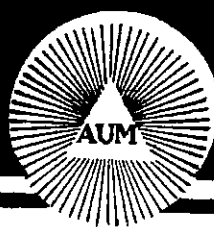


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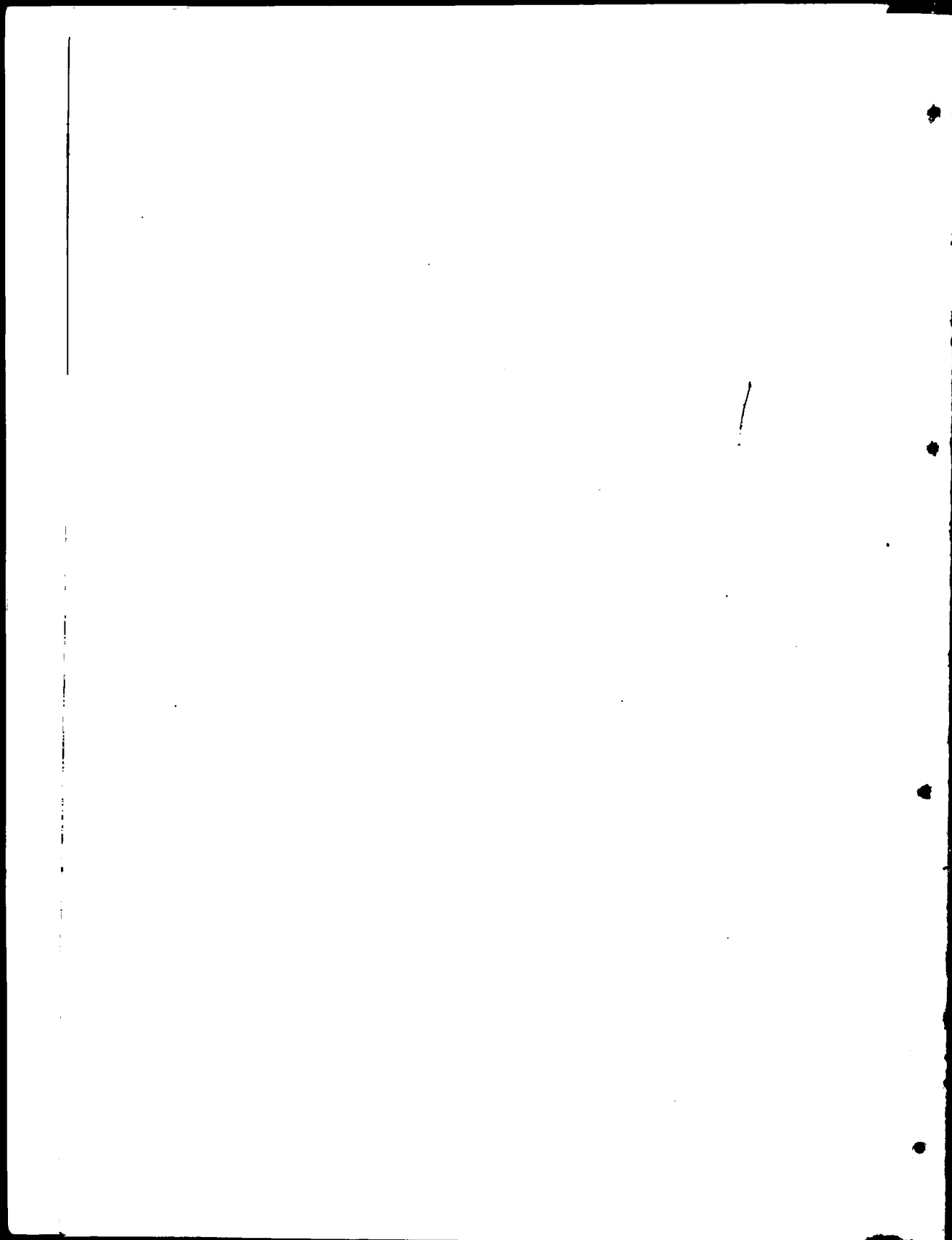
The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance 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, 1934

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MODERN SUPERSTITION

ACCORDING to Webster, superstition is "an excessive reverence for, or fear of, that which is unknown or mysterious". Superstitious beliefs are "irrational"; that is to say, they are based upon incorrect observation and insufficient experience, or they are products of illogical reasoning. The mediæval zoologist was superstitious, when he affirmed, without sufficient evidence, that bear cubs are born as chunks of meat which the mother bear licks into shape. The guest in a haunted house is superstitious when he is too easily convinced that a curtain fluttering in the wind is a ghost.

Modern science, with its experimental approach to physical truth, has delivered mankind from a multitude of baseless fancies and fears. The zoologist of to-day is careful to observe the habits of bears before he describes them. When strange things happen in a haunted house, the guiding principle of the scientific investigator is very properly to seek a normal or commonplace explanation before he considers seriously the "ghost-hypothesis". The man of the Twentieth Century has a comfortable sense of superiority because he no longer supposes that lakes and forests harbour undines and dragons. He is even a little ashamed of his interest in contemporary "sea-serpents".

A comfortable sense of superiority should be regarded as a danger signal. It is true that modern man has been freed from many superstitions which were ridiculous or horrible or degrading. But also he has cast aside many beliefs verified by centuries of experience; and at the same time he has taken into his mind other beliefs as confused and irrational as any of the mental phantoms which he has ejected. The modern world is no less superstitious than the mediæval. It has merely adopted a different set of superstitions.

In particular, modern man is afflicted by an excessive reverence for and fear of "science". He seldom dares to question any statement delivered *ex cathedra* by a scientist. The advancement of knowledge since the Renaissance has dazzled him. He does not doubt that the methods of observation and experiment

which have revealed and exploited so many secrets of physical Nature, can solve any problem proposed by the human mind. This is a serious delusion. Scientists themselves do not often realize the limitations which their methods impose upon them. Science is fundamentally concerned with the measurement and analysis of objective, material things. Within its chosen sphere, it speaks with authority; but outside this, it has no authority whatsoever. The biologist, for instance, has gathered a wealth of information concerning the physical processes co-ordinated with organic life; but he knows nothing about this life itself, for he cannot measure or analyze it. If he confessed his ignorance and helplessness, no one would blame him; but he prefers a less humiliating expedient. He pretends that "life" is nothing but a word which defines certain modes of physical behaviour; that, like colour and odour, life is, in fact, nothing but a phenomenon of matter, a by-product of certain chemical combinations.

This is, of course, undiluted superstition. It is irrational to attribute "unknown and mysterious" qualities to a substance, the attributes of which have already been specifically defined. "Matter" has mass and extension; it occupies space. It is atomic or corpuscular, and its particles are in constant motion. That is practically all that can be said about "pure matter". It is from this abstraction that scientific materialists imagine all the properties of life to proceed, although the most elementary logic must demonstrate that such a process is unintelligible. The utmost which one can assume is that matter and life are always found in association; but this is not materialism. As a matter of fact, the properties of "pure matter" do not even explain electricity or radiation or the behaviour of the chemical atom itself.

