interest to include what does not affect oneself—the study, for instance, of history, science, or art—tends to weaken self-absorption, and to that extent is a first step in preparation for this transfer.

The one great obstacle is self-love. Next to the love of that which is greater than self, perhaps the best way to break down self-love is by the constant effort to express the ideal. The result is certain to be as constantly marred by the self, by its sloth, its vanity, its self-indulgence and all its other failings. If we struggle against these marring propensities of the self, we come, in time, to see their possessor for what it is, and to lose something at least of our consuming love for that which continually frustrates us. No one who really tries to live up to the highest that he can see, remains pleased with his performance or with himself for long. Self-satisfaction always shows inadequate perception of the ideal. Its eradication is in itself an essential step, for it is impossible for anyone to grow who is satisfied with himself as he is.

Even a minimum of right self-identification brings an immediate reward in many ways, among them freedom from the petty fears that dominate so many lives, fear of what others will think, fear of losing one's standing in the community, fear of one's own view of oneself. Much of the desire for wealth and power is the subconscious desire to bolster up one's own worth in one's own eyes. He who knows himself to be heir to all that is, a Prince of the Household of Heaven, is not likely to be much distressed by what his neighbour thinks of his disguise. When, as a fugitive, after his defeat, the Marquis of Montrose escaped across Scotland, dressed as a groom, it was little he cared that his disguise was not the rich dress of a wealthy merchant. He was Marquis of Montrose, in one garb as in another; what matter how he appeared to the idlers at the inns where he stopped. This does not mean that he was satisfied with himself as Marquis. It means that his knowledge of what he was, lifted him above pettiness. It also brought its responsibilities. *Noblesse oblige*. In the end, he gave his life for his loyalty to his King. The universe does not offer its great gifts at a cheap price. Those who would share in the rich life of the soul must live by the laws of the soul. There is no other way.

J. F. B. M.

# MAHAYANA BUDDHISM

## III. THE SEVEN PORTALS AND THE SIX PARAMITAS

*Let the Bodhisattva feel towards all sentient beings as if they were himself. Let him think: "If I am to be completely free from all woes, let them also be so in the same measure. I cannot leave them to their fate."—ASHTASAHASRIKA SUTRA.*

**A**S Madame Blavatsky explained, *The Voice of the Silence* is a translation of excerpts from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*, a scripture of the Lodge. Because its doctrine is of the Lodge, it is not peculiar to any particular religion. It is neither of the East nor of the West, for the truths which it affirms are of universal import. These truths are lived by every member of the Lodge and are divined by every mystic. They are the inner principles common to all religions, never changing in essence, varying only in outer form according to the nature of the race or individual in which they are reflected.

Madame Blavatsky apparently based her translation of the "Golden Precepts" upon what may be called the Buddhist version. There was good reason for her choice. She points out that the "Precepts" are an integral part of the mystical canon of certain Mahayana schools; and that according to legend, they were revealed by the "Serpents of Wisdom" to Nagarjuna, the most renowned of the Mahayana sages. Moreover, many of the Mahayana texts known to Orientalists manifest an identity of spirit with *The Voice of the Silence* which suggests an ultimate identity of origin. The Bodhisattva Doctrine, the central subject of the Mahayana, is the major theme of *The Voice of the Silence*, especially of Fragments II and III, "The Two Paths" and "The Seven Portals". We shall be better able to understand why various Buddhist forms of thought were adopted by the translator of the "Golden Precepts", if we reflect upon what those forms have actually signified to generations of Buddhists.

In "The Two Paths", the aspirant is enjoined "to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the 'Eye' from the 'Heart' Doctrine. . . . The *open* Path leads to the changeless change—Nirvana, the glorious state of Absoluteness, the Bliss past human thought. Thus the first Path is Liberation. . . . But Path the second is Renunciation, and therefore called the 'Path of Woe'. That *Secret* Path leads the Arhan to mental woe unspeakable; woe for the living Dead, and helpless pity for the men of karmic sorrow."

Many passages stressing the same message might be quoted from the Mahayana scriptures. The Way of the Buddha of Compassion is continually contrasted with the Way of the Pratyeka Buddha; for the Buddhas of Compassion and their disciples, the Bodhisattvas, renounce Nirvana and toil selflessly for humanity during countless aeons, whereas the Pratyeka Buddhas and their imitators seek only personal liberation from pain and re-birth. As the Mahayana philosophers are fond of repeating, it is their dedication to the "Path of Woe"



that distinguishes them from the Hinayana monks, the *śrāvakas* who aspire only to selfish bliss in the timeless ecstasy of Nirvana.

To the *śrāvakas*, the Blessed One preached the doctrine which is associated with the Four Noble Truths and leads to the formula of Dependent Origination. It aims at transcending birth, old age, disease, death, sorrow, lamentation, pain, distress of mind, and weariness; and it ends in Nirvana. But to the Great Beings, the Bodhisattvas, he preached the doctrine which is associated with the six Paramitas and which ends in the Knowledge of the Omniscient One after the attainment of the supreme and perfect Wisdom (*bodhi*) (*Saddharma-pundarika*).

The Great Being, the Bodhisattva, while girding on his armour, does not discriminate between the creatures, saying: "So many creatures shall I help to obtain complete Nirvana, in which no material substratum remains; and so many creatures shall I not help in this way." The Bodhisattva, the Great Being, verily dons his armour for the sake of all creatures (*Sata-sahasrika Prajñā-Paramita*).

A *bodhisattva* wishes to help all creatures to attain *nirvana*. He must therefore refuse to enter *nirvana* himself, as he cannot apparently render any services to the living beings of the world after his own *nirvana*. He thus finds himself in the rather illogical position [from the standpoint of Head-learning] of pointing the way to *nirvana* for other beings, while he himself stays in this world of suffering in order to do good to all creatures. This is his great sacrifice for others. He has taken the great Vow: "I shall not enter into *nirvana* before all beings have been liberated." . . . He does not realize the highest Liberation for himself, as he cannot abandon them to their fate. He has said: "I must lead all beings to Liberation. I will stay here till the end, even for the sake of one living soul" (Har Dayal: *The Bodhisattva Doctrine in Buddhist Sanskrit Literature*, pp. 17-18).

"The Seven Portals" describes the seven stages of the "Way of Woe", the seven initiations in consciousness that must be undergone by the candidate for Bodhisattvaship. These initiations include the acquisition of the Paramitas or "Perfections", the creative forces inherent in all consciousness, but which only become manifest in their proper nature, when consciousness is enlightened by knowledge of itself. Six of the Portals bear the names of the Paramitas,—Dana, Shila, Kshanti, Virya, Dhyana, and Prajñā. The fourth Portal, Viraga, is not found in any list of the Paramitas, but the quality for which it stands is implicit in the conception of the other six; for these are naturally divisible into two groups of three, and Viraga is the bridge spanning the gap between these groups.

Orientalists generally translate "Paramita" as "perfection" or "virtue", sometimes adding the qualification, "transcendental". This is, doubtless, correct as far as it goes, but it scarcely covers all the connotations which the Sanskrit word suggests to the Buddhist mind. For example, there are these typical passages from the scriptures, as given by Dr. Har Dayal in the work from which we have already quoted: "The *paramitas* . . . 'are the great oceans of all the bright virtues and auspicious principles', and confer prosperity and happiness on all creatures. They are a *bodhisattva*'s best friends. They are 'the Teacher, the Way and the Light'. They are 'the Refuge and the Shelter, the Support and the Sanctuary'. They are, indeed, 'Father and Mother to all'. Even the Buddhas are their children" (p. 171).

These phrases describe something more vital, more dynamic than is usually

indicated by "perfection" or "virtue". The Paramitas, as conceived by the Mahayana mystics, are creative forces, corresponding to the formative powers of cosmic Nature, for they engender and build the spiritual organism of man. The Tibetans and the Chinese convey this idea by a metaphor. They translate or paraphrase the Sanskrit word by the expression: "to pass to the other shore". Whatever may be the etymology of the term, this signifies, better than any definition, what it means in the Mahayana. The Paramitas are the powers which enable man to reach his destined haven, to realize in its full splendour the Buddha-nature which is the ground of his real being.

Each Paramita "has three degrees: it may be ordinary, extraordinary or superlatively extraordinary (i.e. good, better, and the best). It is ordinary, when it is practised by ordinary worldly persons for the sake of happiness in this life or the next; it is extraordinary, when it is cultivated by the Hinayanists for the sake of personal *nirvana*; but it is of the highest degree, when it is acquired by the Mahayanist *bodhisattvas* for the welfare and liberation of all beings" (Har Dayal, *op. cit.*, p. 171). In each degree, the Paramitas do not manifest themselves simultaneously, but successively and cumulatively. First Dana appears, then Dana and Shila, and so on, until all six are functioning; after which the series re-commences in the next degree. The process may be compared to an ascending spiral, each succeeding phase repeating the stages of its predecessor but on a higher plane. By "higher" is meant not only "more perfect" but "more conscious". It is important that this should be understood, for the Bodhisattva does not differ from the man of the world or the Hinayanist *sravaka*, merely because he practises the same virtues more rigorously. He is superior to them because he is really conscious of what he is doing and why he is doing it.

This distinction may become clearer if we consider the implications of the following, from the *Diamond Sutra*. The reference is to Dana, but it is equally applicable to the other Paramitas.

O Subhuti, a gift should not be given by a Bodhisattva, while he believes in the self-existence of objects; a gift should not be given by him, while he believes in anything. . . . For thus, O Subhuti, should a gift be given by a noble-minded Bodhisattva, that he should not believe even in the idea of [ordinary] causation. . . . And if a noble-minded Bodhisattva were to fill immeasurable and innumerable spheres of worlds with the seven treasures, and give them as a gift to holy and fully-enlightened Tathagatas; and if a son or daughter of good family, after taking from this treatise of the Law, this Prajña Paramita, one Gatha of four lines only, should learn it, repeat it, understand it, and fully explain it to others, then the latter would on the strength of this produce a larger store of merit, immeasurable and innumerable.

It may be said that the ordinary man is good or bad, almost by accident, according to the quality of the forces acting upon him at the moment. The extraordinary man, like the *sravaka*, works for a definite end, and thus increases his susceptibility to forces of a certain order. But the Bodhisattva lays aside the consciousness of being a self, a personal entity, finding his real identity within the "Master-Soul", the mind of the Buddha. The Paramitas no longer act upon him as if he were something external to them. He acts in them and with

them. They are his own attributes and become manifest in all his acts and thoughts. There is a Chinese story of a sage who was asked what a man does after he has attained enlightenment. The answer was: "He sits on the grass, beside a pleasant stream, and drinks tea." It really cannot matter what he does, for he can do nothing which is not charged with spiritual energy. In brief, whereas the man of the world may *have* virtues, the Bodhisattva *is* the virtue which he is practising at any moment. He does not shine with reflected light, but is the light which other men reflect.

The first three Paramitas, as was said, constitute a distinct group. They are Dana, Shila, and Kshanti,—charity, righteousness, and patience.

I. Dana, "the key of charity and love immortal. . . . Hast thou attuned thy being to Humanity's great pain, O candidate for light?" (*The Seven Portals*).

In its simplest form, Dana is the movement of the heart which causes us to feel pity, sympathy, kindness towards others, and which awakens the desire to give pleasure or to relieve distress, especially if this involve some real or even imagined sacrifice on our part. The Buddha, like the Christ, laid great stress upon the cultivation and extension of the natural humane sentiments which are the basis of friendship and which make social life endurable. The two Golden Rules of Buddhism are "Do unto others as you would do unto yourself," and "Do unto others as they [their best selves] wish that you should do unto them."

Inevitably, in the ordinary man, these sentiments come and go. He has relatively little control over them. In the Bodhisattva, they are limitless and changeless. They are not casually mirrored in his nature, since they constitute its very substance. His whole being is a flame of love and compassion. In his heart, the latent adoration and gratitude of mankind for the Buddhas come to full expression; and a returning current of consciousness flowing from the "Buddha-Heart" takes the place of his "lower personal Manas", filling him with the longing to share the Buddhas' unceasing toil on behalf of those who are still bound to the wheel of re-birth. The Bodhisattva feels the pleasures and sorrows of others as his own. His desire to give is insatiable. He is ready to lay down, at any instant, rank, power, wealth, life, for "he loves all beings as a mother loves her only child". Whenever Karma permits, he donates his "store of Merit", the power which he has accumulated as an effect of the good which he has done in this and other incarnations.

Moreover, he is careful to guard against self-righteousness or any possible thought of self-interest, by sacrificing the immediate merit which accrues from any act of self-sacrifice. "I do not make this sacrifice in order to secure a happy rebirth as a king or a *deva*; and I do not think even of the felicity of Liberation. By the merit of my charitable deed, may I become the guide and saviour of the world, which is lost in the wilderness of mundane existence. I wish to accomplish the good of others" (*Nagananda*).

II. Shila, "the key of Harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for karmic action".

Shila is the translation of charitable sentiment into action. Without Shila,

Dana degenerates into sentimentality or unwise interference with Karma. Likewise, Shila is the self-discipline which purges the nature of the inhuman impulses, the "elementals", which strangle our humane aspirations. It is the power which destroys lust, greed, hatred, malice, folly and self-will. In so far as Shila is operative, man follows the highway of normal evolution, and progresses steadily towards the goal of Inner Self-Realization. This would seem to be the essence of the Buddhist conception of righteousness.

The Buddhist observes ten Commandments:—not to kill living beings; not to steal (literally, to abstain from taking what is not given); to abstain from unchastity; not to lie; not to speak slanderously; to abstain from harsh speech; to abstain from frivolous and foolish talk; not to covet the goods of another; to abstain from malevolence; to abstain from heresy. The Bodhisattva adapts his conduct to these injunctions, but in each instance he broadens and deepens the range of his observance. In one sense, he may be said to *live* each Commandment rather than merely to keep it. Also, his whole attitude is positive. He not only abstains from killing animals for amusement; he cherishes and helps them. He not only abstains from lying, even in his dreams; he learns to wield Truth like a weapon. His conduct is harmonized and gracious. His speech is the counterpart of his thought, courteous and gentle, and at the same time, authoritative and virile. No quality of nature is over-developed or under-developed in relation to the rest. He is the "Good Companion", who is likewise the most austere of saints. Though his ruling passion is to assist others, he does not compromise with evil, nor is he in any sense a pacifist. On occasion, his assistance may take the form of vigorous chastisement. It is no accident that Japanese chivalry, *bushido*, the code of the warrior caste, was inspired by the teaching of the Zen branch of the Mahayana.

The Bodhisattva follows the path of action described in the *Bhagavad Gita*. He does what is right, letting Karma determine without interference the results of his act. This is illustrated by a charming myth cited by Dr. Har Dayal (*op. cit.*, p. 208). "Sakra, the chief of the *devas*, observed the first precept by turning back his aerial car in order to spare some tiny nests, even though he was hotly pursued by his enemies, the Demons, after the defeat of his army. But his humane action gave him the victory, as the Demons were bewildered and thrown into confusion by this sudden and unexpected movement."

III. Kshanti, "patience sweet, that nought can ruffle. . . . Fear, O Disciple kills the will and stays all action. . . . Be of sure foot, O candidate. In Kshanti's essence bathe thy Soul; for now thou dost approach the portal of that name, the gate of fortitude and patience. . . . Beware of trembling. 'Neath the breath of fear the key of Kshanti rusty grows: the rusty key refuseth to unlock".

Kshanti includes the ideals of resignation, patience, acceptance of adversity, forgiveness. It is, in a sense, the equivalent of Christian fortitude. The orthodox Buddhist, however, has one advantage over the orthodox Christian. He is taught that the trials which make up the greater part of life are unavoidable effects of past sins, and that their future recurrence is prevented, in some measure at least, by his present cheerful acceptance of them. "If disciples meet with the

ills of life they should not shun them. If they suffer painful experiences, they should not feel afflicted or treated unjustly, but should always rejoice in remembering the deep significance of *dharma*, the Good Law" (*The Awakening of Faith Sutra*).

The scriptures stress the fact that patient endurance of pain sooner or later brings clear knowledge of the cause of pain, the sediment of unwisdom and blind desire which has existed in the *alaya* or "soul" during the beginningless past. Thus the disciple realizes the truth that misery proceeds from the heresy of separateness, from the belief in the self-existence of a "personality", whose wants must be satisfied. This realization awakens the will to destroy in himself this Great Illusion which is the root of pain. Having destroyed the Great Illusion in himself, he can completely dedicate himself to the task of helping others who are less fortunate.

When Kshanti Paramita is fully operative, two of the greatest foes of the disciple are slain,—fear and ambition. He will gratefully take whatever the Good Law provides. He will refrain from any attempt to over-speed the processes of evolution. When Kshanti has become a veritable attribute of the Bodhisattva's will, its whole meaning becomes, as it were, transformed. The "patience" of the Bodhisattva is wholly positive, inasmuch as it becomes "a whole-hearted acceptance of the ultimate fact (*tattvam*) as perceived by a mind free from errors or wrong judgments (*vikalpa*)" (D. T. Suzuki: *Studies in the Lankavatara Sutra*, p. 126).

What may be taken as the supreme significance of Kshanti is suggested by a combination of words frequently used by the Mahayana mystics. It is *anutpattika-dharma-kshanti*, and means literally "unborn-object-patience". Dr. Suzuki says: "The idea is simply that reality or Dharma or existence in general is beyond all predicable attributes, and therefore in the failure of language and intellect, definition is impossible, and being outside the ken of all but direct perception, all we can state of it is emptiness or unbornness in the absolute sense" (*op. cit.*, p. 125).

When a Buddha willingly accepts the pain of being born in the world of men, although he has personally gained deliverance from the karmic necessity of incarnation, he practises the highest form of Kshanti. So it is said that *samsara* (birth-and-death), and the changeless bliss of Nirvana, are really one state of consciousness in the mind of the Buddha. The conception seems to be identical with that of the Virgin Birth, in one of its mystical meanings.

Charity, righteousness and patience are qualities which exist in some degree wherever there is any spark of real consciousness in the world; in Christian terms, wherever there is a soul. But the three higher Paramitas, Virya, Dhyana and Prajña, are less easy to imagine or to formulate, for their action in the average man is spasmodic, diffused, and in large part subconscious or super-conscious. Before they can be reached by the consciousness, the bridge of Viraga must be built. Viraga, as *The Seven Portals* tells us, is "indifference to pleasure and to pain, illusion conquered, truth alone perceived, . . . the feeling of absolute indifference to the objective universe, . . . the portal of temptations

which do ensnare the *inner* man." In one sense, it may be conceived as the transformation of will and desire, induced by the long-continued and progressive application of Dana, Shila, and Kshanti. This transformation must be measurably completed, before the disciple's consciousness can assimilate the "vital electricity" of Virya Paramita.

IV. Virya, "the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal Truth, out of the mire of lies terrestrial" (*The Seven Portals*). Virya literally means "the state of a strong man, vigour, strength, power, heroism, prowess, valour, fortitude, courage, firmness, virility" (*Pali Dicy. and Skt. Dicy. M. W.*). Its opposite is *kausidya* (indolence, sloth). The energy signified by Virya Paramita is spiritual and inward. It is the continuous tension of a will which never allows itself to be surprised or overtaken. The Bodhisattva, the embodiment of Virya, never divests himself of his armour; the warfare in which he is engaged is interrupted by no armistice. His attention to what he is doing never flags, and this attention can change its object instantaneously. One has the impression of a mind and will perfectly attuned, of a clear vision which nothing can distract from its immediate function, whatever that may be.

Disciples should be indefatigably zealous and never let even the thought of indolence arise in their minds; but steadily and persistently out of deep compassion endeavour to benefit all beings. They should dauntlessly, energetically, without intermission, six watches, day and night, pay homage to all the Buddhas, make offerings to them, praise them, repent and confess to them, aspire to the most excellent knowledge, and make sincere vows of unselfish service. It is only thereby that they can root out the hindrances and foster their root of merit (*Awakening of Faith Sutra*).

V. Dhyana, "whose golden gate once opened leads the Narjol toward the realm of Sat eternal and its ceaseless contemplation. . . . [It is] the Bodhi Portal. The Dhyana gate is like an alabaster vase, white and transparent; within there burns a steady golden fire, the flame of Prajñā that radiates from Atma. Thou art that vase" (*The Seven Portals*).

"Dhyana" is almost impossible to translate, partly because there is no English equivalent, partly because it symbolizes an experience which transcends all our ordinary mental moulds. It cannot be understood until it is lived, as the Mahayana philosophers constantly insist. It includes concentration, meditation, contemplation, calm, recollection, peace, joy, and is the power which admits the Bodhisattva to the heavens of the *rupa* and *arupa devas*, the divinities of the manifested and unmanifested spheres. The presence of Dhyana in his consciousness immeasurably increases the love which he already feels for all living beings. Finally it induces in him the state of *samadhi*, endowing him with "absolute control over all his faculties". Having thus finally subdued his "lower personality", the Bodhisattva becomes a co-worker with Nature, entering into full understanding of her finer forces. When the occasion demands, he can perform without effort so-called miracles and feats of magic.

The *Awakening of Faith Sutra* gives the following injunctions to the disciple who seeks to assimilate the Dhyana Paramita.

The beginner should consider and practise Dhyana in two aspects: as cessation of the mind's intellectual activities, and as realization of insight. To bring to a stand all mental states that produce vagrant thinking, is called cessation. To understand adequately the transitoriness and emptiness and egolessness of all things, is insight. At first, each of them should be practised separately by the beginner, but when, by degrees, he attains facility, and finally attains perfection, the two aspects will naturally blend into one perfect state of mental tranquility. Those who practise Dhyana should dwell in solitude and, sitting erect, should remain motionless, seeking to quiet the mind. . . . As in all thinking something precedes that has been awakened by an external stimulus, so in Dhyana one should seek to abandon all notions connected with an external world. . . . Because his attention is distracted by the external world, he is warned to turn to his inner, intuitive consciousness. If the process of mentation begins again, he is warned not to let his mind become attached to anything, because, independent of mind, what we call things have no existence. Dhyana is not at all to be confined to sitting erect in meditation; one's mind should be concentrated at all times, whether sitting, standing, moving, working; one should constantly discipline oneself to that end. Gradually entering into the state of *samadhi*, he will transcend all hindrances and become strengthened in faith, a faith that will be immovable.

As the *Daṣa-bhumika-Sutra* says, when the Bodhisattva attains the "Blessedness of Tranquillity", which is the essence of Dhyana, "he abides pervading the whole Universe with his mind, accompanied by the sentiment of love [for all sentient beings] with vast, great, undivided, unlimited, and universal freedom from hatred, rivalry, narrow-mindedness and harmfulness."

VI. Prajña, "The key to which makes of a man a God, creating him a Bodhisattva, son of the Dhyanis. . . . Thou shalt attain the seventh step and cross the gate of final knowledge, but only to wed woe—if thou wouldst be Tathagata, follow upon thy predecessor's steps, remain unselfish till the endless end. Thou art enlightened—choose thy way" (*The Seven Portals*).

Prajña is "inner Self-realization" (*pratyatmagocara*). When the Bodhisattva enters into this state, the power of Dhyana, the contemplative energy, becomes so intense that the illusory barrier dividing subject from object, the seer from the seen, is broken down. The perceiver and the perceived are realized to be one, and Truth is known through union with it. Thus Prajña is the transcendental knowledge which opens the portals of Nirvana to the Arhat. However, in its pure essence, it is inseparable from *mahakaruna* (the great compassion), since it is the wisdom of the heart which inspires the Bodhisattva to renounce the inestimable personal reward, the prize of Nirvana, to which he is entitled. Prajña brings the certitude that what we call existence is of the texture of a dream, but also it is the unalterable determination of the Bodhisattva's will never to forsake his brethren whom he has outdistanced in the race of life and who still linger behind, bewitched by the Great Illusion.

The Prajña Paramita is so far beyond the compass of our mental processes that the mystics can only describe it in metaphor and paradox. That is why the average Orientalist sees in the doctrine of Prajña nothing but a bundle of contradictions. For example, it is often stated in the Mahayana scriptures that although the Bodhisattva is a radiant centre of wisdom and compassion, he never thinks of himself as possessing either wisdom or compassion. Should such

shows why, if we are to love our Master, our 'father in heaven', we *must* learn to love the things that he loves; why we *must*—at first, perhaps, by sheer effort of will—turn our minds to the *desirability* of eternal instead of transitory treasures. But, because evil, and all embodiments of evil, constitute the Antagonist of Masters; and because we cannot serve our own Master with intelligence unless we understand the nature and ways and subterfuges, and the power, of his many enemies (who are essentially one), it becomes an elementary duty, solely for his sake, to face the horrors of sin and wickedness, and to see in them the curse of the human race and the implacable foe of the Lodge.

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"I should like to revert to what the Philosopher was saying about the need to understand evil", the Engineer now remarked. "There are students of Theosophy who dreadfully waste their energies, and their knowledge. They seem to think it their function to disseminate 'new ideas', while in fact their knowledge has been given them, first to apply within their own natures, and then—and only then—as a means to reinforce in others a tottering belief in some of the bare bones, the uttermost simplicities, of everyday religion. For instance, the modern man has lost his belief in the reality of sin; he regards sensuality and things of that kind, as 'emotional accidents'; some of the worst of sins, such as envy and malice, he excuses as 'misfortunes',—as if people were not responsible for their feelings and motives. As to hell, there is not one professing Christian in a hundred who would not laugh at the idea as an exploded superstition. The modern man has discarded everything 'unpleasant' from his religion, including the Cross, except perhaps in so far as that was God's convenient arrangement to enable us to escape from the consequences of our 'natural human frailty'. Clearly it is the primary duty of Theosophists, in such conditions, to convince themselves (if not already convinced) that sin is a violation of spiritual law, and a perversion of spiritual force, the results of which are, first, suffering, and then, if the lesson of that suffering be not learned, the destruction of the sinner. After they have convinced themselves of this basic truth of life, to the point at which they instinctively act upon it, they should do their utmost to convince others of the same truth. Naturally, all sorts of questions will arise as to what should be counted as sins. The modern man is inclined to set up himself and his own 'conscience' as the sole judge of right and wrong, especially as, in many cases, he has trained his conscience, so-called, to approve of practically anything which he personally wants to do. Here again the student of Theosophy has a 'message', by no means new,—to the effect that to ignore the experience and judgment of the past under this head, is as foolish as to ignore the experience stored up in a standard Cook Book: to begin cooking, whether for yourself or your friends, as if nothing had ever been cooked before, would be to invite indigestion, in its myriad forms, both for yourself and for them, needlessly, recklessly, inhumanly. You laugh; but it would be no laughing matter if you were one of the experimenter's victims! 'A law unto himself': it does not matter so much in the domain of Art, because no one is obliged to look at the horrible daubs and

a thought enter his mind, he would cease to be a Bodhisattva. His authority rests upon his selflessness, and yet he is the most individual of men. He knows that all sentient beings and all their adventures and sorrows are *sunyata*, void and illusion, and nothing more. But the more certain is his perception of the emptiness of all existences, the greater is his compassion for them. How can this be? One can only repeat the affirmation of the Mahayana sages, that in the domain of pure undivided consciousness, where the Bodhisattva dwells, *sunyata* and Prajña are seen to be one. Within the matrix of the Great Illusion, the Buddha, the Enlightened One, is born. Because the creature is empty, the Spirit yearns to enter into it. So Madame Blavatsky describes the essence of compassion as "an abstract, impersonal law, whose nature being absolute Harmony is thrown into confusion by discord, suffering and sin."

We read in the *Diamond Sutra*:

Anyone who has entered upon the Path of the Bodhisattvas must thus frame his thought: As many beings as there are in the world, with form or without form, with name or without name, as far as any world of beings is known, all these must be delivered by me in the perfect world of Nirvana. And yet, after I have thus delivered innumerable beings, not one single being has been delivered. And why? If, O Subhuti, a Bodhisattva had any belief in [the self-existence of] a being, he could not be called a Bodhisattva. . . . An Arhat does not think thus: the fruit of Arhatship has been obtained by me. And why? Because an Arhat is not a separate entity. Therefore, is he called an Arhat. If he were to think: Arhatship has been obtained by me, he would be a believer in self-existent entities, he would be a believer in personalities.

In some lists, there are four supplementary Paramitas, making a total of ten. These are *upaya* or *upaya-kausalya* ("skilful means", the faculty of speaking to the condition of others); *pranidhana* (aspiration or resolution, the force residing in the Bodhisattva's vows); *bala* (strength, power); and *jñāna* (knowledge). The Yogacharya School, however, conceived these to be forms or amplifications of Prajña, rather than independent qualities and energies.

Indeed, each of the six (or ten) Paramitas eludes rigid definition. These spiritual powers illustrate the "unity in diversity" which is the secret of harmony. They interblend and complement one another, like a series of overtones. In the consciousness of the Bodhisattva, as is said, they are synthesized in the supreme Prajña Paramita, the Wisdom of Compassion. Mental speculation concerning the nature of this synthesis is of little value in itself. It is useful only in so far as it suggests an ideal that ultimately can be realized by action. Prajña Paramita is a hidden life, an invisible flame, and we can know it by becoming it, and in no other way.

Therefore, everyone should seek Self-realization of Prajña Paramita, the Truth of Perfect Wisdom, the Unsurpassable Truth, the Truth that ends all pain, the Truth that is for ever True. O Prajña Paramita, O Transcendent Truth that spans the troubled ocean of life-and-death, safely carry all seekers to the other shore (*Maha-Prajña-Paramita-Hridaya*).

# ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

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IT was cold, colder than usual for November, and when the day's work was over—or was about to begin, depending upon the point of view—several of us instinctively made our way to the home of a friend whose open log fires are a solace and refreshment. After the usual greetings, and we were comfortably installed, the Recorder resolutely produced his note-book and demanded "copy". "You may begin anywhere", he announced cheerfully. There was dead silence. "*You* may begin", he said, turning to the Engineer. "I have spent the entire day", his victim answered, "at committee meetings of our Trade Institute, brought into this world by the pressure of NRA, discussing how to avoid final ruin as the result of NRA's effect on Labour; for Labour has been prodded into wanting the earth, and seems unwilling to leave us a corner from which to watch a Shop Committee of our employees, run and wreck our business."

"An excellent background for your contribution", the Recorder remarked, encouragingly.

The Engineer laughed. "There is a story going the round of the English press", he said, "from which some satisfaction can be drawn, for it suggests that England, which used to see America as the ultimate Golden Calf, and which worshipped her accordingly, is beginning to be less reverential,—possibly, even, to wonder if the Golden Calf is all there is to worship. In any case the story runs that a Professor at the University of London, just appointed to a better position in this country, informed his three-year-old daughter that her home would soon be in America. Saying her prayers that evening, the child concluded: 'Good-bye, dear God; I'm going to America.'"

"'Out of the mouths of babes', etc." quoted the Philosopher. Then, after a pause he added: "I am wondering how I can link that to something I was going to say. For the life of me, I can't see the slightest connection! Think it over afterwards," he added, turning to the Recorder, "and insert some pithy and more or less brilliant remark that I made at this point, that will connect the two ideas. You won't forget to do that, will you? Then I'll consider it as done."

"I am realizing more and more clearly", he continued, "how true it is that the path of discipleship is a hair-line, a razor's edge. For instance: if, on the one hand, we shut our eyes to evil, we are lost. We must not only recognize its existence, both within ourselves and in the world around us; we must study it, understand it, ceaselessly reckon with it, remain perpetually on our guard and wage relentless warfare against it. On the other hand, woe to the disciple whose heart is not given to his ideal, whose centre of interest is not fixed in the spiritual world, whose longing is for anything less than the true, the good, and the beautiful, both in their ultimate perfection and in their nearest and most immediate expression. 'Love me, love my dog', voices more than a human demand; it

shows why, if we are to love our Master, our 'father in heaven', we *must* learn to love the things that he loves; why we *must*—at first, perhaps, by sheer effort of will—turn our minds to the *desirability* of eternal instead of transitory treasures. But, because evil, and all embodiments of evil, constitute the Antagonist of Masters; and because we cannot serve our own Master with intelligence unless we understand the nature and ways and subterfuges, and the power, of his many enemies (who are essentially one), it becomes an elementary duty, solely for his sake, to face the horrors of sin and wickedness, and to see in them the curse of the human race and the implacable foe of the Lodge.

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blobs that result; but if you have to eat what 'a law unto himself' produces, or, worse still, if you have to suffer the consequences of such lawlessness through personal contacts with the improviser, you will quickly realize that moral anarchy is not only ugly, but highly explosive.

"As to hell: the student of Theosophy ought to know from his own observation, as Dante knew, that people still on earth may actually be in hell; for hell is a state of consciousness and creates its own 'place'. In other words, a man may be in New York, or Paris, or in the Gobi Desert, and be in hell; or he may be 'dead', and think himself in any of those places, or in a new place, and be in hell; for hell is a condition in which a man is possessed by the spirit of envy, or of malice, or of fear resulting in hatred, or of bitter resentment, or by any one of the many evils arising from intense self-centredness. Most of us have been in a state resembling hell, for an hour or two, or even longer, at some time in our lives; but in so far as we realized that our condition was morally wrong, and struggled to lift ourselves out of it, finally succeeding in doing so, our state was different from that in which the individual is really possessed by evil,—a state in which, instead of struggling against his feelings, he clings to them, and hates anyone who tries to separate him from them.

"I have known more than one man who has been in hell for years. It is not a state of uninterrupted torment when experienced *on earth*; no physical instrument could endure the strain. There are periods of forgetfulness; there are other periods when a man is able, momentarily, to satisfy his desire,—as he cannot do when excommunicated. If, in one environment, he has been restrained from the outer expression or explosion of his wickedness, through fear or other motive, he will find at first immense relief should that restraint be removed, or should he be able to throw it off,—so much so that it may seem to him as if he had escaped from hell into some kind of heaven, where, at least in words (and words are actions) he can give vent to the evil in him freely,—blaming others, justifying himself, defying fate, threatening, slandering, and giving himself a feeling of intense and pleasurable importance by feverish activity of all kinds. Such periods of stimulation do not last, of course, as they are entirely psychic and unreal, ending invariably in a state of collapse, the individual wearying in time of the novelties—people and things—which have served him, like alcohol, as intoxicants, and slumping once more into the desolation of the negative side of his egotism."

"It seems to me", commented the Student, "that any form of religion in which, 'Man, know thyself', has ceased to have spiritual significance, is empty and fruitless. I met not long ago a clergyman—till then a total stranger—whose conversation consisted almost entirely of a recital of his clerical achievements; he boasted like a small boy: it was deplorable. He was sincere, well-meaning, hard working, but undisguisedly ambitious and tragically vain. How absurd, from one point of view, in an ordained exponent of Christianity! From another point of view, what a travesty of the religious spirit! No one should be ordained as a minister until his instructors have helped him to recognize, and to long to overcome, his moral weaknesses, or until self-examination has become his habit."

"I admit", said our Visitor, "that vanity is often absurd, and is always juve-

nile; but I don't see why it should be regarded as a sin. It does not injure other people."

"That argument", the Engineer replied, "is a favourite with drunkards, and with those who habitually use opium and similar drugs. The answer is that no man can live unto himself alone. Vanity is a deadly sin,—perhaps the most destructive of all the sins. Think of a man careering down hill, very largely because it makes him miserable to associate with superiors—with people who could not possibly recognize him as a superior—and who instinctively longs to associate with those who will look up to him, as a saviour, hero, martyr, and as the presiding genius of their circle. Longing for it, he naturally finds it—a very inferior and narrow circle—and does not hesitate to desert 'the better for the dearer', seeing that 'the dearer' caters to his vanity and fills him with the sense of importance and power for which his personality has always yearned. Too self-satisfied to raise himself, he chooses to lower himself in order to reign,—becoming the big frog of a little pond, rather than endure the over-shadowing presence of frogs bigger than he yet is, in a pond of far larger dimensions. It hurts him to look up; he refuses to look up; he insists upon looking down. Where does it end? Inevitably he will have to move further and further down, socially, intellectually, morally, in order to *keep pace with himself*. It is not an uncommon disease. Years ago, in my office, one of our men announced that he was going to resign as he was tired of being eclipsed by 'a bunch' whose manners, education and standards were better than his. He was sufficiently honest with himself, and with me, to admit that he wanted to work with 'a lower class crowd'. I asked him how he expected to improve himself, to grow, except by association with those whom he believed to be his superiors; but argument was useless; he left us, and has been deteriorating steadily ever since. He did not stay for six months with the 'crowd' of his choice, and now is entirely alone, without friends, struggling to pick up a living by doing odd jobs for strangers. He was pivoted on himself, and was doomed, therefore, to revolve in ever-narrowing circles, with his grievances and grudges, envyings and resentments, as the sole companions of his misery. Naturally at first, when he got with his 'lower class crowd', he breathed a sigh of relief, and felt like a man set free from prison; but his doom was with him,—he had doomed himself. He was too centripetal to adhere, so to speak, and quickly sought another and then another set of associates, in whose eyes he could see himself reflected as a bigger and yet bigger deity. There was this much 'excuse' in his case, however: he was married, and his wife had discovered how vain and small he was; so, craving adulation, unable to find it at home, and not satisfied with the respect he might have won from men, for good work, honestly done,—he had to mix with his inferiors to gain temporary admiration for himself as a personality.

"I doubt if any sin clouds the judgment as vanity clouds it. A vain man attributes abilities and qualities to himself which either he does not possess, or which he possesses in far smaller measure than he imagines, the consequence being that he is invariably over-confident, and commits himself to enterprises

and decisions which are more likely than not to turn and rend him as he draws near their outcome. He shuts his eyes to facts which are not flattering, exaggerates in his own mind the importance of trivialities which please him, underestimates the force of men and things opposing him, and thinks of Time as his friend when, in his case, Time is his worst enemy. His 'friends' are those who vote him a great man, who has erred, if at all, by reason of too much generosity, too much patience, endurance, consideration for others, and from a general excess of virtue; his intimates are those who, for purposes of their own, denounce as vigorously as he does the intolerable behaviour of anyone who crosses his will or who tells him unwelcome truths.

"A man who is really vain does not care actually what other people think of him except in so far as their views reinforce his mental picture of himself. It is this picture that he worships, with a fidelity that would land him in the kingdom of heaven quickly and easily, if the object of his worship were different. Being what it is—his picture of himself—he is incapable of love, except love of self; incapable of loyalty, except loyalty to his own interests; incapable of truth, because nothing can be allowed as true if it casts a shadow on his picture of what he is, or of what he expects to accomplish."

"There are men", commented the Historian, "who seem to be fond of children, or of dogs, but whose fondness for either or both is nothing but the enjoyment of 'incense',—of the adulation which a dog pours out on his master, or which a young child offers to someone who seems able and willing to provide protection. Such men can be positively cruel to dogs which show dislike of them, and are harsh or worse to children who show the least independence of spirit. Genuine fondness—which, after all, is a form of love—'suffereth long, and is kind . . . is not puffed up . . . seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked'. The false fondness, springing from vanity, 'seeks its own'; the true fondness, springing from the heart, seeks always to give.

"The Engineer spoke of hell: there is need, I think, to differentiate between the misery of a man who, having chosen what he knows to be a wrong course, is trying to stifle what remains of his conscience, and the further stage when a man, having killed his conscience, and having persisted in doing evil, begins to experience the consequences of his choice, sees further and worse consequences, is eaten by fear, tries desperately and wildly to escape from the net he is caught in, only to become more deeply enmeshed,—finally becoming almost insane from terror."

"Must it not be true", suggested the Ancient, "that just as 'in my Father's house are many mansions', so every individual who 'goes to hell', goes to a condition of his own making, and that, in a sense, there must be as many different hells as there are individuals in hell? Naturally there would be characteristics and tendencies shared in common. Thus, all men still at the stage of trying to stifle conscience, would seek the companionship of those who assured them that conscience was wrong, and that what they had done and were doing was right; they would cling to that companionship, would dread solitude, and would be able to endure it only while feverishly active—as the Engineer intimated. This accounts for many a wretched liaison between men and women,—the element



of sex being comparatively incidental in some cases: the man seeks what he wants, and gets it, though he invariably curses the woman in the end, adding her to the long list of those whom he blames for his ultimate and inevitable desperation. In the same way, once conscience has been killed, and nothing is left but ghastly fear of consequences, I imagine that treachery, in some form or other, must result. This is borne out by Dante, as I read the *Inferno*; for the Ninth Circle—the lake of ice named Cocytus—contains those who had been traitors to Kindred, to Friends, and, lowest of all, traitors to 'Lords and Benefactors'.

"It is clear, I think, that treachery is the culmination of other sins, such as envy and malice,—even of what may appear to some as minor sins, such as the desire to justify self, for, once that becomes an obsession, it will lead to the justification of the worst and lowest forms of treachery, to false accusation, to the violation of solemn promises, to betrayal of confidence—all justified in the hope that self, finding its position invidious and dangerous, may emerge unscathed,—blind to the fact that even the world—even the world of thieves or gangsters—neither forgets nor forgives treachery, and that the self-convicted traitor is outcast for evermore."

"Surely, though", our Visitor protested, "a touch of vanity is better than the 'inferiority complex' with which so many people seem to be afflicted!"

"They are different aspects of the same thing", said the Philosopher. "All the vices and sins have endless ramifications, both in their positive and negative aspects,—vanity especially. An 'inferiority complex' produces as many symptoms of vanity as the most swollen of heads: the youth who is morbidly conscious of his elongated neck, who imagines that everyone must notice and laugh at it, and who tries to hide it by wearing abnormally high collars, is typical under this head. As he grows older, he discovers, perhaps, that no one cares two straws about the length of his neck, if only because it is the nature of men to think almost exclusively about themselves, their own feelings, and their own affairs. But the morbid tendency will still remain, and will need to be fought at stage after stage of its expression: there may be terror of making a mistake, and abject humiliation when a mistake has been made (sheer vanity, seeing that humility would regard its own mistakes impersonally, and chiefly as lessons); there may be undue sensitiveness to criticism, followed by depression and discouragement (as if *I* ought to do everything perfectly, and as if others must expect perfection of me); there may be innumerable other symptoms of the same basic fault,—a negative form of vanity, inherently evil, because it is based on wrong self-identification, but far less dangerous than its positive aspect, seeing that the negative form is painful in all its consequences, immediate as well as remote, while self-satisfaction (vanity in the more ordinary sense) is highly pleasurable until the final smash comes; and the final smash may be postponed for years.

"It is a remarkable fact, to which, I believe, attention has been called more than once in the 'Screen', that vanity in its aggressive form has been the cause of *all* desertions from the Movement. No need to name names now; but the desire

to shine, the desire to feel superior, the desire to dominate and to be recognized as important or as the most important,—that kind of desire has led to all the betrayals, little and big, from which the Theosophical Movement has suffered, though I do not think that 'suffer' is the right word, since those betrayals have served to exclude undesirable elements, and to strengthen the remaining nucleus."

"No one could desert", the Historian commented, "who had ever been a genuine part of the Movement, that is, in more than name. Such people have never realized that, once out of it, they would cease even to be names. Occasionally, by attack, they have tried to give themselves a 'nuisance value' as it were,—the only result being a final demonstration of their futility. How many of our members have so much as heard of Mrs. Cables, who once wanted her magazine to be the official organ of the T. S. in America, instead of *The Path*? How many know of 'Peace to his ashes' Brown (W. T. Brown), although, with H.P.B.'s help, he wrote some good articles in his day? I doubt if there are a dozen members who could fill out the initials, W.R.O. There are scores of others—the wreckage of a great Movement—reminding me sometimes of the hulks on the shores of the Red Sea, or of the skeletons one passes on caravan routes in Africa: one wonders who 'they' were, so dry, so dead, so shockingly alone, stripped by jackals and vultures. It is sad, but, like all else, the past can and should be used creatively; for just as those desert bones remind the traveller of his mortality, so should the failures and wreckage of the Movement warn us that we too 'stand in jeopardy every hour', and that, if we would survive, we can do so only at the price of constant struggle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, each one of which we must understand if we would master them, instead of permitting them to master us."

"It is certainly our duty to understand these things", the Ancient now said, "partly because of our own need to realize that the 'lesser' sins, unless conquered, lead straight to 'Cocytus'; but what a blessing it is to look up, and to see around one, as well as in outstanding figures of the past, examples of devotion, loyalty, generosity, self-sacrifice, courage, simplicity, abiding faith, and of other qualities of soul which make the world a land of promise instead of grim despair! What a delight to find in some book the portrayal of a character that wins and holds your heart utterly, and does so, not because as a character it is perfect, but because it reveals a one-pointed desire to give all that it has and is, to a cause it sees as divine! I came across such a book not long ago: *La Réponse du Seigneur*, by A. de Chateaubriant,—and defy any student of Theosophy to read it without falling in love with the old man whose passionate devotion to an idea—to a religious and theosophical idea—would move and inspire a stone: an old, old man, full of kindness, of consideration, of gentleness, in no sense a fanatic, but burning with enthusiasm, day and night, for an idea; ill and suffering, but lifted above all illness and suffering by love of his idea. Somewhere in *Le Voyage du Centurion*, by Ernest Psichari, the author expresses the conviction that so long as a man is willing to die for an idea, as so many of the old Crusaders died, that man is spiritually alive. I have often thought of it since, as a supreme

test: to be willing to live and suffer for, or to die for, an idea, with no thought of personal reward either here or hereafter; and I have thanked God for the proof, during the Great War, that humanity could pass that test as magnificently as during any period in history.

"It is only at rare intervals, though, that men have the chance to die for that which they see as greater, nobler, more enduring than themselves. Usually we have to live and suffer for it, and this, perhaps, requires more heroism, because the battle is fought unseen by others, in the hidden places of the soul, where we meet with defeat daily, and yet must fight on, unconquered and undismayed, praying for that 'final perseverance' without which a life-time of effort becomes a failure. It is under this head particularly, I think, that the courage of many women shines with unequalled splendour; they can be faithful when it seems as though there were nothing left to be faithful to, and when, in cold truth, there is nothing left except their dream of what was and what might have been—a God-given dream, and therefore sacred, and therefore never to be surrendered. In the eyes of the angels such fidelity is celestial, and in our eyes too, I hope. Broken-hearted such women often are, but they will carry on, smiling, without a ray of hope to support them, true to an invisible spirit, above Time, transcending Space, treasured for ever in some inner sanctuary which no one, except their Lord, may enter,—because he alone will understand their tears, he alone will not try to comfort them, he alone *knows*.

"Yes,—there is beauty on every side of us, heart-searching beauty, if we have eyes to see it.

The angels keep their ancient places;—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

"The evil is there, but the good is there too, even in this world; while, in the world that is real, in the world that touches ours at every point and upon which our inner gaze should ceaselessly be fixed, the light of Masters casts out all darkness, and reveals the sufferings of the innocent as a ladder up which the guilty someday may climb from the depths of hell to repentance and lasting peace."

T.

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*I said: Lord, will you not fill him with desire for thee? And he said: I have and he has turned it into a burning desire for everything except for me.—BOOK OF MEMORIES.*



H.P.B.'S MESSAGE TO THE CONVENTION,  
AMERICAN SECTION T. S., 1889.

*April 7, 1889.*

FRIENDS AND BROTHER-THEOSOPHISTS:

You are now once again assembled in Convention, and to you again I send my heartiest greetings and wishes that the present Convention may prove a still greater success than the last.

It is now the fourteenth year since the Theosophical Society was founded by us in New York, and with steady persistence and indomitable strength the Society has continued to grow amid adverse circumstances, amid good report and evil report. And now we have entered on the last year of our second septenary period, and it is fitting and right that we should all review the position which we have assumed. . . .

Here in England we have been hard at work; we have met some difficulties and surmounted them, but others, like the Hydra-heads of the labours of Hercules, seem to spring up at every step that is made. But a firm will and a steadfast devotion to our great Cause of Theosophy must and shall break down every obstacle until the stream of Truth shall burst its confines and sweep every difficulty away in its rolling flood. May Karma hasten the day.

But you in America. Your Karma as a nation has brought Theosophy home to you. The life of the Soul, the psychic side of nature, is open to many of you. The life of altruism is not so much a high ideal as a matter of practice. Naturally, then, Theosophy finds a home in many hearts and minds, and strikes a resounding harmony as soon as it reaches the ears of those who are ready to listen. There, then, is part of your work: to lift high the torch of liberty of the Soul of Truth that all may see it and benefit by its light.

Therefore it is that the Ethics of Theosophy are even more necessary to mankind than the scientific aspects of the psychic facts of nature and man.

With such favourable conditions as are present in America for Theosophy, it is only natural that its Society should increase rapidly and that Branch after Branch should arise. But while the organization for the spread of Theosophy waxes large, we must remember the necessity for consolidation. The Society must grow proportionately and not *too* rapidly, for fear lest like some children, it should overgrow its strength and there should come a period of

difficulty and danger when natural growth is arrested to prevent the sacrifice of the organism. This is a very real fact in the growth of human beings, and we must carefully watch lest the "Greater Child"—the Theosophical Society—should suffer for the same cause. Once before was growth checked in connection with the psychic phenomena, and there may yet come a time when the moral and ethical foundations of the Society may be wrecked in a similar way. What can be done to prevent such a thing is for each Fellow of the Society to make Theosophy a vital factor in their lives—to make it real, to weld its principles firmly into their lives—in short, to make it their own and treat the Theosophical Society as if it were themselves. Following closely on this is the necessity for Solidarity among the Fellows of the Society; the acquisition of such a feeling of identity with each and all of our Brothers that an attack upon one is an attack upon all. Then consolidated and welded in such a spirit of Brotherhood and Love, we shall, unlike Archimedes, need neither fulcrum nor lever, but we shall move the world.

We need all our strength to meet the difficulties and dangers which surround us. We have external enemies to fight in the shape of materialism, prejudice, and obstinacy; enemies in the shape of custom and religious forms; enemies too numerous to mention, but nearly as thick as the sand-clouds which are raised by the blasting Sirocco of the desert. Do we not need our strength against these foes? Yet, again, there are more insidious foes, who "take our name in vain", and who make Theosophy a by-word in the mouths of men, and the Theosophical Society a mark at which to throw mud. They slander Theosophists and Theosophy, and convert the moral Ethics into a cloak to conceal their own selfish objects. And as if this were not sufficient, there are the worst foes of all—those of a man's own household—Theosophists who are unfaithful both to the Society and to themselves. Thus indeed we are in the midst of foes. Before and around us is the "Valley of Death", and we have to charge upon our enemies—right upon his guns—if we would win the day. Cavalry—men and horses—can be trained to ride almost as one man in an attack upon the terrestrial plane; shall not we fight and win the battle of the Soul struggling in the spirit of the Higher Self to win our divine heritage?

Let us, for a moment, glance backwards at the ground we have passed over. We have had, as said before, to hold our own against the Spiritists, in the name of Truth and Spiritual Science. Not against the students of the true psychic knowledge, nor against the enlightened Spiritualists; but against the lower order of phenomenalists—the blind worshippers of illusionary phantoms of the Dead. These we have fought for the sake of Truth, and also for that of the world which they were misleading. I repeat it again: no "fight" was ever waged against the real students of the psychic sciences. . . . Unless prepared carefully by a long and special course of study, the experimentalist risks not only the medium's soul but his own. The experiments made in Hypnotism and Mesmerism at the present time are experiments of unconscious, when not of conscious Black Magic. The road is wide and broad which leads to such destruction; and it is but too easy to find; and only too many go ignorantly along it to their own destruction

But the practical cure for it lies in one thing. That is the course of study which I mentioned before. It sounds very simple, but is eminently difficult; for that cure is "ALTRUISM". And this is the keynote of Theosophy and the cure for all ills; this it is which the real Founders of the Theosophical Society promote as its first object—UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Thus even if only in name a body of Altruists, the Theosophical Society has to fight all who under its cover seek to obtain magical powers to use for their own selfish ends and to the hurt of others. Many are those who joined our Society for no other purpose than curiosity. Psychological phenomena were what they sought, and they were unwilling to yield one iota of their own pleasures and habits to obtain them. These very quickly went away empty-handed. The Theosophical Society has never been and never will be a school of promiscuous Theurgic rites. But there are dozens of small occult Societies which talk very glibly of Magic, Occultism, Rosicrucians, Adepts, etc. These profess much, even to giving the key to the Universe, but end by leading men to a blank wall instead of the "Door of the Mysteries". These are some of our most insidious foes. Under cover of the philosophy of the Wisdom-Religion they manage to get up a mystical jargon which for the time is effective and enables them, by the aid of a very small amount of clairvoyance, to fleece the mystically inclined but ignorant aspirants to the occult, and lead them like sheep in almost any direction. Witness the now notorious —, and the now famous —. But woe to those who try to convert a noble philosophy into a den for disgusting immorality, greediness for selfish power, and money-making under the cloak of Theosophy. Karma reaches them when least expected. But is it possible for our Society to stand by and remain respected, unless its members are prepared, at least in future, to stand like one man, and deal with such slanders upon themselves as Theosophists, and such vile caricatures of their highest ideals, as these two pretenders have made?

But in order that we may be able to effect this, by working on behalf of our common cause, we have to sink all private differences. Many are the energetic members of the Theosophical Society who wish to work and work hard. But the price of their assistance is that all the work must be done in their way and not in any one else's way. And if this is not carried out they sink back into apathy, or leave the Society entirely, loudly declaring that they are the only true Theosophists. Or, if they remain, they endeavour to exalt their own method of working at the expense of all other earnest workers. This is fact, but it is not Theosophy. There can be no other end to it than that the growth of the Society will soon be split up into various sects, as many as there are leaders, and as hopelessly fatuous as the 350 odd Christian sects which exist in England alone at the present time. Is this prospect one to look forward to for the Theosophical Society? Is this "Separateness" consonant with the united Altruism of Universal Brotherhood? Is this the teaching of our noble MASTERS? Brothers and Sisters in America, it is in your hands to decide whether it shall be realized or not. You work and work hard. But to work properly in our Great Cause it is necessary to forget all personal differences of opinion as to how the

work is to be carried on. Let each of us work in his own way and not endeavour to force our ideas of work upon our neighbours. Remember how the Initiate Paul warned his correspondents against the attitude of sectarianism they took up in the early Christian Church:—"I am of Paul, I of Apollos", and let us profit by the warning. Theosophy is essentially unsectarian, and work for it forms the entrance to the Inner life. But none can enter there save the man himself in the highest and truest spirit of Brotherhood, and any other attempt at entrance will either be futile or he will lie blasted at the threshold.

But Karma will reconcile all our differences of opinion. A strict account of our actual work will be taken, and the "wages" earned will be recorded to our credit. But as strict an account will be taken of the work which any one, by indulging in personal grievances, may have hindered his neighbours from doing. Think you it is a light thing to hinder the force of the Theosophical Society, as represented in the person of any of its leaders, from doing its appointed work? So surely as there is a Karmic power behind the Society, will that power exact the account for its hindrance, and he is a rash and ignorant man who opposes his puny self to it in the execution of its appointed task.

Thus, then, "UNION IS STRENGTH"; and for every reason private differences must be sunk in united work for our Great Cause. . . .

As regards our means of spreading knowledge, we have in the West *Lucifer*, the *Path* and T. P. S. pamphlets. All these have brought us into contact with numerous persons of whose existence we should not have otherwise become aware. Thus they are all of them necessary to the Cause, as is also the attempt to influence the public mind by aid of the general Press. I regret to say that several co-workers on *Lucifer* have now left it and the Society for precisely such personal differences as those alluded to above, and have now become antagonistic, not only to me personally, but to the system of thought which the Theosophical Society inculcates. . . .

Thus, as I have already said, our chief enemies are public prejudice and crass obstinacy from a materialistic world; the strong "personality" of some of our own members; the falsification of our aims and name by money-loving charlatans; and, above all, the desertion of previously devoted friends who have now become our bitterest enemies.

Truly were those words wise which are attributed to Jesus in the Gospels. We sow our seed and some falls by the way-side on heedless ears; some on stony ground, where it springs up in a fit of emotional enthusiasm, and presently, having no root, it dies and "withers away". In other cases the "thorns" and passions of a material world choke back the growth of a goodly fruitage, and it dies when opposed to the "cares of life and the deceitfulness of riches". For, alas, it is only in a few that the Seed of Theosophy finds good ground and brings forth a hundred-fold.

But our union is, and ever will be, our strength, if we preserve our ideal of Universal Brotherhood. It is the old "In hoc signo vinces" which should be our watch-word, for it is under its sacred flag that we shall conquer.

And now a last and parting word. My words may and will pass and be for-

gotten, but certain sentences from letters written by the Masters will never pass, because they are the embodiment of the highest practical Theosophy. I must translate them for you:—

"... Let not the fruit of good Karma be your motive; for your Karma, good or bad, being one and the common property of all mankind, nothing good or bad can happen to you that is not shared by many others. Hence your motive, being selfish, can only generate a double effect, good and bad, and will either nullify your good action, or turn it to another man's profit." "There is no happiness for one who is ever thinking of self and forgetting all other Selves."

"The Universe groans under the weight of such action (Karma), and none other than self-sacrificial Karma relieves it. . . . How many of you have helped humanity to carry its smallest burden, that you should all regard yourselves as Theosophists. Oh, men of the West, who would play at being the Saviours of mankind before you even spare the life of a mosquito whose sting threatens you! would you be partakers of Divine Wisdom or true Theosophists? Then do as the gods when incarnated do. Feel yourselves the vehicles of the whole of humanity, mankind as part of yourselves, and act accordingly."

These are golden words; may you assimilate them! This is the hope of one who signs herself most sincerely the devoted sister *and servant* of every true follower of the Masters of Theosophy.

Yours fraternally,  
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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*Many people hear only what they want to hear; some hear only what they do not want to hear; others hear a little of both. Hardly any hear what is said.—ANON.*

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*Lord, there are sounds of a sword in your words, and of a terrible demand in your appeals.—PIERRE CHARLES.*

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*Life is a melting-pot in which souls are formed for heaven; and for this melting-pot there is always the flame which one has merited. O you who understand these things, and who yearn for the heights and for sanctity, let sorrow have its way with you. He who directs it all, knows better than you where to apply the graving-tool.—M. BOUGAUD.*





# REVIEWS

*A Manual of Buddhism*, by Mrs. Rhys Davids, President of the Pali Text Society; the Sheldon Press, London; price, 7s. 6d.; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Clemenceau remarked that Buddhism was a religion after his own heart, for he found in it no reference to prayer, to the soul or to God. It is often asserted by Orientalists and others who ought to know better, that Gautama Buddha was a rationalist and agnostic of the Nineteenth Century type. The Master of the Sakyas has been saluted as the first ethical positivist, while ever since the time of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, professional pessimists have looked upon him as a sort of patron saint. Surely no man of genius has ever been more admired for qualities which he did not possess.

It would be unfair to argue that these misinterpretations are nothing but subjective inventions in the minds of Occidentals unaccustomed to the subtleties of Oriental thought. In a measure they are almost justified by the tone of many sections of the Southern Buddhist canon. This is particularly true of the Hinayana commentaries upon the sayings attributed to the Buddha; but the sayings themselves are often sufficiently agnostic or pessimistic in their form of expression to make one wonder what is their real meaning. Mrs. Rhys Davids raises the question whether they are really authentic, whether the Hinayana monks and schoolmen who compiled the Pali Texts did not alter the Master's words, adding and suppressing passages to make the original teaching conform to their own ideas.

Her motive in seeking a solution to the problem thus presented is made very clear. She refuses to admit, with the rank and file of Orientalists, that a spiritual genius of the first magnitude, such as the Buddha must have been, would have always used the language which the Hinayana "theologians" ascribe to him. In *A Manual of Buddhism*, she uses all her remarkable scholarly attainments in an effort to prove that the Pali Texts do not accurately transmit either the Buddha's ideas or the most important incidents of his life.

She sets herself no light task, for she tries to reconstitute the basic tenets of Buddhism by accepting the Pali Texts as authentic whenever they support her preconceived notion of what the Buddha's doctrine must have been. We have no quarrel with the hypothesis that the Buddha has been terribly misrepresented by the Church which pretends to speak in his name. But her method of prov-

ing this hypothesis is open to serious objections. She does not distinguish sufficiently between the scriptures themselves and the interpretations which have effectively veiled their meaning. She virtually rejects as a "pious forgery" every sentence, which she cannot readily harmonize with her preconceptions, and even goes so far as to question the authenticity of the "Noble Eight-fold Path", because she imagines that the Buddha must have given a different version of the Way to liberation. This is not the method of the soundest scholarship, nor is it that which is recommended to students of Theosophy in their search for the truth in any religion or philosophy. It is not suggested that every word of all the so-called scriptures of the world must be considered sacred and irreplaceable; but only that it is wiser to meditate upon the texts as they are rather than to try to remodel them. No one will question the forbidding outer form of much of the *Vinaya* and *Sutta* literature, but it is none the less rich in inward significance for him who knows how and where to look.

It is unfortunate that she has not followed another line of investigation to prove her case, for the view of the Buddha which she presents would seem to be vindicated both by historical fact and in terms of common sense. Like Edmond Holmes, the author of *The Creed of Buddha*, she believes that Sakya-muni's teaching can only be understood, if it be conceived as a continuation of the wisdom of the Upanishads. Like all the *rishis* of India's immemorial past, he insisted upon the "divine possibilities" in man. He repeated the ancient doctrine of the Higher Self (the *atman*), only changing the old forms of speech when these had become lifeless or corrupt, for he was as truly a Vedic Master as Yajnavalkya of the Upanishads. Above all, she emphasizes the idea of spiritual "Becoming" as the very nucleus of the "primitive" Buddhist discipline. It was the supreme tragedy of Buddhism, as she conceives it, that the official Church which claimed descent from the original group of Buddha's disciples, completely inverted the sense of the terms used in the Upanishads and by their own Master to denote spiritual growth and Self-creation. By the monks and schoolmen these terms were distorted so as to mean mere "process" or change which invariably terminates in death and decay.

"What was it that Gotama and his first helpers were banded together to teach? . . . I see it as this: Man—I mean, the very man as expressing himself through body-with-mind—is, in the things of the very man, a chooser; he has the choice between free play of will and restraint of will by rule. Life is thus a perpetual movement in decision. In deciding, he is in process of becoming what he was not exactly, before he decided. He is better or worse. He wills to be what he deems is better; it is of his nature to be seeking, through many 'betters', a 'best'. He is not seeking alone. He is aware of an inner monition to do or not to do. He can see that other men are self-urging, are restrained, even as he is. He values them as also inwardly guided, if they will to let themselves be guided. According to his heeding, or his spurning this inner guidance, he will, after death, enter upon that 'better' which he is becoming, or he will enter upon that 'worse' which he is becoming. This entering-upon is just another stage, and there is more to come. Thus he is as a wayfarer in a way,

a long way of many 'becomings'. He is with other wayfarers, on a like adventure, like but not uniform with his; each is chooser, faring according to his choice. That inner guide he called 'the Self', one with his self, yet transcending it as was the teaching of the day. Or he called it 'dharma'—'that which ought to be',—shifting the emphasis from the 'self', and lending a new weight to the word 'dharma'" (p. 192).

Students of Theosophy can find in *A Manual of Buddhism* much to interest and to inspire them. As Mrs. Rhys Davids herself would be the first to admit, she has not said all that there is to be said about the central message of Buddhism. We believe that she would understand that central message yet more clearly, if she dared to take seriously the theosophical tradition that the Buddha, like the Christ, was not an ordinary mortal during his incarnation, but an *avatar*. The Mahayana schools, to which Mrs. Rhys Davids refers with respect, venerate Sakyamuni, not only for what he accomplished as a spiritual teacher, but because they regard him as one who sacrificed an eternity of bliss in Nirvana, in order that he might lift a little of the burden of Karma from mankind.

S. V. L.

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*Saint Francis of Assisi*, by Abel Bonnard, translated by Cleveland B. Chase; Longmans, Green & Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Whoever has stood at the close of the day on the steep slope of the hillside to which the little town of Assisi clings, watching the lengthening shadows creep over the broad Umbrian plain, or has felt the serene joy and promise of daybreak in those great expanses, will realize that it is Saint Francis' own setting—will know that he helped to make it, but that it must also have helped to make him. Intensely, passionately sensitive to the beauties of nature, wherever he turned he found them—the wayside flowers, the singing of birds, the crystal streams, the vast dome of heaven at night. "Nature was this homeless wanderer's palace . . . he rejected a fortune in gold to receive a vast heritage of stars. . . . The very fact that he owned nothing made it easier to feel that the whole universe was his."

M. Bonnard is a poet, and with his poet's quick sense of beauty, he pictures for us the countryside in which Saint Francis lived—yet the countryside not merely of his outer, but more especially of his inner life; blending these, unifying them until they become a perfect whole, so that it is difficult to consider the outer save as it is reached through the inner. In the Middle ages, such transformations as took place in Saint Francis were, according to M. Bonnard, more possible than they are now, because of the finer balancing of life's forces. "For there is a subtle relationship between the careers of all forceful, positive men. . . . Outstanding examples of humility and gentleness are not usually found in epochs characterized by flabbiness and softness. We think of our modern age as ruthless, but we flatter ourselves; it is merely blatant and vulgar. If the violence of to-day were forthright and dynamic, characters of an opposite type would no doubt arise to rebuke it. . . . The one great menace to all forms of genius is the steady and unprotesting acceptance of the mediocre."

M. Bonnard touches only lightly the outer events of Saint Francis' life; it is the highroads and by-paths of his interior world along which we are led, and throughout the book we come upon passages which make us feel that we have heard an echo of Theosophy itself. In speaking, for instance, of conversion—of our present and future as being the fruit of our past—we read: "We must remember that conversion is not at all what it superficially appears to be. To the world it is the spectacle of a man who breaks with his past; actually it is a man who finds the fulfillment of that past. Conversions which are merely a reversal of a man's beliefs are of slight importance and are more than likely to be followed by a subsequent change to something else. The only true conversion is the discovery of oneself." Any student of Theosophy would recognize the truth of this, and while to him "the past" would signify countless incarnations, the reasoning would be the same. In connection with the general subject of conversion, M. Bonnard also dwells with much delightful emphasis upon certain personal traits of St. Francis, which, when turned to the service of his Master, were of such inestimable value to his work, helping to mould it and give it life. St. Francis did not lose his "charm" when he turned his back on the old activities and interests; he did not smother all the warmth of that nature, all that "irresistible gaiety" which had made him so genial a lover of life in his youth; it was the *same* charm, the *same* joyous ardour intensified, but now irrevocably consecrated. As he retreated within, his real nature expanded; it became universal in quality. Again we listen to the echo of Theosophy—the redeeming of forces which have been misdirected. There was nothing cold or abstract about St. Francis; all the warmth of the southern sun was in his veins, and, great artist that he was, he used, even if unconsciously to himself, all that there was of him in weaving "the great tapestry of his love".

M. Bonnard feels that we cannot satisfactorily analyze the character of St. Francis without realizing that "the very qualities which mark him off from other Europeans are a bond between him and the Oriental peoples. They have the same aggressive gentleness, the same sense of the kinship of all living creatures," and: "Not infrequently there is a striking similarity in both form and meaning between his admonitions to his disciples and certain passages from the Sutras or the promises of Buddha. The prophecy that 'some day even the stones will enter into Nirvana' resembles closely the saint's fervent prayer for the well-being of all creation." While the student of Theosophy would give to this "prophecy" a more definitely evolutionary interpretation, he would be deeply in sympathy with M. Bonnard's broad outlook, and the suggestion of an underlying unity in all religions.

M. Bonnard describes for us what he calls the Three Phases of the Saint's life, and tells us that St. Francis followed the road along which genius (if no accident mars its regular development), must almost inevitably travel. The genius "finds himself, gives himself, and then once more finds himself. So it is with St. Francis. He began and ended with God, and was with men only in the interlude." The bitterness of his disillusionment (when, as the Order grew larger the Brothers became lax, and abandoned the straight and narrow path,

accepting "the mediocre"), is told with great poignancy—but his was the experience of many another, and he met it with all the strength of his own strong nature. "For the man who, like St. Francis, is cast in the heroic mould, nothing really matters except that he be true to himself. Not personal success, but self-fulfilment is his need." St. Francis "laid siege to the world in the name of love," and like many another he found that "it is not sin but mediocrity against which love is unavailing." T. D.

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*The Natural Sciences*, by Bernhard Bavink, translated from the Fourth German Edition by H. Stafford Hatfield; The Century Co., New York, 1932; price, \$7.50.

This large book of over 650 pages bears for its subtitle: *An Introduction to the Scientific Philosophy of To-day*; and though it is hardly a treatise which may be read like a novel, it does not lie so hopelessly outside the reach of one who is untrained in modern mathematical science as do so many books on similar subjects. It is, of course, impossible to present the quantum theory, wave mechanics, entropy and relativity without recourse to mathematical language, but the book is admirably free from technical formulations.

The work is divided into four parts entitled, respectively: Force and Matter, Cosmos and Earth, Matter and Life, Nature and Man. It presents a cross-section of present scientific knowledge in each of these fields, and rather anticipates the immediate future by its bold speculations and predictions. The content of a book such as this one, whose every page bristles with facts and fine-spun inductions, can hardly be reviewed adequately. One can only point out certain commendable features of the treatment and quote several paragraphs to impart the flavour of the style.

The author is a writer of textbooks for higher schools, and has approached the phases of his subject with true pedagogical insight. For some of us who flounder among the bewildering connotations which have accumulated around the terminology of science, he renders a signal service by setting forth rigid definitions of fundamental physical and biological words. Each topic is briefly developed along historical lines in order that the reader may see by what natural steps one aspect has led to another. The translator has rendered the ideas in graceful and lucid language.

The following quotations illustrate the sort of philosophy toward which science is tending,—and this is the same science which rejected Theosophy in the last century.

... the world picture of present-day physics is distinctly a dynamistic one. Materialism in the narrower sense, that is, the belief in eternal indestructible matter or in atoms as "rigid lumps of reality", is thus finally abandoned. What we call matter is a sum of certain processes. An hydrogen atom or electron does not simply exist, it happens (p. 200).

The physical world-picture of to-day corresponds . . . to the old aphorism of Heraclites [*sic*], *panta pei*. The whole of simple existence is resolved into perpetual becoming or happening. But we can now . . . equally well regard the matter from the opposite point of

view of the opponents of Heracleites, the Eleatics, according to which all happening is in reality timeless existence (p. 201).

What physics still needs. . . . is rather a something which is at once matter and energy, substance and action, and that is arranged in the world of the relativity theory in a four-dimensional manifold, (this word being taken in the purely abstract mathematical and not in the geometrically concrete sense) (p. 244).

The more progress we make in solving mechanistically the riddle of the organism's functions as they now exist, the greater becomes the riddle of the original production of so extremely complicated a mechanism. Furthermore, we find crass instances in which any mechanistic explanation seems hopeless. When an organism, injured in some way, proceeds, instead of simply repairing the damage in a way which might be explained mechanistically by means of hormones and the like, to first "melt down" the whole adjacent parts, and then begin development again from the beginning, so to speak,—for this is actually the case in numerous instances—every mechanical explanation seems finally ridiculous (p. 355).

We might be inclined to regard the "organic individual" merely as a subsidiary concept serving the ends of thought economy, and say that, in reality, what we call by this name is only a wave on the stream of events, without a definite beginning or end, forming a unit for our abstract thinking, in truth an incredibly complicated aggregate of thousands and thousands of things and processes (p. 361).

*Vitalism is nothing but the method of investigation suited to this synthetic biology*, and the entelechy is—exactly as it was defined by its original inventor Aristotle—simply the idea of the whole which exists *in re*, or in the Platonic view *ante rem*. If it does not "run about free in the world", it is all the less a mere chimera, all the more a very real something, just as real as the causal relationships which analytical biology strives to discover. There "really exists" such a thing as a living community, an animal state, a people, etc., and these are not, as positivism and nominalism would like to persuade us in this case as well, mere *flatus vocis* for human ways of looking at things, or categories, or schemes, or whatever else we might call what man uses to make nature intelligible (p. 402).

In the physical world everything is connected with everything else; that is a fact beyond all doubt, which follows with certainty from the whole system of modern physics. Who can guarantee that the spiritual does not also reach out beyond the limits of the individual? . . . But if we regard the matter from this point of view, biology at once shows us a number of striking facts, which tell very much in favour of the enlargements of the limits. The riddle of the migration of birds, the fact that a train of caterpillars, say the processional moth or the like, when interrupted at any point, is immediately upset at all points with lightning speed, similar phenomena in the case of ant heaps . . . are much more easily understood if we assume that a spiritual experience reaches out beyond the individual (p. 424).

From the atom to the world of fixed stars, from amœba to humanity, there is an almost uninterrupted series of steps in the formation of ever higher and more comprehensive wholes (p. 433).

With true German thoroughness the author finally attacks the problem of "brain, soul and consciousness", and "the nature and judgments of values". It is here that the limitations of the scientific outlook naturally become more apparent. Yet we are so accustomed to the point of view that we read without too great irritation:

There is nothing contained in the "revelations" of the theosophists and anthroposophists which has not been said as well or better elsewhere, though we readily agree that it is often said very effectively. We may simply remark that what is new is not true, and what is true is not new.

Whereupon we are referred to Steiner's *Chronicles of Akasha* and his *Knowledge of Higher Worlds*. For the benefit of readers unaccustomed to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, who may think that every reference to "theosophy" is synonymous with a reference to The Theosophical Society, and that theosophy is to be bracketed lightly with Mr. Steiner's organization, we hasten to assure Mr. Bavink that we feel just as he does about "theosophists and anthroposophists". But, in spite of his strictures, and like so many of his contemporary countrymen, he is attracted toward psychism. He assures us that:

Occultism as a science is a quite recent development. As a superstition . . . and pseudo-religion, as a magic art and "medicine", it is probably as old as humanity itself (p. 519).