Nevertheless, the superstitious veneration for matter as the source of life persists, not only among the amateurs of popular science, but among the professionals who ought to know better. One cannot hold such a belief and retain any faith in a spiritual world or in the soul. That is why almost any sort of religion which recognizes some mode of conscious existence other than that of the physical body, is preferable to "science-worship". The most infantile belief in unseen intelligences is, indeed, truer to Nature than the creed which admits no possibility of life or consciousness apart from protoplasm. The dragons of ancient fancy at least correspond to invisible realities; but the unseen "creatures" of science—quanta, electrons, atoms, molecules, genes, and so on—correspond, in the last analysis, only to figments in the minds of professors. They are necessarily unreal, non-existent, since they are represented as inanimate, lifeless, devoid of any conscious principle or purpose. They are names, not things, *nomina non res*.

ANTHROPOCENTRIC ASTRONOMY

Materialistic superstition has curiously affected the development of astronomical theory. There has been a revival of anthropocentrism. Man is resuming his old, familiar pose in the centre of the cosmic stage. There is an increasing tendency among astronomers to take the earth, the human race, and themselves, in particular, much too seriously. Many of them seem to be convinced

that, in all probability, the earth is the only place in the universe where life and intelligence exist, for they cannot conceive of protoplasm produced under any conditions except those which accidentally happen to prevail on this planet. Such a notion is actually more anthropocentric than the Ptolemaic system which arbitrarily postulated that the earth is the central body of the solar system, but did not deny the possibility of life elsewhere. On the contrary, many astronomers of antiquity believed that the heavenly bodies themselves were living beings, *daimons* or gods. The universe which Dante contemplated may appear small, by contrast with the "meta-galaxy" of modern astronomers, but it was alive at every point; it was infinitely rich in divine possibilities.

The brain-mind, the lower Manas, is incapable of sustained meditation upon any vast conception; sooner or later, its native arrogance and self-concern will assert themselves. The cosmic vistas, opened up by Copernicus and Galileo, have not strengthened man's sense of the infinite mystery that surrounds him, as they might have done. If one may judge by the tone of their published statements, most astronomers to-day appear to have convinced themselves that there is no mystery, infinite or finite, which their brains cannot solve. The simple-minded might infer that we really know the nature and origin of cosmic space and its contents.

The fashionable theory at present is that of the "expanding universe". We quote the following from *The New York Times* of April 24, 1934:

The physical universe, according to the latest cosmological calculations based on astronomical observation, is a finite sphere 6,000,000,000 light-years in diameter. It is composed of 500,000,000,000,000 nebulae, each stellar unit being 80,000,000 times as bright as the sun and about 800,000,000 times as massive. These and other new dimensions of space and its content were presented before scientists attending the annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, by Dr. Edwin Hubble of Mount Wilson Observatory, who is said to have "seen and probed more of the universe than any other person".

Nebulae are now observed, Dr. Hubble stated, at distances as great as 300,000,000 to 450,000,000 light-years and their speed of recession corresponds to velocities of 30,000 to 40,000 miles a second. Observations so far show that the greater the distance of the nebulae, the greater is the speed with which they are receding. The speed has been found to increase at a definite rate, which is about 100 miles a second for each million light-years of distance. As the latest figures show the physical universe to stretch 6,000,000,000 light-years in diameter, the nebulae at the outer rim of the "cosmic bubble" are rushing away from the earth and from one another at the speed of the velocity of light, 186,000 miles a second. As the speed of light, according to the theory of relativity, is the maximum possible, and as the uttermost boundary of the physical universe coincides with a point where the outermost nebulae are travelling at the speed of light, this may be taken as another corroboration of relativity. Beyond this boundary there is literally nothing, for space cannot exist without matter, according to relativity, and the latest cosmogony shows that beyond a point of 6,000,000,000 light-years there is no more matter, not even infinitesimal cosmic dust. . . .

"On the grand scale", said Dr. Hubble, "we may picture the stellar system [the system our sun belongs to] drifting through the universe as a swarm of bees drifting through the air. From our position somewhere within the system, we look out through the swarm of stars, past the borders, into the universe beyond. It is empty for the most part—vast stretches of empty space. But here and there, at immense intervals, we find other

stellar systems, comparable with our own. They are so distant that in general we do not see the individual stars. They appear as faint patches of light and hence are called *nebulae*, that is, clouds. The *nebulae* are great beacons scattered through the depths of space. We see a few that appear large and bright. These are the nearer *nebulae*. Then we find them smaller and fainter in constantly increasing numbers and we know we are reaching out into space further and even further." . . . The spectra of *nebulae*, he said, exhibited a peculiar feature in that the absorption lines were not in their usual position but were displaced toward the red end of the spectrum, and that the fainter the nebula, or the further away, the greater was the shift in the direction of the red. . . . Red shifts are due either to actual motion or to some hitherto unrecognized principle of physics. On this interpretation, the *nebulae* are running away from us and the further away they are the faster they are travelling. . . . The faster they are travelling the further they have gone.

The present distribution of *nebulae* can be represented on the assumption that they were once jammed together in our particular region of space, and at a particular instant about 2,000,000,000 years ago they started rushing away in all directions at various velocities.

Sir Arthur Eddington recently expressed the hope that "the next generation will find something worth preserving, something not wholly illusory", in the present body of scientific thought. The fact is that when scientists speculate as recklessly as Dr. Hubble, they are false to the principles of their method. The whole hypothesis of the "expanding universe" is built upon the tiniest and most unsubstantial foundation. It has a legitimate place in pure mathematics, which is concerned, not with the actual, but with the "ideal" or "possible". But as an explanation of the world in which we live, it is presumptuous and fabulous.

One does not doubt that astronomers describe correctly what they see; but they see so little and affirm so much. All their assumptions, indeed, depend upon two postulates, that the velocity of light is universally uniform, and that no greater velocity than that of 186,000 miles a second is possible. This is the demonstrated speed of light within the earth's atmosphere; but as an occultist has written, "could they measure light above our atmosphere", they would discover that the speed of light actually varies according to the medium upon which it travels. There is a most important factor omitted from the astronomers' calculations,—the variable nature of space, terrestrial, interplanetary and interstellar. For example, they make no allowance for the possible impeding effect of meteoric masses and atmospheric tremors upon the direction and rapidity of the light-rays. One cannot avoid the conclusion that a very large part of contemporary astronomical speculation is valueless except as an entertaining mathematical exercise.

A FRAGMENT OF OCCULT ASTRONOMY

Probably the modern astronomer is convinced that he carefully distinguishes between the things which he knows and the things which he postulates. It is, however, inconceivable that the stars will convey any real message to him, unless he turn towards them with a humble and reverent heart. This is not a platitude. The cosmos is a mystery and must be felt as such, to be known even in the slight measure in which knowledge is possible for man. It is instructive to compare

the conventional astronomical attitude towards the heavens with the humility and restraint of the Adepts whose views are transmitted by Madame Blavatsky. Reasoning by analogy, they express their conviction that forms of life and substance, in some way corresponding to our own, exist, not only in the stars but in the interstellar spaces which scientists characterize as "empty". However, they claim no knowledge which they have not proved by experience, and they do not hesitate to affirm that there are definite limitations to the extension of human knowledge in the cosmic field, limitations which are imposed by the nature and purpose of the Cycle in which man is now evolving.

We are taught that the highest Dhyan Chohans, or Planetary Spirits (beyond the cognizance of the law of analogy) are in ignorance of what lies beyond the visible Planetary Systems, since their essence cannot assimilate itself to that of worlds beyond our Solar System. When they reach a higher stage of evolution, these other universes will be open to them; meanwhile they have complete knowledge of all the worlds within the limits of our Solar System. . . . For—while accepting the old Hermetic axiom, "as above, so below"—as we may well believe that Nature on Earth displays the most careful economy, utilizing every vile and waste thing in her marvellous transformations, and withal *never* repeating herself, so we may justly conclude that there is no other Globe in all her infinite systems so closely resembling this Earth, that the ordinary powers of man's thought would be able to imagine and reproduce its semblance and containment. . . . But even more. The ordinary man has no experience of any state of consciousness other than that to which the physical senses link him. Men dream; they sleep the profound sleep which is too deep for its dreams to impress the physical brain; and in these states there must still be consciousness. How, then, while these mysteries remain unexplored, can *we* hope to speculate with profit on the nature of Globes which, in the economy of Nature, must needs belong to states of consciousness other and quite different from any which man experiences here. . . . [The Adepts] *know* that almost all the Planetary Worlds are inhabited, but—even in spirit—they can have access only to those of our System; and they are also aware how difficult it is, *even for them*, to put themselves into full rapport even with the planes of consciousness within our System, differing as they do from the states of consciousness possible on this Globe. . . . Such knowledge and intercourse are possible to them because they have learned how to penetrate to planes of consciousness which are closed to the perceptions of ordinary men; but *we* they to communicate their knowledge, the world would be no wiser, because men lack that experience of other forms of perception which alone could enable them to grasp what they might be told (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 740-741).

From these statements we may draw certain inferences. If the law of analogy be universally operative, there is literal as well as figurative truth in the Pauline saying that "one star differeth from another star in glory". Although in its profoundest essence the All is One, this Unity is manifested as infinite number. Nature abhors uniformity at least as much as she abhors a vacuum. This is true on earth, although politicians and economists deny it. Why is it not equally true in the heavens? If scientists admitted even the possibility of individual variation among the stars and nebulae, with all that this implies, they might be more cautious in their invention of "cosmologies". In any case, it is rational to suggest that if there be an infinite diversity of states of consciousness in the Universe, the forms of matter and the modes of motion will vary correspondingly. Inevitably, however, we can comprehend only that which we are

capable of experiencing. It has been said that we do not see the real Sun. If this be true, the real stars are, if possible, even more invisible to our earthly vision. What, then, do we see? Mere points of light transformed by our atmosphere and symbolizing existences beyond our ken? Vibrations in the earth's "ether", responding to the myriads of ever-mysterious luminous influences that reach us from the great deep of Space? We do not know. There is so much which we can never know while we are mortal and human; but at least we can have the grace to confess our want of knowledge. In truth, no more than Job do we understand the ineffable power "which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south". If we pretend that we know more, it is evidence that we do not know as much.

SYNTHETIC SUPERMEN

As Theosophy has always taught, the body and outward estate of man change their form and mode according to the operation of Karma. The term, Karma, is so fertile in meaning, so rich in connotations, that any attempt to define it is apt to be misleading. However, we may conceive it, in one sense, as a manifestation of Kundalini Shakti, "the power which brings about that 'continuous adjustment of *internal relations to external relations*', which is the essence of life according to Herbert Spencer, and 'that continuous adjustment of *external relations to internal relations*', which is the basis of transmigration of souls, Punarjanman (Re-birth), in the doctrines of the ancient Hindu philosophers" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 312).

We cannot conceive of any living creature, in which both processes of adjustment are not active. They are complementary, like inhalation and exhalation, like the expansion and contraction of the heart. Our minds and characters are affected, more than some of us like to admit, by our physical environment, in particular by the chemical changes always taking place within our bodies. No one questions the fact that drugs and internal secretions can paralyze or unduly stimulate certain brain-centres, and that any cerebral disorder reacts upon our personal consciousness, disturbing such balance of forces as may exist on the psychic plane. It is equally self-evident that thought and emotion affect and modify the body. The strong man strives to overcome his physical and psychic disabilities. He refuses to surrender to the tyranny of his body or to the temptations of his environment. Indeed, it is in accordance with Karma that our bodily processes, in general, can only trouble our consciousness, in the degree that, in this life or another, we deliberately endowed them with that power by self-indulgence of one kind or another. It is both natural and just, for instance, that dyspepsia should make us gloomy, if the dyspepsia itself be the effect of years or lives of over-eating.

Theosophy is, however, in complete disaccord with those scientists who assert that it is possible to create a new and better species of mankind by chemical or surgical means. Genius is made manifest by individual effort, by the spirit of man working with the materials provided by Karma or Nature. Every new and better state of consciousness is an inward creation of imagination and will;

it cannot be induced artificially by any set of outward conditions. Nevertheless, all races have cherished the delusion that there is some easy way, some "short-cut", to wisdom and power. It has been everywhere the pretension of left-hand magic, that one could accomplish by physical practices that which is in reality only attainable by the full exercise of the spiritual will. *Hatha yoga* and the tantric rituals of India are examples.

It is a disquieting sign of the times, that an obsession of this order is becoming epidemic in certain scientific circles. One never knows what external forms a scientific obsession may assume, for men of science have a dangerous habit of testing their ideas upon animals and graduate students. It is by no means impossible that someday they will produce, not a race of geniuses but a race of monsters. An experimenter who kills dogs and then tries to resurrect them, would scarcely hesitate to "create" a Dracula, if this were possible.

The New York Times (March 31, 1934) reports the following "prophecy" by Professor Bogert of Columbia University. It was delivered before the closing session of a meeting of the American Chemical Society at St. Petersburg, Florida.