Apologizing for the notice he has given to the subject he says:

. . . "Occultism is now given a much larger space than was originally the case. It must be said . . . that this is not the fault of the author but lies in the nature of the matter, since the question calls for detailed consideration at present. Our whole world-picture is enlarged to such an extent by these results . . . that we are obliged to take notice of them whether we like it or not (p. 537).

Finally the following sentence is significant, revealing as it does something of the forces which lie behind the German mentality:

It is only on the basis of true insight into the true causes of cultural decay that a resolution can be formed, and lead to a successful elimination of these causes and hence of decay itself. *The people that is the first to make this resolution, will, unless every sign is misleading, rule the world* (p. 559).

What, then, is our final opinion of this book? Authentic in facts, clearly written, boldly and logically speculative and synthetic, rigidly bound by the canons of the "scientific method", lacking in true spiritual insight, pointing the way to "scientific occultism" and likely to turn young students in that dangerous direction—all in all, it is a revealing picture of the present and most advanced scientific thought which is trenching close again upon the ancient ways that lead to destruction.

R. T.

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*The End of Our Time*, by Nicholas Berdyaev; translated by Donald Atwater; Sheed and Ward Inc., New York and London, 1933; price, \$2.25.

Nicholas Alexandrovich Berdyaev has had a series of adventures typical of the Russian "intellectual class" of the old *régime*. In 1899 he was exiled from his native city of Kiev to the north of Russia, and in 1917 he found time during the war to quarrel with the Governing Synod of the Orthodox Church. After the Revolution he taught philosophy in the University of Moscow, but his interest in religious matters did not enhance his popularity with the Soviet. He was twice imprisoned and finally exiled in 1922. He is now living in Paris, where he is the head of the Academy of the Philosophy of Religion. Something of this stormy past is reflected in the present book. He is as incapable as ever of seeing the good qualities of the Empire of the Tsars, but he has lost any revolutionary

illusions which he may have had. No one has attacked the Bolsheviki more relentlessly and more convincingly. The chapter on "The General Line of Soviet Philosophy" should be read by everyone who has the least doubt as to the real nature of the "interesting experiment" which is being conducted at Russian expense.

Bolshevism, as Berdyaev makes clear, is much more than an economic system. In essence, it is a contorted and perverted religious expression, in which all the traditional values and standards of true religion are literally turned upside down. Its driving power is fanaticism. It is hard for Europeans and Americans to realize what this means, for, in general, Western civilization has lost its power of generating enthusiasm and fervour, good or bad. For example, there are many people calling themselves atheists in Occidental lands, but few of them are ferocious in their disbelief. In Soviet Russia, however, atheism is a creed demanding literal acceptance. The Bolsheviki hate God as intensely as many saints have loved Him. That is why one can speak of Bolshevism as an inverted religion.

Berdyaev explains this state of affairs very ingeniously. He suggests that Bolshevism is the logical consummation of the line of *humanist* thought which began to take shape during the Italian Renaissance. The Middle Ages ended, when man deliberately exiled himself from God, seeking the free development of his powers without reference to any ideal image of himself in the Divine Mind. Now, at the end of his experiment in self-will, man once again recognizes his subjection to a power greater than his personality; but by a terrible irony, this power is not God but Satan. *Demon est Deus Inversus*.

Berdyaev sees, indeed, only one way to salvation out of the present maze in which modern civilization has involved itself. We must re-discover the presence of Divinity within and above Nature and ourselves. We must revive the virtues of our mediæval ancestors. He is certain that, in any case, the time is approaching when as a race we shall be forced to choose whether we shall subject ourselves without reservation to the Powers of Light or to the Powers of Darkness, to Christ or to Antichrist.

We are witnessing the end of the Renaissance. The heights of culture, the achievements of human creative work both in art and in thought, have long since given hints of the final exhaustion of the Renaissance, of something like the end of a world-epoch. The frantic pursuit of new ways of creation was one proof of it, but what happens in the high places of life has its repercussions lower down. . . . For the Renaissance stood for a complete type of *weltanschauung* and culture and not only for a collection of remarkably fine creations. . . . The end of the Renaissance is precisely the end of that Humanism which was its spiritual basis. Now Humanism was not only the re-birth of antiquity, a new morality and a new movement in the sciences and in the arts, it was also a new view of life and a new relationship with the universe. These things came at the dawn of modern times to govern their history, and now they have come to an end, all their possibilities have been exhausted. . . . In fact, the whole of modern history has been an immanent dialectic of self-revelation and then of self-negation of the very principles which caused its first beginnings. . . . Faith in man and the autonomous forces which were his strength is shaken to its foundations. That Humanism has not strengthened man but weakened him is the paradoxical *dénouement* of modern history. In the very act of affirming himself,



he has lost himself. . . . Minds gifted with some power of intuition would readily go back to the middle ages to seek there the real roots of human life—to find man once more. Our time is a time of spiritual decadence, not of ascent. It is not for us to repeat the words of Ulrich von Hutten at the dawn of modern history: "Spirits have awakened. It is good to be alive!" . . . Man is tired to death and is ready to rest upon any kind of collectivism that may come; and then human individuality will vanish once and for all. . . . To reach the Renaissance it was required that the creative powers of man should be gathered in great strength. There was a fine flowering, and this spread over all the course of subsequent history. Man owed the profusion of this to mediæval asceticism. And yet modern man came to be ungrateful to the spirit that had husbanded his forces. He has lived on an outpouring of creative power; with time that power has become quite spent. . . . There is good reason to believe that man's creative forces cannot be regenerated or his identity re-established except by a renewal of religious asceticism. Only such a recall to our spiritual foundations can concentrate our powers and keep our identity from coming to dust. . . . By an analogy we might say that we are approaching not a [new] renaissance but the dark beginnings of a middle age, and that we have got to pass through a new civilized barbarism, undergo a new discipline, accept a new religious asceticism, before we can see the first light of a new and unimaginable renaissance (Chapter I).

It would be difficult to find a sound argument against the general thesis which Berdyaev adopts. It is becoming daily more evident that our modern Western civilization is definitely threatened with extinction. Only a potent *inner* transformation can possibly preserve for future generations even those elementary standards of social intercourse without which any kind of civilization is impossible. Races and nations have been engulfed in the past; there is not the slightest reason for supposing that we are specially exempt from the consequences of moral and spiritual decay.

Nevertheless, in spite of Berdyaev's undoubted sincerity and genuine religious feeling, he gives proof that he is himself affected by the "modernistic" sentiments which he abhors in others. For example, he sees the Russian Revolution as an inevitable "reaction against the evil of the old life which preceded it; it was a cruel reaction against a cruel reaction. To read the letters of the last Russian Tsarina to the last Russian Tsar is to understand in the very depths of one's being that the revolution was predestined and ineluctable, that the old *régime* was definitely condemned, that any return to that past is impossible" (pp. 132-133). In our opinion, this is a complete misunderstanding of what occurred. The Bolsheviki triumphed because of the disloyalty and moral cowardice of the Russian nation as a whole. All that was demanded of the nation was the faithful observance of Christian virtues which are designed to meet exactly the sort of situation in which the Russians found themselves in 1917. As was suggested, Berdyaev has not recovered from his pre-revolutionary prejudices. Also, it would seem that he is infected with the spirit of fatalism which has so often troubled even the noblest of Russian souls. In any event, we should not assume that we cannot help to determine the nature of the changes which will overtake our civilization. Nothing can be more dangerous than to assume, for example, that because manifest evils have occurred under the so-called capitalistic system, it is our duty to pray for its quick and total destruction. That is the sure way to

a universal Bolshevism. Loyalty, justice, and love of truth are as pertinent to-day as guides to right vision and right conduct, as they ever were in the century of St. Francis and Dante.

Before concluding, we must take particular exception to one passage in the opening chapter. Berdyaev says, "Theosophy is at enmity with man and dissolves his image in astral whirlpools; it now no more believes in the reality of his personality than does the grossest and most materialist naturalism. . . . Current Theosophy expresses the crushing down of man, the extinction of his individuality, of his free activities, of his creative powers." It is clear that Berdyaev is confusing Theosophy with its psychic counterfeits. He mentions as a typical Theosophist, Rudolph Steiner! It may console Berdyaev to know that true Theosophy is, indeed, the science of the creation of real individuality; that the only personality which it "dissolves in astral whirlpools" is the unreal lower self of man, the same lower self which prepares and makes Bolshevik revolutions.

S. L.

*Les Grands Serviteurs de la Monarchie*, by Louis Madelin; Flammarion, Paris, 1933; price, 3.75 francs.

On the paper cover of Louis Madelin's little book are the portraits of four great servants of the Monarchy of France: Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert and Louvois. Why should one stop reading the daily paper with its extraordinary mass of world politics long enough to read about these men who died before the "New Era"? One good reason would be to console oneself with the spectacle of four men so "efficient", so far-seeing, so wise, so devoted to the best interests of their country. Respect for the experience of the past is almost entirely lacking to-day. Politicians who know nothing and professors who ought to know better, seem to fancy that human nature and human problems have changed totally in the last few years. Yet, what invaluable lessons they might learn from even so small an excursion into history as this book provides! What disastrous experiments they might avoid! What solid principles deduce!

These men devoted their lives to the service of France. Her good was their good, their ambition, their success. For it they worked day and night, sacrificing health, pleasure and even popularity. What they accomplished still lives in the nation to-day as part of its enduring inheritance. All four of them were able to do what they did because they were supported by the King. They were not obliged to have an ear to the ground for popular opinion, nor to cater to the demands of parties or classes. Madelin says that he chose them among the many illustrious men of France, because they exemplify the wisdom of the French Kings who always drew their servants from all ranks of society. Richelieu was a noble and a priest, Mazarin a foreigner, Colbert the son of tradesmen, Louvois the son of jurists and the grandson of peasants.

The small dimensions of Madelin's book should not mislead one as to the value of its contents. Louis Madelin is one of the greatest of the brilliant group of contemporary French historians. His vast erudition enables him to seize

the essentials and to synthesize them. He writes with simplicity and charm but also with profound wisdom, and from a point of view which should be interesting and sympathetic to students of Theosophy who are seeking the eternal laws and principles of human conduct and of the Divine Life. ST. C. LAD.

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*Vauban*, by Daniel Halévy; Bernard Grasset, Paris, 1933; price, 15 francs.

Daniel Halévy says at the beginning of his beautiful book on Vauban: "No man has more marked the soil of his country. . . . No man has touched more the heart of his country. He was touched by it himself, he loved it, searched it: like the most attentive of doctors, he listened to its palpitations, and searching it thus, he found the secret way of love. Ask a school boy to write for you the names of the ten best servants of ancient France; among these ten he will place that of Vauban. Napoleon, in 1808, took from the church of Bazoches in Morvan the heart of Vauban and placed it in the Invalides; he had understood the French legend."

The third centenary of the birth of Vauban has just been celebrated. He was born in 1633, and died in 1706. He entered the King's service at the age of seventeen and for fifty-six years he served almost without pause. Halévy says that we visit Versailles, we admire, we are amazed, but we do not realize that Louis Quatorze built a far greater monument, "more grandiose, as logical, more powerful, almost as beautiful"—the frontier of France. Louis Quatorze willed it, but Vauban planned and executed it. From one end of France to the other, from Flanders to the Pyrenees, from the Alps to Dunkirk, in all weathers, at all seasons, Vauban travelled year after year. From Catalonia he writes to tell the engineers in Flanders what wood to use for piles. From Brittany he writes the workmen in Savoy what sand to use in their cement. He is present at every siege, in the front line, so intrepid that Louvois has to beg the Generals to hold him back. He knows every inch of his country, every little hill and valley, the problems, above all, the people, and, in the midst of his endless organization of its defences, he thinks of them. He always tries to save the lives of the common soldiers, to expose them as little as possible, to protect them. He asks nothing for himself but is always writing about some officer who deserves promotion or a pension. In the midst of honours, he preserves his integrity, frankness and simplicity. As an old man his great desire is still to serve, to risk his life, to carry on despite the colds and the cough of which he is never rid.

Vauban is one of those rare beings who combine genius and science with all the virtues of character. Halévy's book is not only delightful for its comments upon historical events and problems, but refreshing in its portrayal of so admirable a soul. When we have read it, we shall find that not only France but we, too, owe something to the great Vauban.

ST. C. LAD.

# QUESTIONS OF LIVING ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 383.—*As I understand the parable of the Prodigal Son, it portrays the self-assertion of the personality and the evils so arising, and then repentance, the destruction of the personality, and eventual union with the Higher Self. But who is meant by the elder brother who never deserted his Father, yet was jealous of his brother, and resented the joy in heaven over the sinner who had repented?*

ANSWER.—The Fifteenth Chapter of Luke, which contains the Parable of the Prodigal Son, begins with these words: "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

The Sermons of the Buddha prove that a Master frequently uses irony to sharpen his lesson. It is a pure and divine irony, dictated by compassion and without alloy of cynicism, but it is irony none the less. The stage setting, so to speak, of the Parable in question suggests that on this occasion the Master Christ employed irony to shame the Pharisees, as on other occasions he employed invective.

From this point of view, the "elder brother" seems to be a more subtle aspect of "the self-assertion of the personality". Like the Pharisee, like the Brahman of the *Bhagavad Gita*, he is "full of works and wisdom", but he is also full of "self". He is virtuous but he is not generous, and he finds it pleasant to contrast his virtues with the weaknesses of others. He is not a true chēla, a spiritual child of his father, because he does not spontaneously share his father's joy. In other words, he may be said to represent one phase of lower nature as his brother represents another phase. He also needs regeneration in order to become perfect. S. V.

ANSWER.—Surely we can all recognize the "elder brother" within ourselves. Has nothing within us ever been jealous of another? Has there never been self-righteousness, or inner complaint at favour shown to another who "had not worked half as hard" or "done half as much" as we? By whatever name we may call it, that is one aspect of the "elder brother".

D. A.

QUESTION NO. 384.—*In the "Screen" for July we find these words quoted:—"To-day if ye would hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Will the QUARTERLY give some help as to the real meaning of the phrase "harden not"? It would seem from its context to be "turn, turn now"—Is this so? Is there perhaps kinship between this phrase and one quoted at Convention from Light on the Path—"to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self"?*

ANSWER.—The voice of one crying in the wilderness, telling us to prepare the way; to make straight, in the desert, a highway. We have been told that a Messenger is to come; that his Forerunner may come soon, sooner than we think. How are we going to recognize him? He is not going to say to us, necessarily, "I am he". We have got to *know*, of ourselves. And how can we know, if our hearts are filled with self, with the things of the world, with the pride of life? To turn now? Yes! With all that is in us, to turn, if we have not turned already. But to do more than turn. To press forward, closing ranks. To attack the evil within us, and

around us. So to keep ourselves, within, that we shall be able to hear, to see, to know, when the time comes. Until, perfected in obedience, we are so able to keep ourselves, within and without, that *our* voices, too, may be heard in the wilderness of this life; that we may do our part in preparing the way of our Lord, in making straight in the desert of the world a highway for our Captain and our King.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—I should agree with the querist in that the phrase from the July "Screen of Time" means "turn, turn now", and that there is kinship between it and the quotation from *Light on the Path*. As I read the Fragment, it is an urgent appeal, a challenge and a warning to humanity in general, and to aspirants for discipleship in particular, to throw off the shackles of mental moulds, which, superimposed upon the heart, harden the heart so that the inner ear continues to remain deaf to Divine supplication; to throw off the shackles of Kama-Manas, which weighs, debates, analyses; and to turn for guidance to Buddhi-Manas: to the heart aspects of feeling, of aspiration, of love. "The power must retire into the inmost chamber", and the ear have "lost its sensitiveness", for the "Voice of reverberations" to be distinguished; and, being distinguished, for its injunctions to be acted out in the world by individuals, regardless of *personal* preconceptions.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—There is a direct relationship between the phrase "harden not your hearts" and the passage quoted from *Light on the Path*. Comments on the second unnumbered rule of *Light on the Path* state: "The voice of the Masters is always in the world; but only those hear it whose ears are no longer receptive of the sounds which affect the personal life." The appeal in the "Screen" was urgent, and called for immediate response and a turning of the ear and of the heart. Have we not all seen selfish, self-centred people who were interested only in those things which affected their own personal lives? It would be profitable to examine ourselves and inquire diligently as to whether we really "heard" the appeal in the "Screen", and test our "hearing" by what we have done about it.

G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 385.—*It has been said "the Allies won the war, and lost the peace, for in spite of bravery they lacked final perseverance." Are they then largely responsible for the collapse we see on all sides, and for the spectres of even more awful frightfulness which are raising their heads in some parts of Europe?*

ANSWER.—While it is true that the Allies won the war and lost the peace and are therefore responsible for the present collapse of our time-honored institutions, we must all remember that we *are* of the Allies (each one of us), and are each responsible for the present conditions whether we entered directly into the war or not. The war is still being fought and still being lost by our lack of final perseverance. How far shall we let the enemy regain his position before we stir ourselves from our lethargy?

L. S. W.

ANSWER.—One of the greatest tragedies in history is the failure of the Allied nations in the closing days of the war, through lack of perseverance unto the end. Failure clearly to recognize the moral principles involved, and allowing themselves to succumb to war-weariness, to jealousies, and unwillingness to make the further sacrifices necessary to achieve complete victory, have haunted and hampered their joint action since the Armistice to an extent which has rendered the "victory" a hollow mockery. Lack of vision, of understanding, and a willingness to compromise with the forces of evil, have enabled these forces to raise their heads and to permeate all nations and all classes. It has been said that the physical unemployment now so widespread in the world is the result of spiritual unemployment. The only hope for the world, and for each individual, is the ability to recognize spiritual principles, and to obey the laws of the spiritual world. The disintegration that one sees on all sides is the cumulative effect of disobedience to spiritual law by nations as well as individuals.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Suppose that a man has been fighting for years against his lower nature, against the forces of evil within himself, and has succeeded in gaining victory after victory, and is at

last on the point of making his conquest final. Suppose that he stops short and ceases to fight, on the ground that the victories already gained are sufficient, and that to make them full and complete would entail such an expenditure of additional resources, such a loss of remaining vitality, such stress added to a strain already almost unbearable, as to be not worth while. Suppose that he alleges to himself, as an additional reason, the unfortunate effect of a continuation of the struggle upon the better elements of his lower nature, already buffeted beyond endurance, because of the necessity of combating their accompanying evil qualities, and persuades himself that these qualities which he thinks are better should be allowed a chance to come back. What happens to him?

The last state of that man is worse than the first. The evil forces within him take advantage of their opportunity, and turn again, and rend him. He is beset with new problems, with new temptations. He is ruled by the voice of his lower nature, which corresponds to the voice of the mob. And mob-rule, within himself, means rule by unworthy ambitions, by selfish interests, by greed and fear. He enters upon a long series of inner expediencies and compromises. He embarks upon a course of mutually advantageous re-arrangements with his lower nature, of give and take, and he finally reaches the point of total disregard for right, when it is opposed to his selfish desires of the moment. The end is disintegration, with spectres of still more complete collapse to come, unless, in the meanwhile, he comes to himself.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Though by turning back the pages of history one could assemble certain factors contributory to the grave condition of the world to-day, the most immediate cause is the lack of final perseverance on the part of the Allies in the World War. Fighting on the side of righteousness and with victory near, the signing of the Armistice on November 11th, 1918, was, in effect, the first of a series of capitulations to the forces of unrighteousness. Until such a stand is seen for what it was, and is acted on accordingly, it leads to repetition. Thus the Allies, either blind to what was done, or not caring, continue to follow capitulation with capitulation, thereby opening the gates of the world ever wider to unrighteousness and its attendant evils. Therefore, they *are* largely responsible for the deplorable conditions mentioned in the question. They had a job to do, and, to-date, they have failed to do it. Some day it must be done.

G. M. W. K.

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## NOTICE

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.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 13th and 27th

February 10th and 24th

March 10th and 24th

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.

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"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.

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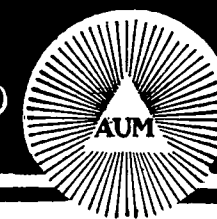
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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



APRIL, 1934

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#### CONTEMPLATION AND CREATION

IT is a fundamental tenet of Theosophy, that consciousness is universal and omnipresent. This implies that every entity in the Cosmos is an aggregate of states of consciousness; that the form of consciousness realized by man is one of an infinity of forms evolved in Nature. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial."

The Master, the perfected human being, is said to know the consciousness of other men and even of non-human entities, by an experience as direct and immediate as that which makes the average man aware of his own existence. The average man can surmise only dimly what this cosmic knowledge may be, comparing it to the inner sensation awakened when—as sometimes happens—he thinks of other beings with love and sympathy. Mystics affirm that when such a sensation becomes sufficiently intense, it expands into a definite and active power of inner vision or contemplation.

In the sense here given to the word, contemplation denotes something more than is generally suggested by the term, perception. We contemplate a thing, when we look at it with attention, with interest, with some degree, at least, of ardour. Contemplation is, therefore, most intimately associated with the creative faculties of imagination, desire and will. All life is a kind of spiritual vision, as Plotinus said, and no vision can be called real which does not overflow into action of some order. In the broadest sense, all action whatsoever, good, bad or indifferent, is the product of some kind of contemplation.

*The Secret Doctrine* refers to the occult tradition that wherever evolution or growth is proceeding in Nature, on any plane, it is propelled from within by a creative energy corresponding to the contemplative power in man.

As soon as Darkness, or rather that which is "Darkness" for ignorance, has disappeared in its own realm of Eternal Light, leaving behind itself only its Divine Mani-



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fested Ideation, the Creative Logoi have their understanding opened, and they see in the Ideal World, hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought, the archetypal forms of all, and proceed to copy and build, or fashion, upon these models, forms evanescent and transcendent (ed. 1893, I, 407).

This passage refers to what may be called the apex of the manifested Cosmos; but, according to Theosophy, the same process is repeated from plane to plane, during the whole descent of spirit into matter and during its subsequent re-ascent. To quote Plotinus again: "Everywhere the footprints of the Universal Soul can be traced in bodies." Thus the evolution of the Cosmos has been compared to the growth of a plant from the seed, for in both instances, an archetypal form is made incarnate. Our own daily experience illustrates clearly enough how the abstract is being perpetually converted into the concrete. Such a transformation occurs whenever our consciousness attaches itself to a mind-image, identifying itself with a form which had been obscured in the darkness of the subconscious, but which we forthwith make a part of our personal life and a basis for action.

As Theosophy teaches, the true and proper object of human contemplation is the "Heavenly Man", the ideal "hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought", but known and embodied by the Master who can make it visible to the disciple. Unfortunately, however, the average man continuously wastes his creative power upon trivial or vicious objects. The forms which he engenders are habitually evanescent, not transcendent. He has not produced a real self reflecting the attributes of the Heavenly Man, but an unreal self, a compound of unregulated passions and mental delusions.

According to Lamarck's celebrated formula, desire precedes function and function precedes organism. The one-pointed desire to realize the form of the Heavenly Man must sooner or later develop an organism which can know and embody it. The process in essence cannot be less normal than the growth of the form of a plant out of the seed. If our contemplation were as pure and as undivided as that of the plant, if we obeyed, with equal simplicity, the dictates of our true nature—the nature which is really human—the path of spiritual evolution would not seem forbidding and arduous. It would appear to us to be that which it is, the natural way for man.

### FUNCTION AND ORGANISM

We can learn much from the humble attainments of plants and animals, recognizing that these are made possible because their instinctive efforts to realize what is true for them are not weighed down by our kind of false self-consciousness. They have troubles of their own, however, which correspond to ours in many curious ways. Defeat is at least as frequent as victory in the annals of organic evolution, and we may profitably consider some of the obvious causes of failure among our lowly brethren.

The first need for a physical organism is to adjust itself adequately to the conditions of its life. This does not mean perfect adaptation to some particular environment, but the ability to exist somehow in as many adverse circumstances as possible. The species which is only conformed to one mode of existence, is

doomed to disappear; first of all, it loses the capacity for further evolution. As has been suggested, there is reason to believe that the biological world, like all other worlds, is a progressive realization of latent form. But there is no evidence that this process is rigidly predetermined or mechanical. The improvisations of life are incalculable. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." When a creature or a species is born, no one can foresee exactly what it will become.

The French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, offers some general reflections upon this subject in a recent essay, "Le Bovarysme de l'Organe et de la Fonction" (*Mercur de France*, November 15, 1933). He suggests that any permanent relation between function and organ is impossible in a world which is constantly changing and becoming. The following is a very free translation:

The nervous system imposes certain tendencies and desires upon living matter; but it cannot create a perfectly adapted organism in a world that is always changing. Thus an organ, designed to function in a particular environment, becomes inadequate or useless when it is required to function in a different one. Unless the nervous system can modify the organ to meet the new conditions, its power of realizing its tendencies is restricted, although the organ may continue to exist as a fragment of the animal body. The animal may still be able to utilize it, [as a workman can use a poor tool, when no other is available]; or the organ may cease to have any function. Some organs are nothing but relics of an activity which has ceased. . . .

There is the heroic little scarab, for instance. It is deprived of tarsal appendages, but it struggles on, using the stumps which are left to mould the little balls with which it nourishes its larvæ. It imagines itself to be fitted for tasks which the discord between organism and function no longer allows it to accomplish, except at the cost of the most tragic effort. . . . On the other hand, there is the ridiculous stag-beetle. With its head encased in a formidable apparatus, like a samurai marching to battle, it leaps upon the lettuce-leaf that constitutes its food. Have no fear of its curved and toothed scimitar; in truth, it would not harm a fly. It reminds one of Tartarin, dressed for a lion-hunt, drinking beer on the terrace of a café along the Cannebière. . . .

In each of these cases, there is a discord between function and organ, a discord which, in accordance with certain teleological views, ought not to exist. The end actually attained is paradoxical and ironical. It is as if, by virtue of some metaphysical disposition, an accord between function and organ had never been intended. A negative end, some will say. . . . But is it correct to say that an end is negative, when it implies, with the perpetuity of motion, the perpetuity of life?

One may grant that it is not always easy to determine what is the veritable function of some organs, or whether, indeed, they were ever intended for any obvious, practical purpose. If Nature were limited in its designs by any "planned economy", such a thing as a peacock's tail could never come into existence. Who can be sure that the stag-beetle was ever intended to be anything other than what it is,—an actor wearing a mask?

However, these considerations scarcely affect the main point which Gaultier is urging. It is, indeed, useless to regard any objective form as perfect and final. It is worse than useless; it is dangerous and may be fatal. The great peril, which confronts every evolving creature, including man, is premature crystallization of its forces in an organism that becomes either a hindrance or a misfit when conditions change and a different organism is demanded. Obviously

the body changes more slowly than the desires or instincts which act upon it. Moreover, it seems to be a biological law that as the body becomes more rigid in structure, it is progressively more difficult for desire to mould it readily into new shapes. Doubtless, a sufficiently powerful desire could accomplish any transformation; but it would appear that the "creative potency" of an entity diminishes in proportion to the hardening of its form, as if a portion of its vital energy had been captured by its petrified organs.

One ventures to formulate a major principle which the history of organic evolution illustrates on every page: the more plastic the organism, the better are the chances of physical continuity for the species to which the organism belongs. It is significant that this principle is equally applicable in the domain of spiritual evolution. As a text-book of zoology suggests numberless correspondences between animal and human activities, so a genuine mystical treatise, describing the experienced laws of the inner life, incidentally reveals the laws of life in all its phases. It is their misfortune that so very few biologists know anything of the mystical literature of the world, for they would find in it both a confirmation and an explanation of their own observations. We may say, with equal propriety, that there is natural law in the spiritual world, or that there is spiritual law in the natural world.

For example, as a commentary upon the data considered above, there is the injunction in *Light on the Path*, to "kill out the hunger for growth". "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air. So must you press forward to open your soul to the eternal. But it must be the eternal that draws forth your strength and beauty, not desire of growth. For in the one case you develop in the luxuriance of purity, in the other you harden by the forcible passion for personal stature."

Fixation of form signifies the cessation of evolution, the commencement of corruption and decay. Does not this suggest a reason for the emphasis upon detachment in all genuine devotional treatises? The spirit of man, the life-stream which constitutes his being, must be free to assume new forms, and it is part of our duty to keep each form, as it is created, subtle and fluidic, in order that it may be transmuted with a minimum of friction into the more perfect form which should succeed it. In Christian terms, the attention of the would-be disciple must be fixed upon the things of the Spirit and turned away from "creatures", from the things of this world. The same idea is expressed in other words by the Indian sage, Shankara Acharya, when he defines the first qualification of discipleship as "discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal". A "creature" is not necessarily evil; it may be the momentary embodiment of a spiritual principle. However, if it be conceived as a thing-in-itself, apart from the principle which animates it, it becomes a limitation and a barrier, a thing without significance, which will be ultimately destroyed by the general action of the forces of Nature, if we lack the courage to destroy it ourselves.

#### QUINTON'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION

Gaultier further illustrates his argument by reference to an evolutionary

theory which was developed by the late René Quinton, well-known to many readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY as the author of *Maximes sur la Guerre*.

In terms of this theory, cellular life appeared in the primeval seas when the temperature decreased to the degree required, among other conditions, for the production of the physico-chemical phenomenon that constitutes [organic] life. But this condition was no sooner realized than it passed away, owing to the persistent fall of the temperature. The theory fixed the temperature for the appearance of the cell at about 45 degrees; but when it fell to 42 degrees and much lower subsequently, the conditions of existence ceased to be ideal for the cell. All the phases of evolution are explained by the reactions of the cells which could no longer live separately under favourable conditions, and grouped themselves into associations that later became [multicellular] organisms. In the interior of these organisms, by division of labour and functional differentiation, organs were formed, whose function was to manufacture heat for the other cells included within the periphery of the individual. Thus the thermic deficiency of the environment was overcome by the development of the power to produce heat.

The cold-blooded animals were originally organized in such a way as to assure the functioning of an active cellular life. One condition made this possible; the high temperature of the medium external to the individual. When this condition is removed, the [cold-blooded] organism becomes relatively impotent. The nervous system loses control, recovering it only if propitious environmental conditions return. . . . For example, certain large reptiles, like the boa-constrictor, can still live an almost ideal life in the tropics. But in our climate, the boa would be harmless, incapable even of defending itself; a cow could gore it to death. . . . It is apparent, that if species A has the power of raising its interior temperature 8 degrees, when the external temperature is 37 degrees, it can maintain the "ideal" temperature of 45 degrees within the cells of its organism. For a while, A represents a superior species. But if there be a new drop in the temperature of the external medium, the equilibrium is broken anew. A is no longer superior; it begins to live, according to Quinton's expression, with a retarded life (*d'une vie ralentie*). When a species is equipped with hardened organs, adapted to a fixed temperature, it can change no more. This is the crystallization of species. The new species B,C,D, which respond favourably to the new conditions, are those which can raise their interior temperature still higher. Incidentally, they are descended, not from A, but from a humbler stock, the very stock, indeed, from which A originally developed.

A student of Theosophy might suggest that life would have found a way to organize itself on this planet, whatever the temperature, and this view is supported by recent developments in the study of bacteria and viruses. But this does not discredit Quinton's theory, in so far as it offers a very ingenious explanation of certain established biological facts. Once a definite course of evolution was established, as when the organized cell was formed, life entered into a definite relationship with a concrete physical medium. Henceforth, it had to accept the limitations of the environment which it had chosen, and its success or failure, in physical terms, depended upon its ability to modify its reactions, as its environment changed.

#### TRANSFORMATION THROUGH HEROISM

Quinton's theory is of special interest, because it seems to have been correlated in his mind with the conception of heroism. The process whereby the great

phyla and classes of animals have succeeded one another, has its correspondence in human nature. In terms of human consciousness, this process becomes the heroic life, represented as a ceaseless transformation and transcendence of self, an unremitting dedication of personal powers to that which is greater than any personality.

It has been said that man is the microcosm of the macrocosm, that he can dispose of all the powers of Nature, if he be willing to pay the price. In the biological world, the species or the "individual" which cannot adjust itself to new conditions, is allowed to disintegrate—slowly or quickly, as the case may be. The life-currents in Nature pass on to the production of other organisms more receptive to their impulsion. But in the human kingdom, there is the possibility that the individual will redeem himself; that by heroic effort he will recover his native force from the "hardened organs" in which it is imprisoned, regaining the full energy of his desire and turning this to the formation of new functions and a new organism. He can re-create himself, as the life in Nature re-creates itself.

This is a logical conclusion to which the theosophical conception of Nature and man leads us. Perhaps, Quinton would not have admitted that his ideal of heroism held such implications. But he understood heroism, as it can only be understood by one who has lived in obedience to its principles. "That which distinguishes the hero", he wrote, "is the love of a cause situated outside himself, the fixity and the energy of that love, the search for the means proper to serve it, their discovery, their conversion into action, however hard and painful they may be." In brief, heroism is true contemplation overflowing into true action. The life in physical Nature has been called a "dreaming contemplation". Most men continue to dream, though their eyes may be open; but the hero is awake. Moreover, his integrity depends upon his inability to rest satisfied with any personal achievement, upon the constancy of his desire to gain an ever deeper realization of the ideal which he serves. It was said of the great soldier, Vauban, that "when a task was finished, his only interest in it was to observe its faults and deficiencies. The only task which attracted him, was the task that was still to be executed."

#### THE PETRIFICATION OF CIVILIZATIONS

The effects of crystallization may be noted in our personal experience. Our psychic organism may be said to harden whenever we yield to the desire to repeat pleasurable sensations, whenever we centre our feelings in "self", whenever we identify ourselves with the image of the body or the lower mind. We read in *Through the Gates of Gold*, that there is "a law of nature as inexorable as that of gravitation,—a law which forbids a man to stand still. Not twice can the same cup of pleasure be tasted; the second time it must contain either a grain of poison or a drop of the elixir of life."

In the same work there is another passage which bears directly upon our subject. It suggests that the failures of great civilizations are also effects of crystallization, of the fixation of consciousness in static forms.



Could we go back through history intelligently, no doubt we should find that it [i. e., the question of the purpose of life] came always with the hour when the flower of civilization had blown to its full, and when its petals were but slackly held together. The natural part of man has reached then its utmost height; he has rolled the stone up the Hill of Difficulty only to watch it roll back again when the summit is reached,—as in Egypt, in Rome, in Greece. . . . That is what man has done throughout history, so far as our limited knowledge reaches. There is one summit to which, by immense and united efforts, he attains, where there is a great and brilliant efflorescence of all the intellectual, mental and material part of his nature. The climax of sensuous perception is reached, and then his hold weakens, his power grows less, and he falls back, through despondency and satiety, to barbarism. Why does he not stay on the hilltop he has reached, and look away to the mountains beyond, and resolve to scale those greater heights? Because he is ignorant, and seeing a great glittering in the distance, drops his eyes bewildered and dazzled, and goes back for rest to the shadowy side of his familiar hill (pp. 17-18).

Man has only experienced civilization as a cyclic phenomenon. Like the light of day, it has been recurrent, interrupted by intervals of darkness. The passage just quoted indicates the reason for this. Every civilization represents a great adventure in consciousness, but none has ventured to press the adventure beyond a certain point. A moment has come when it has ceased to be a channel for upbuilding forces, when creation ceases and petrification begins. Thereafter, it tends to become increasingly set in its ways. The analogy seems obvious between this loss of plasticity in a civilization, and the process of organic hardening to which Gaultier and Quinton refer. In both instances, there is a failure in co-ordination between function and organism, and this failure is a cause of stagnation and final death.

In terms of consciousness, petrification is numbness, insensibility, automatism. When an entity "refuses to create", its senses and organs of action become atrophied,—as we ought to know, since most human personalities are actually in this condition. Thus, the petrification of a civilization may be said to proceed *pari passu* with a degradation of consciousness. If it be the function of a civilization to transform an amorphous mass of human entities into a group of real individuals, the quality of its consciousness may be measured at any given time by the value which it sets upon individual character and initiative.

As history shows, when the tide of life is rising in a nation or race, individual genius is stimulated and fostered. Aristocratic standards are dominant in art and morals, in thought and action. Their outward expression may be crude, but it is original and unique. The aristocratic ideal stresses the service of spiritual principles, upholding a code of honour recognized as superior to all considerations of personal comfort and indulgence. This service of truth or beauty or nobility is freely chosen and freely given. Precisely because the individual willingly sacrifices himself, he is able progressively to transcend his limitations, to evolve in consciousness.

There is no reason why he should not transcend his limitations, whatever may be the state of civilization in which he is born. But when a civilization is crystallizing, the individual can expect little stimulus from his general social environ-

ment. The standards which then prevail are the reverse of heroic. To use Ortega's expression, there is a "revolt of the masses" against individual superiority, against self-sacrifice and austerity, against any code which emphasizes duties rather than rights. The rule of the vulgar seeks equality, uniformity in mediocrity, a dead level, where "differences in potential" can have no place. Logically this *democratic* phase of a civilization terminates in communism or national socialism or some corresponding polity, in which the individual is theoretically, if not actually, reduced to a cypher. Outwardly there is often an appearance of intense activity, but it is the activity of disease, of fermentation and decay. Barbarian invasions and mob riots belong to the "night-side" of Nature. They hasten the processes of dissolution.

### THE SUPPRESSION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

This condition of active decay might be amply illustrated by examples from ancient history. In its last days, the Roman Empire was an almost perfect example of a dead level. The Emperor and his bureaucracy had only one consistent objective,—to placate the mob with bread and circuses, and to that end, they taxed individual industry and thrift out of existence. There is something oddly familiar about the procedure.

However, there is no need to search for instances outside our own century. Even under the worst forms of ecclesiastical tyranny, the individual soul was never crushed beneath a censorship of thought more fanatical than that which prevails to-day in Russia and Germany. It is, indeed, the very worst form of censorship, for it is supported by a regimented public opinion. In theory, the Soviet and the Reich are opposed to each other, but they may be classified as varieties of the same species. Both are suffering, among other things, from the malady which has been pertinently named "collectivitis". Everything individual is ruthlessly sacrificed to the *demos*, the undifferentiated and unevolved mass.

An anonymous article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (January 15, 1934) describes what happens to the intellectual life in Soviet Russia (*Les Intellectuels en U.R.S.S.*).

Not only do the Bolshevik torment and persecute those savants who are not militant communists or sympathetic towards communism, but they tend to perceive only the immediately practical aspect of the sciences, and to despise the great theoretical discoveries that are so fecund and may lead to the most valuable applications. Worse than that, they push their fanaticism so far as to desire only a science which is strictly Bolshevik. In their eyes, pure science, the disinterested science, which was that of Galileo and Newton, . . . the science which is independent of politics, ought not to exist. "The idea of a science supposed to be absolute, having its own tasks and its own ideology, independent of politics, is rejected for ever", writes Professor Komaroff, one of the most influential Bolshevik Academicians. Pure, disinterested science is only a bourgeois and capitalistic conception; . . . the only true science is that which shows the struggle of classes to be necessary and which praises the social revolution. . . . The Bolsheviks consider literature to be a mechanical profession that can be learned without any general previous training, like that of a shoemaker or a cook. . . . In 1925 they formed the Rapp or Russian Association of Proletarian Writers, among whose by-laws we find

the following: "In a society, literature serves the interests of one or another class. Proletarian literature will be that which directs the proletariat, destined to create communism in the world, towards its predetermined ends." . . . The censorship has put the work of Tchekoff on the Index, because "we find in his writings the words, God, spirit, etc." . . . An author, wishing to present the portrait of a young girl, spoke of the breeze of morning playing with her and scattering over her face her silky hair. The censor comments: "Such a metaphor is not that of a proletarian poet: it is much too sentimental and represents Nature in a superficial fashion." An author in Soviet Russia, faithful to the method of "socialistic realism", ought to be inspired only by "the sound of machines and tractors plowing the fields, by the sky-piercing whistles of the sirens of proletarian factories operating at full blast". The poet ought to have imitated his frankly proletarian colleague who wrote: "Tears flow slowly from her eyes, like tractors". . . . In the theatres of Moscow, Shakespeare is played, but his work is falsified and unrecognizable; Romeo and Juliet perish as a consequence of class-warfare and not of their passion; Othello reflects the struggle of "rapacious colonizers for the Turkish market", and the hero himself is only an instrument in the hands of British capitalists. . . .

This may sound amusing, but much of the comedy would evaporate if one were living under this régime in Russia. It is a commentary upon the intelligence of many of our own professors and intellectuals, that they speak of existence in the land of the Soviets as an interesting experiment, a beautiful dream. Professor Rexford C. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and "chief planner" of the Roosevelt brain trust, is responsible for the statement that "with equal levels of living, the greater economic democracy and equality of the Russian system will make a tremendous appeal to the masses of intelligent men" (*New York Times*, February 16, 1934).

The "totalitarian state" of the Nazis is a variation upon the same general theme of petrified consciousness. We quote from an article in the *New York Times*, January 28, 1934, on "Gleichschaltung", the word "which expresses the co-ordination of the New Germany, [and] defines the ideal of the Nazi State". It shows once more that there is no self-satisfaction quite as fatuous and as odious as German self-satisfaction.

If . . . one interprets "Gleichschaltung" as the application, mentally and morally as well as physically, of the principle of the goose-step, one gets a fair interpretation of what the word means to the Germans. . . . The bulk of the Germans appear to have accepted, or at any rate not to have resisted, the Nazi doctrine that the members of a self-respecting and properly unified nation should all feel, think and act in the same way. . . . The Nazis sought not only to concentrate the political power and administrative authority in Berlin, but also to eradicate or silence all opposition and dissent, and to reshape the cultural and intellectual life of the entire nation. Virtually every German activity was to be purged of all foreign taint and to be re-Germanized and Nazified—even the arts and sciences, which are usually conceived as being, by their natures, free from nationalistic limitations. . . . A purely national literature or theatre might be conceivable, but how could nationalism invade the pure sciences? How could there be, for example, a German and Aryan mathematics? . . . A group of mathematicians who met recently at the University of Berlin, indicated how the cultural "unification" might embrace even that most abstract of sciences—mathematics. They held that in mathematical research German intuition, which was responsible for the concept of infinity, was superior to the logic associated with the French and Italians; that mathe-

matics was a heroic science in that it had reduced chaos to order, which was precisely the mission of national socialism; that German mathematics would remain that of the "Faustian man" and thus show its "spiritual connection" with new Germany. So even mathematics gives the Nazi salute and shouts, "Heil Hitler!" . . . Now the Germans, so long disunited, exult in an excess of unity—in a kind of unity that threatens to destroy variety and individuality altogether, a unity which Dr. Goebbels would like to develop, "to the point where the whole nation will think in unison and there will be only one public opinion".

### THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL

Unfortunately, the symptoms of national sclerosis are not limited to Russia and Germany. It is not wise to laugh at the possibility of wide infection. However, we need not ask, much less try to answer, the question whether the whole of the Occident is in the last phase of a major cycle. Whatever may happen, our essential duties and opportunities as individuals are the same. If we be determined, we can overcome the most adverse external circumstances. The principles, the archetypal forms, from which all civilizations have drawn their life, are eternally present in the heavens, for any man to contemplate and to love.

True contemplation, which in its active, dynamic aspect is heroism, may preserve the West from another dark age. In any event, it will bring to life a new civilization, which in its own time will come to flower. By means of heroic contemplation the precious essence of Egypt reincarnated in Greece, and the productions of the Greek genius were transmitted by Rome; and Mediæval Europe, in turn, preserved for us the garnered wisdom of the ancient world. Each of these civilizations—the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Mediæval—added something enduring and vital to the heritage received from its predecessors. Each was born before its immediate predecessor had completely disintegrated.

Here is a task, sufficient to awaken anyone's enthusiasm,—to begin the building of civilization anew. The work will have need of "divine architects", of "God-instructed men"; but there must be a real demand for them, before we have any right to expect them to come. As Abel Bonnard has said: "To look forward passively to the coming of a great man, as those who buy a lottery-ticket dream of the winning number, is one way of showing that one is not a man oneself. *It is not a question of looking forward to a great man, but of preparing the way for his coming.*"

# FRAGMENTS

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**M**AN, verily, is made of dust, but of two kinds of dust. One is dust of the earth, to which happily, all that is earthly in him will return; the other is star-dust, the sparks of an immortal, solar fire. To this, also, he shall return; and, according to the mystic promise, if he rightly find his way, shall shine among those stars for ever and ever.

In the life of discipleship there is nothing small nor insignificant. All that arrives comes from the hand of a divine Provider, and has, therefore, meaning upon meaning, and lesson within lesson. The weather, the temper and atmosphere of those about us, the disappointment, the unexpected pleasure, the duties and occupations, agreeable or disagreeable, with which each day is filled,—all invite a reaction in the various strata of consciousness, where a limitless field of opportunity is offered.

What is it we can hope of life save opportunity, we who are journeying from earth to heaven,—opportunity to shake off the dust of earth, and to consolidate this dust of heaven?

Yet, with strange perversity, we cling to the dust of earth where our weary feet are passing, fearful of losing its accustomed touch, indifferent to its soil, content with its spiritless monotony.

Awake, O thou enmeshed in clay, awake to thy true heritage! Across the waters of space are voices sounding, voices of the Great Deliverers. Answer them with the stirrings of thy heart,—thou canst not let them call to thee in vain.

From the dust in which thou liest, wake to the radiance of a higher life; and as the Morning Stars sing in thy ears, arise to take thy place beside them. Then shalt thou see the meaning in that earthly dust, its message and its purpose, the opportunity each speck of it presented; precious as fine gold shalt thou behold it with transfigured vision, as it falls from thee for ever,—thou, clad in the garment of thy star-dust, to work, clear-eyed, amongst the dust of men.

CAVÉ.

# COLLEGIATE EDUCATION AND STANDARDS OF VALUE

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**M**OST students go to college, not to learn particular facts, or to get specific training, or to master any special subject, but because they believe that a college education is the best preparation for life. They may, and in most cases probably do, have very erroneous ideas of what constitutes preparation for life, and so of what education ought to be. One of the functions of the college should be to correct these notions. Obviously the first requisite for this is that the college itself have a clear conception of the nature and purpose of life, of what success in it consists, and, thus, of what preparation for it requires. Ruskin describes education as "the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them". An illuminating definition is that quoted in Worcester's dictionary: "The education of a people is measured by its ideals and principles." It would follow from this that the excellence of an education may be judged by its success in inculcating high ideals and sound principles.

An even more fundamental statement is made by Professor Thompson in the introduction to his *Middle Ages*: "The primary business of study and teaching is not to acquire or to impart information, but to discover and reveal values." Imparting information and many other factors, such as training in accurate thinking, in concentration, the cultivation of taste, physical development, etc., are by no means to be neglected, but the primary purpose of education as contrasted with technical training, ought always to be to reveal values. The most important element in a student's preparation for life is a true understanding of relative values. What a man values most highly—what he really values in his heart, not what he may profess to value,—determines what he will seek from life, how hard he will be willing to work for it, and what sacrifices he will make to gain it. Life is a succession of compulsory choices, constantly forcing each man to decide which of two things he most values, and which of the two, accordingly, he will sacrifice for the other. His standard of value determines his action in small things and in great. His manners, for example, will depend upon whether he ranks courtesy and consideration for others above or below his own comfort and self-indulgence. If he place money above all else, he will sooner or later break his word for what seems an immediate advantage. If he rate adherence to his code as a gentleman above any material gain whatever, he will refuse a fortune for a fine point of honour. A man's conduct is only his standard of values in action. What he does is determined by, and reveals to himself and to others, what his standard really is, irrespective of what he may say or even think it to be. It is upon it that his happiness or unhappiness in life depends, for it not only determines his action but also the value which he ascribes to whatever life may bring to him.

A true sense of the relative values in life is not a thing to be gained once and for all, at any time or place. All of life is training in comparative values, training the power of choice within us that we may learn, in time, to reject the false and choose the true, the "better" rather than the "dearer", the spiritual instead of the material. All of man's experience, every fact that he learns and every event that he lives through, ought to aid in clarifying his standard of values. Every year that he lives, it ought to become deeper, richer and truer. The colleges have their students, who "come as boys and leave as men" during four of the most critically formative years of their lives. It would seem to the layman that there is no more important question that a college can ask itself than what effect it ought to have upon the ideals and principles, the standards of value, of its students, and what effect it actually does have.

In view of its importance, it is extraordinary how little thought seems to have been given to this question by those responsible for modern collegiate education. The head of the Department of Philosophy of a well-known Eastern college was recently asked what effect four years at his college had on a student's standards of value. It was evidently a new question to him and he had to think before answering. Then he replied that he supposed that the students got their standards from their class-mates. That, in the majority of cases, is probably just what happens, the college itself being incomprehensibly passive in the matter. College spokesmen in general tend to dismiss this whole subject somewhat impatiently, with the statement that such things as principles, standards and religion should be learned "in the home", that convenient but much over-worked scapegoat of the modern educator. It is quite true that they should be learned in the home, and in the preparatory school, and in business, and every day that a man lives. They should also be learned in college. If his college education is to mean anything at all to him, the student's ideas on these matters can hardly fail to be affected by the facts which he learns and the new outlook which he gains there. What relation does he come to believe himself to bear to the universe, and what kind of universe does he consider it to be? Ordered and planned by divine intelligence for wise and compassionate ends, or unmoral, accidental, chaotic? Do his instructors in Evolution, in Biology, Psychology, Physics, Philosophy, History, tell him he is an immortal soul, destined to evolve through the ages to heights of radiant splendour, or do they represent him as a bit of primordial slime, a "fortuitous concourse of atoms", endowed by some accident with consciousness and intelligence for a few score years before passing to final oblivion? His finest instincts, aspirations, nobility and honour, may be pictured to him as the very essence of his being, in themselves a proof of his divine origin, and carrying with them corresponding responsibility for their right use; or they may be represented as mockeries, perhaps as rudimentary and distorted survivals of the instinct of self-preservation or of the sex-instinct. The great moral principles may be regarded as part of the eternal verities, the laws governing the growth and self-expression of the soul, or they may be seen as harmful "repressions", the survival of the "sex taboos" of primitive peoples. All of these subjects are dealt with in his college courses; and the student's views of life,

of his own nature and that of the universe, and of the relation between them, are and ought to be, profoundly influenced by the facts and theories studied, and the manner of their presentation. One can hardly expect a man who regards himself as a bit of accidentally evolved protoplasm, to have the standards of value appropriate to an immortal soul; and, as we have said, it is a man's standard of relative values that determines his conduct, his success or failure, his happiness or unhappiness in life.

An answer frequently made to criticism of the colleges for their lack of a consistent philosophy, and for their consequent failure to give adequate guidance on these points, is that each man must work such things out for himself; that the faith which one gets from another is of no value; and that one of the main objects of college education is to teach the student to think for himself. There is much truth in this. By all means teach the student to think for himself if it can be done. Very few people ever do learn to think for themselves; otherwise amusements, business, politics and pretty much everything else in the world, including college education, might be very different. While that may be no reason for not making the attempt, it is a reason for taking the probability of failure into account. It is also true that each man must work out his problems in life for himself, just as he must work out his problems in calculus for himself. That fact, however, is not regarded as adequate justification for leaving him without competent guidance in his mathematics. The true explanation of the difference in treatment is that the college authorities themselves are agreed upon the principles of mathematics, but do not agree upon the principles of life. The points upon which the student of eighteen or twenty is supposed to think for himself and to come to wise decisions, are exactly those upon which the college faculty as a unit is unwilling or unable to think for itself, or to come to any decision at all, wise or unwise.

When one stops to think of it, it is a most extraordinary thing that, with few exceptions, our great educational institutions, whose function it is to prepare their students for life, have themselves no philosophy of life, no consistent conception of its nature or purpose, and stand for no ideals or principles sufficiently definite to give adherence to them any significance. There are exceptions. Roman Catholic universities stand for Roman Catholicism. West Point and Annapolis stand for the ideal of discipline and the code of an officer and a gentleman. These ideals are held by the entire teaching staff, and a definite, conscious effort is made to inculcate them. As a result, it means something to be a West Point graduate. Princeton stands for the honour system. Doubtless there are others, but how many? By "ideals and principles" we do not mean catch-words like "*mens sana in corpore sano*", or "the search for truth", or "the development of the highest type of American manhood", or the many similar vague generalities in which college spokesmen indulge, and to which everyone, of any shade of belief and opinion, can agree. We mean some principle not yet universally accepted, but sufficiently definite to make a stand for it of some importance. Not long ago, the President of one of the oldest universities in the country said in an address, that it is to the universities that we must turn for dynamic idealism



based on clarity of moral outlook. When asked what the moral outlook of his university was, or for what ideals or principles it stood, he replied that "universities, being composed of individuals, cannot, and do not, commit themselves to specific moral dogmas in controversial areas". As it is only in "controversial areas" that a stand for a principle has any significance, this speaks for itself. The lack of guiding principles was frankly confessed by the head of another well-known Eastern college in an address at the University Club in New York a few years ago: "We do not know what we are doing. We do not even know what we are trying to do."

Although the colleges themselves have no philosophy of life, there are, in all colleges, individual professors who seek to influence their students in certain definite directions, some wisely and some unwisely. There are men of high ideals whose influence is a lasting inspiration to all fortunate enough to come under their guidance. There are also others whose influence is quite the reverse. There are, in most colleges, men with deep religious feeling and noble standards; and men with neither, who mock at both. Which one the individual student contacts is usually a matter of luck. If his name begins with A, he sits under one, if with M, he gets the other. There seems to be no way of finding out what a student is being taught in the name and under the authority of our great institutions of learning, except to interview his instructors, one by one, and to find out for oneself what their individual views and crotchets may be. These views are frequently contradictory, and what one man teaches, his neighbour across the hall denies. In conversation recently with a responsible official of one of the oldest of our colleges, the writer expressed the opinion that modern psychology, as usually taught, was pure poison. Rather to his surprise, the official agreed entirely, but added that those students who had a good background of home training, usually got over the effects in a few years. What happened to those lacking that training, he did not say. Much the same opinion of the harmful effects of psychology was expressed in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, 1931, where the author quotes "one of the most broad-minded and level-headed and successful college deans" as saying that "the great moral problem of his university to-day is its Department of Psychology". In neither case was there any suggestion that anything was going to be done about it.

From the welter of conflicting views to which he is introduced at college, the average student can hardly fail to conclude that anything approaching certainty on vital matters is impossible, and that what one believes, if anything, is a matter of personal predilection. Every man, to be a man, ought to have certain principles on which he bases his life, and for which, if need be, he is willing to die. One does not die for predilections, nor are they much to be relied upon in times of temptation. In addition to this unconscious undermining of what should be the foundations of the boy's moral code, there are, in most colleges, one or more professors who deliberately try to break down whatever ideals or faith their students may have. Their purpose, they say, is to "make the boy think", to "show him that he has merely accepted the ideas of others and to force him to work out his own". It is not difficult for the experienced, older debater to demolish a boy's ideas—

no matter how true those ideas may be—particularly if the boy be unused to philosophical discussion. It is easy to demolish, but not so easy to build up again, especially when, as is the case nine times out of ten, the destroyer has nothing constructive of his own to offer. The student is often permanently the poorer for the loss of what his intuition told him was true. Many students speak bitterly of this phase of their college course. One of the ways in which it shows itself later is in diminished loyalty to their college, for men give loyalty to what enriches, not to what impoverishes their life.

If the student only knew it, his intuition is, in its own field, a far safer guide than his mind, unpopular as that doctrine is to-day. All belief is based on some assumptions which, like the axioms of Euclid, are not capable of proof, but which appear self-evident to the age, or to the man, that adopts them. A few centuries ago, beliefs were based on the authority, not of experience but of the Church Fathers, of Aristotle, or some other ancient sage. To-day the assumptions are different but are assumptions none the less. In spite of the defence of intuition by Eddington and others, a usual assumption among college teachers is the supremacy of the human reason. In their turn disregarding experience, which ought to be the only authority, these teachers take the mind as the sole arbiter in fields where it does not belong, and where the consequences of so doing are often most unfortunate. This is particularly true in the sphere of morals. Moral principles are not, and ought not to be, the product of reason. They should be an instinct, the result of the soul's experience through the ages. The man whose conduct, whose honesty, for example, depends upon his reason, is not fit for a position of trust. The moral sense is different from, and, in its own realm, superior to the reason. When unperturbed, it might be called the memory of the soul. Or perhaps we might describe it as the instinct of self-preservation of the soul, for the moral laws are among the laws that govern the soul's growth, which themselves are as fixed and inexorable as the laws governing the growth of a plant or a tree. They are inherent in the nature of things, and could, no doubt, be justified by the reason, if the reason had the necessary data to go upon. As it is, their justification rests upon experience, and all experience shows that to violate them atrophies the soul. These laws constitute the true scientific basis of ethics. They are also the basis of the rules of honour, which are of the very essence of the soul. "Women and children first" in shipwreck, cannot easily be defended logically, yet the world is right in having little use for the man who does not act upon it. When the existence of the soul is denied and the moral sense is ignored, there is no sound basis for conduct. The effort to found action on the reason, too often results in displacing righteousness as a motive, by a base and ignoble expediency.

It may be objected that the religious side of life is carefully provided for by the colleges through their Chaplains and, in many cases, through weekly, or even daily, compulsory Chapel services. One is not, however, much impressed by the faith of a man who merely renders lip-service to it in Church services, while rigorously excluding it from week-day activities. The religion that does not underlie one's entire outlook on life, and hence affect all one's ideas and actions,

is not worthy of the name. That is as true in the case of an institution as of an individual. The students must feel it, and if many tend to reject the religion offered, and to regard the Chapel merely as a concession to immaturity, who can blame them? The presence of a Chaplain, most of whose time is usually spent in trying to counteract the adverse influence of the Philosophy and Psychology Departments, does not "provide for the religious side of life". Nor is much conviction carried by the Baccalaureate sermon of the President, in which he calls after the departing coat-tails of the graduating class, that religion is the most important thing in life.

The foundation of all religion is the belief that life and the universe are spiritual, purposeful and guided by higher intelligence, by whatever name that higher intelligence may be called. This is the exact opposite of the so-called scientific approach to life, not because science as such denies that life is spiritual, but because, for reasons of its own, it chooses to ignore that fact as "outside of its field", and to seek only materialistic explanations of all phenomena. Until very recently, no scientist in his scientific capacity—whatever his personal beliefs might be—would even suggest in explanation of any phenomena, an hypothesis that involved the operation of a will or intelligence higher than man. To do so would have been a violation of scientific convention, justifying the prompt exclusion of the offender from serious consideration in scientific circles. It does not matter how simple the spiritual or how improbable the material explanation may be, if a material cause is conceivable at all, that is the cause to assign. As we shall see, even odds of one hundred thousand to one against the material are no deterrent, if the alternative be the suggestion that higher intelligence may have been involved. Science is not interested in philosophical truth. It limits itself to the study of what can be weighed and measured—Eddington's world of "pointer-readings"—to the next steps in its chains of causation, and to certain limited inferences to be drawn therefrom. All values are frankly excluded from its field. This fact alone ought sharply to differentiate between the viewpoint adopted by science, and that appropriate to educational institutions whose primary purpose ought to be to discover and reveal values.

Yet the prestige of physical science is so great, due to its amazing discoveries and the control which they have given man over certain natural forces, that the colleges have imitated the methods, and adopted blindly the assumptions and the self-imposed limitations of the "scientific" approach to life. This is the most subtly subversive fact in modern collegiate education. While it is true that there is no conflict between true science, and religion rightly understood, there is a sharp conflict between the religious view of life, which insists upon purpose, guidance and love back of all things, and the so-called scientific view, which refuses to consider the possibility of any but materialistic causes. Scientists constantly reiterate that they do not deny the spiritual; they merely ignore it. If science chooses to omit all significance, intelligence, will, and purpose, from its view of the universe, that may, perhaps, be regarded as its affair. It becomes, however, a matter of great public concern when educational institutions blindly follow that example. Everyone must choose between the two

points of view in regard to life. If there be purpose and guidance back of the universe, that is obviously the most important fact in life. To ignore it is, in many cases, equivalent to denying it, for to most people it is inconceivable that one who really believes it, should ignore it. If, for example, a youth studies evolution for years under the most famous evolutionists, and hears no mention of the soul, nor of the Divine Purpose—which many of us believe to be the cause and the means of evolution—is he not justified in assuming that it is because his instructors are convinced, for what doubtless seem to them to be good and sufficient reasons, that the soul does not exist, or is not a factor in evolution? Is he, or is the public at large, likely to grasp the fact that the omission is based on no reason at all, except a general, if tacit, agreement among scientists to exclude spiritual causation as being “outside the field of science”?

It would seem to the layman that, when a question arises “within the field of science”, seekers for truth should search for the explanation that best fits the facts, irrespective of the field of thought to which that search might lead them, rather than limit consideration to those solutions, however improbable, that can be cramped within the wholly artificial restrictions of the “scientific field”. The fact that that field is the only one in which they can use their special methods of investigation or proof, is no reason for assuming that the answer is to be found there. One is reminded of the old story of the man searching the gutters of Times Square for his lost pocketbook. “Did you drop it here?” asked a sympathetic friend. “Oh, no”, said the man, “I lost it in Central Park, but the light is so much better here.”

At present the physical sciences are all taught at our universities on the assumption that there is no intelligent guidance back of natural law (though that is contrary to the personal beliefs of many scientists); and the same assumption, often unconscious and hence the more misleading, underlies much of the teaching in other branches. A habit of mind is thus set up in the student, and all his thinking is unconsciously warped, to his great detriment. The public is also widely deceived; as we have said, it does not understand how anyone can ignore that which, if true, must be the most important fact in life; it also hears all spiritual hypotheses authoritatively described as “unscientific”, and this to most people has come to mean unsound. The public believes, not unnaturally, that the general adoption by science of materialistic hypotheses is due to preponderance of evidence in favour of the material as against the spiritual, and does not realize that they are based solely on assumptions, adopted by science for its convenience. It is not too much to say that the result amounts to a gigantic fraud on the religious faith of the public, a fraud for which the attitude of the great educational institutions and their neutrality between the true and the untrue, is directly responsible.

Nor are the scientists themselves as immune from the unconscious warping of their thought as they would have us believe. Long years of deliberately excluding from the mind any thought of intelligence and guidance as affecting the physical phenomena of the universe, has led them to treat this absence of guidance as if it were a proven fact, pertaining to the phenomena, instead of merely

an assumption, pertaining to their thought. Important conclusions, both "scientific" and "philosophical", are unconsciously based upon it—conclusions which fall to the ground if the assumption be challenged or changed. Students and the unscientific public, still under the influence of the superstition that "science deals only with exact knowledge and never guesses", are seriously misled in consequence.

An illustration of this attitude of unconscious denial is contained in Sir James Jeans's most interesting book, *The Mysterious Universe*. He speaks of the manner in which the earth was formed by the attraction of a star that, "wandering blindly through space, happened" to pass so close to the sun as to draw out by gravitation, spurts of matter that became the planets. Sir Arthur Eddington uses the same words, "blindly wandering", to describe the same thing. There is so much space, and the stars are, in consequence, so far apart, that both Eddington and Jeans believe such "accidents" to be extremely rare. Eddington says that even if the odds are one hundred million to one against it, out of ten billion stars some are destined to play the part of "one". Among the few "ones", the earth is included. Jeans contrasts his theory with Laplace's, under which every star might have planets, and "the universe might well swarm with life". He speaks of all sorts of accidents being bound to happen in millions and millions of years, but concludes that the odds, which he suggests may be one hundred thousand to one, are so greatly against the particular "accident" needed to produce planets, that there must be relatively few stars with planets in the universe. He adds: "This rarity of planetary systems is important because, so far as we can see, life of the kind we know on earth could only originate on planets like the earth"; and he concludes that, in view of the vast extent of the universe and the very small percentage of it adapted to life as we know it, "it seems incredible that the universe can have been designed primarily to produce life like our own".<sup>1</sup>

This is obviously an important philosophical conclusion, with far-reaching implications. If accepted, it can hardly fail to affect one's theological views. It has been so accepted by the unscientific public, and by the newspapers. One sees editorials dealing with "the modern view of the paucity of life throughout space, and the need to abandon our old idea of life like ours being the purpose of the universe".

The habit in all scientific discussion, of disregarding the possibility of intelligent design back of natural law is so firmly ingrained that it would be interesting to know whether anyone, scientist or layman, has pointed out that this widely accepted conclusion is based solely on the *assumption* that the phenomena were unguided, an assumption that Jeans himself—who is really "on the side of the angels"—has already gone a long way toward overthrowing. Probably he has not yet had time to adjust all his ideas to the implications of his own splendid conclusion that the universe is more like a great thought than anything else.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Mysterious Universe*, page 6.

<sup>2</sup> Students of Theosophy may be interested to note that W. Q. Judge said in the *Path* in 1892: "The universe is thought and is dominated by thought."

Of course, neither Jeans nor anyone else would claim to have the slightest evidence to warrant the statement that the stars are, or were, "blindly wandering" through space. "Blindly" is used without any justification, and yet upon the strength of his own arbitrary exclusion of purpose and guidance from the course of the stars, he reaches an important philosophical conclusion in regard to the purpose, or lack of purpose, of the universe. I am not speaking of the accuracy or inaccuracy of his theory—which some astronomers challenge—but of his manner of arriving at his conclusion, which is typical of the "scientific" method of approaching life, and which is the basis of much of the materialistic philosophy inflicted upon the student at college. If, in place of postulating "blindly wandering", we postulate a purpose in the universe that guides the course of the stars, we do not have to assume wildly improbable "accidents", against which the "chances" are one hundred thousand to one, in Sir James Jeans's own estimate, or one hundred million to one, in that of others. Assume intelligence or design back of the course of the stars, and the orbit of every star may be so designed as to produce planets, so that the universe in fact may "teem with life". If we are to consider the purpose of the universe at all, it is surely only reasonable to assume that that purpose, whatever it may be, must lie back of and determine all things without exception, including the orbit of each star. It then all becomes as simple as for letters mailed in Hong Kong, London and Buenos Ayres to come together on my desk in New York. The "chances" would seem to be rather strongly against that happening, if we exclude intelligence from our "field" and start with the assumption that the letters were "blindly wandering" over the surface of the earth. To this, some astronomers might reply that, there being no evidence of guidance, we are not justified in assuming it. Why, in the complete absence of evidence against guidance, they feel justified in denying it—and to use the word "blindly" is to deny guidance—they will not explain. There is, of course, no more justification for denial without evidence than for assertion without it. There is no virtue in the negative form in itself, yet many scientists, most careful in their positive assertions, are utterly reckless in their denials. The general public, naturally enough, believes these denials to be based on evidence, and is correspondingly deceived. Our concern with scientists, let us say parenthetically, is due to the fact that the great majority of them are teachers at colleges or universities, and that their attitude very largely dominates modern education.

There is, of course, actually a great deal of evidence of intelligent guidance in the universe, evidence entirely convincing to many individual scientists, and certainly ample to justify its consideration as an hypothesis, particularly if the alternative be a theory against which, in the only instance of which we have knowledge, the chances are admittedly so huge.

Most scientists have given up talking about man as "a fortuitous concourse of atoms". Such an hypothesis calls for too much credulity, even for them. But, though obviously everything must be either fortuitous or designed, as scientists they still refuse, whatever their personal beliefs may be, to face the only alternative, which is design by some higher intelligence, by whatever name that

higher intelligence may be called. Fortunately, there are signs of a break-down in this attitude. It is a short step from Sir James Jeans's declaration that to him the universe is more like a thought than anything else, to the realization that a thought requires a Thinker; and not such a very long step from that to conceding that the Mind that thought man and the universe into existence, did not do so in idleness, but with a purpose, a purpose which, in the case of man, it might behove institutions of higher learning to endeavour to discover. At least they might cease to ignore the possibility that such a purpose exists.

So far as I am aware, it is only in the last century that there has been such an anomaly as an educational institution with no philosophy of life, a guide with no knowledge of the goal, or of the road to it, or even of whether or not there be a goal.

"We do not know what we are doing. We do not even know what we are trying to do."

No wonder colleges are having trouble with their superstructure, when they have no idea where or what are their foundations.

Either the universe and human life are in origin spiritual and purposeful, planned and ordered by higher intelligence, or they are not: chaos and chance, or order and design. The method of teaching and of interpreting practically all subjects, Psychology, Biology, History, Economics, Sociology, Astronomy, ought to be radically affected by the answer to that question. As things are, the decision has, in large measure, gone to materialism by default; for, in this case, there is little practical difference between ignoring design and denying it. Belief in the Spirit, in a Divine purpose back of all things, inevitably changes one's entire approach to life, and to every department of knowledge, not excluding art and literature. It becomes the background against which everything is seen. Obviously, if the universe be spiritual, a true standard of values is impossible without recognition of that fact. It behoves every man who comes into the world to make up his mind on that point, and to take his stand accordingly. That, in the last analysis, is the battle of life. In this battle, the colleges ought to be leaders, not spectators on the side-lines, afraid to make up their minds or to take sides, lest they violate "Academic freedom" or appear "unscientific".

We are not advocating sectarianism or dogmatism. May heaven preserve us from either! But it is entirely possible, without being either sectarian or dogmatic, to hold and to teach a spiritual philosophy of life, one that is in accord with the experience of the world throughout the ages, that furnishes an inspiring ideal, a scientific basis for ethics and a sound standard of values; that illumines and explains the events of life and is in harmony with scientific truth and human reason. Apologists for the colleges say that the adoption of any definite philosophy would hamper the search for truth. A layman may perhaps be pardoned for suggesting that if the colleges have been seeking philosophical truth for, let us say, the past fifty years, they ought by now to have found a little and be willing to take their stand on it, or else to change the method of their search to one more productive of results.

Nor are we advocating any infringement of freedom of thought. "There is no religion higher than truth." Every man should be free to believe as his conscience or his mental integrity demands. But surely the preservation of freedom of thought does not require that two men wishing to go in opposite directions should try to row together in the same boat. The attempt to make them do so merely results in the boat going in circles, and is not conducive to progress in any direction. There is no need for all the colleges to come to the same decision, but there is need for each one to make up its mind and take a definite stand, one way or the other, on the main question of whether life and the universe are in essence spiritual or material. By all means let those who hold and who wish to teach a materialistic view of life, have their colleges and teach it, drawing the materialists to their faculties. By their fruits, in time, they would be known.

Then, when once the lines of battle are drawn, perhaps there will be other colleges whose authorities will have faith in the soul and in its high destiny, in honour and nobility as man's heritage and the very essence of his being, faith in the "ancient, beautiful things", convinced that the universe is spiritual and purposeful, and who have the courage and the force of character to take their stand on these principles, and to make them dominate the teaching in their college, as the code of an officer and a gentleman dominates West Point.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

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*He that has character, need have no fear of his condition; character will draw condition after it.*—BEECHER.

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*Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.*—EMERSON.

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*Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness.*—GEORGE WASHINGTON.



# THE GAIETY OF THE SAINTS

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IT has been said that those adventurers who cross Niagara on a tight rope make it a practice to look straight ahead and keep on smiling. Much to the horror of the spectators, but seemingly without detriment to their performance, they may do a deal of teetering, but with eyes right and lips upcurved this in no wise signifies disaster. On the contrary, disaster is presaged by the gravity of consternation. They can stay on the rope as long as the smile stays on them. This smile, we may take it, is not a mere spasm of the *musculus risorius*, but a genuine expression of confidence in their rope, of perfect co-ordination and a conviction of final arrival. But it does not signify by any means that it is a simple matter to cross Niagara on a tight rope.

There is another Niagara and another tight rope, "narrow" as the edge of a razor", which is also trod by smiling experts. "The Gaiety of the Saints" is a phrase which commends itself by its *justesse*, although some of them (or perhaps their biographers) have missed it, or have given undue emphasis to the "passionate austerity" it masks. A gloomy saint should be as much a contradiction in terms as a low-spirited star or a mean flower. A saint's gaiety is fostered by his complete ignorance that he is a saint (imagine his indignant surprise if you called him one), and his complacency is fed from springs untainted by personality. On the other hand, if you take a day off to prove to him that he is only a sinner after all, he will laugh at you, for he knew it all the time. His interest in you is that you should become a saint, and then the secret of his gaiety will be communicated as sunshine communicates itself when you emerge from a tunnel. In the meantime he smiles past you at something beyond you, or away from you at something within. His poised exultance cannot be reproduced by lesser beings. It is not a matter of temperament, though temperament may give it emphasis. It is no facial make-up, and the Cheshire Cat is its antithesis; there is no formula in the law or the prophets save that disclosed in the biggest secret ever told, "the kingdom of heaven is within you".

The gaiety of the saints? It is a phrase we have all heard. It has become a *cliché* even with pedestrian writers on religion, and yet—what about that word "gaiety"? There are so many cheap imitations of it, so many defiant counterfeits, that one is inclined to search the language for something richer, more felicitous, truer to the spirit of the thing. Urbanity? Serenity? Confidence? But a politician is urbane, a cow is serene, a bond-seller is confident. If there were a word to express "exultance-in-leash", we could use that. The qualifying words, "of the saints", may raise it to that significance, for this particular type of gaiety belongs to them, and despite much crackling of thorns under pots, is confined to them.

On the other hand if a thing is true on the spiritual plane, the race responds to its faintest adumbrations all the way down. Perhaps the wild animal spirits

of the empty-headed are the discordant echoes of choiring seraphim? Kittens, including human ones in rompers, combine their gaiety with great charm, while the masquerade parties of Coué and his ilk are at least admissions that, even on the physical plane, it works from inside out. But the road between kitten and seraphim is long and highly experimental.

When we first set ourselves to meditate, we probably call up each fault and say insulting things to it, which seems to act as a tonic. Then, desiring to be fair to ourselves, we call up each virtue—our punctuality, our Christmas stamps, our dislike of burglars, our this and that, and regard the appalling total. Reputable citizens and church goers that we are, in the name of the Trinity we have erred and strayed like lost sheep, and appalled by the chores ahead, we become low in our minds. Then along comes one of these cheerful holy ones to enlighten our darkness, a debonair saint of the Lord, bearing His light burden and His easy yoke.