The coming of the superman and the super-race may not have to wait for the tortuous and uncertain processes of evolution, taking hundreds of thousands of years, but may be brought about within a few generations through organic chemistry. A prophecy to this effect was made by Professor Marston T. Bogert. Organic chemistry, he said, was gradually learning the relationship between certain chemicals and their influence on man's behaviour and personality. It was also learning more and more about the chemical constitution of living matter, and [how] to synthesize products, in which it improved vastly upon nature. The time would come therefore, he said, when the chemist would be able to make substances that would greatly increase the thinking powers of the brain, as well as the strength, health, and beauty of the body, without having to wait for the hit-or-miss methods of evolution, which, from the human point of view, might lead in the wrong direction. When that time came, he said, synthetic chemicals would not be used merely for the healing of ills and the correction of nature's errors, but for the positive direction of the forces of life by the intelligence of man. With the intelligence nature endowed him with, he would devise ways to develop greater intelligence by finding artificial means for utilizing potentialities in his brain-power now lying dormant because nature had not provided the means for making it work at full capacity. . . . There was every reason to hope that chemists would eventually be able to produce substances that would bring out the latent powers of the known and of the now unknown areas in the brain. Instead of drugs producing stupor, or bringing to the surface qualities of cruelty and violence, we would have drugs which would enhance alertness and intelligence, stimulate spiritual qualities, enable the body to utilize all its latent powers without any after-effects and make it possible for man to attain a greater and keener æsthetic enjoyment of his own life, with great good-will toward the rest of his fellows, "synthetic supermen" like himself. Significant steps promising definite results in this direction have been made in the last two years in chemical research laboratories in England, Germany, Switzerland, and in the United States, including Columbia University. This research had revealed, Professor Bogert reported, that seven substances in nature, all producing different effects, some essential to life while others were very destructive, were all derivatives of one and the same substance, a chemical known as phenanthrine.

We are expected to infer that the future happiness and grandeur of the human race depend upon the exploitation of the chemical possibilities of phenanthrine.

If we were not more or less hardened to this sort of "scientific" dreaming, its nonsensical quality would be so apparent that all comment would be unnecessary. Does anyone seriously suppose that phenanthrene will build for us a new Parthenon, or make all men like Giotto and Dante and Shakespeare?

It requires the divine gift of irony to do justice to the chimæras of the "scientific imagination". That is why we venture to quote a stanza from a satirical poem published in the *New York Sun*, April 9, 1934. The verses were inspired by the following news item: "Mother love is due to manganese in her diet, and its absence causes it to disappear, says Dr. Elmer V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University."

When a little baby's crooning
Makes mamma a little sick
And she loves to flog the kiddies
With a barrel stave or stick;
When an infant's cry of "Mother!"
With her nature disagrees,
Don't be startled, for it's nothing
But a need of manganese.

HUMANIST RELIGION

It is not astonishing that religious instincts and sentiments are paralyzed and maimed when they are brought into contact with the prevailing scientific spirit and are not strong enough to resist its invasion of the mind. Even materialists are sometimes concerned when they consider the moral chaos which they have helped to create. They are forced to admit that religion has been a great historical social force; and some of them are seriously working to found a new religion which will be the worship of man and of human powers.

We quote from the *New York Times*, April 9, 1934.

Dr. John Dewey addressed the First Humanist Society of New York yesterday on "Emotion and Religion". "With the decay of the older religions", he said, "man needs to-day the stimulating force of intense emotion and will find it only in three things: the 'cosmic emotion' of Einstein, the passion for the spread of intelligence, and the passion for social justice." Asserting that religions always had exploited the emotions for specific ends, he continued: "Emotional crises such as birth and death, spring sowing and fall harvest, the initiation of adolescents, because of the striking character of these events, have by primitive people been associated with the supernatural. Pains have been taken to make the ceremonials of religion impressive, so as to call out personal emotion. A large part of the hold which Christianity and Judaism have on their adherents is due to the emotional atmosphere which accompanied their early life. Even when these persons become intellectually skeptical, their emotions frequently keep them within the fold. But heaven and hell seem very remote to-day. They are fading out because our emotions find sufficient play in the world around us. As we fix our emotions on the human, the supernatural fades away."

THE MODERNIST SIN AGAINST NATURE

Dr. Hubble, Professor Bogert and Professor Dewey illustrate, in their respective fields, the most deep-seated of modern intellectual perversions. Unless this disease of thought be checked, it will ravage and destroy what we call

modern civilization. It is not enough merely to describe it as materialism; for ancient materialism, whatever its defects, was not inspired by the "delusions of grandeur" which animate so many of our activities to-day. The typical materialists of the Græco-Roman world, Epicurus and Lucretius and their followers, confessed the perfection of Nature. Some of them, like Lucretius, sought a genuine religious consolation in the prostration of their souls before the spectacle of her divine beauty and order. If they erred, it was because they despised man too completely, discerning no future for him save annihilation, conceiving him as a creature of a day, to whose aspirations Nature was utterly indifferent.

This is not the modernist sin. With inexplicable inconsistency, the contemporary materialist, who believes neither in immortality nor in free-will, nevertheless assumes that man has both the right and the power to attain happiness and authority upon earth. He sins against Nature because he professes to believe that the universe, apart from the human personality, is devoid of purpose or direction or meaning. In the terminology of our ancestors, he blasphemes against God.

"You must know and remember one thing", an Indian Master has written; "we but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works". These words point to the abyss which separates Theosophy from all modernistic speculation. The Theosophist identifies the hidden life of Nature with the divine life—*Deus sive Natura*. He makes no distinction between Nature, in its real essence, and the "Heavenly Sophia", the Wisdom which is the manifestation of the Being of God. The course and order of events, the *tempo* and sequence of evolution on all planes, have, therefore, a sacred causation and significance. In any case, one need not be an occultist to realize the dream-like quality of the fancy that the laws of existence can be amended or repealed by any human legislation. Whether we approve or not, they are fundamental and irrevocable.

Materialists themselves emphasize the absoluteness of the "laws of mechanics", to which motion in the inorganic world so generally conforms; but they fail utterly to perceive that there are principles no less rigorous which set limits to the activities of the human personality. The true philosopher seeks to adapt his purposes to the divine purpose, in so far as this is revealed to him by the phenomena of Nature, by the circumstances and duties of his life, by the constitution of the sphere of existence into which he is born. It is the grossest illusion to suppose that we can escape from that sphere before we have learned the lessons which it has to teach us. The result of every attempt to "improve" Nature and to correct her "errors" is to fall into still greater confusion and misery. Gérard d'Houville, referring to the genius of Molière, has pointed out that his plots are almost invariably concerned with a common theme, the folly and discomfiture of those who "have been unwilling to recognize natural laws, and have fancied that they could twist these principles to their profit" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15, 1934).

A humanist religion, as conceived by the modernists, is a sin against Nature. Its plans for social justice, even when inspired in part by admirable motives, disregard the manifest differences between human beings, and inevitably imply

injustice to individuals. Its "passion for the spread of intelligence" takes no account of the elementary truth that intelligence is the most terrible of curses, when its growth is artificially and inordinately quickened. When there is no interference with normal growth, the evolution of the intellect proceeds *pari passu* with the evolution of the moral sense. The story of the forbidden fruit in Genesis is a very profound allegory. As to the "cosmic emotion of Einstein", one hesitates to comment, for one does not know what Einstein's emotions may be. However, it is legitimate to assume that for the devotee of humanism it is not the cosmos which moves him to ardour, but the current scientific representation of the cosmos—which is a very different thing.