In Chesterton's *St. Francis d'Assisi*, we learn how one saint achieved gaiety. A citizen cannot be turned into a saint without wastage—there will be odds and ends for the scrap basket; but we are concerned not with the wastage but with the retrieval: the important thing is that there should *be* a saint to show for it, and never mind the snippets. Yet be careful where the scissors slash, perhaps the material we impatiently discard can be turned upside down and used the other way. Slaughter is easier and quicker than retrieval, whether dealing with paper and string, or with cold potatoes, or with souls; but it is wasteful. It is a revelation of right method to watch St. Francis at this work. He turned himself into a disciple, not without the classical reversal of values which is the basis of discipleship, not without pain and discipline, not without denial of his world and withdrawal from it while the refashioning went on, but seemingly without "poverties, wincings and sulky retreats", and without any self-conscious "flap-doodle"—to borrow a word dropped from higher up. He managed in some inscrutable way of his own to cash in his personality and pay it over to the higher self, without the ninety per cent discount which many grimly accept as the rate of exchange. He kept the fire of Kama and actually deflected it to Buddhi, without smoking to Heaven like a boiler factory. As we read we are amazed at the extraordinary adroitness of his retention for the spiritual life of those characteristics which pedestrian piety finds inimical. In a spiritual sense he was a keen man of business—keen like St. Paul. Every drop of the bath water went out and never a sign of the baby. He began to do different things, but he did them in the same way, or he went on doing the same things but did them in a different way. He was naturally impulsive, headlong and passionate, and he quite naturally remained so; but he rushed impulsively about doing good, he hurled himself headlong at every obstacle, and dashed passionately over fences and through walls. Sensitive and refined, he exposed himself to the jeers of the street and to the repudiation of his peers. He was a saint who made the rest of them shudder, a believer who kept the orthodox in a stew of protest, and a lunatic so sane that many writers are ludicrously put to it to account for him at all. They tell about his birds with apologetic smiles—there is an engaging side to soft-

headedness; they dust him off and set him right side up and talk and explain, and all the while this Jongleur of the Lord takes his wise wild way straight through them, paying no heed to the winds of chatter. He harnessed acquired austerity to native gaiety, a fastidious hedonism to harshest poverty, a sensitive pride to holy indifference, and drove them six in hand. "He paraded", says Chesterton, "the holy topsyturveydom of humility and the paradoxes of asceticism." And with it all, oh marvel of marvels, he kept with him that Jonah of the prentice saint, his charm. The dyed-in-the-wool Protestant is apt to hold charm suspect, especially if he has none. He thinks it is a carefully volitional something you turn into small coin with which to pay your way or to buy that cheapest of commodities, personal tribute. If he has no sense of humour, and so many of him have not, he is sure that anything so agreeable must belong to the Black Lodge. But all this is no indictment of charm, and no reason for dismissing it as something the Masters cannot work with. There is every reason to suppose that they are irresistible with it. With all thy getting, get charm. Let it stand high among the skandhas we determine upon, for we cannot afford to exile any fairy angels in this business.

And speaking of fairy angels, it would be worth our while to read or reread Clutton Brock's incomparable essays on the Virâga Gate, called respectively "Spiritual Experience" and "Spirit and Matter". Clutton Brock has perhaps never heard of the Virâga Gate by that name, but he knows much about it. His "fairy angel" so lovingly dwelt upon (use your own name for it, God, if you like), is the source and goal of all other-world consciousness; it is that which sings eternally, but generally unheeded or denied, in the heart of things—in our hearts. Many say there is no such singing, it is just a poetical fallacy; but they are uneasy, for something tells them now and then, even the loudest of them, that they lie in their throats. So they haunt noisy places and drown the singing, for a tomtom is less disturbing than a lark. The artists (especially the myth-makers) are such by reason of their more or less vague intuition that there is such an angel somewhere. The scientists deny it (not necessarily the existence of God, but the expression of him through fairy angels), and everybody else trots about and believes a little of everything and nothing much of anything. There is one far-off divine event to which the whole creation intermittently crawls. This is called, especially in the intermittencies, evolution.

Theosophy gives us blessed and beautiful words by which to trace things and lift them from vagueness. It would seem that the fairy angel is singing for us all on the further side of what we know as the Virâga Gate. All life and all art, strain and agonize to catch and translate the distorted echoes of that eternal music. We ask, "what does it say," "what is it all about"? If a note rings true we say with wistful bewilderment, "he must have been some sort of mystic". The cathedral builder of old must have been some sort of mystic because he was some sort of lover. No consciousness can render unto us that which it has not, no stream can rise higher than its source.

The student of Theosophy is taught at the beginning, and learns after many days, that there can be no *sustained* spiritual consciousness on the wrong side

of the Virâga Gate. Time and again the strong hands of our leaders have forced us through, and for an hour—a day—we breathed that air. Then we saw Lucifer shining among the gods; then our Manicheisms (dismissed from the intellect but persisting in the blood) slipped from us; then that which is secret was made manifest. Though we fell back to our old rôle, in and out of the Gates like puppies at a fair, we can never again blaspheme with our denials; for it happened. When the placated heart comes home, the universe is home and heaven is heaven all the way; universals and particulars have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. If we could but stay there we should be taken care of, for this is but the beginning of wisdom, and there are other Gates.

Clutton Brock says, "Actual spiritual experience begins with the sense of beauty. In that we are first aware of the universal and see it indissolubly linked with the particular." For that we must cultivate the eye that is incapable of tears, the ear that has lost its sensitiveness, the voice that cannot wound—the senses of the inner man.

L. S.

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*Because all those scattered rays of beauty and loveliness which we behold spread up and down over all the world, are only the emanations of that inexhausted light which is above; therefore should we love them all in that, and climb up always by those sunbeams unto the eternal Father of lights.*—DR. JOHN SMITH (1618—1652).

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*The needful thing is not that we abate, but that we consecrate, the interests and affections of our life.*—MARTINEAU.

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*Not Revelation 'tis that waits  
But our unfurnished eyes.*—EMILY DICKINSON.

# MAHAYANA BUDDHISM

## IV. THE TRIKAYA

*Entering the Cloud of the Law, the Bodhisattva reaches the world of the Tathagata, where the flowers of the Samadhis are in bloom. Then, in order to bring all beings to maturity, he shines like the moon in water, with varieties of rays of transformation.—*  
LANKAVATARA SUTRA.

THE Third Fragment of *The Voice of the Silence* describes "the Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of Perfection", whose nature becomes *Compassion Absolute*.

"Om! I believe it is not all the Arhats that get of the Nirvanic Path the sweet fruition."

"Om! I believe that the Nirvana-Dharma is entered not by all the Buddhas."

"Yea; on the Arya Path thou art no more Srotapatti; thou art a Bodhisattva. The stream is cross'd. 'Tis true thou hast a right to Dharmakaya vesture; but Sambhogakaya is greater than a Nirvanee, and greater still is a Nirmanakaya—the Buddha of Compassion."

In a footnote, Madame Blavatsky comments:

Popular reverence calls "Buddhas of Compassion" those Bodhisattvas who, having reached the rank of an Arhat (i.e., having completed the *fourth* or *seventh* Path), refuse to pass into the Nirvanic state or "don the *Dharmakaya* robe and cross to the other shore", as it would then become beyond their power to assist men even so little as Karma permits. They prefer to remain invisibly (in Spirit, so to speak) in the world, and contribute towards men's salvation by influencing them to follow the Good Law, i.e. lead them on the Path of Righteousness. . . . The three Buddhist bodies or forms are styled: (a) *Nirmanakaya*, (b) *Sambhogakaya*, (c) *Dharmakaya*. The first is that ethereal form which one would assume when, leaving his physical, he would appear in his astral body—having in addition all the knowledge of an Adept. The Bodhisattva develops it in himself as he proceeds on the Path. Having reached the goal and refused its fruition, he remains on Earth as an Adept; and when he dies, instead of going into Nirvana, he remains in that glorious body he has woven for himself, invisible to uninitiated mankind, to watch over and protect it. . . . *Sambhogakaya* is the same, but with the additional lustre of "three perfections", one of which is entire obliteration of all earthly concerns. . . . The *Dharmakaya* body is that of a complete Buddha, i.e. no body at all, but an ideal breath: Consciousness merged in the Universal Consciousness, or Soul devoid of every attribute. Once a Dharmakaya, an Adept or Buddha leaves behind every possible relation with, or thought for, this earth. Thus, to be enabled to help humanity, an Adept who has won the right to Nirvana "renounces the *Dharmakaya* body" in mystic parlance; keeps, of the *Sambhogakaya*, only the great and complete knowledge, and remains in his *Nirmanakaya* body. The esoteric school teaches that Gautama Buddha, with several of his Arhats, is such a *Nirmanakaya*, higher than whom, on account of the great renunciation and sacrifice for mankind, there is none known (pp. 75-77).

The doctrine of the Trikaya (the three bodies) is one expression of the Bodhisattva Doctrine. It seems to have been most completely formulated by Asanga, the founder of the Yogacharya School, although its elements are present in the Mahayana from the beginning. Without doubt, it is one of the most abstruse conceptions in the Northern canon. Orientalists have been more than usually mystified by the truths for which it stands; and many of the exoteric Buddhist interpretations are obscure and confused.

This is natural enough, for the Mahayana philosophers themselves read more than one meaning in the Trikaya. It had the special signification indicated by Madame Blavatsky; but also it was used as a general key to the "occult world". Only an occultist can be expected really to understand its deeper sense. Thus, in one of its most important aspects, the Trikaya doctrine suggests the analogy between the spiritual forces consciously controlled by the Chêla or Arhat, and the formative power in Nature which builds the Universe.

Like the Christian Trinity, the Buddhist Trikaya illustrates a fundamental datum of mystical science, that the evolution of the Universe, as well as of man, is a three-fold process, although that which evolves is in reality not a triad but an indivisible unity. Every great religion contains in some form the postulate that the One Self of all beings, the Godhead, contains within itself three discrete but perfectly interblended potencies or *logoi*: "Three in One, and One in Three". It is apparent, therefore, that the Trikaya is neither more nor less difficult to comprehend than the Trinity. It is based upon a similar "revelation", that is, upon a similar mystical experience. For those who can find in their consciousness no analogue of this experience, the Trikaya and the Trinity must be completely unintelligible, even if they be outwardly accepted as articles of faith.

Some will ask what purpose can be served by reflection upon a concept as transcendental as this. It is a leading question, but we need not despair of an answer. The lover of truth is not depressed but stimulated by the realization that there are things in the Universe which he does not yet know. One of the characteristic defects of the modern spirit is its aversion to mystery, its indifference to the data of mystical experience. Even if we consider the Trikaya only as an abstraction, like a mathematical formula, its beauty should lead us to surmise its truth. As Madame Blavatsky wrote in the *Theosophical Glossary* (s. v. *Nirmanakaya*): "Whatever objection may be brought forward against this doctrine; however much it is denied,—no one will be bold enough to say that this idea of helping suffering mankind at the price of one's own almost interminable self-sacrifice, is not one of the grandest and noblest that was ever evolved from human brain."

Therefore, pronouncing a vow of intellectual humility and recognizing our feeble mental capacity, let us approach the Trikaya doctrine as the Mahayana philosophers approached it. As they conceived and represented it, there is the Trikaya in the Universe and there is the Trikaya in man. They recognized that the two are separable only in our human thought, for in the Real World, macrocosm and microcosm are one. But on the planes where duality is apparent, the

"three forms" of human nature are imagined to be distinct from, though continuous with, the "three forms" of Cosmic Nature.

As regards the macrocosmic Trikaya, we read in the *Theosophical Glossary*:

[The Trikaya doctrine], once understood, explains the mystery of every triad or trinity, and is a true key to every three-fold metaphysical symbol. In its most simple and comprehensive form it is found in the human Entity in its triple division into spirit, soul, and body, and in the universe, regarded pantheistically, as a unity composed of a Deific, purely spiritual Principle, Supernal Beings—its direct rays—and Humanity. The origin of this is found in the teachings of the prehistoric Wisdom Religion, or Esoteric Philosophy. The grand Pantheistic ideal, of the unknown and unknowable Essence being transformed first into subjective, and then into objective matter, is at the root of all these triads and triplets. Thus we find in philosophical Northern Buddhism (1) Adi-Buddha (or Primordial Universal Wisdom); (2) the Dhyani-Buddhas (or Bodhisattvas); (3) the Manushi (Human) Buddhas. In European conceptions we find the same: God, Angels and Humanity symbolized theologically by the God-Man. . . . "Bodhi being the characteristic of a Buddha"—a distinction was made between "essential Bodhi" as the attribute of the Dharmakaya, i.e. "essential body"; "reflected Bodhi" as the attribute of Sambhogakaya; and "practical Bodhi" as the attribute of Nirmanakaya . . . (1) the Nirmanakaya vesture is preferred by the "Buddhas of Compassion" to that of the Dharmakaya state, precisely because the latter precludes him who attains it from any communication or relation with the finite, i.e. with humanity; (2) it is not Buddha (Gautama, the mortal man, or any other personal Buddha) who lives ubiquitously in "three different spheres at the same time", but Bodhi, the universal and abstract principle of divine Wisdom. . . . It is Bodhi, or the spirit of Buddhahood which, having resolved itself into its primordial, homogeneous essence and merged into it, as Brahmā (the universe) merges into Parabrahm, the *Absoluteness*—that is meant under the name of "essential Bodhi". For the Nirvanee, or Dhyani-Buddha, must be supposed—by living in Arupadhatu, the *formless* state, and in Dharmakaya—to be that "essential Bodhi" itself. It is the Dhyani-Bodhisattvas, the primordial rays of the universal Bodhi, who live in "reflected Bodhi" in Rupadhatu, or the world of subjective "forms"; and it is the Nirmanakayas (plural) who upon ceasing their lives of "practical Bodhi" . . . remain voluntarily in the Kamadhatu (the world of desire), whether in objective forms on earth or in subjective states in its sphere (art. "Trikaya", "Trisharana").

In *The Secret Doctrine*, certain groups of the *Manasaputras*, who awaken humanity to real Self-consciousness, are identified with "Nirmanakayas" from other Manvantaras" or world-cycles. They are described as the spirits of "great Sages from spheres on a higher plane than our own, who voluntarily incarnate in mortal bodies in order to help the human race in its upward progress" (ed. 1893; II, 98, 673).

The essentials of this theosophical conception of the universal Triyana as the three-fold Logos can be discovered in the Mahayana. In this aspect, the Dharmakaya of the scriptures is Divine Nature, the "Real of the Real", the form of Truth, the Substance of both Spirit and Matter, "the essence of Buddhahood", "the norm of all existences". It is one with Bhutatathata, the basis of Being, and is at the same time self-existent as the unmanifested archetype or model of every form and every state of consciousness. It is synonymous with Nirvana and with Vairochana Buddha, the consummation of perfect wisdom and perfect purity.

The Sambhogakaya, "the body of compensation", is an object of worship for

the "Pure Land" sect in Japan, the devotees of Amida or Amitabha, the Lord of the Western Paradise. This majestic figure has been greatly vulgarized. In its origin it appears to have been the creative and living Light which is emanated by the Dharmakaya. An earlier designation of the "Second Person" of the Buddhist Trinity is Nishyanda, which means "out-flowing". Nishyanda is the energy that converts potentiality into potency. As the *Lankavatara Sutra* says, the Nishyanda Buddha "matures the conditions of all beings". It is the Good Law which brings creatures to birth in the Real World, or—what is the same thing—it is the assemblage of the Buddhas, "the Lords of Karma", who embody the Good Law. The Dharmakaya is "illuminated instantly by the radiance which streams from the Nishyanda". Thus the "body of recompense" is the light shining in darkness. It is the mediator between the created form and its uncreated essence. It is the beacon which makes manifest the Path.

The Nirmanakaya, in the broadest sense, is real individual being. It is a ray or emanation or specific embodiment of the Sambhogakaya. As Dr. McGovern states: "The Nirmanakaya is of two classes, which are called (in Japanese) the *Ōjin* and *Keshin*. . . . The *Ōjin* is identical in essence with the Sambhogakaya, no distinction can be made between the two; the *Keshin* is merely a man in whom the spirit of the universal Buddha dwells, inspiring his teaching and elevating his personality" (*Introduction to Mahayana Buddhism*, p. 90). According to this definition, the Japanese, *Ōjin*, seems to be the equivalent of the Sanskrit, *Mahatma*, a Great Soul.

The general principles underlying these vast conceptions are not peculiar to Mahayana Buddhism. There is a truly remarkable parallelism between Nishyanda Buddha and the Logos of the Fourth Gospel. Also, the order and attributes of the Trikaya are reproduced, often in detail, in the system of Plotinus, the "three bodies" corresponding to the One Self (*to hen*), Spirit (*nous*), and Soul (*psyche*). In each case, the spiritual or "subjective" Universe is emanated by a hidden and ineffable Principle, and the "Higher Ego" of man is, in turn, the radiation or offspring of the spiritual Universe.

When we pass from the Universe to man, however, the Trikaya doctrine assumes a form which is quite unique. Certainly the orthodox Christian dogma of the Trinity offers nothing comparable to the Nirmanakaya ideal, although the life and passion of Christ illustrate perfectly what "practical Bodhi" implies, and every Christian saint who longs to share his Master's suffering, actually aspires to the Nirmanakaya state.

The "three forms" in man do not change their order, the Dharmakaya being still the "highest" and the Nirmanakaya the "lowest". "To don the Dharmakaya robe" is to enter Nirvana, the supreme personal attainment. The Sambhogakaya is the possession of one who has earned supreme and enduring bliss and who dwells in the highest Heaven. The Nirmanakaya, "the body of transformation", is an exile in the world of desire, subject to change and suffering. The ultimate goal of all beings is always conscious, complete self-identification with the Dharmakaya, Nirvana; but it is the purpose of true Buddhism that all, or as many as possible, should accomplish this supreme transmutation. The



right to enter a certain kind of Nirvana can be earned for oneself alone, but he who takes advantage of it loses the power to help others. So far as the rest of mankind is concerned, he is, indeed, "annihilated". Similarly he who rests in the bliss of the Sambhogakaya obliterates the cares of humanity from his consciousness. The Arhat who renounces Nirvana and becomes a Nirmanakaya, alone remains accessible to those who seek him. He "shines like the moon in water, with varieties of rays of transformation", each ray assuming a form designed to awaken the "Buddha-heart" within the nature of the particular mortal whom it overshadows. Thus, Dharmakaya and Sambhogakaya, as spiritual states, as ideal "forms", and as *logoi*, are revered, but the Nirmanakaya, as a living Buddha of Compassion, is loved.

The last stages of the Bodhisattva's initiation are concerned with his self-conversion into a Nirmanakaya. Inevitably they are immeasurably beyond our comprehension, as remote from our daily round as the Wars of the Gods and Titans. However, quite apart from the discoverable analogies between divine and human sacrifices and renunciations, we can admit light and air into our stuffy little minds, if we sincerely try to meditate upon the beauty and splendour of these distant events.

The initiation of the Bodhisattva is frequently described as a passage or ascent through the ten *bhumis* or "earths", that is, through ten spheres of consciousness. The *bhumis* correspond, in a general way, to the *paramitas*. The first six, as given in the *Daśa-bhūmika-sūtra*, are *pramudita* (joyful), *vimāla* (pure), *prabhakari* (luminous), *arcishmati* (radiant), *sudurjaya* (hard-to-conquer), *abhimukhi* (face-to-face); and these are respectively correlated with *dāna*, *śīla*, *kṣanti*, *vīrya*, *dhyāni*, *prajña*. These six are open to all men. The Hīnayāna devotee, who seeks personal liberation and bliss, can attain the stage where he sees certain realities "face-to-face". In other words, the Sravaka can become an Arhat or Adept by accepting a long and arduous course in self-discipline and ascetic practice. He can exercise the right of choice, pertaining to the status which he gains, and can enter Nirvana or Paradise. It is then said of him that, though liberated from the gross body of egotism, he is still bound by its subtle or "causal" form. "Intoxicated with the wine of the *samādhis*, he cherishes the idea of Nirvanic beatitude, and as this is possible at the sixth stage, he passes into his Nirvana, but it is not the Nirvana of the Buddhas."

The Bodhisattva who reaches the sixth *bhūmi*, is really at the threshold of his true initiation. His whole procedure has, however, been marked by the spirit of self-dedication, from the beginning of the way, for in the first stage (the joyful), he pronounced his great vows to serve the Buddhas for ever in their work for mankind, and he has continuously appealed to the Buddhas for aid and guidance. At the moment of his choice between bliss and sacrifice, the power of the Buddhas whom he invokes enters into him, re-enforcing his human will and aspiration. Without the Master's help at this crucial moment, he would fail.

Whatever the Bodhisattva accomplishes . . . is done by the power of the Buddhas which sustains him. If the Bodhisattva could speak intelligently without being sus-

tained by that power, the ignorant would also speak intelligently. If it be sustained thereby, the Universe with its grasses, shrubs, trees, and mountains, . . . all will become music. How much more conscious beings. The deaf, the dumb, the blind will be emancipated from their defects. . . . Mahamati asked, Why do the Tathagatas sustain the Bodhisattva? . . . The Blessed One replied: It is to keep him from the evil one and from evil passions; it is to keep him from falling into the blissful Dhyana of the Sravakas [Hinayana disciples]; it is to lead him towards the self-realization of the Tathagata-stage; to make him grow in the virtues already acquired. If he be not thus sustained, he will not be enlightened in the Supreme Enlightenment (*Lankavatara Sutra*).

We read in the *Avatamsaka-sutra*, or in the *Daṣa-bhumika-sutra*, that up to the seventh stage the Bodhisattva has endeavoured not to be affected or contaminated by a life of evil passions, but has not yet been able to go beyond it. He is like a great king who goes about riding on a fine elephant. He knows thus that there are many poverty-stricken people in his country, but he himself has no fear of becoming one of these unhappy creatures. He is quite free indeed from such contamination, but he cannot be said to be a super-man who has passed beyond the frailty of a mortal being. He can attain to this transcendental state only by abandoning his kingly position and being born in the Brahman world, where, enveloped in the celestial light, he looks down at thousands of worlds and freely walks among them (D. T. Suzuki: *Studies in the Lankavatara Sutra*, p. 224).

The last four *bhumis* correspond to the four supplementary *paramitas*, the amplifications of *prajña* or wisdom.

The seventh *bhumi* is *durangama* (far-going). "The *Mahayana sutralankara* explains that this *bhumi* is so-called because it leads to the end of the only Way, the consummation of the Discipline. A Bodhisattva now acquires great wisdom in the choice of expedients for helping others. . . . He attains liberation, but does not realize personal *nirvana*. He enters the great ocean of Buddha-knowledge. . . . He especially cultivates the paramita 'upaya-kausalya' [skilful means] without neglecting the others" (Har Dayal: *The Bodhisattva Doctrine in Buddhist Sanskrit Literature*, p. 290).

The eighth *bhumi*, *acala* or *achala* (the immovable) is especially associated with *pranidhana paramita* (resolution). It is personified as the "Destroyer of Evil Passions". In this stage, the Bodhisattva acquires "divine patience" (*anutpattika-dharma-kshanti*), the readiness to be born in the world, though he has passed beyond the necessity of birth. "He is then as detached as the sky and descends upon all objects as upon an empty space. This is 'divine patience' " (*Daṣa-bhumika-sutra*).

The ninth *bhumi* (*sadhumati*) is "the stage of good being or good thought". It is characterized by the *paramita* of power (*bala*), by wisdom in action.

The tenth is called *dharma-megha* (the Cloud of the Law). It is the Perfection of Knowledge (*jñana*), and its name signifies that "it is pervaded by the modes of Concentration and by magic spells, as space is occupied by clouds". It is the borderland of the veritable Buddha-world.

The Fourth Chapter of the *Lankavatara Sutra* concludes with a summary of this teaching of the *bhumis*:

The first seven stages are still of the mind, but the eighth is imageless, the ninth and tenth have still something whereon to rest themselves; the highest stage of all belongs

to Me. Self-realization and absolute purity—this stage is my own; it is the highest station of Maheshvara, the Supreme Lord, the Akanistha Heaven shining brightly [upon the worlds of form]. Its rays of light move forward like a mass of fire; bright-coloured, charming and auspicious, they transform the triple world. Some worlds are being transformed and others are transformed already; [according to the need] I preach the various vehicles which belong to my stage. But from the absolute point of view, these stages are all one. . . . What gradation can there be where imagelessness prevails?

When the Bodhisattva transcends the eighth stage, he begins the fashioning of a spiritual vehicle, the *manomayakaya* or "will-body". The *manomayakaya* may be compared to the *manomaya kosha* of the Vedanta (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 181). As Dr. Suzuki points out, it seems to be a name or form of the Nirmanakaya.

By *manomaya* is meant the power to move about as speedily and unobstructedly as one wills. [The *manomayakaya* is] like the mind that moves without obstacles over mountains, walls, rivers and trees, even beyond many hundred thousands of *yojanas*, by merely thinking of objects seen previously, with its own thought continuously and uninterruptedly working regardless of the limitations of the body. When the *Manomayakaya* is obtained in the realization of the Samadhi known as *Mayopama* [Maya-like], one acquires the ten Powers, the ten-fold Self-mastery, and the six Psychic Faculties, is adorned with the distinguishing marks, and born in the family of Holy Path. Thinking of the objects of his original vow to bring all beings to maturity, the Bodhisattva moves about among them without hindrance as the mind moves. . . . Entering the Samadhis, the Bodhisattva acquires a body which exhibits various powers of Self-mastery and supernatural activity, which moves according to his wish as quickly as a flower opens, which resembles Maya, a dream, and a reflected image, and which is not a product of the elements but has something analogous to what is produced by the elements, which is furnished with all the differentiation belonging to the world of forms and yet is able to be present at all assemblages in the Buddha-lands. This is the body which has a thorough knowledge of the self-nature of the Real (*Dharma*) and for this reason is called will-body. . . . My Mahayana [in itself] is neither a vehicle, nor a sound, nor words. . . . Yet the Mahayana is a vehicle bearing the Samadhis, charged with creative potency; the several forms of the will-body are adorned with the flowers of the sovereign will. . . . As the Bodhisattva perceives that all things are appearances and non-entities, there takes place a revulsion in the recesses of his consciousness. He is now adorned with flowers, . . . moves as quickly as thought itself; and the body attained is like the reflection of the moon in water or like an image in a mirror (*Lankavatara Sutra*).

This will-body is said to undergo an "inconceivable-transformation-death" (*acintya-parinama-cyuti*). There are "two kinds of death. . . . in the life of a Bodhisattva. The first is the natural death happening to his physical body which is acquired as the result of his past karma committed through his evil passions and outflowings. . . . The other is 'inconceivable-transformation-death'. This happens to the subtle body of a Bodhisattva which he assumes as the consequence of his karma and intellectual hindrance which has not yet been thoroughly destroyed. The life-limit of this super-material body is indefinite as it depends upon the original vows of the Bodhisattva. If his compassionate heart makes him wish to live eternally among mortal beings in order to save the last one, he may live in this body until then" (D. T. Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 212). It is

significant that personal immortality, as here conceived, is described as an "inconceivable-transformation-death". One recalls the simple affirmation of Paul the Initiate: "I die daily".

The Mahayana mystics are careful not to lapse into hard and fast definitions. The Bodhisattva who becomes a Nirmanakaya is exalted in esteem above the Nirvanee who chooses the Dharmakaya state. But the Nirmanakaya is itself an emanation or manifestation of the universal Buddha, the "form" of the Dharmakaya which is "essential Bodhi". Moreover, the Nirmanakaya is not regarded as a fixed "impersonation", a permanent "self". There are as many transformations of the Nirmanakaya as there are occasions for its manifestation. When the Buddha addresses an Adept, he does not assume the form which he adopts when he appears in the world of unregenerate men. Thus we read in the *Suvarna-prabhasa*:

O son of good family, the Tathagata has a Triple Body. . . . When the Tathagata was of old disciplining himself, he practised all kinds of virtue for the sake of sentient beings. The discipline reached its perfection, and by virtue of the discipline he attained the state of freedom; and because of this freedom he knows how to follow the course of the minds of all beings, how to be in accord with their conduct, and how to enter into their worlds. He understands all the multifarious ways in which they are living, and for this reason he appears to them in a variety of forms precisely when and where it is most opportune for them to come into his presence. He never makes mistakes in this respect, as to time or space, as to conduct or discourse. This body thus assumed is the Body of Transformation [practical Bodhi].

O son of good family, all the Buddhas and Tathagatas preach the ultimate truth to the Bodhisattvas in order to make them thoroughly conversant with the Nature of things, to make them see the oneness of Nirvana and Samsara, to make the hearts of sentient beings rejoice by wiping them clear from all fears arising from the thought of an ego. . . . The Body of the Tathagata appears bearing the thirty-two marks of a great personality, . . . enveloped in a great halo. That is the Body of Response [reflected Bodhi, "the Light of the Logos"].

O son of good family, in order to clear away all the possible hindrances arising from evil passions and other things, and to conserve all that is good, [the Great Teacher] is the Essence of things [Essential Bodhi]: this is known as the Dharmakaya. The first two Bodies are temporarily discriminated, while the third is true reality, being the root of the other two. For when severed from the Essence of things and from real knowledge, all the Buddhas cease to have virtues of their own. The state of Immaculate Buddhahood is attained only when the knowledge that constitutes the essence of all the Buddhas is realized, thereby ending all evil passions for ever. Therefore the Reality of things and the knowledge of Reality contain in themselves all that constitutes Buddhahood.

There is no contradiction between this passage and the statement in *The Voice of the Silence*, that the Nirmanakaya is greater than Sambhogakaya and Dharmakaya. The Dharmakaya of the scripture just quoted is Divine Nature; it is not the "robe" of the selfish Nirvanee who destroys in himself the very memory of human suffering.

The time will come even to those who speak evil of the Bodhisattvayana when through the power (*adhishthana*) of the Buddhas they finally embrace the Mahayana and by amassing stock of merit enter into Nirvana, for the Buddhas are always working for the

benefit of all beings no matter what they are. But as for the Bodhisattva he never enters into Nirvana as he has a deep insight into the nature of things which are already in Nirvana even as they are (D. T. Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 220).

The great error of the selfish devotee, as the Mahayana conceives it, is that he sees Nirvana primarily as release from personal suffering. He contrasts it with what is called Samsara (the wheel of birth-and-death). But this Nirvana or state of passive life is only the opposite of active life.

So long as dualism is adhered to, there is no [true] Nirvana, no self-realization. Light and shadow, long and short, black and white—they are mutually related; when they stand alone, each by itself, they have no meaning. So with Nirvana. When it is sought after in relation to Samsara, we have a sort of Nirvana. But this kind vanishes when separated from the condition of mutuality in which it exists. True Nirvana is that which is realized in the oneness of Nirvana and Samsara. . . . Mahayana followers strive to realize this kind of Nirvana (D. T. Suzuki, *op. cit.*, p. 129).

The Bodhisattva who exercises "divine patience" may be withdrawn from the domain of the senses, deep in contemplation and outwardly passive; or he may be incarnate and active, sharing the "birth-and-death" of mortals: in both conditions he is in the true Nirvana which transcends all duality, all pairs of opposites. In this conception of the true Nirvana, it would seem that the "flight of the Mahayana" reaches its highest point. The life to which it points is called "purposeless". The Bodhisattva can execute the designs and purposes of Divine Nature, because he has no design, no purpose for himself. "Not for himself, but for the world he lives."

Through his ten never-ending vows the Bodhisattva will bring all beings to maturity. Manifesting himself in various forms in response to the needs of all beings, he will never know where to rest from his task; and yet his mind is always abiding in the state of Self-realization and in the enjoyment of perfect meditation (*Lankavatara Sutra*).

STANLEY V. LADOW.

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*One came to the Master and said: How shall I be delivered from the wheel of Birth and Death? And the Master replied: Who puts you under restraint?—SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.*

# NOBLESSE OBLIGE

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IN their overthrow of what the past had built with toil and pain, our times prompt many questions. Two are these: Why does the virtue of nations always decline, despite the efforts of their great men? Why do the masses always reject their Saviours? To seek the answers leads us into fertile fields.

Progress must be cyclic. Nations rise and fall. Virtue among men waxes and wanes; and in human history the deepest need calls forth the highest response, for the aristocratic principle that moves the great of soul is this: that the good of the many and the weak must be won by the self-sacrifice of the few and the strong. So Krishna tells Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gita*, "I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness." In the parable of the vineyard, it was when the husbandmen had turned against his servants that the lord of the vineyard sent his son. The great Lodge of Masters must work against the tides. It is the world's rejection of its Saviours that brings them to manifestation and to our knowledge. When they are not rejected, they can do their work in the silence of the inner world.

There is another way of approaching these questions, which may serve to bring out facts that it is well to keep in mind. The aristocratic principle is imbedded in the spiritual hierarchy and is basic in life itself; for life is the meeting of two currents, the descent from above and the ascent from beneath, and each of these is moved by sacrifice compelled by love. Without such sacrifice no life can endure.

Virtue and virility are derived from the same root, from the Latin *vir*, a man. However different their connotations have become, each means, in its origin, the quality of manliness,—the quality that makes man man, and humanity human. What is this quality? Man bridges two worlds, the animal and the spiritual, sharing in both. In his own being he is both particular and universal, both separate, and one with all that is. He is an animal, having all the needs of an animal; but incapable of being satisfied by their satisfaction. He is an organism; but an organism that possesses a very remarkable faculty,—the ability to transcend itself in furtherance of interests that appear diametrically opposed to those of its separate existence. It is to this capacity and need for self-transcendence that both virtue and virility point. Each implies the exercise of the characteristic power of the *vir* to reach out to potencies and values that far surpass his personal self, in a devotion that so dominates the animal organism as to enable it to deny and sacrifice itself, even to the laying down of its life. It is a power of heroic self-giving, whereby the sense of self is either changed or lost, is either dropped from consciousness or is lifted above the limitations of the per-

sonality and attached to the purposes of the spirit. As in Greek mythology the heroes are presented as demigods, born of the union of gods and men, so does this capacity of heroism in man's nature—without which neither virtue nor virility have meaning—testify to the presence there of the supernature of the spirit, and to man's power to rise above nature in his hold upon supernature. Where this power is not claimed, man becomes less than man. Where it is exercised, he becomes something more. All growth is sacrifice and self-transcendence. The activity that is not self-transcendent is but the fermentation of decay.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." But to receive it there must be the reaching up from below,—a response to what descends from above. This response must be made by the individual. The mass, as mass, cannot rise above itself. That is the power of the individual, for of all men the hero is the most individual; and though from him the contagion of self-abnegation can spread like fire through a mob, it is at his flame that they kindle. Thus nations live by the virtue of their heroes; and this is true in every field, in literature and art, in philosophy and government and war, no less than in religion. Let us remember this, and remember, too, that heroism rises from self-forgetting hero-worship.

Physicists tell us that all things flow from higher to lower levels, unless external work be done upon them. That is what they call the second law of thermodynamics. In popular restatements of it, the qualifying proviso is usually omitted, turning a partial truth into something wholly false. Thus it is said that water runs down hill, as though that were a self-evident and complete truth. But water could never run down hill unless it had somehow, first, got up hill. Patently, it must run both up and down hill, if it is for long to continue doing either. The running down can be but one half of the cycle, of which the running up is the other. Both halves of this cycle lie equally within our experience; for we know not only the rain and the rivers, but also the evaporation that forms the clouds, and the way moisture is drawn up through the soil from buried reservoirs. One half of the cycle is a mass phenomenon, tumultuous and noisy, and so attracts attention; the other half is silent and, wrought in finest subdivision, is usually invisible. Turn on the bath-tub tap, and we hear and see the splashing of the stream as it falls from the faucet. Let a towel, hanging on the side of the tub, dip into the water, and you neither see nor hear the water rise, but in time the whole towel is wet, and the water, rising in it through capillary attraction, begins to siphon down upon the floor. It had to flow up before it could flow down; and this is as true of the rain and the streams. They tell us of their opposites, of the slanting rays of the sun resting on the lakes and oceans, and the silent yielding of the surface water to their drawing power. In the mass, truly, water flows down hill; but in its finer forms, touched by the sun's rays, stirred and absorbed by the air, it can obey another law than that which holds the mass.

It is well for us that this is so, for our very existence depends upon it. Some day some imaginative scientist will depict the end of life upon the earth through the failure of water to respond to sun and air, or to do anything but run down hill, as it is said to do. It would be a striking parable. Suppose that in man's mad

greed to claim for himself all the wealth and resources of the earth, some one of the many wells he drives for oil should yield a flow, too great for his control, which poured down into the sea. Suppose it spread there as a thin, invisible film, till all the seven seas were covered with it, separating the water from the air and preventing evaporation. Nothing visible is changed, only the very surface of the sea has been touched; but no longer will any water rise above the level of the mass, nor act counter to the pull of gravitation and the inertia that holds the mass. No clouds form. The climate changes. The air, containing no moisture, ceases to shield the earth from the burning of the sun's rays, or to temper the arctic cold of night. Vegetation vanishes, and the surface of the earth becomes a frozen desert, where life is impossible. The end of mankind has come,—through his own greed,—through the second law of thermodynamics (as popularly stated) having been made true.