PROTESTANTISM AND MATERIALISM

"Humanist religion" is not limited to a "little group of serious thinkers". It is actually the creed of millions of nominal Christians attached to one or another of the Protestant denominations. Many churches are nothing but lecture-halls where current economic and political problems are discussed. For example, we read in the *New York Times* (May 14, 1934), that a New York Methodist minister delivered a violent attack from the pulpit upon the public utilities corporations. On the same Sunday, in the old Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, a pastor from Los Angeles extolled the "wonders of science", suggesting with easy optimism that "God is whispering in the radio, the airplane and the submarine", and arguing—by what logical process we cannot imagine—that these discoveries make it easier to believe in immortality. Another preacher, a Methodist, appealed to the "mothers of the world" to become "anti-war conscious". Still another, a Presbyterian, denounced the munitions manufacturers. "If their profits were cancelled", he said, "we should have crossed in one step half the distance to a warless world." Incidentally, according to this view of history, there would have been no Cæsar, no Attila, no Genghis Khan, if it had not been for the munitions manufacturers.

These pronouncements are thoroughly typical. Both the clergy and the laity have surrendered to the spirit of modernism. As their activities prove, few of them have any living faith in God or Nature. Protestantism, with some striking exceptions, has become one of the subversive influences in the modern state,—an ally, a despised ally, of the communists and socialists, and an agency for the dissemination of *unnatural* doctrines—pacifism, internationalism, class warfare and the "redistribution of wealth", birth-control, etc., etc. Doubtless, the ideal of "ministers of the Gospel", as they define it to themselves, is the service of mankind; but they conceive philanthropy and humanitarianism almost wholly in material terms. They seem to be incapable of imagining a state of "social justice" which is not brought into being by legislation and the advancement of physical science. This is the worst form of materialism, and in addition it is treason to the Master whom they pretend to serve. They are guilty of hypocrisy, Pharisaism and priestcraft. There is no entity more contemptible than the priest who employs the symbols and rites of religion to conceal his spiritual emptiness and his denial of the divinity in Nature and in man.

FRAGMENTS

HE called, and I answered: Master, here am I.
And he said: Where hast thou been?

And I answered: All night long I have been seeking the amaranths growing beside the waters of Paradise.

They are the flowers of death, he said; no need to seek them. When the hour comes they will lie upon thy breast. There are better things to do.

So I sought for better things to do, and I found them not, though I sought diligently.

Again he called, and I answered: Master, here am I.

And he said: Where hast thou been?

And I answered: Seeking for an object for my search,—through all the sunlit day I have sought and found nothing. There were thistles by the wayside and tall weeds—I would have none of them; the gentle grass was there, and grain waving in the fields across the hedges.

The sun was hot, the Master said, the world was blackened by it. Leave the highway for the shade: seek, resting there.

And while I rested I slept, and in my dreams I saw the angels passing up and down the mystic ladder that goes from earth to heaven, and I heard their voices singing.

It seemed a long time that I slept, and when I wakened it was to hear the Master calling; and I answered: Master, here am I.

And he said: Where hast thou been?

And I answered: Watching the angels that passed from earth to heaven and back, and listening to their singing.

He smiled at that. And thou? he said.

I watched, I said.

There are better things to do, he answered; do thou as the angels.

CAVÉ.

THE DIVINITY OF THE KING IN ANCIENT EGYPT

EVERYONE knows what Herodotus wrote of the Egyptians—that they were the most truly religious people living in the world, and when to this we add for ourselves, as a well recognized historical fact, that in no civilization of the remote past was authority so centralized and so absolute as in Egypt, there is one unavoidable conclusion: in the estimation of the ancient Egyptians, power was not something in which chance played a conspicuous part; it was a divine gift. Again add to this the fact that the King was looked upon literally as of divine origin, and we see why this power was not even, perhaps, a gift, but rather was it a literal and unqualified inheritance from the gods. We also see why the focus of this power, its storehouse as it were, was the Throne, which meant, of course, the Pharaoh who sat upon the Throne, for in him was concentrated the "Sacred Force" which came down from above; he was its sole direct recipient; through him it streamed in unveiled splendour out over the land and the people under him, sustaining and nourishing both.

The ancestry of the Pharaoh stretched far back into the darkest night of time. According to Manetho, Egypt, long anterior to recorded history, had been ruled first by three dynasties of gods, then by four dynasties of demi-gods, and thus we find an upper triad and a lower quaternary as the ground-plan of all Egypt's later historical greatness. Ra, the first King of Egypt—the "solitary Demiurge" as he has been called—whose rule preceded that of Osiris by many thousands of years, is said to have had a reign which lasted for ninety centuries, as we reckon time. Ra struck the key-note; he laid the spiritual foundation; Osiris and Horus completed the structure; they filled in the mould around which all the later glory was built. The gods thus exercised a direct and holy influence upon mankind, until man became civilized. This slow work of cultivation fell primarily to the lot of the three divine dynasties, each successively contributing its share; then to the semi-divine group, after which, the future welfare of the kingdom being well established, "the gods returned to heaven".

According to tradition, the immediate successors of the gods and the demi-gods were not, however, completely mortal (involution like evolution moves with fine gradations), but were somewhat shadowy, formless beings, designated by Manetho as "manes", lesser gods—the outermost link between spirit and matter. They were like the living rungs of a ladder—a ladder down which the celestial Force was transmitted to the King, and up which the human "Occupiers of the Throne" could ascend for spiritual renewal; they formed a bridge between the human and the divine, between heaven and earth. So the first human King followed directly after the last of the "manes" who, when in the act of withdrawing, passed on the crown to his heir, but the change from divine to human

"did not cause any interruption in the royal lineage". Therefore we see how direct was the inheritance, for the Shemsu-Hor ("Servants of Horus") as those first Kings of the human dynasties called themselves, carried on the god-imparted tradition of royalty; and from the time of Menes, the first King of the official lists, the Egyptians declared that they had an unbroken line of Pharaohs straight through to the end, even down to the Ptolemies and the Cæsars. Divine Right was an established fact: spiritual first, then physical—an invariable law of life in any outpouring toward manifestation. In the earliest days, long before Egypt had reached the zenith of her magnificent civilization (the civilization of which we have historical records), this basic principle of the divine origin of authority had become a sacred tradition, and all the later, internal conflicts which, at last, after thousands of years, resulted in Egypt's downfall and outer dissolution, were waged for just that reason, to maintain just that principle, to keep unsullied—despite all counter and subversive tendencies—that gift which had descended straight from the gods themselves, from Ra himself. So convinced were the Egyptians that only "The Chosen One" could sit upon the throne of Ra that, if the heir apparent died and a younger brother became Pharaoh, it was believed to be the divine will and not a chance mishap which had regulated the succession. Thus, for instance, Amenhotep I had not been the direct heir of Ahmes I; it was the death of an elder brother, a result of "the intervention of the gods", which made him so. Rameses II was not, originally, the heir of his father Seti I, yet, in his own incomparably magnificent and sweeping way, he always maintained that he himself was "King in the Egg"—and that ended the matter! Incidentally, this is a phrase which has been variously interpreted, and it is one about which several interesting speculations might be made.