Let us quote once again from the *Gîta*, and then draw the moral and the lesson for ourselves. "Beings are nourished by food, food is produced by rain, rain comes from sacrifice. . . . He who, sinfully delighting in the gratification of his passions, doth not cause this wheel, thus already set in motion, to continue revolving, liveth in vain, O son of Pritha."

In actual fact the end of men and nations comes very much as we have fancied might come the end of the world. From the dark depths of the lower nature, released by selfishness and lust and greed, there spreads a film that shuts out the action of the spiritual sun and air. There are no longer those who hear the call to self-transcendence and who respond to it, in the heroic self-abnegation that rises above nature to supernature. The cycle, "already set in motion", is not continued; and the man or nation, living thus "in vain", ceases soon to live at all.

There is nothing, in all the worlds or all of life, more important than the continuance of this cycle,—for it is life itself. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." Who are they that lift the gifts again, that they may again descend to nourish and sustain mankind?

The Theosophical Movement exists for the maintenance of this cycle. As it has received, so must it give back,—or else fail, and betray both the Masters who founded it and the world for which it was founded. It is only from the surface of the sea that evaporation can take place. It is said that in its ceaseless motion every particle in the ocean is lifted for a time to the surface, into contact with the light and air, and then, if it fail to respond to them, sinks again into the depths. But to each comes its moment of opportunity to yield itself to the drawing of the sun, and to rise free into the heavens.



# WINTER THOUGHTS

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*Seek emptiness of self. Seek stillness.*

*All things manifest themselves and then return.*

*When the plant has blossomed, it returns to the root.*

*The return to the root is called stillness.*—TAO-TEH-KING.

ALL night long the snow fell. This morning it lies deep on the fields. The branches of the apple trees are outlined heavily with white, and seem covered with blossoms as by some miraculous flowering such as we read of in the lives of the saints. How silent it is! The silence can be felt, thick, heavy like a pall of white velvet, like a robe of ermine. One can, indeed, hear the thin, sharp sound of icicles cracking on the eaves, and the snapping and rustle of the fire on the hearth; sounds like delicate embroideries upon the rich mantle, like beads of foam upon the depths.

The earth is buried, the brooks are frozen, the black branches are bare. But no! as I look out of the window, I see upon the lilac twigs small tight buds already swelling, persistent, fed by the continuing sap of life, and under all this pall of snow the earth is full of roots and seeds and living fires. In the silence and withdrawal there is the most intense concentration, the greatest activity. Deep in the atom all the potentialities and forms are gathered.

If one could see into the mineral, one would be dazzled by concentrated fire. If one's gaze could penetrate the dark mould into the tiny bulb of the crocus, one would see an alembic of forces, a laboratory of transformations. In its miniature cycle from bulb to saffron cup, one can look upon the rhythm of the universe, pralaya and manvantara, inbreathing and outbreathing, nirvana and manifestation, induction and deduction, winter and summer, and life and death united in continuous being. But conscious immortality is not yet born in the plant. Conscious immortality is a work of art, the "Great Work".

Looking out upon this "infinite eloquence in silence", I remember a magnificent Japanese painting of the thirteenth century, which represents a Buddha, white and luminous, sitting upon a white lotus. His hands are joined in the gesture signifying his intention of revealing Truth. He is surrounded by an orb of pure white flame.

"Is it the disk of the moon, that, fed by the damps of Autumn, has put forth luminous beams? Or is it the embodied presence of Light that is sitting on yonder seat?"

This is Maha-Vairochana, the Great Illuminator, represented in the art of Shingon Buddhism in the Mandalas of the Diamond Cycle, "the cycle of divinities constituting the spiritual substratum". In his book, *Buddhist Art in its Relation to Buddhist Ideals*, Anesaki says:

The Diamond Cycle, illustrating the spiritual aspect of the universe, is a graphic representation of the emanation and gradual evolution of the indestructible prototypes

or eternal ideas, from the Great Illuminator. It contains nine squares which together make up the centre and eight petals of the lotus, the heart of the material world. . . . Thus the central square, the source of all mental activities, contains five circles. The central circle, in turn, contains five Buddhas in meditation (Dhyani Buddha) and their attendants, and the central Buddha is the Great Illuminator, the heart of hearts. These five circles are inclosed within a large circle, and the whole represents the profound contemplation in which all truths of the material and spiritual worlds are fully realized. The rectangular border enclosing these circular groups is two-fold: in the inner one are gathered the thousand Buddhas who have appeared as leaders of mankind in the different world periods; and the outer one is studded with various gods of nature and the Hindu Pantheon, such as the Sun, the Moon, Brahmâ, Indra, etc. These are intended to signify that, as leaders of men and gods, they are the manifestations of one and the same cosmic soul, and may be companions to the souls of those who live in harmony with the cosmic life and in communion with the Great Illuminator.

This conception, surely, provides a subject for endless meditations.

In what profound isolation and remoteness of contemplation is this Being plunged! Surrounded as he is by the Dhyanis and the great circle of spiritual radiation, he would seem to us beyond all the worlds. That quiet can endure for ages or for ever. What can move that immobility, or be heard within that silence? And yet the ear of the Great Illuminator is listening to every sound of woe. Even in that contemplation he is the heart of hearts, and the slightest motion of the heart is present with him. Like Krishna, with a part of himself he creates the universe, yet remains separate. Without interrupting his contemplation, the ray of his compassion, thus evoked, passes through the Dhyani Buddhas and the Bodhisattvas and the gods and their servants until, in the paintings, down at the bottom, in this world, we see the contemplative sage or devoted petitioner ministered to by some being who can speak to his condition. For men do not speak personally to Maha-Vairochana, but to his manifestations.

Innumerable are the aspects in manifestation of Maha-Vairochana, the Great Illuminator, and one of them which might be found hard to recognize as such, superficially, is the terrible Achala. This dark and frightful being, surrounded by flames, bears the rope and the sword. He is the fierce wrath which hates vice and punishes iniquity. His name is Immobile, for nothing can cause his hatred of evil to swerve or to cease. He is like Shiva, that appalling figure of destruction, many-armed, dancing on the bodies of his victims the dance of death.

We witness with equanimity the death of the plants in the winter, knowing their death is but a sleep, and that they will return with the cycling seasons. We bear with regret the death of animals. Once, sitting upon a rock in the woods, I saw the combat to the death of a small bird and a Lunar moth. The moth was as large as the bird. Its pale green wings beat frantically. The bird attacked it with a ferocity horrible to witness. Back and forth they fluttered until the moth fell to the ground, still faintly moving its tattered wings. The bird dashed down to give it the final *coup de grace* with its sharp beak. I sat there motionless. Should I rescue the injured moth and rob the bird of its prey? Is not this strife a law of the cycle in which bird and moth are evolving? The moth dies. Other Lunar moths, like pale jade leaves, will be born to flutter

about in the night. And what becomes of the tiny soul of that moth? Does it pass into a Devachan of moonlit gardens to await its re-incarnation? Or is there only an undifferentiated spark of Lunar mothishness?

And man himself—how seldom do we think of it, but every man, woman and child we see, must die. All these crowds of people, thousands of them, millions of them, must die. Sooner, or later? Now, in the midst of their occupations or play, struck down suddenly without mercy? Soon, of some long lingering malady? Surrounded by friends and comforts, or alone and unaided? Yes, inevitably, they die, they breathe their last breath and the deserted corpse returns to the elements. The whole earth is full of the dust of the bones of the countless dead, like one vast necropolis, and all the plants are formed from their corruption. Looking about, one seems to see that ghastly *Danse Macabre* which haunted the imagination of the fifteenth century, carved upon its buildings, painted upon its bridges, engraved in its books, where Kings, Emperors, Popes, Knights, Burghers and serfs and lovely ladies, alike, are pursued by grimacing skeletons armed with hour-glass and scythe. We shudder and cry, "In the Hour of Death and in the Day of Judgment, Good Lord deliver us."

Here there rises before our anguished gaze the calm figure of the Bodhisattva Kshiti-garbha, the Merciful Helper of the Dead. He "visits the subterranean worlds where doomed spirits are suffering. He carries in his hand a pilgrim's staff provided at the top with jingling rings which serve to arouse the spirits in agony to the presence of an all-embracing mercy, and in his left hand he holds a jewel symbolizing the inexhaustible richness of bliss and wisdom with which he liberally endows all the destitute. He appears most frequently as a monk, his shaved head encircled by a radiant halo; and wherever he goes there spring up lotus flowers beneath his feet." This Being reminds us of the Triumphant Christ of the Anastasis, whom we see especially in the work of the virile Byzantine school, bearing a blood-red double cross, standing upon the fallen gates of Hell.

Another aspect of the Great Illuminator is Kwan-Yin, or Kwannon, Avalokiteshvara in its benign aspect of creator and preserver of the souls of men. There are innumerable representations of Kwannon both in its male and female aspects. All the *blanc de chine* figures of a goddess with an infant, are Kwannon. There are countless pictures of her, clothed in white, with a great moonlike halo, sitting in a rocky, mountain solitude beside the waters of a stream, or sunk in contemplation on some crag beside the sea; for Kwannon is the Mother of Waters. Looking long at these paintings one seems to enter into Nature itself, to hear the Great Tone, the Kung, the Voice of the Silence.

Kwannon is the Mother of our Souls, and created us in silence and in that brooding meditation. There is a beautiful painting by a modern Japanese artist, Kano Hogai, which represents her standing in the heavens, crowned with jewels and flowers. In one hand she holds a sprig of willow, and in the other a vase from which she pours forth the water of life. She looks with compassion at an infant soul which, enclosed in a crystal globe like a bubble, is floating down to incarnation among the crags and precipices of the world. The tiny soul clasps its hands in worship and lifts its head to look back at her as it departs.

Oh joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!

All these symbols and images are telling us the same truth; the essential oneness of all things. The heart of the Great Illuminator pervades the universe, flowing out in infinite compassion through every atom, and returning to its source through the consciousness of creatures, men, gods, Bodhisattvas and Buddhas. One being sustains all and resolves the dualities of the poles, the oscillations of life and death, winter and summer. This being is our being and in it lies our immortality.

But we do not know it. We are not self-conscious in it. Our consciousness, fastened instead upon the transitory forms of this world, identifies itself with them. Where, when the body disintegrates, shall we go? How, when the world is scattered in sparks, *solvet sæclum in favilla*, shall we arise? Therefore, when we sink down to the root we fall into a profound sleep. We "die", for we carry with us no awareness of the consciousness of those worlds: we hear nothing in the absolute silence: we are blind in the darkness of pure light. It is said that each night in deep sleep our "higher principles", our essential life and spirit, return to the divine world; but upon awakening we bring back to the mind no memory of that world because we have no images with which to clothe it, no cells which vibrate to its rhythm. Therefore we die. How shall we bridge over this chasm of death? How live through that dark sleep? How remain awake and self-conscious at the root of being?

First, we must have faith. We must feel sure that the spiritual world is real, and that our life is a part of that Divine Life. Then, we must endeavour to see and understand the spiritual life in order to embody it. How shall we do this? We must gaze intently into Nature until we begin to see the creative forces which mould it and the laws which sustain it. We must look within our heart, for there we shall find, no matter how obscured by ignorance and false conceptions, the centre of our being which is the One Self. We must contemplate that Higher Self. By contemplating intently, with sympathy and without prejudices, any object or creature, we penetrate its secret. When we brood upon an idea, thoughts come to us, not from our own mind, but from it, as though we were reading a book. If we be convinced that the Divine World exists and is embodied by the Buddhas and the Masters, we can contemplate them as we can any other object, and gradually come to share their consciousness. I suppose that if we really tried it we should find it very simple, for it is following the law of our nature. The *Tao-Teh-King* says:

Those of old, the Masters of the Way, were detached and subtle. So deep were they, that men knew them not. . . . They were circumspect as he who crosses a torrent in winter. They were alert as he who fears those about him. They were reserved as a guest. They were self-effacing as melting ice. They were natural as uncarved wood. They were lovely as a valley. They were impenetrable as troubled water. Who can

make the troubled clear? By stillness it will become clear. Who can bring life to birth? In quietude it will come to birth.

One often fancies that if one could imitate the Chinese "Men of the Mountains", the sages who retire to a hermitage on some remote peak, one could listen to the stillness, be saturated by it and become one with it. A civilization can be judged by the noises that it makes. In that case, our own is a hell. *Quivi sospiri, pianti, e alti guai.* But we cannot go away to the deserts and solitudes. We have to remain in our hell. We have to strain our ears for the tinkling rings upon the staff of Kshiti-garbha. We have to open our eyes to see the flashing of the jewel of Wisdom. We have to discover in darkness as in a deep mine the one life in the germ, in the root, enduring through all manifestations, Being itself.

Heaven and earth endure. If they endure, it is because they live not for themselves. It is because of this that they endure.

So the Master puts himself after others, yet remains the first. He is detached from his body, yet conserves his body. Is it not because he has no desires for himself, that all his desires are fulfilled?

The leaves turn sere with the frost, and fall to the ground. The leaves and flowers of personal attachments will be withered by the winter. The true life of the tree returns to the root. So the sage will know that all the appearances of personal life are temporary, and will not identify himself with them. In the unity of all being, nothing belongs to one little person alone. But we, seeing these leaves fall and flowers fade, shrink as before death, because, indeed, we shall die there personally. Only that within our consciousness which is one with the one heart and life, can endure in the withdrawal to the root. But that consciousness, paradoxically, is all Consciousness, Being and Bliss.

Shankara Acharya says: "Of pure Goodness the qualities are grace, experience of the true Self, supreme quietude of heart, acceptance, joy, a resting in the supreme Self, whereby is attained the essence of being and bliss."

Winter does not last for ever. Spring will come. In the withdrawal to the root, forces have been gathered up which will burst out into luxuriant foliage and lovelier blossoms, where one may see embodied the forms contained in the divine thought. I look out upon the snow in the orchard and I remember another Chinese painting. From a cloud-topped crag a great stream is falling down among the rocks into a quiet pool. On the edge of the pool stands a Sage, looking up at the great pine which hangs across the gorge. Mingled with its dark branches are the delicate blossoms of a peach tree. One seems to hear the roar of the water, to see the deep pool, to breathe the mountain air. It was when he accidentally saw this scene that Ling-yün had a realization of the truth of Zen, the realization of the oneness of all, and he wrote this poem:

For thirty years I have been in search of the swordsman;  
Many a time I have watched the leaves decay and the branches shoot.  
Ever since I saw for once the peaches in bloom  
Not a shadow of a doubt do I cherish!

SAUVAGE.

# VANITY, THE DEEP-ROOTED

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MADAME Blavatsky has said that vanity is the last of man's faults to be overcome on the path of discipleship. That would seem to stamp vanity as one of man's primary, or parent, faults; and suggests the possibility that it may be traced back to the beginning of man's descent into matter, or that it might, even, antedate his fall and actually be one of its causes. It is logical to suppose that what man acquired first, he will lose last; for he, himself, must earn his own salvation, retracing upward, step by step, the path of his descent. The good law would be neither compassionate nor just unless it required man, himself, thoroughly to discharge each fault of his making. Vanity, this primary, or parent, fault, must be watched for and conquered in its various forms and artifices on each plane of consciousness through which the disciple must pass on the way toward his goal: on the material plane, the psychic, and, finally, in even more subtle states of consciousness. For example, worldly ambition met and conquered, may lead to an intense hunger for inner growth; and that overcome, he may, in turn, meet the same foe in a more subtle guise—decked out as a feeling of self-satisfaction, or a sense of superiority at having advanced some few paces inwardly.

It is in this latter guise, a sense of superiority, more than in any other, perhaps that vanity has caused aspirants to discipleship to desert their Ideal, embodied in the first stated object of The Theosophical Society; and in so deserting, to fail to become part of the nucleus needed to raise the consciousness of Humanity nearer the level of the consciousness of the Lodge. Unless taken in hand immediately and expelled definitely, the virus of such a sense of superiority will result in aspirants, first, considering themselves, and, later, believing themselves, to be better qualified to perform certain branches of the work than are those to whom that same work has been assigned. It will lead them to ignore completely the fact that others receive such assignments because of their spiritual prerogative to them. When one enlists in the ranks of aspirants to discipleship, one enlists, as well, as an aspirant to a place in the Divine Hierarchy, and becomes subject to the rules and conditions of that Eternal Brotherhood. One of the conditions imposed on him is that he relinquish what most men tenaciously prize: all personal rights. Divine rights will be his, but only if earned in accordance with divine law. He must lose his life, *this life*, not theoretically, but literally, if he would become an inheritor of life abundant.

A glance through history will show what an insidious and persistent foe to progress vanity has been. Because of it, dynasties have fallen, empires have crumbled, and blooms of civilizations have withered, which otherwise might have flourished and have brought man nearer to the day of his spiritual regeneration. Yet, with such a background as a warning, man permits, even aids, the spread of this virus in the world to-day.

Broadly speaking, the sway of vanity in the world is due to two diverse attitudes of man toward life, which correspond respectively to two of the three *gunas* or powers of nature: *Tamas*, inertia; *Rajas*, activity. Indifference is the attitude of those who belong to what may be termed the *Tamas* group; those who, aware of the presence and the dangerous character of vanity, yet are too lazy or too smug to undertake an issue with it. To the *Rajas* group belong those who decidedly are pleased with vanity and cater to it. Both these groups aid in spreading the virus, the former by not combating it because of their negative attitude toward it; the latter in positively encouraging its spread through insistently catering to it. It makes a good prop for their worldly pride and ambition.

Furthermore, to-day the all-powerful sway of vanity is aided, either negatively or positively, by the attitude taken toward life by certain exponents of religion, philosophy and science. Many of the clergy, for example, are too inclined to preach of the right of every man to a job of his liking, at a wage adequate to his comfort, and with leisure time for his pleasure. They invite man to indulge his inclinations. These preachers directly pander to man's vanity by strengthening the hold of what he considers his birthright: that he has a personal right to make certain demands upon life. The fact is, life owes no man anything, whereas all men owe life everything; the more so, because man has misused life's bountiful gifts, has neglected the opportunities she has placed before him, perverted her force to his own ends, and altogether has made vain and empty, what should be full of purpose and principle. It is only what is honestly and diligently earned that leads to wholesome and proper enjoyment. Empty work spells empty leisure. Empty days spell empty nights. Carried farther, an empty life means an empty death, which, in turn, leads to an empty heaven. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Generally speaking, the philosophers and scientists of the day are too inclined to write *at* their subjects instead of *from within* them. They write too much as one who, standing at the far end of an art gallery, might describe in cold and intellectual terms a painting which portrays a scene not intimately connected with his own experience. This, too, is catering to man's vanity, for it gives the student of science and philosophy the feeling of being a creature whose right it is to stand apart from the Universe, view it from his own personal point of view, and make subject to debate what he personally does not like about it. In other words, the tendency of such philosophers and scientists is to keep man functioning on the material plane, on the plane of his lower mind; to keep him looking down instead of up; and thus he is led no nearer to a true conception of Reality. There are exceptions, of course, as there are among the clergy, but most philosophers and scientists to-day refuse to take seriously the extant works of the early philosophers and alchemists, works which not only postulate a fundamental Unity of all things in the Universe, the great and the small, the high and the lowly, but which were written by men who attest, in glowing and living language, to a direct knowledge of the existence of that Unity; men who

wrote *from within* their subject, who had learned to know through having effected the unity of their own natures, and by applying the doctrine of correspondences.

"Saith the Great Law: 'In order to become the KNOWER of ALL SELF, thou hast first of *self* to be the knower'." It is that time-honoured and time-tested doctrine which was revived for the world during the last quarter of the nineteenth century by Madame Blavatsky; by her who said that vanity is the last of man's faults to be overcome on the path of discipleship. It seems clear, then, that all earnest seekers after discipleship should turn for guidance to the inspired records left by the sages of old; records which, if conscientiously followed, must be calculated to rid man eventually of vanity, the deep-rooted fault, as he approaches nearer and nearer to his goal through his increasing knowledge of *self*; and, by properly applying the doctrine of correspondences, to disassociate himself from *Tamas*, inertia, and from the misuse of *Rajas*, activity; associating himself with the higher aspects of the latter power. It is *Rajas*, misused, that caused his fall and is helping to keep him in his fallen state. It is *Rajas*, rightly used, that will result in his regeneration, that will enable him to work through, and to rid himself of, the various ramifications of the primary, or parent, fault of vanity, as he meets them on the path toward his goal.

Let us turn, then, to a section of one of the records left by the sages of old, to the first section of *Light on the Path*, and see what we find there that will help man to learn to know himself; let us apply, at the same time, the doctrine of correspondences.

In this section there are certain rules set down for the guidance of those who would attain to discipleship. Aside from the unquestioned enlightenment to be gained by studying any such set of rules as a whole, added light may be obtained, often, by considering them in some different and definite series. The twenty-one numbered rules of this section immediately suggest a series composed of numbers one, seven, and fourteen—leaving number twenty-one to be considered as the synthesis of the series, as it is of the section taken as a whole. Briefly to indicate what such study may uncover, we find: 1, "Kill out ambition"; 7, "Kill out hunger for growth"; and 14, "Desire peace fervently". From the viewpoint of the fault under discussion, the first rule is applicable to a material aspect of vanity; the seventh to a psychic aspect, one that is of a more interior nature; while fourteen specifies something that should be done both during and following the killing-out process, for as man puts something out he must, simultaneously, put something in, otherwise he lays himself open to seven devils worse than the first. Rule fourteen has another significance: it acts to prevent a still more subtle form of vanity than that covered by the first two rules under consideration; if applied, it excludes any sense of superiority. It would be impossible to entertain a sense of superiority while desiring fervently the kind of peace which this rule advocates.

What is that peace? This question leads us to the examination of the longer, or explanatory, rules in the section under consideration, and sets up a series



complementary to our first series: numbers four, eight (twice four), and sixteen (twice eight).

This second series is complementary to the first in that it gives the seeker after discipleship a correspondence to use as a working pattern; namely, the flower. Says rule number 4, "Seek in the heart the source of evil and expunge it. . . . Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal. This giant weed cannot flower there." Rule number 8, "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air. So must you press forward to open your soul to the eternal." Rule number 16, "The peace you shall desire is that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons." So we are led to rule twenty-one as the synthesis: "Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm: not till then." This synthetic rule goes on to speak of "the mysterious event" which will occur to "prove that the way has been found". "Call it by what name you will, it is a voice that speaks where there is none to speak—it is a messenger that comes, a messenger without form or substance; or it is the flower of the soul that has opened."

Without worldly ambition, without hunger for growth, without a sense of superiority, the germ of life in the flower seed pushes steadily toward its fulfilment in the scheme of evolution. When, in the nature of things, it should bud, it does. When it should bloom, it does. When it should unfold in the full effulgence of its beauty, it does. Following the doctrine of correspondences, it should be clear to the aspirant for discipleship that *Rajas*, the quality which has driven his roots down into material life, is also the quality which, as the *Rajas* of vanity becomes the *Rajas* of pure aspiration, will push him upward toward the Light, against the day "be with us".

G. M. W. K.

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*Egoism is the identification of the seer with the instrument of seeing.*—BOOK OF MEMORIES.

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*When you pray, "Thy kingdom come", you either want it to come or you don't. If you don't, you should not pray for it. If you do, you must more than pray for it—you must live for it.*—RUSKIN.

# WITHOUT CENSOR

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## I

HOW often do we hear it said, "Oh, that was a long time ago, that was before the War". How often, in thinking back, in making our own calculations based on the passage of time, do we set for ourselves the War as the arbitrary starting point in time for all events, both inner and outer, which have real meaning for us? There is nothing remarkable or astonishing in this. On the contrary, it is the most natural thing possible. For if those who merely lived through the War, date time from its beginning, those who had any part, however insignificant, in the events themselves, could do nothing else. For them, life itself, and all real understanding and feeling and growth, came as a result of the intensity, of the vivid fullness of those war years. For them, everything before the War seems hopelessly overlaid by preoccupation with trivial and unworthy interests, by inertia and apathy, by a complete absorption in false values. Then came a setting-free, gradual at first, becoming more and more complete as one gave more fully, a freedom that was never again lost in the years afterwards. For those years, rightly understood, have been but a continuation of the War, and the irresistible march of events, the unrelenting pressure of conditions, would have been indeed difficult to bear without that freedom and detachment gained as a result of war experience.

For those who served in the armed forces, all this was doubly true. The break with previous circumstances and surroundings and manner of living was more drastic and final, and, as a consequence, the setting free and the detachment were fuller and more complete. So, too, was the opportunity which presented itself. For the determination to sacrifice self, to forego comfort and to accept hardship as something to be desired; the effort to function continuously on a permanently higher level of ability and efficiency in the most real sense; the desire to eliminate personal considerations, to co-ordinate all one's powers with the general plan, to identify one's self solely with the purpose of the High Command in however humble a capacity,—all these things seemed definitely susceptible of attainment in the freedom of this new life and under the stimulus of rapidly moving events. Thinking about it makes one long to recapture the fervour of those days. Yet, is the fervour lost? I do not think that it is. Rather do I believe that it has been definitely woven into the fabric of our being, and if it seems to-day less exuberant, it is because it has become definitely a part of us. We are not now swept off our feet by it, because we have trained ourselves, in some measure at least, to use it consciously, and for the same purpose,—that the plan of the High Command may go through.

For one who was in the Army, it is a privilege indeed to be able to set down in the pages of the *QUARTERLY* the impressions and memories of those vivid days. It is a pleasure, too, for now one can forget the Censor. It was not possible in

the American Expeditionary Forces to keep a diary, even if there had been time to do so, for General Orders were very strict on this point, as they were also in regard to what could be put in letters. Names of military units and places and dates could not be associated in a letter, for obvious reasons. Nothing could be said in regard to the character or extent of the operations in which one was engaged, or of probable future movements, for fear that, through the name of the writer, the unit to which he was attached, and its position, could be identified, either then or later. This did not leave very much to write about in the way of description of one's immediate surroundings and activities. The state of one's health, and the state of the weather, and the relation of each to the other, were absorbing topics, and figured largely. One could not even mention other officers, especially high ranking officers, by name, beyond saying that one had seen them, for fear that that might give something away. Letters home, therefore, were highly unsatisfactory as a record of events; they merely told that you were still alive. I remember receiving from Mr. Griscom in July, 1918, a letter in which he expostulated with me on this score, and said, in regard to two or three of my letters,—“Your veneration for the censor has effectually prevented their being as exciting and interesting as I am sure they might have been without overstepping the bounds of what is permissible.” I remember, with overweening vanity, congratulating myself, upon receipt of this, that obviously I was very effectively doing my duty, and adhering strictly to orders. But vanity shortly afterward had a fall, as it always does. For in writing to Paris, a letter much more likely to be opened and censored than one going home, I apparently had a sudden and complete breakdown of all mental faculties, and headed it, Headquarters First Army Corps, Fère-en-Tardenois, August 10th, 1918, giving everything away at once. Blissfully unconscious of what I had just done, I was talking with the officer next me at mess that evening, and found that he was greatly upset because he had just heard that an intimate friend, an officer of great promise, had recently associated units, places and dates in a letter; that the letter had been opened by the Censor, a General Court-Martial had been held, and his friend had been sent back to the United States in disgrace. Like a flash I remembered what I had just done. I sat down at once, and wrote my friend in Paris, beseeching him to let me know at once whether or not he had safely received my letter. Shortly afterward, I was moved about the front from place to place, and as a result received no letters from anyone for several weeks, during which time I lost sleep and weight, but continued to write at intervals, making the same inquiry. What I had come to regard as a permanent agony of apprehension was finally relieved by a word from my friend, who said that my letter had safely arrived, and that it had only required a glance at it to see why he had received more letters from me in six weeks, than he ever had in his life before.

But even if the Censor had been less strict, letters home, certainly those to family and friends who were outside the Theosophical Movement, would still have been subject to another kind of self-imposed censorship. For it would not have been possible to put into them what one really felt and thought in terms of Theosophy. Now, all censor's restrictions of whatever kind are removed, and

it is possible here to try to set down the real significance, beneath the surface of outer events, of what one saw and heard; to give one's impressions, for what they may be worth, of motive and conduct, in terms of our common motive and aspiration; and even in the narrative of military events and movements, and of trivial happenings, to feel that they may, perhaps, contain more of real interest and significance than they could to others who are without the common understanding and purpose which is ours.

Even to some members of The Theosophical Society, realization of what the War was all about, of what it could and should mean in the way of opportunity, came slowly. All my life I had felt a complete lack of interest in anything to do with military affairs. I had regarded the National Guard in peace time as merely playing at soldiering, and had kept out of it. I remember very well one afternoon in the winter of 1915, when I was having tea at Mr. Griscom's house in Washington Square, that he asked me whether I had considered the great need there would be for men in the Army *when* the United States got into the War, and how I felt about it. I remember replying at once to the effect that the thought did not interest me at all, that there were plenty of younger men to go, and that it would only be the last call of the draft that would get me in. Mr. Griscom just smiled, a smile full of wisdom and kindness and understanding, and said nothing further at the time.

Somewhat to my surprise, therefore, I found myself a year from the following June at one of the Citizens' Military Training Camps at Plattsburgh. A great deal of education and awakening had been going on inside in the interval. If there had not been, there would not have been any possible excuse; for those of us who were so fortunate as to be near the Headquarters of the Movement in New York had had their attention constantly directed during those intervening months to the real purpose and meaning of war, and of this War in particular. The superb sacrifice, the supreme courage and heroism of the French, their splendid fighting qualities, their unity and singleness of purpose as a nation, had all aroused emotions which stirred one to the depths. More and more strong grew the feeling of shame and disgrace that we in the United States should let these people, and the English, fight our battles for us, in a war which we should have been in at once as a matter of principle. With this came increasingly the desire to do whatever could be done to arouse our people from their inertia and love of peace at any price, to a right national feeling. There came the conviction that, if the right kind of men stirred themselves in the right way, much more could be done by example than by mere words. Some of my friends had been the originators of what later came to be called the Plattsburgh Movement, and, with the help of Major-General Wood, had made a great success of the Citizens' Camps on Lake Champlain through spending freely of their own private funds to supplement Government aid. It is unquestionably true that, without their effort, without the experience gained and the enthusiasm engendered by the Citizens' Military Training Camps of 1915 and 1916, it would not have been possible to officer our draft Army in the following year as rapidly as it was done. So, while my principles and feelings in regard to the War were becoming in-

creasingly sound and clear, the conscious motive back of my decision to go to Plattsburgh was mainly to do what I could to help these friends whose effort I admired, to assist in arousing the country to the necessity of preparedness for any later eventuality, although it was still thought, even then, that the War would in all likelihood be over before our intervention could come. Certainly, I had no thought or expectation then of any future Army experience beyond that one summer month on Lake Champlain.

The June Camp of 1916 was known afterward as the Wet Camp, because of the torrential and constant rains during the first ten days. We were under canvas, and encamped on the shore of Lake Champlain at the bottom of a hill. The rain poured down the hillside and through the Camp in rivers, and the earth floors of the tents were speedily converted into mud a foot deep. We spent much of those first days in digging trenches and gullies through the tents, to connect with similar excavations in the Company streets, which led in their turn to the Lake, where we felt that all this water rightly belonged. It was most soothing to fall asleep at night with the sound of a gurgling brook within a foot or two of one's head. Finally, General Wood appeared on a trip of inspection, and after one glance at the situation, fearing for the health of the men, he gave orders that the Camp should be moved to the top of the hill, beside a pine wood where the soil was dry and sandy. There our lot was much improved. Many of the men, like myself, had had no previous military experience, and their ages ran all the way from the early twenties to the middle fifties. The training had, therefore, to be planned with these facts in mind. The physical work, while intensive, was never too hard. The military training was elementary, with plenty of close order drill, route marching on the road, and some shooting on the sub-calibre rifle range. The event of the Camp came at the end, when all concerned went on a week's hike, pitching camp each night with shelter tents, with army cooks to prepare the food. On the march, as if in the presence of the enemy, there was training in scouting and patrolling, and more than once, under simulated combat conditions, the command deployed, and taking cover in the fields, fired blank ammunition to their heart's content: a wisely ordered and thought-out plan, in view of the conditions, and the result which it was desired to attain. The men, of all ages, enjoyed it, and had a thoroughly good time. But there was much serious conversation about the War, and the likelihood of our going in. The strictest sort of military discipline was enforced at all times, and this, together with the departure of a number of National Guard officers about the middle of the month for the Mexican Border, made one and all realize that, over the real enjoyment of the experience, hung something sombre and menacing,—the shadow of war.

It was an elementary experience, but it was enough. For to taste military life once, even to that extent, was to arouse something unforgettable, something reminiscent. It was more than feeling physically absolutely well all of the time. There was a spontaneous and complete acquiescence in the rightness of the system, in the wisdom of the manner in which things in general were ordered. An *Esprit de Corps* had come into being in a few days, and had grown with the

life of the Camp. Afterward, in thinking over the experience, in talking about it with others, the character of this *Esprit de Corps* changed, was transferred as it were from the Camp which we had attended as a centre, to the larger centre of the Army as a whole, or as much of it as we knew anything about at that time. Ignorant as we all were of military details, there was something strangely familiar about it all. Yet not strange at all, really; for, perhaps, the strings of deep-hidden memories had been touched, and, from far back in the past, recollection of military service in other lands and in other lives was stirring. Somehow, one felt "at home" again in the life. Behind and beyond all this, there was something more. The military life, the military order, seemed, of all human institutions, to be the nearest in its forms and essence to the spiritual hierarchy, to the life and order of the spiritual world. It called for the same heroic qualities, courage, self-sacrifice, obedience not only to the letter but to the spirit. To excel, to serve most effectively, called, too, for intelligent and understanding obedience. To one striving for chéliship, it revealed in many respects the ways in which things could and should be done in daily life and living, in order to contribute to the fulfilment of that aim and purpose. It brought understanding of ways and methods not before understood. It brought a great desire, and a resolve, to co-operate to the fullest with them, to efface self utterly in the effort to further the great work of those just men made perfect to whom we had given our oath of fealty. The growing feeling of *Esprit de Corps* for the Army was producing a greater growth, which, in its turn, was focussing the attention back again on the Army, as something which it was going to be helpful to know more about, as something which might, perhaps, afford a great opportunity in the truest and deepest sense.

The result, therefore, of that month on the shores of Lake Champlain, was the arousing of real enthusiasm for things military. In the autumn and winter of 1916-1917, I attended, with a number of other men, a series of military talks and lectures given in the evenings by a Regular Army officer at one of the Public Schools in New York. We took notes, and read at home the various books indicated, and quite frequently met together at each other's homes to talk things over. We did not really learn a great deal; it was a slow and cumbersome method, but it fanned our growing enthusiasm and kept it burning. It is neither possible nor desirable, within the limits of an article such as this, to try to remind the reader of the course of world events at that time, or of the progress of the War itself. Suffice it to say, that it was obviously no longer a question as to whether we would go in, it was only a question of when we should do so. This once clearly determined, it became a problem of what one was going to do about it, of where one's duty lay. Not so easy to decide, in spite of all the time one had had in which to think of it, for there were many pressing claims and duties and complications, as there always are when an important decision has to be made. Thinking about it constantly, was doing no good. Obviously, one would have to arrive at what was right in an entirely different way.

On Good Friday, 1917, the day on which the United States declared war, I attended the Three Hour Service at the Church of which I was a regular member.

In one of the interludes in the service, the congregation sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic", sang it with a feeling, with a solemnity, with an understanding, a gladness and a hope, which stirred one past belief,—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

As the sounding cadence of the hymn rolled on, problem after problem fell away, uncertainty after uncertainty was removed.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea."

He *is* being born again, day after day, overseas, in the hearts of men, in the sublime beauty of self-sacrifice and wounds and death. With Him are our Elder Brothers, his Brothers. We have been told so. They want *men*.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;  
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!"

That is it. Why delay when He calls? Swift and immediate response. That is all that matters. Nothing else counts. Everything will be taken care of. It is right. Be swift, my feet, and jubilant. It is joy that is the keynote. No more doubt. The decision is made.

CENTURION.

(*To be continued.*)

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*There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance.*—SHARP.

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*Between the past which escapes us, and the future of which we are ignorant, there is the present where lies our duty.*—DE GASPARIN.

# ASPECTS OF A WHIRLPOOL'S MEANING

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SEVERAL years ago I used to pass a large, round, water tank as it was being emptied each day. Floating on the surface of the water were many particles of dust. As soon as the outlet was opened, some of the particles moved immediately, as though by their own volition, to a point directly over the outlet. They seemed to "expect" something. A funnel-shaped whirlpool soon formed with its narrow end at the bottom of the tank. As the speed of its revolution increased, others of the particles slowly moved toward the whirlpool, impelled, and drawn, seemingly by some external force. Touching the outer circle of the swirling spiral, some of them were caught up, and, with accelerating speed, passed gradually in ever-decreasing circles toward the apex. Other particles, touching the outer circle, were repelled by the force of the spiral movement, even though at first attracted by it. But the force of attraction was not lost. It was only overcome temporarily by the power of an opposite and, for the moment, a relatively stronger force. Returning again and again, those particles were finally caught up, whirled round and down the spiral, and passed out of sight. Still others, entering the whirlpool, remained in relatively the same position, hurtling round and round till the whirlpool disappeared and the tank was empty.

Looking back now, it would seem that the dust particles which moved immediately to the locus of the whirlpool must have had many similar experiences in the past. They had probably been through the routine many times before. In retrospect, the spiral of the whirlpool assumes a semblance of the present outer expression of the Theosophical Movement. The particles of dust become men and women.

In its own world the Theosophical Movement is a living body, and therefore its outer expression on this plane, The Theosophical Society, undergoes a progressive evolution. Like that of all evolving things, its path is a spiral. At each stage in its history (each turn in the spiral) new members have come in, attracted by the aspect of the Movement at that time. Have those new members moved, do they move, with the Society as it progresses, or do they remain, fixed in their circle and unconscious of their condition, at that point to which the Society had developed when they entered? Recently, in speaking of the T. S., it was said: "There is always and for ever an inner and yet an inner—granting that the outer is alive." Is it not, then, the privilege accorded to each member of the Society, and his duty, not only to keep alive the outer aspect of the Movement, but to progress toward the inner? And is it not true that the external can be kept alive only by fastening our attention on the Real and bringing it to birth



in us? If we can succeed in this, even to a slight degree, then we may be released from the single aspect of the Movement which attracted us, and advance toward those "inner" circles. Let us try, then, to find some of the means, some of the steps which, perhaps, may lead us to our goal.

Many times it has been emphasized that the basic principles of war, of occultism, and of business are identical. Of those fundamental principles, that of adaptability is primary. Cultivation of this faculty of adaptability will enable us to grow with the Movement's outer aspect and thereby keep both it and ourselves alive. In the *QUARTERLY* for April, 1913 (p. 380), the third Beatitude was quoted: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." It was pointed out that the word "meek" was derived from the Scandinavian, "and really meant something like elasticity, adaptability, the flame-like quality, which, if blocked at one point, seeks another way out and up." But adaptability has two aspects. It is more than merely sensing the need for change, which is an intellectual process. If we would use this faculty in our struggle along the Path, we must take the final step and express that change in our lives.

In the literature of the Movement it is possible to find many sentences, each one of which seems to express the essence of discipleship. Such a sentence is this: "Use every moment for the purposes of the Lodge." One feels that, were he able, if only partially, to do what the writer of that sentence recommends, the goal for which he seeks would be brought ever so much nearer. Realizing this, the young man, with all the impatience of youth, strains and drives for the *Ultima Thule* he so faintly glimpses. He overlooks the admonition to the effect that strain of any kind is bad. He forgets that the ability to use each moment for Lodge purposes is a product of growth; that it is not the work of a week or of a month, but of years, perhaps of lives. Is it not ignorance that leads him to think otherwise? And is there not a touch, just a slight touch, of vanity in the thought that, in his present condition, he could use *any* moment for the purposes of the Great Lodge, let alone *every* moment? Gradually one learns that the rule must be applied first to the present; that one must look into each new duty, as it comes to him, searching for its inner meaning—its real significance. Then, gathering these meanings together and making them an integral part of his nature, he moves on. At length the student realizes that by concentrating his attention on each present moment, he has been preparing himself to make good use of each moment in the future. Seldom, however, does he think that the past, too, has its lessons to teach; and that many past moments, which too often he thinks of as lost, can, as well, be used for inner growth and expansion. The past can be used not only in the negative sense of realizing our mistakes, but in the positive preparation for future action; in the careful planning of campaigns against a wily strategist who takes full advantage of every false step, of every miscalculation. And here again we find that, not only do we need a plan of campaign; not only is a realization of our need for change necessary: we need, too, the power to carry out that plan in action. By putting into practice that which we have planned, it may be that we shall be enabled to use a few of our moments for Lodge purposes.

Separating the realization from the action, however, there is a gap, and it is often a wide one. Can we not learn to shorten that gap; learn to take up the lag between perception and action? For, if we do learn that lesson, the more completely shall we have fitted ourselves for the Masters' work.

A very frequent question runs something like this: "Yes, I can see what I ought to do—but how does one *do* it?" In other words, how can one bridge the chasm that separates the perception from the action. Several years ago our professor of philosophy gave an assignment covering Spinoza's system of ethics. It was a very dry, very scholarly text-book. But embedded in a page of dry sand was this quotation from Spinoza: "*To understand a thing is to be delivered from it.*"

In the ordinary meaning of "understand"—intellectual realization—the statement seemed to present a hopeless case; for I well knew that one could, for instance, read about the "lurking whisperer", and intellectually realize the need for controlling him—but he still lurked, and he still whispered. So, disgusted with scholarly text-books, and Spinoza as well, I put the book aside and went for a walk around the campus.

It was pitch dark. Dormitories were unlighted and the campus walks deserted. But the stars were very bright, and they sparkled brilliantly in the cold, night air. All was still. The only "sound" that one could hear was the pulsing throb of the universal hymn. Over and over again the quotation came: "To understand a thing is to be delivered from it." What could Spinoza mean by "understand"? One need only look at his own experience to prove that intellectual perception is not enough for deliverance. Finally, Jules Payot's statement came to mind: "If we would weld an idea solidly and indestructibly to a desired action, . . . we should fuse them together by the heat of an emotion." Then the stars and the night sky seemed to whisper together that action comes only when the idea, and the whole tenor of the mind, is ennobled with love, with devotion, with gratitude to those Great Ones who already have travelled this long, and, sometimes we think, weary road.

To understand a thing does, then, mean deliverance from it, for true understanding is a synthesis of the powers of intellect, of heart, and of will. Is it not the sacrifice of inclinations and desires; a sacrifice assumed through devotion and gratitude, that gives power to climb the spiritual heights? Thus, if this principle of adaptability is to develop in us, three things are necessary: we must sense the need for change, fill our hearts with gratitude and devotion, and then, with the power engendered by a devoted, grateful heart, we must make that change apparent in our lives. And what is true of life on the physical plane, is equally true on the mental. Our mental moulds, too, must be changed if we are to keep in touch with the Movement's outer aspect as it changes and deepens.

Just as the Society has, from time to time, altered its note in the past, so will it continue to strike new notes in the future: it will continue to change and progress. Such is the law for all evolving things. Unless we, the younger and the newer members, keep ourselves alive by looking to the inner and cultivating the faculty of adaptability, we shall find, like the foolish virgins who neglected

to fill their lamps, that the door has been closed; that an entrance to the inner chamber has been denied us. Let us make no mistake, however. The denial comes, not from Those who guard the entrance, but from our own inability to grow and adapt ourselves to the outer Movement as it grows and deepens. Remember, too, that it is by making ourselves a part of the Movement that we are enabled to help in the Work.

The Christian Master has said: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Not "I shall be with you", but "I am". For him, evidently, past, present, and future are one. Has it not often been suggested that the goal of the disciple is at-one-ment with his Master in will and consciousness? If so, then the aspirant for chélaship cannot be content with living only in the present. He must learn to synthesize the past, the present, and the future, striving to prepare himself for life in the Eternal, "walking with measured tread the long, strait lane of Time", until finally, he sees the Path in all the freshness of a new perspective. At the beginning of the Way, in moments of quiet and calm, we sometimes hear the Master passing by. He calls to us, and lifting our eyes we see an upraised arm pointing back along the road we have travelled, to a mile-post we had failed to see. Is it not in these moments that we can learn most from a backward look? For then, when he is near, the old path is seen for what it is—a rutted, dirty road—and there is little danger of our becoming enamoured of it again. Instead, clarity and sharpness of outline result if, seeing with the light that shines from his eyes, we catch a glimpse of our past activities in the perspective which that light affords.

Can we not lift our eyes and see! So completely do we become engrossed in a mere suppression of the almost endless ramifications of the personality, that we fail to gain that sense of perspective so essential in this spiritual warfare. We lose sight of the fact that we are waging war for the Masters, not for ourselves. To a beginner on the Path it was said: "The lower self is like unto a many-spoked wheel, which thou art trying to control by encircling the tread with thine arms. Dear son, that cannot be. Stand apart, study the wheel, and thou wilt see that at the hub, with one hand, thou ~~canst~~ grasp all of the spokes, and thus control it. Using that wheel of thy nature as a shield, turning it as thou wilt, one hand is always free to help in the Masters' work. Look up, look up! See the light shining upon thee from thy Master's face, and slowly, but surely, thou wilt learn that he does not want thee to *die* for him, but to *live*. Keep burning in the citadel of thy heart that fire without which the spiritual life is as a closed and barren room. If thou hast it not, pray, ask thy Master to give thee but a spark that thou mayst tend it, and, fanning it to a consuming blaze of zeal, look always through his eyes. Then, one day, thou wilt arrive."

ROGER BRUCE.

# AN IDEAL OF EDUCATION<sup>1</sup>

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. . . In representing the student body at this Inaugural Ceremony, I sense that I have a certain duty to perform, inasmuch as I have been asked to express something of the attitude of the student group toward the educational policy of the past, the present, and the future. Obviously, it is impossible for me to voice the opinion of each and every student. But if I can bring to our new President, at least in part, the results of my various associations and friendships during the past few years, if I can give expression to the ideas I have gathered, both from talking with many of my own classmates and from my own studies, then I shall rest satisfied. . . .

There has been, particularly in the past few years, a new spirit upon this campus. More and more students have come here searching for something deeper and more significant than the practical courses in agriculture and the mechanic arts. . . . This new life, this re-birth, has brought with it various results. When Carlyle wrote, in *Sartor Resartus*, that all transition is ever full of pain, that "to attain his new beak, the eagle must harshly dash off the old one upon the rocks", he clothed in metaphor a great truth, and one which has been borne out on our own campus during the past few years. To some among us, this heightening and deepening of consciousness, this search for "life and more abundant life" in a world of subtler values, has been a magnificent experience, and a realization of our own true natures. But those who have fought to widen the scope of this institution and to implant in the students a recognition of a higher and more real scale of values than a merely material one, have met opposition at many hands. There are still with us those who would make this what someone has so fittingly called a "sublimated trade-school", and who would crush out from the student the last spark of imagination, intuition, and insight.

It seems to be high time that out of the conflicting ideas and notions about education held by the various members of this college, we develop an ideal of education worthy of that high name.

Not training for citizenship, not preparation for a better job, not the acquisition of a degree, but the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is the true ideal of education. Nothing less than what Matthew Arnold, in his great work, *Culture and Anarchy*, has called the "pursuit of perfection", the desire "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world", and so to realize our true humanity, can be the all-sufficient motive for the pursuit of knowledge. So constituted is the human mind that in a study of philosophy, of the exact sciences, of the fine arts, we satisfy a direct need of our own natures. In the lives and thoughts of the best and wisest men who have lived here, we find

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Torrey has sent us the address of welcome—from which we give extracts—delivered by Alvan Ryan, President of the Student Senate, at the inauguration of a new College President. Dr. Torrey expresses the opinion, with which we agree, that such a statement of the ideal of education, by a young man of twenty, cannot fail to interest and encourage our readers.—EDITORS.

satisfaction for our desire for beauty, truth, and goodness, and in our response to their thoughts we come to realize that there is somehow a mysterious, though no less real, bond that unites all men. The ideal of the freeing of the human spirit from the shackles of sense, and the bonds of desire, hatred, and selfishness, is an ideal as old as humanity, yet one that is for ever new.

Although my own study and training at college has been primarily in the humanities, I am not one to say that a student cannot find that same beauty and truth in the exact sciences,—in physics, chemistry, biology, and so on—that I believe can be found in the liberal arts. It was only last year that a science professor on our own campus wrote: "Eternal truth, eternal beauty, and a law of perpetual transformation are writ plain upon the face of nature." If the youth in the college to-day can study the physical and biological sciences, and see beyond the mere factual material to their deeper meaning, if he can pursue his studies disinterestedly and dispassionately, attempting to interpret and to judge all things in the light of his own many-sided experience, then the scientific discipline can give the student a comprehensive view of life.

Now, the question arises: How can these ideas, which become more and more current here as time goes on, be realized more fully? How can the "pursuit of perfection" and the "harmonious expansion of all our powers" be made the objectives of a still greater number of students? The answer, as I see it, lies in the individual. The student must somehow be imbued with an inward desire to grow. The appeal must be to his own love of justice, beauty, and truth, and his admiration for the courageous, the noble, and the heroic in life. And although each student is "the way, the truth, and the life" unto himself, there is yet an office and a trust which every teacher should look to it that he fulfil: I say of professors what Emerson said of books,—"They are for nothing but to inspire". By the force and nobility of his own character, by his love for his students, his enthusiasm for his work, the true teacher can breathe life into his subject, and so enkindle the divine spark within his students. *Personal influence*,—this has been the key to whatever has been accomplished by the great teachers of the world, from Socrates to Newman. How can we expect a student to be imbued with enthusiasm and a love of learning, how hold hope that he will resolve, "To follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought", unless his professors—they who should be his guides—are scholars in the true sense of the word, and, finding "deep within deep" of meaning in their work, impart to him their own enthusiasm?

Now, as I conclude, I realize that I have spoken only in terms of the individual, and have said nothing of the duty each man owes to society. Why? Because I believe that the salvation of society must come entirely from within, by a regeneration of the heart. The crying need in the world to-day for leaders—men of the mould of Carlyle's Heroes—can be met by a college such as ours only in so far as we follow, here and now, ideals that are eternal. . . .

# ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

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“THERE is but one thing to do at a time like this”, said the Philosopher: “take to the cyclone-cellar! There is nothing else that you can do, except pray, until the force of the elements (in this case, of elementals called men) has spent itself. Then emerge, and if there be a stick or two left of your possessions, be thankful. There have been innumerable cyclones in the past—all man-made; there will be innumerable cyclones in the future—like-wise man-made. We ought to be old enough, in the real sense, to take such explosions as a matter-of-course, without perturbation or surprise; for we, the immortal we, have been through worse, many times, dropping our bodies as trees drop their leaves, and turning up again, squawking, but full of vim.

“What am I talking about? About the present condition of the world, and about reincarnation, and, if you’ll give me a chance, about all sorts of interesting things of which the uninitiated know nothing, though, even so, more than is good for them.

“Things seem worse than they are for reasons we have often discussed: material progress having forged far ahead of moral as of cultural progress, we are inundated by all the turmoil of all the world—a seething, hideous mess—as soon as we sit down to breakfast. In the good old days, the Wars of the Roses might be going on outside our front door, but we had no newspaper to tell us that in every city in Italy the night before, several hundreds of men and women had been murdered in their beds or had died of poison; that France, Germany, Spain, Austria were reeking hecatombs from war, rebellion, plague or famine; and that wicked men, determined to make things worse, were already planning to discover America: twenty-four huge pages of small type just to tell us of the new horrors which have happened since yesterday! It is crushing.”

“But my dear Sir”, protested one of our visitors, “there is no war or plague or pestilence or famine to trouble us here!”

“That”, said the Philosopher, “is the worst news of all; that is the greatest tragedy which our newspapers reveal. Our Karma is so bad that we are not entitled even to the benefits of a plague.”

“If you quote the Philosopher in the ‘Screen’,” said the Student, turning to the Recorder, “it will be as well to explain that at times he need not be taken literally; otherwise we shall have someone saying that the QUARTERLY, like Moses, prays for plagues!”

“I mean exactly what I say, always”, declared the Philosopher.

“I do, in any case”, said the Historian; “and I want to suggest this: in France, when politicians become intolerable, their victims fill the streets, prepared to die,—not just mobs of Communists and Socialists, but ordinary citizens like ourselves, loving their country more than their own lives; and when enough of them have been killed, the politicians fly. Let us be honest: are you and I

prepared to do likewise? Not a bit of it. We do not care enough. We see our country being ruined, and, rather than go out on the streets to be hit over the head by an Irish policeman (he would be doing his duty after all), we say in effect that we have other and more important matters to attend to. Further, we have sense enough to realize that so long as the large majority of the American people—the non-taxpayers—continue to fancy they are getting something for nothing, which is what the magicians in Washington have led them to believe, it would not be the police who would hit us first; it would be the Socialists, Communists, and the uncounted mob of those whose only political creed is that if you or I own two shirts, both belong to them. Something for nothing, and let the rich man pay later on, while, if he cannot pay, we'll have the pleasure of knowing he is rich no longer: so no one will pay. I don't wonder that the crowd in Washington are still immensely 'popular'."

"You seem to lump the Socialists and Communists together", said the Student; "they are supposed to be in opposite camps."

"The only real difference between them is that your death, under Communism, would be sudden and swift, while, under Socialism, it will be long and lingering. You can take your choice."

"I don't see that I have any choice," said the Student.

"You are right", the Philosopher interjected. "It is the cyclone-cellar or nothing."

"That sounds too much like 'taking it lying down'".

The Philosopher became serious. "That is not in the least what I mean", he said. "What are we doing now, if not protesting, if not throwing our weight against tendencies which we know to be inherently wrong? But we should face the facts; we should realize that our protest will not be heard *now*; that only the very few will listen until suffering has driven the majority to a state bordering on desperation. It is *our* function to keep burning in the world the flame of ancient truth as the Lodge revealed it to us through H.P.B. and Judge, and as it has since been revealed, in increasing *measure*, through the spiritual development of the Society and the inner life of its members. We can do this, as we know, only by living the truth, thus revealed, and by living it with fire and enthusiasm. Then, when men are ready for it—tired of their experiments and humbled by their failures—they will find at hand, burning steadily in the midst, the Light from which they can obtain light to guide them back to the path of sanity and progress. Men never have and never will see *that* Light, while looking only for material prosperity, especially when, as at present, such prosperity is sought at the expense of others,—the majority having come to regard the few as their rightful prey.

"'Something for nothing' is now the aim, in one way or another, of the controlling element in our population. Think of it in terms of religion: does not the average man, when he thinks of himself as religious, expect to get into heaven without serious cost to himself—automatically, as it were, and just as the result of dying? Hell being unthinkable, except perhaps for murderers—and he does not bother about them, for *he* is not a murderer—where else can he go,

unless to heaven? So that which was once regarded as the ultimate reward of saints, is now the last resting-place of anyone not a criminal: something, or, rather, very much, for nothing at all!"

"Well, as you said", the Historian commented, "we have lived through it before,—and not so long ago. During the French Revolution it was decreed that any person selling (using) gold or silver coin, should be imprisoned in irons for six years. In 1793, the penalty was made death, with confiscation of the offender's property, and a reward was offered to any person informing the authorities regarding such transactions. It will be interesting to see how far our Brain Trust will go. The French Brain Trust of 1789, decreed that the property of all Frenchmen who had left France and who had not returned by a certain date, should be confiscated; later (I think in 1794) a law was passed making investments in foreign countries punishable with death. So far, in this country, there has been no crisis. Gold has been confiscated with comparative ease. Our Brain Trust did not have to deal with the tenacity of French 'hoarders'—nor with a Frenchman's sense that his own is his own. Whatever the American used to be, to-day he is in a hopeless minority, and the bureaucracy in Washington has him reasonably well cowed. But it would not surprise me in the least if, before we get through—perhaps as soon as the billions now being spent are called for—the investment abroad of American money were made illegal. As I said, it will be interesting to watch developments."

"Delightful to be so detached!" exclaimed the Student.

"One can at least pretend to be", the Historian replied serenely; "for I agree fully that there is nothing to be done about it until the national brain-storm has spent itself. The QUARTERLY, meanwhile, will keep the flag flying."

"Is it fair", someone asked, "to say that gold in this country has been confiscated?"

"When something is arbitrarily taken from you, and you are forced to accept another thing in its place which admittedly is of far less value, it is confiscation. If I own a valuable horse, and the Government takes that from me and gives me a pig in its place, can you pretend that my horse has not been confiscated?"

The Recorder, at this stage, not unwilling to change the subject, asked if any of those present had read the latest "best seller" among books, adding that he had heard it compared with Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth* and *The Mother*. This roused the Orientalist, whose remarks it is necessary to edit, as he expressed himself with Elizabethan vigour—and the QUARTERLY is not Elizabethan (in fact, there are those who call it Victorian, which we accept as an unintended but all the more welcome compliment). "It is astonishing", he said, "that ordinarily decent people should be willing to stain their souls and pollute their minds by reading books of that kind. *The New York Times Book Review*, meaning to praise *The Mother*, spoke of it as 'Mrs. Buck's deeply elemental novel of Chinese Peasant Life'; and 'deeply elemental' it certainly is, just as Zola's *La Terre* might be described as 'deeply elemental'. Yet *La Terre* slandered the French peasant, who is not, as a rule, the mere brute whom Zola described, and Mrs. Buck slanders the Chinese peasant in much the same way, for she



takes the one side of his nature which she can understand—the animal—and portrays it as his all. Some of you may remember a passage from Ku Hung-Ming, quoted in the *QUARTERLY* a few years ago. He was defending his countrymen from the aspersions of a European traveller. It is worth repeating:

Thus, to this Englishman of the aristocratic class without ideas, a Chinaman in dingy clothes, with a pig-tail and yellow skin, is a Chinaman with a pig-tail and yellow skin and nothing more. The Englishman cannot see through the yellow skin, the inside—the moral quality and spiritual value of the Chinaman. If he could, he would see what a fairy world there is really in the inside of the Chinaman with a pig-tail and yellow skin. He would see among other things Taoism with pictures of fairies and genii, outvying the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece. He would find Buddhism, with its song of infinite sorrow, pity and mercy, as sweet, sad and deep as the mystic unfathomable song of Dante. Lastly, he would find Confucianism, with its "way of the superior man", which, little as the Englishman suspects, will one day change the social order and break up the civilization of Europe. But the Englishman without ideas cannot see all this. To him a Chinaman with a yellow skin and a pig-tail is a Chinaman with a yellow skin and a pig-tail and nothing more.

"What is gained, in any case", he went on, "by sinking one's mind to the level of coarse if not brutal types, which exist, unfortunately, among all races and in all countries? The result is inevitably degrading. Why not elevate the mind by reading of things that are beautiful, noble, inspiring? Is not the daily paper vile enough, with its ceaseless revelation of greed and selfishness and trickery; with its sensationalism and vulgarity? Is daily life, as all of us are obliged to live it, so ideal, so far removed from the 'earth, earthy', that we need to plunge our noses in the mire to restore some theoretical balance? I believe with St. Paul: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest [literally: to be revered], whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things'. And is this so easy that we need no help from books?

"The lower grade *littérateurs* of to-day find nothing worth while unless it be lewd or tough or raucous; a large section of the public is similarly minded. Read the advertizements in the *Book Review* I mentioned: what is the chief appeal? 'A magnificent bout for your chilly emotions.' Another: 'She was an angel who strayed and became a temptation.' Yet, obvious as that is, I should prefer it to *The Good Earth* if I had to choose; for *The Good Earth* pretends to picture life normally, and does not, and is therefore untrue to life and untrue to art, and is grossly misleading; while the 'angel who strayed' does not pretend to be art, or to be true, or to be anything except an appeal to unnameable probabilities."

"If people want to read novels", commented the Engineer, "there are plenty of them that are worth while. Great books are always theosophical in spirit and purpose. They were written by an immortal soul, for souls. As you were saying, too many modern books, and nearly all modern novels, are written by worm-eaten minds to show how intensely alive they are: and they are alive,

with that sort of life. All of us have heard of the Stilton cheese that tried to wriggle off the table,—very much alive. For novels, go back to some of an earlier date.”

“Even students of Theosophy”, said the Historian, “do not always realize that to read a book is to put oneself *en rapport* with the mind and atmosphere of its author. We do this purposely when we read such books as *Light on the Path* or the New Testament, and are fully aware of our purpose; but when people open themselves to the depravities, say of *Anthony Adverse*, they shut their eyes, as a rule, to the inevitable result.”

“Have you read it?” asked the Student. “I understand it has been condemned unsparingly by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in New York.”

“That was one reason why I decided to judge it for myself”, the Historian answered; “and I made myself read the earlier chapters—about a third of it—though I could not endure any more. Purple patches of blood and thunder alternate with purpler patches of sex; and because the author writes vividly, and uses all his talent to make you enter into and share the experience of his ‘hero’, sex horrors included, the effect is that of some hideous drug. Not content with physical description, where little is spared you, he tries to arouse in his reader a corresponding psychic turmoil by portraying the psychic turmoil in his ‘hero’, in great detail and as attractively as possible. What a Karma for the author! What a perverse use of talent!

“I am told that, toward the end of the book, the ‘hero’ becomes a reformed character; all I can say is that the author didn’t, for, if he had, he would have destroyed the part of it I read.”

“Why is a book like that so popular?”

“One explanation is that when children are brought up on highly seasoned food—on ‘movie thrillers’ and on every other known form of excitement—their appetite becomes jaded, and that therefore, as they grow older, they need increasing violence of sensation to arouse even a modicum of response. For them, the normal, the wholesome, is tasteless; finally, nauseating.”

“But quiet, decent people read such books.”

“I know they do; but they have become indurated; with them, it was an acquired taste; they began by following the fashion, the current of the world, for fear, perhaps, of being ‘out of it’, or, sometimes, because widely advertized reviews, praising a book vociferously, led them to distrust their own better instincts. In any case, if they began life with a healthy stomach, it must have turned at first against abnormalities. Only because they persisted, for some such reason as I have suggested, can they have acquired an appetite for ‘red-hot’ books, which, like an appetite for strong drink, would increase, of course, from continued indulgence.”

The Recorder knew that another of our visitors was anxious to ask a question, so now turned to him expectantly, with this immediate response: “May I ask what is the difference between discipleship, as that word is used by orthodox Christians, and the discipleship or chelaship of which Theosophists speak?” The Recorder appealed to the Ancient.

"Suppose we begin", was the answer, "by trying to define what we mean when we use the term theosophically. Chêla is the Sanscrit for child; chêlaship signifies the direct and conscious relationship of an individual with his 'Father in heaven', with his Master, a relationship such as that of a child with his father. Discipleship, to my mind, does not imply as much. The word is derived from the Latin, *discipulus*, a learner, one who receives instruction from another; but this instruction is not necessarily received directly; it may be derived from books, or through a more experienced disciple, who perhaps has direct contact with a Master.

"This does not mean, however, that all chêlas are of the same degree: far from it. In Hinduism, everyone who considers himself specially religious, would describe himself as a chêla, though it might mean only that he was taking lessons in *pranayama* from some Hatha yogi. And there is justification for this more comprehensive use of the term, seeing that 'a child' may mean anything from a babe in arms, to a man of forty or more, whose years have in no way altered the fact that he is the child of his father. Theosophically, we limit the use of the word to the condition in which co-operation consciously begins; but in Hinduism it might mean no more than an attitude of complete spiritual dependence upon some yogi, as a small child depends upon its parents.

"Keeping the child simile in mind, it should be evident that a child who is a dead weight upon its parents is not the ideal for which any intelligent or sincere person would strive, though it is well to remember that the attitude of the undeveloped and orthodox follower of any of the great religions—Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan or any other—corresponds to that of an infant who looks to its parents primarily as a source of supply, or as superior beings whose function and duty it is to ward off evil, and to provide food, clothing, and such play-things as the child may desire. It seems to me, sometimes, that very few people ever grow out of that attitude. However, while remains of it may linger even when the stage of discipleship has been reached—the stage corresponding to a child's school-days—it ought to be our aim to visualize an ideal objective, and then to set to work to make it real in our own lives.

"I have found this analogy helpful, not only for purposes of exposition, but as a subject of meditation: imagine the father of a large family—children of various ages and sizes—who is building a home for them where no labour can be hired. The father has designed the house, has drawn the plans, and will personally do most of the construction; but he will look to his older sons to co-operate, and he will look to all his children to be of service in so far as they are capable, even if they can do no more than care for the smallest, and keep the toddlers out of mischief. Good-will, be it noted, would be the essential contribution each child must make. An understanding of the father's plans would be of the utmost importance, but useless without good-will. In the older children, the father would hope to find this understanding, which alone could provide intelligent co-operation. He would not expect this in the younger children, though he would expect them to carry out the orders of their elders, and to learn something of masonry and the kindred arts as they performed their allotted tasks.

"You will see that I am describing the various stages in the religious life, from that of complete dependence, to that of active, conscious co-operation, corresponding to a high degree of chéliship.

" 'Comparisons are odious', or in any case are likely to give rise to profitless controversy; but if I must compare the theosophical with the orthodox Christian ideal, I should say that the former stresses the importance of understanding, and that the latter is too much inclined to think that mere goodness is sufficient. I do believe that goodness, when accompanied by an intense desire to understand and an honest and ceaseless effort to do so, will, in time, produce intelligence; but I do not believe that mere goodness, without an understanding of the father's plans, can produce anything but confusion and hindrance. Constantly—to give this its direct application—I find books by Christians whose devotion to their Master cannot be doubted, and whose sincerity I genuinely respect, but whose utter lack of understanding (resulting as it does in such deplorable aberrations as Pacifism, Gandhi-ism, Internationalism, Socialism and so forth) makes them a positive danger, instead of an aid, to their Master's cause. Unlike Hinduism, Protestant Christianity is a religion without a philosophy; the deductions it draws from its theology are emotional instead of rational. It is worse off, in this respect, than the Church of Rome, which still clings in theory, and at its convenience, to the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas and of Aristotle,—though some Roman Catholics follow the Platonic method, through Dionysius the Areopagite and the mystics of his school."

"What did you mean", asked the same visitor, "when saying that your simile of the father and his children building a house, could be used as a subject of meditation?"

"I meant that it is helpful to imagine yourself a member of that family; then to imagine what your attitude ought to be and what you would like it to be in those circumstances; to imagine the spirit in which, and the intelligence and quickness with which, you would like to co-operate; to imagine the defects of character, such as jealousy or touchiness, which would make co-operation impossible. I have already suggested the importance of a sympathetic, loving understanding of the father's plans and purposes. Carrying this one step further, it is evident that the son who anticipates his father's wishes will be of greater service than one who wants to be told, from minute to minute, what to do and how to do it, although, on the other hand, one who thinks he knows but doesn't, and whose work has to be undone and then done over again, will be a burden and not a help. But take some simple quality such as cheerfulness: see what a difference it would make to the father if his children worked cheerfully and happily, rather than with stifled groans, or boredom, or discouragement. Suppose they did nothing but lament their inability to help him more! Do you see what I mean? Throw yourself into the analogy, live it, feel it, be it; and then turn round and apply it to your actual circumstances and opportunities. And no alibis! Your duties, whatever they may be, are both the means employed by your Master to teach you how to become a builder, and the means by which you can contribute directly to the constructive work he is doing in your environ-

ment. The work he is doing there, within what may seem to you very narrow confines, is part of a vast and inter-related plan. You may be tempted to think of your share in this as insignificant unless you talk or write or in some way seem to influence numbers of people; but a bed-ridden old woman, who sees no one except her doctor and nurse, if she uses her suffering and loneliness and incapacities as 'gifts on the altar of the heart', with gladness and thanksgiving, may contribute more to the cause of her Master and of the Lodge than a preacher who draws crowds of listeners. Suffering is one of the great mysteries, but 'he who suffers most, has most to give', is a truth which every theosophist, every mystic, accepts instinctively, because it is a truth known to his soul as one of the basic facts of existence. Read Thomas à Kempis on 'The Royal Way of the Cross'; read the *Sermon in a Hospital* by Mrs. Hamilton King; read Elisabeth Leseur: 'I believe that even our slightest pains, our least sorrows, can, through the divine action, reach out to souls both dear and distant and bring them light and peace and holiness'. The very attempt to use suffering in this way, tends to unite it with the suffering of those who form the 'Guardian Wall', 'built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented'—of which H.P.B. speaks in 'The Seven Portals'; the very attempt 'makes it a worship instead of a wound'.

"But the most ordinary task, performed in the spirit in which we should act if helping to build our father's house—the task which is our duty, whether in office or home—is just as creative, just as sacred, as any act can be. Any duty, which really is a duty, is *his* order; alone in our room (and it is when alone in his room that a man reveals himself), the father of my analogy is just as much 'present' as when working with all his children on the home he has planned for them. There is not a moment in the day when we are out of his presence. No matter how clumsy we may be, how ignorant, he is pleased with our efforts to please him. Yet we must not remain content with that; we must grow out of our clumsiness and ignorance; we must strive for a better understanding. Figuratively speaking, while the boy of ten is not expected to read blue-prints, the boy of fifteen, though still a boy, ought to be able to do so: and, to co-operate intelligently, we must appreciate the design, must master the detail, must know the steps by which the completed structure is to be brought into existence.

"But the vital thing is our good-will, our unalterable good-will, and our firm resolve, as the fruit of our meditation, to think and act as we should like to do if we were one of those children in my picture."

"But why attempt it?" asked our visitor. "Why undertake so much? What motive could drive one to it?"

"Different motives inspire different men", the Ancient answered; "besides which, motives change. A man may begin from a sense of duty, from shame of selfishness, and may pass from that to an intense desire to find and to serve the Master whose call he feels and longs to hear. Some men hunger for the Truth, others for the Beautiful, while others passionately desire holiness. There are men whom ordinary life does not satisfy."

"And yet", said our visitor; then he paused, and then, suddenly: "do you remember Jasper, the gypsy, in Borrow's *Lavengro*?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die ——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever."

"Yes", said the Ancient, "I remember it; but suppose you knew, deep down within you, that all the outer sweetness of the world, all its beauties, are but symbols or reflections of unseen beauties infinitely transcending them. There are those who know, long before they attain to vision, that the spiritual world is real, while our world is but a shadow of that divine reality."

"If they know that", said our visitor, "they have attained."

"So you, my friend, are a mystic!" and the Ancient looked at him intently.

"Not yet", laughed the accused.

"There is another motive", the Ancient continued, paying no attention to our visitor's negative response, "a motive which in all ages has impelled some men to leave the sweetness of the world for the greater joy they saw before them: the feeling that nothing less than heroism could give them peace; nothing less than complete self-abandonment,—a reckless (if you choose) throwing away of life for worship of that which is greater than life. Consider, for instance, the early days of the Knights Templar: Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, but pilgrims were molested, robbed, killed, on their way from the coast. From all over Europe men of the highest station left their homes, and the comforts, often the luxuries, to which they were accustomed, not for a year or two, as for a war, but for ever, taking—and keeping—vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and fighting day after day, without intermission, desperately, against tremendous odds, in blazing heat or bitter cold, with no reward except the delight of feeling that there was no sacrifice they had not, would not, gladly, thankfully, make. Love of Christ,—yes, in some cases; but love of the uttermost they could see of nobility, of sacrifice which was no sacrifice, of pure splendour of soul. Their ranks filled faster than death could empty them. No wonder they were 'the passion and the admiration of the whole Christian world'.

"Well,—their spirit is an indication of that which inspires some men to enter upon the path of discipleship,—that inner path, that 'hidden way', which, to be followed successfully, requires even more of heroism than the spectacular path of outer warfare."

"Would it not be presumptuous to suppose one were capable of such a life?"

"What would you think of a child—of one of the children of my analogy—who, on the ground of his 'unworthiness', 'unfitness', or what not, sat on a log, content to watch the others work? Remember your own dictum of a few minutes ago, and realize that the desire to be one of those children proves that you are one of them,—proves that you have been 'called' by your Father, your Master, to take your place among them: you have not chosen him; he has chosen you; it is not for you either to question or to seek to understand his choice. We must recover 'the child-state we have lost'; that is to say, we must answer the 'call' with simplicity and trust, with gladness and alacrity, not counting either our merits or defects. We are so fatally *mental* in our approach to all these things,—as if the spiritual life could be done up and handed out in packages, carefully weighed and labelled: four-and-twenty virtues make a chela; one big sin makes none. Heaven knows I do not mean that virtues and sins are unimportant; no man who is 'tied and bound with the chain of his sins' is free to serve even himself, much less his Master; but I do mean that a positive response to a 'call', though at first we hear and interpret it as no more than our own deep desire, will carry us away from sin and beyond our virtues, to a freedom which those alone know who have ceased to be calculators. If a man were to think himself worthy, it would be proof positive that he was not. There are all sorts of people in the Kingdom of heaven, but Pharisees are not among them.

"Who was it said, 'Come unto me'? Who, to-day, not from some remote heaven, but at street-corners as in green fields, in the midst of crowds or when we seem utterly alone, stands with out-stretched arms and calls to us to meet love with love, service with service, self-abandonment with self-abandonment? The world does not hear because it does not want to hear; but if you, though thinking you hear nothing, wish that you might—wish it were true—then *you have heard*, though, as in a dream, his voice comes back to you as that of your own desire. We flatter ourselves! We are incapable of any such desire; it is his voice in us that we hear. Answer it; listen for his answer; you will have found him, and may know that he is the soul of your soul and your immortality."