It has often been said that the history of Egypt is the history of her religion; that the life of the Egyptian people was inseparable from their religious institutions; that as the King lived in the gods and the gods in him, so was he a reservoir of creative energy and force, for in the eyes of the Egyptians, their King was Ra incarnate. In the Turin Papyrus especially (though it is also stated elsewhere), we get a clear-cut assurance that all the political institutions of Egypt had been established at the time of the divine dynasties, and had descended straight from them. Therefore, the power of the Pharaoh (a divine power), worked in and through these institutions, imparting life and inexhaustible vitality to them. There is a curious fact which invariably strikes and often puzzles the student of Egypt—though it does not puzzle the student of Theosophy—the fact that, as far back as we can go, the Egyptian civilization is found to be not only a fully formed but a *mature* organism; not something in the making, but something already accomplished. The very same religious beliefs, the very same religious rites, without fundamental change, are not merely dimly discernible but are distinctly and openly traceable from what we call primitive times to the end of the Græco-Roman Period. And underlying them all, the firm foundation upon which they all rest, is to be found the divine institution of Kingship, the unshakable belief in the divinity of the King himself.

Thus, as a member of the heavenly family—an integral part of it—the Pharaoh of Egypt was distinguished from all other beings who lived on earth; he was in a class entirely by himself; he represented and synthesized all life within his kingdom; and in the early days this was so literally true that the individual was an individual only when considered *within* the kingly power and influence; outside of these he had no existence at all,—a belief easily understood when we think of the relation between a Master and his chélas.

Occupying this unique position, the Pharaoh naturally assumed all the offices of greatest responsibility in the State. He was High Priest throughout the Two Lands, although he himself was worshipped as a god in all the temples; it was he who made the offerings, for even though he could not, of course, always be present in person, those who officiated were acting literally *for him*, enabled so to act only because sustained by his occult power; cut them off from that source of life, and they perished forthwith. The invariable formula which we find in the records is, "A royal offering of such and such things", and so forth. He was Grand Vizier, even though another might be delegated to represent him; he was Chief of all the Armies, and Supreme Judge between the guilty and the innocent; in fact, there was nothing in which the royal hand was not both felt and seen and accepted. His authority was absolute.

Of all the different channels through which this divine power was transmitted, and also preserved (transmitted to the priesthood, preserved in the divine person of the King himself), perhaps one of the most interesting is to be found in the royal titles, their origins and significance, together with the royal names which accompanied them. To many of us it comes with something of a surprise when we learn that the Pharaohs of Egypt had five different and distinct royal titles (we cannot help wondering if there were not in reality *seven*, two of which were and still are unknown), with five or more different names attached, and that each name as well as the title to which it belonged, implied and actually embodied a special power or set of powers. This made of every King who sat upon the Golden Throne of Egypt a very complicated individual indeed, a being connected by invisible lines of force with every portion of the universe both seen and unseen. We who are laymen, read of Thothmes or of Rameses, for instance, and, providing we know which Thothmes or which Rameses is in question (whether the first, second or third), we are quite sure that we shall recognize the same Pharaoh again when we read about him, because we think that a name does not change. What is our discomfiture, however, when we find that names *do* change, or rather that he who was so familiar to us under the guise of Thothmes on one occasion, appears to be a complete stranger when we meet him as Setepen-Ra, or as Ka-Nekht-Kha-em-Uast, or as something else on another occasion. Rameses II had thirty-three names under the head of only one of his five royal titles, and by any one of these thirty-three names of that single sign of royalty, must we learn to identify him when threading our way carefully through the ancient records. What is more important—through the instrumentality of any one of these, the Pharaoh could set in motion a current of force by the proper intonation of that name. This was a power in his hands, but it might

also be a power in the hands of an enemy, should that enemy chance upon the secret intonation; and this fact may partly account for the many names assumed by most of the Pharaohs, especially the later ones, for it was in later times, when the priesthood of Amen was in the ascendancy, and black magic was a growing evil which had to be reckoned with, that many extra precautions and protections became necessary. It is well known what deep importance the people of ancient times attached to a name; indeed, we might almost say that, with them, a human being had no separate life as distinct from other human beings, until the day when he received his name. For not only did his name tell what he was, but, in the case of royalty, it often had a life of its own. Of Narmer, one of the proto-dynastic Kings, we learn that, on the battlefield, his name sprang suddenly into action, brandishing a heavy mace which was held firmly in both hands, and to such good purpose that the enemy was completely overpowered. Menes, otherwise known as Aha (the Warrior), was always preceded into battle by his name—not figuratively, but actually—with the consequence that the enemy fled in dismay. (The student of Theosophy would no doubt recognize in this the mysterious power which produces “perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy”—Kriyasakti). Little wonder, therefore, that the choice of royal names and titles entailed a long chain of consequences!

It is now many years since Egyptologists first recognized certain facts regarding the royal titles. They recognized, for instance, that the protocol of the Pharaoh of Egypt (at least from the twelfth dynasty onwards), not only contained the five names and special titles we have spoken of, but also that these titles with their names were invariably arranged in a fixed order. It was also long ago recognized that of these five, four were divisible into Horus and Ra names, two for Horus, two for Ra, while the remaining name and title was especially appropriated by the Crown. The solar or Ra names, always at the end of this formal and unchanging list, were, of course, written within the cartouche, symbol of the universe over which the Pharaoh reigned; the Horus names, one of which was invariably written first, each had another distinctive sign. Thus, in full, the normal, royal title (or succession of titles), without the individual names, read as follows: 1. The Horus or Ka title, which was said to belong to the Pharaoh only “beyond life”, or after his “death”. 2. Lord of the Two Crowns. 3. The Golden Horus. 4. King of Upper and Lower Egypt—this was the Coronation Name, and was enclosed in the first cartouche. 5. Son of Ra—the name received at birth, and to be found within the second cartouche. It would be impossible to do more than touch on the many far-reaching potencies which these titles, with their accompanying names, indicated—for each stood for some spiritual quality—but it will at once be seen that the chronology of the King's life was, *to all appearances* at least, in the inverse order of his titles. Reading backwards, therefore: as Son of Ra, the last title of the protocol, he was born to inherit the throne of his ancestors, and, upon ascending the throne, he assumed the next to the last title—King of Upper and Lower Egypt. The Golden Horus title is partly solar in that the god Horus himself, represented by the royal Falcon, was the direct spiritual descendent of Ra, and thus the

Pharaoh also was of the golden substance of Ra, and the golden essence of Ra ran in his veins. To the Egyptians, this was not a metaphysical statement, but a statement of spiritual fact. As Lord of the Two Crowns—the red and the white crowns blended into one—he was Lord of the two worlds, the inner and the outer, and the Crown was presided over by two protective goddesses. The King was himself the Double Crown incarnate; his was a universal overlordship.

Up to this point, the titles and names are more or less obvious, if one may use such a word for anything whatever which is connected with ancient Egypt; it is with the Ka-name (the first Horus title and the first on the list), that we come upon a mystery the true significance of which has baffled Egyptologists from the beginning, and about which hardly two will agree on all points. It remains, therefore, by far the most interesting to students of Theosophy, because, behind the apparent explanation, there lies a whole region of possibilities.

As we have already noted, the farther back we can get into the so-called primitive times of ancient Egypt, the more certain are we to come upon her religious beliefs in their original purity, unobscured by later theologizing. Also we have to remember that the Egyptians were not the "literal" people which, as a rule, Egyptologists have considered them; they did not put down, in black and white, all that they thought and believed. Back of what they wrote, one always has to search for what they really meant, what they were trying to imply. There was a veil deliberately drawn over that which was put in "writing", whether this was graven on stone or in the script of the papyri; all that portion which was esoteric was hidden under allegory—but the truth was there for those who could read. Hence it is that, of the true religion of the ancient Egyptians, we recognize or understand only so much as we ourselves know and understand of the universal Mystery Teaching.

The Ka-name was always written within a device which, for many years, remained a subject of open dispute among Egyptologists. From its form and general arrangement of line, it was at first thought to represent a royal standard, a banner with a deep fringe along the lower edge, and the royal name was therefore called interchangeably and rather loosely, either the "Ka-name" or the "banner-name" of the King. In the far-off days of earliest Egypt, when the records were so few that it has often been difficult for us to distinguish between one King and another, a certain fact was, nevertheless, recognizable: that the Pharaoh invariably had two distinct names, his birth name and his Ka-name (later, as we have seen, he had more—at least more names were revealed), but that he alone, of all his *entourage*—his nobles, his officials, his household in general—had the latter, and that these two names expressed the Pharaoh's dual nature: his body and his "soul"; they also represented the two worlds (inner and outer), in which he lived. Originally, therefore, it was only the King who had a Ka; not even the royal family—the King's brothers and sisters—had Kas of their own, none at least which had developed to the extent where a special name would be appropriate. This meant, of course, that he who sat upon the Throne was placed there because he had attained to a spiritual consciousness, or to a separate spiritual life, not yet attained by others—it was this *inner*

status which, in reality, constituted his sovereignty. In later times, when Egypt had begun to suffer from the creeping shadow of democratic ideas, *every-one* was thought to have a Ka—even objects had Kas. Nevertheless, a distinction in the case of royalty was always kept, for the King's was "the *living* Ka"; he alone shared in the body and soul of his celestial ancestors: his body, represented by his birth name, was the substance of Ra; his "soul", represented by his Ka-name, was "a Horus, detached from the supreme Horus".

This is not the place to enter, in any detail, upon the vexed question of the Ka, or of what the Ka really was in the secret Teaching of ancient Egypt. That is a subject in itself, and a very wide and involved subject at that. There is probably no other single point in the whole of Egyptology which has caused more animated discussion. The Ka has been described as almost everything from "a vampire which sucks the blood of its relatives", to "the activities of sense and perception"—both ideas, as a matter of fact, being capable of an occult interpretation. But granting that the Ka of the King was some spiritual part of him (and the upraised arms of aspiration—the hieroglyphic sign for the word "Ka"—surely calls for a distinctly mystical rendering), granting that it represented some personified spiritual status reached by no one else to the same exalted degree, what were the Ka's functions in so far as we may discover them from the exoteric records? Why was the Ka given a name of its own? What was the strange device which remained, from the beginning to the end, the one invariably used as a frame, a setting, one might say, for the Ka-name whenever that name was written? And above all, why did the Ka-title belong to the Pharaoh only "beyond life", only after his "death"? Was this figurative, or was it literal as most Egyptologists would have us believe?

The device upon, or within which the Ka-name was always written was an upright oblong in form, and was surmounted by the royal Falcon, symbol of Horus, he who soars aloft in the heavens—the "sky-goer". It was in a vacant space in the upper part of the oblong (a space which very likely represented the heavens themselves), that the Ka-name was written, and below, a number of perpendicular lines were invariably present, but what those lines were intended to represent was a riddle which, for many years, remained unsolved—the notion that the oblong itself was a banner, and that the lines below were intended to indicate (as already noted), a long fringe, not being entirely convincing. The Egyptian name for this device was "Serekh", and the meaning of that word is, "That which makes known". But what was it that was made known? No one could answer with any degree of certainty. At last, after many years of investigation, and as a result of comparing later and more detailed drawings of this device, with those that were earlier and less decipherable, it was discovered that the perpendicular lines which had been thought to represent fringe, in reality represented the upright lines of a closed doorway, flanked by recessed panelling—exactly the type of door found in the wall, opposite the entrance of early Egyptian tombs. To Maspero and to Petrie belongs the credit for this decipherment, though neither ever got beyond a very general interpretation. But what was the meaning of that small and narrow doorway? What were the ancient

Egyptians trying to make us understand of its true significance in the Mystery Teaching? It could hardly have been so conspicuously and so invariably present, had it been intended merely to symbolize the ancient doctrine of reincarnation—the passing in and out of life through the doorway of the tomb; though in its more exoteric form it may have indicated that as well. Such an explanation, however, would be too obvious, and the Egyptians of old were never obvious. Its continued presence seems to make evident the fact that it signified something which was regarded as of the utmost importance, but it is by analogy only that we are likely to discover why that symbol persisted, from the earliest to the latest times, as a necessary part of “tomb equipment”.

In the most representative Egyptian tombs, there was always an inner and an outer chamber, with that small doorway between them, and a study of the ritual of the dead (in which so many lost secrets are interred), throws much light on its significance; for it shows us that this doorway was made expressly for the Ka of the “deceased” when passing from the outer “chamber of offerings” to the “inner chamber”. We know that the chamber of “burial” was far below, underground, and that it was up the straight, ascending shaft, connecting it with the chamber of “offerings”, that the Ka of the “deceased” could mount, partake of the “offerings”, and then enter the inner sanctuary through that little, closed doorway. So the door was a door of *access*—of access to the chamber within; but it was only the Ka of the “deceased” who possessed its secret, for on the lintel above it (just as in the device which was called the “Serekh”) the individual Ka-name was inscribed, indicating proprietorship. The funerary ritual further assures us that it was *only* after feeding upon the “sacrifices” made in the outer “chamber of offerings”, that the Ka could retreat through that doorway to the inner sanctuary, renewed in spiritual vigour, this “feeding” being continued as long as the Ka had need of that particular kind of sustenance. It does not take much effort of the imagination, therefore, to see in this the age-old lesson: that it is only by the continued sacrifices of the outer man, that the enduring, inner personality, the divine part of him, comes finally to birth. And it is, perhaps, from *The Voice of the Silence* particularly that we may get our real clue to the probable meaning of the doorway itself. For there we read of retiring “into the inmost chamber, the chamber of the heart, and the abode of the world’s mother”, of “the fiery power”, as the result of the action of which the soul becomes a “walker of the sky”—in the language of ancient Egypt, the soul became Horus, “the sky goer”. Is not that doorway intended to symbolize the “doorway of the heart”, the entrance to the Way of Life, only discovered upon the “death” and “entombment” of the lower nature? Is it not the beginning of the “small, old path that leadeth far away” to which Theosophy for ever points so eloquently? And was it not through it alone that the ancient Egyptians, like ourselves of to-day, hoped to enter into life immortal? But it was the Pharaoh who showed them the way, because there was no one else in outer, active life, who could equal him in the greatness of his mystic powers; it was he who had attained, for he could not otherwise have been acknowledged from above as “The Occupier of the Throne”. And that is why his Ka-name is always to be