"Thank you", said our visitor; "I am beginning to understand". And I, who knew him well, could feel the waters of life surge within his heart, as if, though still through a glass darkly, he had caught some glimpse of the Eternal Beauty and had found his own unlikeness almost too much to bear.

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*When we love, we live less in ourselves than in that which we love; and the more we love, the more we establish our life beyond ourselves in what we love.*—CHARLES DE FOUCAULD.



# REVIEWS

*The Theory of Knowledge and Existence*, by W. T. Stace, Litt. D., Lecturer in Philosophy in Princeton University; Oxford at the Clarendon Press; price, \$5.

Dr. Stace belongs to the empirical school which has dominated English philosophical thought since the time of Lord Bacon. Like Locke and Hume and John Stuart Mill, he has an innate distrust of metaphysics and mysticism in all their forms, and is only truly at ease when he is analyzing the data of ordinary physical sensation. He himself admits his indebtedness to the English empiricists, and also pays his compliments to Descartes.

"Our method", he writes, "is the same as that of Descartes. But unfortunately Descartes took as his ultimate certainty, his datum, his starting-point, what is anything but a primal certainty, the ego as a substance. And he proceeded at once to make deductions concerning the external world which were fallacious. . . . We shall take as our beginning not the ego, but the given. I see a green patch before me. A foundation of knowledge, an indisputable certainty, is this simple experience of the green patch. *Not* the ego which is supposed to experience it, but the experience itself.<sup>1</sup> . . . But what about the steps which are to follow? Descartes assumed that they must all be logical *inferences*. Now one of the first lessons which we shall learn is that from the given, *nothing* about the external world can be *inferred*. . . . We cannot, for example, advance by any process of inference from the bare momentary experience of the green patch to the belief in the independent existence of a permanent green *object*. . . . We shall find that there are other logical steps possible besides inferences, namely, *mental constructions*. We shall see that these mental constructions are the great instruments by means of which knowledge has advanced from its starting-point to its present state" (pp. 20-21).

Dr. Stace evidently believes that the only certitude which any man can have is the immediate datum of physical sensation which occupies his field of attention at a given instant. He can infer nothing from it as to the existence either of his own self or of the universe, but he can use his mind—or appearance of a mind—to form concepts, as it notes the resemblances between certain sense-data and groups of sense-data. The process of concept-formation may be subconscious, as in the case of children and savages, or it may be conscious, when the mind belongs to an adult human creature. According to Dr. Stace,

<sup>1</sup>Habitually we wish to ask such reasoners: How can there be an experience without an experienter?—EDITORS.



most so-called percepts are rich in conceptual elements, which are presumably inherited, together with our physiological habits, from our primitive ancestors. Even the existence of other minds can never become self-evident. It can only be inferred, without proof, from the bare facts of experience, as Dr. Stace defines them. A tree or a dog is as abstract and as subjective as any of the hypothetical entities of modern physics. It is useless to ask whether our friend or our dog actually exists, for we shall never find an answer. The most that can be said of any object is that it is a logical and consistent mind-image which is anchored to some certitude in sensation. Thus the rose is at least existent in Nature as a red patch before Dr. Stace.

Doubtless, this sort of ratiocination serves some sort of useful purpose. Philosophers have to be reminded, from time to time, that no theory is valid which fails to take account of elementary physical experience; and many of them are incapable of understanding ordinary language. To make any impression upon them, one must talk and argue like Dr. Stace. But it is well to warn the layman not to take any statement by a professor of philosophy too seriously, especially if the said professor claim to be a rigorous empiricist. It would be a great misfortune if people were really to believe that the only certitudes in our experiences are such things as patches of colour or sound.

As a matter of fact, empiricists differ widely among themselves as to the nature of fundamental experience. Descartes, for instance, discovered in himself the ground of his individual being, and also the presence or reflection of Divine Being. It is quite possible that Dr. Stace might make a similar discovery, if he knew where to look or were sufficiently interested in the deeper layers of his consciousness really to investigate them. As it seems, what he has done is simply to describe quite accurately the immediate data of consciousness at the periphery of human experience, on the outermost plane of being where the perceiving power is turned away from the vision of the Self, and thus grasps only the multiplicity and perpetual flux of physical existence. There is no reason why the man who becomes active on an inner plane of being should not become as certain of the existence of his friend or of his dog, as he is of red and green patches floating before his eyes. If the testimony of the mystics mean anything, he may even become certain of a genuine principle of identity which establishes the essential oneness of all beings. It is unnecessary to reject as "unscientific" the statement of the Buddha that the enlightened sage sees the universe face to face.

V. L.

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*The Secret of the Saints*, Studies in Prayer, Meditation and Self-Discipline, by Sir Henry Lunn; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

This small book has in it a great deal that is of value for anyone seeking suggestions as to self-discipline, meditation, and all that these involve, and students of Theosophy are especially quick in their appreciation of such matters. The book is a direct appeal for more prayer—an appeal to a world which has forgotten how to pray, and, what is worse, which no longer feels any necessity

for it. "Prayer is more a problem than a practice", someone is reported to have said in answer to a question on the subject. Yet, as Sir Henry Lunn believes, the world in which (particularly since the War) moral anarchy is in the ascendant, was never in so great a need of those who will lead the inner life. This "moral anarchy which expresses itself in the writings of powerful thinkers of to-day", is responsible for the present Godless state of society. These men assert "that sin is not sin, and that morals should be based, not on self-denial and self-control, but on the full expression of self". How, then, are we to counteract this malign tendency? What is to move us to a true recognition of the need for prayer, for meditation? And what was the secret of the saints? What was it that gave them a hunger and thirst for the inner grace of prayer? "Archimedes", we read, "declared that with a fulcrum he could move the world. In these pages it has been sought to show from the teaching of the saints, that they have found in love and self-surrender such a spiritual fulcrum."

There are some things in this book with which the readers of the *QUARTERLY* are not likely to agree; as an example, they will probably not view the Buchman movement in the same light as does Sir Henry Lunn—and there are other examples as well. But in the brief sketches which he gives us of the individual "Masters of Meditation", from St. Augustine onwards, and as a result of the concise way in which the salient points of their different methods of prayer and meditation are noted, we shall find much instruction and help. It is a small book well worth owning.

T. D.

*A Buddhist Bible*, by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont, 1932; price, \$1.00.

*Self-Realisation of Noble Wisdom*, by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont; price, \$1.00.

*The Principle and Practice of Mahayana Buddhism*, by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont; price, \$1.00.

Dwight Goddard is an American Buddhist. He has found inspiration and solace in the Mahayana, as interpreted by the Zen School of Japan, and longs to share with others the spiritual treasures which he has discovered. He has the enthusiasm and extreme hopefulness of a convert, believing that Zen Buddhism "is the most promising of all the great religions to meet the problems of European civilization which to thinking people are increasingly foreboding". To say the least, this is a very hazardous assumption. Knowledge of Zen and of the great Mahayana texts on which it rests, is an invaluable asset to the Occidental mind, provided that the knowledge is real and not merely academic. But the West has its own mystical heritage, its own "Great Vehicle". European civilization will be saved, if at all, through a revival of loyalty to the religious tradition which has been interwoven with its history since the days of ancient Egypt. The goal of Zen is essentially one with the goal of true Christianity, but the methods of the two religions are necessarily very different, being addressed to different races, to widely separated types of general consciousness.

However, the more we can know about the Mahayana, the more capable we should be of understanding the inner principles of the Western religious tradition. Mr. Goddard has performed a very real service by preparing these popular editions of the scriptures of Northern Buddhism. Unlike many Western admirers of Eastern creeds, he clearly understands that which he admires. The lucidity of his commentaries may be partly ascribed, as he would undoubtedly be the first to admit, to the instruction in Zen which he received from Professor Suzuki, one of the most distinguished of Japanese Buddhist philosophers.

The translations here given are not original, most of them being based upon the scholarly work of Dr. Suzuki. They are, in fact, paraphrases, free renderings, rather than translations, and many passages in the texts have been omitted or abridged. Since the fundamental scriptures of Zen are often involved and difficult, Mr. Goddard's books serve as a comparatively simple introduction to the principles which sustain the most vital spiritual manifestation in contemporary Japan. We are pleased to note that he is constantly improving his terminology, or at least rendering it more intelligible to Occidental readers. For example, *bhutatathata* may be most exactly rendered as "suchness", but we share Mr. Goddard's preference for "essence" as the most suggestive English equivalent.

*A Buddhist Bible* contains selections from the *Lankavatara Sutra*, a paraphrase of William Gemmell's translation of the Chinese version of the *Diamond Sutra*, the *Maha-prajña-paramita-hridaya*, and the *Sutra* of the Sixth Chinese Patriarch, Hui-Neng. *Self-Realisation of Noble Wisdom* is a reprint, from *A Buddhist Bible*, of the section containing the *Lankavatara Sutra*. *The Principle and Practice of Mahayana Buddhism* is an adaptation of Dr. Suzuki's translation of one of the least known of the Northern Buddhist scriptures, Ashvaghosha's *Mahayana Shraddhotpada Shastra* (*The Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana*).

S. V. L.

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*Slanting Lines of Steel*, by E. Alexander Powell; The Macmillan Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

*With My Own Eyes*, by Frederick Palmer; The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$3.50.

Colonel Powell's reputation as a war-correspondent is already too well established for an introduction to be necessary, and in this latest book of his he re-tells, with his usual graphic style, the story of his experiences in the Great War. The word "re-tell" is advisedly used, for not only in his despatches direct from the front, but also in a number of books published during the War itself, has he told of what he saw and shared, and his *Fighting in Flanders*, written while in hospital recovering from an injury received during the Siege of Antwerp, did much toward awakening the American people to the realities of warfare as it was being waged "over there", by the Germans. Without question, the early part of the book—that which concerns invaded Belgium—is the best; perhaps this is inevitably so, because Colonel Powell occupied a unique position at that time. The Belgian High Command gave him facilities for getting about

which no other war-correspondent enjoyed, and he was thus enabled to see for himself, things which to most people were merely hearsay. This is not a book of reflection; there is in it no discussion as to whether war is right or wrong, with all that such an argument necessarily entails. The author goes straight to the point by statements of crude facts—facts which, too often, are very ugly, but which it is well that the world should not be allowed to forget. For this reason we are deeply indebted to Colonel Powell for forcing us to recall, in all their hideousness, some of the outrages, the atrocities, for the truth of which there can be no shadow of doubt, and for which the Germans must one day be made wholly answerable. Colonel Powell and another American were the first foreigners to enter Aerschot, "or what was left of Aerschot", after it had been sacked and burned by the Germans. We all know (if we choose to remember it), the utter depravity which prompted the destruction of that once charming little town, and the murder of its peace-loving inhabitants. The story which the Germans gave to the world in explanation of their crime, when compared with the Belgian report of what really took place, is so obviously a fabrication, that one merely discounts it as one does any other kind of lie. Besides which, as Colonel Powell writes (he was on the spot within a few hours after the worst of the outrage had taken place): "We needed no one to tell us the details of what had happened. The story could be read by anyone, so plainly was it written, not only in the ruined houses but in the horror-stricken faces of the survivors. . . . A little episode that occurred as we were leaving Aerschot did more than anything else to bring home to us the dreadfulness of what had happened. Beside the curb stood a little girl of nine or ten. She looked so hungry and forlorn that we stopped the car to give her some chocolate. At our approach, however, she dropped to her knees, her hands raised above her head, and in a childish treble screamed piteously for mercy. We tried to reassure her by telling her that we were Americans and friends. When she comprehended that we meant her no harm, she snatched the chocolate and fled. That kneeling child, with her fright-wide eyes and her hands raised in supplication, was a more damning indictment of the Germans than all the ruined towns in Belgium." Speaking of Louvain: "Here we came upon another scene of destruction and desolation on a vastly greater scale than at Aerschot, but no more horrifying"; and: "what struck me as particularly significant was the callousness of the Germans. They betrayed no sign of pity for the homeless and destitute inhabitants, no feeling of shame for what they had done."

The campaign in Flanders occupies about half the book. The rest takes us into France and Italy, and later on we are taken through the months after America, at long last, decided to "join up". The whole book is graphic, vivid, but the early part is, as we have said, by far the most absorbing.

A very different kind of book is *With My Own Eyes*. Comparing the last eighty pages of it (all that is given to the World War, in a book of nearly four hundred pages), with Colonel Powell's direct and simple statement of what he saw for himself, and experienced at first hand, we are at once struck by the marked difference. Perhaps the many wars in which Colonel Palmer has taken

part, or has at least witnessed, may be measurably responsible for the rather cynical disillusionment from which he appears to be suffering; for the wars of which he tells us have been both great and small; they have been fought in the east and in the west, and over a period of many years. He philosophizes a good deal about war in general, and the conditions of war, and no doubt he has learned much, but of one thing he seems not to have learned anything at all—that war can elevate as well as degrade, depending on the individual approach to it. We take radical exception to his downright statement regarding war “which dwarfs, stiffens and narrows the human mind into two ruts, one of vitreous and the other of apostolic emotion”. We may not be entirely sure of his mood when he chose the word “apostolic”, nor exactly what he means by it, but surely Colonel Palmer must have met men who, so far from being “narrowed” and “stiffened” into “ruts”, or being “dwarfed” as a result of their experiences in the World War, were, on the contrary, completely transformed spiritually—men who, before the War, were leading lives of out-and-out debauchery, men who were utterly useless and tragically self-centred, but who rose through their sufferings and the sufferings of their comrades, to undreamed-of heights of heroism and sacrifice. Remembering some of the men we knew in those War-time days, we can only wish that there were a few more of the same calibre left to us to-day. Colonel Palmer is evidently very much of a pacifist at heart, and the extreme tolerance of his views leads him to an almost inevitable conclusion: the Belgian and Northern France atrocities of 1914, which justly shocked the whole world at the time, he considers mostly fiction. He ridicules the Bryce Report and its writer, “so simple, benign and ingenuous”, adding that, after all, “there were so few ways for an elderly statesman to do his bit”; but that he evidently felt he *was* doing his bit “by signing the then famous atrocity report which has already become one of the curiosities of war literature. Perhaps the Germans did commit more atrocities than the Allies”, he says—and so on, and so on. Disbelieving in the truth of the atrocities, he condemns the women of Belgium for refusing to respond to “the plaintive desire” of elderly German sentries or other grandfatherly Germans of the invading armies, to caress Belgian children. It would, however, seem to us entirely understandable, to say the least, that any woman (whether of Belgian or other nationality), who has seen her own or her friends’ babies butchered before her eyes, would wish to avoid any contact whatsoever with Germans. As to the truth of the atrocities—has Colonel Palmer forgotten the damning evidence of their extraordinarily abrupt cessation? When the German High Command found it to be bad policy to continue them, they were stopped with a suddenness which would have been quite impossible had they been the involuntary unleashing of human passions. It is an historical fact, already noted in the *QUARTERLY*, that the worst of these barbarities, unique in the annals of “civilized” warfare because of their bestiality, all happened within the first three months of the War, and that then, in their peculiarly revolting and iniquitous character, they ceased. This, of course, does not mean that *all* atrocities ceased, but, as it has been said: “The crimes of the invasion, and the crimes of the occupation, are of a very different order from one another.” We

should be interested to know how Colonel Palmer would explain this. Argument, however, is of little use. To those who witnessed some of the atrocities or their aftermath there is no need for argument. They are black and indelible facts, and we can only regret that Colonel Palmer, with his many and varied experiences, cannot add to those experiences the terrible and unforgettable one of having shared (as Colonel Powell did), with the people of Belgium and Northern France, even a very little of what they suffered from the effects of those atrocities, the very memory of which Colonel Palmer makes such an effort to obliterate.

T. D.

*De Platon à Dante par la "Voie Royale"*, by Gaston Luce; Librairie Heugel, Paris, 1933; price, 20 francs.

Madame Blavatsky frequently defined Theosophy as the "Wisdom Religion", the substratum and source of all that is true in the religions and philosophies of mankind. Though he makes no reference to Madame Blavatsky, Gaston Luce bases his studies upon the same fundamental conception of a spiritual Tradition common to all races, and ultimately derived from a "primitive revelation" to the first humanity.

[This Tradition] is the secret of the ante-diluvian races, of Atlantis, of ancient Egypt and Persia and India. As the Abbé Moreux says, the various cosmogonies of antiquity proceed from a common source, of which we know nothing. One fact remains, that the Tradition persists, and that each epoch receives a new dispensation from this source. . . . [Civilizations] pass, but a perpetual miracle keeps the Tradition alive. . . . The stream may seem to go dry, but it springs forth anew at another point. In every nucleus of civilization, radiant centres are formed about some great Messenger (*quelque grand prédestiné*). Thus, in the West, Pythagoras and Plato, Virgil and Dante, one after another, appear, like pure torches illumining the ages. Others preceded them, others have followed and will follow, obeying a rhythm determined by Providence (pp. 17-18).

Luce tries to reconstruct the broad outlines of the inner history of the Occident from Plato to Dante. The "Royal Road" is built of the thoughts and lives of the saints and seers of this great age which culminated in the Incarnation of the Master Christ. The author does not approach this splendid subject with a merely curious interest. It is his avowed purpose to re-discover the traces of the "veritable universal religion", for he believes that the future of our civilization depends upon the successful termination of such a quest.

His book is professedly only a preliminary sketch, a provocation to further research. On the whole, it is both lucid and inspiring, though one doubts whether it is adapted to convince anyone who is not convinced already of the essential truth of his thesis. Luce is happily free from any undue preoccupation with the so-called occult arts. He writes as a sincere and devout Christian, who is, however, convinced that the boundaries of the true Christian doctrine lie far beyond the limits set by official theology. He believes in the pre-existence of the soul and in reincarnation, as well as in the manifold correspondences between cosmic and human nature. Like certain early Fathers of the Church, he finds

a place in Christian ranks for Plato and many others who lived before the Incarnation.

He has little comprehension of the East. His remarks upon Indian metaphysics are valueless, when they are not positively misleading: he even commits the blunder of describing the supreme ideal of the Orient as "a complete void of thought and action". It would seem that he has never read the *Upanishads* or the *Bhagavad Gita* or the Mahayana *Sutras*. However, by compensation, he is at his best when he turns to the far West of Europe. His chapters upon Druidism and Arthurian chivalry are of great interest and value. He may overstress the actual influence of the Celtic tradition in the development of mediæval standards and ideals; but it is certain that this influence was greater than has been supposed. In any event, the Druids have been consistently under-estimated. It is evident that they were in possession of the great doctrines which characterize the "veritable universal religion", in all of its genuine transmutations. For example, as Luce points out, there were three great worlds or planes in the "Neo-Bardist" cosmogony, which was formulated in Wales after the introduction of Christianity but which was almost certainly a recapitulation of Druidical philosophy. These worlds are *Abred*, the place of transmigrations, *Gwynfydd*, the circle of immortal bliss, and *Ceugant*, "the circle where there is only God".

Man will escape from the circle of necessity only by attaching himself to the good, to works of wisdom, justice and love. Thereby he will ascend the steps of *Gwynfydd*. . . . Then *Abred* will come to an end, and with it all suffering from sin and death. Thus man will be born into the true life which comes from God and which is in Him alone. . . . Man could not support an unvarying and monotonous eternity, nor can he immerse himself in the Absolute as long as the creation endures; but he can lift himself indefinitely towards an infinite felicity, in that state where there is no evil, no deprivation, no death; wherein the plenitude of his proper nature is restored to him; wherein the memory of his past existences endows him with the treasures of a science which he has acquired by his own merit. In the light of a firmer judgment and of a more complete experience, he is then free to return upon earth, but *with the privileges of a citizen of Gwynfydd* (pp. 185-186).

Thus we find, among the Druids of Gaul and Britain, the counterpart of the Buddhist Nirmanakaya doctrine, for the Nirmanakaya also is a being who lives on or near our earth, though he has the right to dwell permanently in the highest Heaven.

V.

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*As We Are: A Modern Revue*, by E. F. Benson; Longmans, Green and Co. London, 1932; price 15s.

This is a vile book, written by someone who ought to have known better. It is difficult to understand how publishers of such high repute can have been persuaded to give it their imprint. It is vile for more reasons than one: first, because it treats the vicious immorality of a section of English society as if it were typical of the whole; second, because, describing the misbehaviour of this section with disgusting frankness, the author not only condones but shows

sympathy with it; third, because the author, who is of a much older generation (he was born in 1867, the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury), clearly shows that he has degenerated with the times instead of standing for the higher and better standards of his youth,—and decadent old men are peculiarly repellent. His brothers, Arthur Christopher and Robert Hugh, in their different ways were splendid men who ran true to type; both are dead, and thus have been spared the humiliation of E. F. Benson's latest production.

The book concludes with a chapter entitled "Stock-Taking". The author's last word is that England has become "a second-rate Power", and that her salvation lies in accepting her "humiliation" without bitterness and in acting accordingly! We made it our business to see if the *London Times* review would enter any protest, at least against that statement, if not also against the immoralities we have indicated. Not a word! The *London Times* appears to accept it all as a matter of course. Fortunately we know better than to regard even this as significant of more than the degeneracy of present "literary" opinion, which, in this country as in England, is living on its own decay. T.

*Son of Heaven: A Biography of Li-Shih-Min, Founder of the T'ang Dynasty*, by C. P. Fitzgerald; Cambridge University Press, Macmillan, New York, 1933; price, \$4.50.

Those who have read Grousset's book, *In the Footsteps of the Buddha*, will be eager to learn more about the great Emperor T'ang T'ai Tsung. They will find Mr. Fitzgerald's book extremely interesting and well written. The study of the history of the past has never been of more value than at the present time, when a disregard for the experience of the race is leading most nations into chaos. The unbiased student can find in the history of this ancient state and of its founder, Li-Shih-Min, the Emperor T'ang T'ai Tsung, many of the principles of successful government. He will, also, feel a real fondness for the great Emperor himself.

Toward the end of the reign of the second Emperor of the Sui dynasty, Yang Ti, all China lapsed into anarchy. Yang Ti was a madman, and his name has come down as a by-word through the centuries. It was his misrule which caused rebellion to spread throughout the Empire. Rival princes and generals seized upon provinces and struggled to maintain themselves. The Mongolian hordes, Huns and Tartars, attacked the frontiers. It was then that there arose a man of extraordinary genius, who conquered the whole of China, subdued the barbarians, and laid the foundations of a civilization which lasted far longer than his dynasty, even to the fall of the Empire in our own day. This great soldier and administrator was Li-Shih-Min, the founder of the T'ang dynasty.

Li-Shih-Min was born in the year 600 A.D. His family was an old and honourable one. His grandfather had been created Duke of T'ang, and his father was Governor of Shansi. He was brought up among the troops on the frontier, and distinguished himself in a campaign at the age of fifteen. When he was seventeen, realizing the chaos into which the Empire had fallen, he persuaded his



father, Li Yüan, a man of weak and undecided character, to raise the standard of revolt. After a long and brilliant campaign, Li-Shih-Min captured Ch'ang An, one of the capitals of the Empire and a key position to the conquest of the other provinces. The young grandson of Yang Ti was proclaimed Emperor for the time being. Six months later, when another rebellious general murdered Yang Ti, the boy offered the crown to Li Yüan, who thus became the first T'ang Emperor.

This first conquest was that of one province only. The rest of China was divided between twelve claimants. Not only had Li-Shih-Min to defeat these rivals, but he had to fight the Turkish tribes which menaced the frontier. In one campaign after the other, Li-Shih-Min subdued the warring chiefs, until, by the year 624, all China was his. Except for the wars with the barbarians, it remained at peace for one hundred and thirty years.

While Li-Shih-Min was conquering the Empire, his brothers remained at home at the court. They in no wise resembled him. The eldest, the Crown Prince, Chien-Chêng, was jealous and debauched. The youngest, Yüan-Chi, shared all his vices. They constantly plotted against Li-Shih-Min, accusing him of every kind of crime. Once they gave him poisoned wine, from the fatal effects of which he was saved only by a prompt antidote and his strong constitution. He never made any attempt to convict his brothers or to justify himself. He had no talent for palace intrigue. The princes again plotted to assassinate him. When this came to the ears of his friends and followers, they insisted that he defend himself. Li-Shih-Min sent a memorial to his father, but the old man was incapable of deciding on any action. His brothers, who were afraid he might convince the Emperor, started for the Palace City with an armed force, expecting to get there before him. With some of his friends and fifty followers, Li-Shih-Min ambushed them at the City Gate. Yüan-Chi drew his bow and shot three arrows at his brother, but missed him. He was shot by one of Li-Shih-Min's men. Li-Shih-Min was a famous archer. With one arrow he killed Chien Chêng. The bodies of the princes were decapitated and their heads shown to their followers, who fled or surrendered. The old Emperor could have prevented this bloody tragedy had he shown any justice or firmness in protecting Li-Shih-Min, to whom they all owed their fortune. Two months later, he abdicated in favour of his son, who ascended the throne as T'ang T'ai Tsung.

Li-Shih-Min was successful in his wars with the Tartars, dispersing the border tribes, and receiving tribute from beyond the Gobi. As a matter of fact, the Tartars understood and liked him. Of these remote expeditions the poet Li T'ai-po says: "In the autumn, our neighbours of the frontiers come down from their mountains. We must pass the great wall and go to meet them. The bamboo tiger is divided, and the general sets out on the march; the soldiers of the Empire will not halt until they reach the sands of the Gobi. The crescent moon, hung in the void, is all that can be seen in this wild desert, where the dew crystallizes on the polished steel of swords and breastplates. Many a day will pass before they return. Do not sigh, young women, for you would have to sigh too long."

The Chinese of that day were not pacifists. We can see them as they were, on the bas-reliefs, or as spirited terra-cotta figures, rugged soldiers in heavy armour, with fierce faces. Their war horses accompany them. On the approach to his tomb, Li-Shih-Min had carved the portraits of six of his horses, with their names and exploits. "T'e-Lei-P'iao. White. Ridden in the campaign against Sung Chin-Kang."

"At a touch of the whip he bounded into the air,  
His neighing filled the sky,  
Rushing upon danger, he scattered the enemy,  
Riding him in the midst of perils, I escaped calamity."

It brings the Emperor very close to us.

T'ang T'ai Tsung had to set in order his vast Empire. Fitzgerald says: "To the Chinese the name of Li-Shih-Min is even more familiar as a wise and beneficent ruler than as the brilliant victor of the battlefield." He had the gift of choosing men of ability and of using them. Not only was he supported by brave soldiers, but by great ministers. Two of these generals and one minister are popular to-day all over China as Gate Gods. Their portraits upon the doors still scare the devils away. The Emperor reformed the laws, remodelled the provincial administration and established the system of education.

From the seventh century onwards China has far more often and for far longer, been united than divided. Partitions have been the consequence of partial foreign conquest, or a temporary interlude between strong dynasties. Always the T'ang tradition has reasserted itself. That tradition, of a unified Empire administered by a civil service taking its orders from one supreme authority, was the life work of Li-Shih-Min, and it has maintained and spread in the Far East the Chinese culture, one of the great civilizing forces in the world's history.

At the height of his power, a tragedy occurred in the Emperor's own family. His son, the Crown Prince Ch'êng-Ch'ien, inherited none of the qualities of his father nor of his mother, the admirable Empress Chang-Sun. Aided and abetted by his uncle, a half brother of Li-Shih-Min, he actually plotted to murder his father and to seize the throne. Another son, by a concubine, Prince Chi, attempted to rebel against the Emperor and entrenched himself in a city of which he was governor. The soldiers and citizens had no sympathy with him and handed him over to the army. At his trial the treachery of the Crown Prince, of the Emperor's half brother, and of one of his generals who had joined the conspirators, came to light. The Emperor degraded the Crown Prince to the rank of a common citizen and exiled him to a remote province, where he soon died. His half brother was allowed to commit suicide, and the general was beheaded. Another son, Prince Wei, had to be exiled also, because of his ambitions. The second son of the Empress, Prince Chin, who was only sixteen years old, was made Crown Prince.

Li-Shih-Min made an expedition into Korea which was not entirely successful. He had never completely recovered from the effect of the poison given to him

by his brothers, and his health was weakened by the shock of his own sons' conduct. In the summer of 649 he died at the age of forty-nine.

The T'ang dynasty saw a splendid and, in some respects, unequalled efflorescence of poetry and the arts. This was made possible by the security and peace which the conquests and administration of Li-Shih-Min established. As a general, Li-Shih-Min combined two sets of qualities rarely found together. He was audacious, swift in decision, and fearless, yet he was capable of caution, prudence and patience. He would wait for the aid of Nature, for the snow to fall on the enemy's flocks, or for floods to menace a beleaguered city, but when he acted it was with firmness and persistence. He was very merciful, according to the standards of the Chinese. He endeavoured to be a model Confucian prince, and as such he has been regarded through history. Li-Shih-Min was not very favourably disposed toward Buddhism which, he thought, had too pacific a tendency. However, he was not intolerant. During his reign the Nestorian Christians built a church in Ch'ang-An, and the Mohammedans a mosque at Canton. Grousset says: "Whatever may have been his personality—and it dominates three centuries of history—it was not in his power to stem the tide of mysticism that was spreading over the Chinese soul."

Fitzgerald tells a story which illustrates his simplicity and humility. The Emperor asked his minister Wei Cheng, whether, in his opinion, after ten years of his reign, the government was better conducted than it had been. Wei Cheng was famous for his frankness. He replied:

"Your Majesty yourself has changed. In the beginning you feared that we would not dare to tell you of your mistakes; later you received our admonitions with pleasure; now one must say you accept them with difficulty."

The Emperor replied "You must prove all this to us with facts."

"In the first year of your reign", replied Wei Cheng, "you rewarded with the gift of a country estate, an officer who pointed out to Your Majesty that you were about to punish with death a criminal who had not merited such a penalty. When people said that this recompense was excessive, you replied that it was intended to encourage the ministers to point out your mistakes. Is not that fearing lest we should not admonish you? Later you pardoned for reasons which a minister advanced, a false accuser who had been condemned to die. Is not that accepting advice with pleasure? Recently, when you wished to rebuild the Lo Yang palace, which your Majesty yourself burned down twelve years ago, a member of your court thought it his duty to oppose you. Your Majesty became enraged, and although, on my entreaty, you refrained from penalizing this man, one must say that his pardon was dragged out of you! It is a proof that you no longer take any pleasure in hearing contrary opinions."

The Emperor, greatly struck by these incontestable proofs of Wei Cheng's contention, remarked to his court, "How dangerous it is not to know oneself. I would never have known that my character was changing, unless Wei Cheng had proved it to me by these personal instances."

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 386.—*Much stress is laid in our devotional books on detachment. How is it possible to do our daily tasks well without a great deal of the opposite quality?*

ANSWER.—“Detachment” from what? First of all, of course, from self in its multifarious manifestations; second, detachment from “creatures”, to use another word familiar to us in some of our devotional books, and this means not only detachment from the lower selves of others, but also from the outer circumstances of our lives—from pain, from pleasure, from likes and dislikes and all such phantasmagoria of the lower worlds. The more we detach ourselves from these outer things, the more certain we are to be able to attach ourselves to our Master’s service—the sole object of our incarnation. If, therefore, we perform our “daily tasks” with detachment from the false, and consecration (or attachment) to the Real, we shall not only be able to do these tasks “well”, but better than we have ever done them before, because, by our interior attitude (our attitude of heart), we shall have made it possible for our Master to help us perform all these duties with the true thoroughness which he expects of us. It is not the “daily task” itself which matters, but our interior approach to it—detachment from all that exists in the world of shadows, and an ardour of attachment to all that is in the world of Light, where our Master is waiting for us. It is an occult process, even if unconsciously so, and this also, of necessity, means a religious process in the deepest and truest sense. A well-known example may be found in Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, who always performed her outer duties with an immense and generous disregard of failing health, and therefore, perhaps, of a momentary disinclination; invariably her work, whatever it might be—whether washing windows or something else—was done with all the perfection of which she was capable and at the same time with the uttermost consecration and devotion; she lifted her heart with every stroke of her frail hands, in a passion of love which was definite, clearcut, complete. No doubt she would have been amazed (probably more than amazed), had she imagined that any “occult” results were taking place.

T.A.

ANSWER.—Certainly, concentration is essential to the right performance of our daily duties. But, within concentration itself, lies detachment. We have all had the experience of becoming so absorbed in some matter of immediate and pressing interest, that all other affairs, including perhaps duties, have been relegated to the background. The motive of the moment, possibly an unworthy one, has detached us from everything else. So, in the inner life, it comes back to motive. Why are we doing these, our daily tasks? Because they are our duties of the moment, inescapable, our Karma; because they are the things through which we shall grow and learn. For all these reasons, and others, we want to do them as perfectly as possible, and we concentrate upon the doing. Concentration, with that motive, itself brings detachment. Nor do we need to stop, when under pressure, and examine ourselves to see whether or not we are detached. On the contrary. We should remember the prayer of that General, to whom religion was a reality, when about to go into battle:—“Lord, in a few moments I am going to be very busy. Please, if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.” It was not likely that he either forgot, or was forgotten, nor shall we be, if the right motive is there.

C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Mr. Judge tells us in his notes on the *Gita* that “the performing of actions properly

is in reality the most difficult of tasks." In chapter after chapter the *Gita* returns to the subject, much stress being laid on their right performance leading to true renunciation, which in its turn is to lead the doer to the renunciation of their fruits—the Goal. In Chapter V there is much instruction and we are led to the consideration of "the inner feeling that accompanies the act". Again we turn to Mr. Judge finding him teaching in the *Letters*, "the only royal road, the one vehicle". "Do all those acts physical, mental, moral, for the reason that they must be done, instantly resigning all interest in them, offering them up upon the altar. The great spiritual altar, in the heart"; and he adds a word of warning: "still use earthly discrimination, prudence, and wisdom". To be true renouncers, is difficult. We can try. Maybe we shall find that the hidden secret to the right performance of action lies in this verse:—"He who seeth me in all things and all things in me looseneth not his hold on me and I forsake him not." When we have reached this place, and can feel there is no separation between us and Him, then, shall we not understand the reason and use of "detachment"? R.P.

ANSWER.—The question suggests that the opposite of detachment is concentration, rather than attachment. Concentration is necessary to do anything well, but it can be exercised with attachment as well as with detachment. Most of us, unfortunately, concentrate with attachment, by becoming immersed in what we do, and by allowing our interest in it to dominate us, instead of dominating it with detachment from all thought of personal gratification or advantage. In the case of the ordinary individual, not in the least interested in Theosophy or discipleship, a little reflection will show that if a person is not detached, at least in some measure, in the performance of each task, he will carry forward from one task, supposedly completed, to the next one, some residuum of interest in the previous task, which implies that some of his powers are left enmeshed in it. This may be due to a realization of something incomplete or faulty in the performance of a previous duty; or it may arise from some lingering longing for personal gratification or reward. The performance of our next task invariably will suffer if we allow ourselves to be attached in the performance of a previous one. Therefore, even from the standpoint of the ordinary man, detachment is essential to the performance of each task in our daily life; to the would-be disciple, it is imperatively necessary for progress. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—There seems to be confusion here between the meaning of detachment, and the application necessary for the proper performance of our daily tasks. As used in our devotional books, the former means detachment from self, and does not refer to some vague or ethereal way of approaching and performing practical daily tasks. Only as we become detached in the real sense, eliminating self in favour of the Self as operator, can we properly apprehend and attend to our daily tasks. Not until then can we apply to them the impartial, the impersonal, and, yet, the concentrated attention necessary. The problem is that of right self-identification. He who is recollected can concentrate on a duty without becoming falsely attached to it. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—The detachment that is stressed by devotional books is detachment from *self* in all its forms, self-will, self-interest, self-glorification, self-opinionatedness, and so on. The presence of any one of these, warps to that extent one's perception of the right thing to do and the right way to do it. This is especially noticeable where co-operation with others is involved. In the exact measure in which those concerned let self get into their efforts, there will be needless opposition, irritation and ineffectiveness. On the other hand, detachment does not mean that we should try to do our work with the tips of our fingers, so to speak, and with a minimum of thought and intelligent planning. Quite the contrary. The ideal is to put all of ourselves into all that we do, using foresight, imagination, experience and all of our powers, with heart and mind and will set to do it to the best of our ability. It is in motive that we should be detached. "Work as those work who are ambitious", but do the work because it ought to be done, instantly resigning all personal interest therein. "Thy right is to the work, but never to its fruits; . . . for pitiful are those whose motive is the fruit of their works."

J.F.B.M.

# T·S·ACTIVITIES

## NOTICE OF CONVENTION.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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### *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 28, 1934, beginning at 10: 30 a.m.
2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are 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 1.
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.
6. On Sunday, April 29, at 4: 30 p.m., tea will be served at 64, Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,  
*Secretary, The Theosophical Society,*  
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 28, 1934.

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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 Eighth 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 are meetings on,—

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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.

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*Editors, Theosophical Quarterly.*