found on the lintel over the doorway—the first title of the Pharaoh, but the title which became his only “beyond life”.

There cannot be the slightest doubt in the mind of any student of Theosophy that the Pharaohs of Egypt (particularly those of the earliest dynasties) were great Adept Kings, in close touch with the Lodge. As we have seen, they were the direct inheritors of the gods who preceded them, and they were the model upon which the infant races were to mould themselves—those infant races which eventually were to clothe themselves with the same garment of immortality in which the Pharaoh himself was already clothed. It was he who had become “united with his Ka”; it was he who had become a “walker of the sky”. In the Pyramid Texts there are innumerable passages indicating the possession of these great yogi powers by the Pharaoh, passages which can be linked with other similar passages in *The Voice of the Silence*, and elsewhere. Thus the Pharaoh is likened to a great bird with outstretched wings, sailing across the heavens: “He ascends to the sky as a falcon. . . . He flies, he flies! . . . He is not of the earth, he is of the sky!”; or, “He goes to the sky, he goes to the sky! On the wind! On the wind!” And the unforgettable line of adoring wonder at the splendour and the majesty of the Pharaoh when he takes his rightful place in the company of the Immortals: “Oh lofty one among the Imperishable Stars, thou perishest not eternally!”

In Theosophy we find an incalculable amount of treasure which has come down to us direct from ancient Egypt. Would it be too unreasonable, therefore, if we were to think of these great Pharaohs (especially those whose incarnation in the early days, made it possible for them to work in the still undimmed light which lingered on after the august Rulers of the divine dynasties had “returned to heaven”) as our own direct link with the Lodge to-day? We have been told, not once but many times, that the present crying need in the world is for “God-instructed men to rule the nations”, and it would seem natural that we should turn with longing and with hope to those illustrious Kings of old who reigned so wisely; for back of them stretched the unending line of gods, the Lodge itself, from whence those Pharaohs sprang, and from whence their wisdom emanated. We know that the eternal Warfare between the White Lodge and the Black goes on; we are told that it is, even now, gathering for its flood, and that “the Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought in the spiritual world”. Would it be so difficult to imagine that already a glimmer of Egypt’s ancient glory had begun to spread around and over us—had we but the eyes to see? That the mighty Pharaohs of bygone days, drawn up in dazzling battle-formation, may actually, at this very moment, be preparing for the combat—helping to make it possible for the gods to return to us? For we know that long ages ago it was promised they *would* return—that they would return when the last great battle had been fought and won: when Horus had at length met and vanquished his immemorial enemy, Set.

HETEP-EN-NETER.

WITHOUT CENSOR

II.

ONCE the decision to enter the Army had been made, there followed a month of the most hectic preparation. The First Officers' Training Camps were to start, again at Plattsburgh, in the middle of May, and there was none too much time for all that had to be done. Physical examinations had first to be taken and passed, and once they were safely over, it was obviously the part of wisdom to see personally those who had it in their power to ensure that one's application for admission to the Camp would be acted upon favourably. When all this had been settled, there were family duties and obligations to be arranged for and shifted to the shoulders of others. One's partners had to be talked to, and the affairs of various clients turned over to them, and plans for the future conduct and re-arrangement of the business had to be discussed. Personal affairs had to be set in order, not only for a long absence from the country, but also in such a way that they would function smoothly during that absence, and with a minimum of attention. Indeed, it was clear that all such matters must be so covered as to provide for the possibility of not returning at all. There was the all-absorbing and highly important problem of the purchase of clothing and outfit, or as much as would be needed for the following three months, at least;—the rest could wait. There were talks with friends in the Movement, most important of all, and which took precedence over everything else. In fact, there was so much to do, and so many people to see, and so little time to do it all in, that it seemed a sheer impossibility that everything could be accomplished in time. It was, by some miracle; but I finally boarded the sleeper for Plattsburgh with the feeling that the strenuous life of a training camp now had no terrors for me, and that life there would be in the nature of a rest-cure compared to what I had just passed through.

Compared with the previous summer, it was a different Plattsburgh which met our eyes when we left the train the next morning from a siding near the Government Reservation,—and with a different atmosphere. Long wooden barracks had sprung up, along the side of the Parade Ground and in the woods and vacant spaces adjoining, each designed to accommodate two hundred and fifty officer candidates, or a war-strength Infantry Company. The place seemed alive with Regular Army officers and non-commissioned officers, who herded us about rapidly, and rushed us through all the ordinarily endless standing in line and waiting, for allotment to companies and for the issue of Government property, which seemed an inevitable concomitant of Army life. There was a mass-meeting held that night, at which the purpose of the Camp and the objects to be attained, and what would be expected of the candidates, was explained to them in brief, concise, military language by the Commanding Officer of the Camp and by other Senior Officers. At the end, there was a roar of applause, and much hand-

clapping. In horror, the Senior Major sprang to his feet, and, in biting and sarcastic terms, directed attention to the fact that in the Army it was not customary to evince either approbation or disapprobation, and ended with the words, "Hereafter, it will not be done!". Somewhat crestfallen, the candidates dispersed, feeling, however, that after all they had been started off on the right foot (or rather, the left foot, according to Infantry Drill Regulations), and that, anyway, this was the real thing.

In a little over twenty-four hours the training was under way, although made difficult by various inconveniences. For, the truth was, things were not ready. There was a shortage of certain kinds of equipment, sanitary arrangements were practically non-existent, the food fell below the standard of the Army ration in quantity and quality, and the blankets which had been issued were some which had been discarded by the Red Cross as being too small and too light. This last was remedied by a telegram to New York, and by sleeping with clothes and overcoats on until heavy blankets arrived, for the nights on Lake Champlain in May are still quite cold. All these things would have been of minor importance, save for the fact that the men were not hardened, coming as they did straight from sedentary lives in cities; and the unaccustomed, hard physical exercise was making rapid adjustment to conditions difficult enough in itself. In comparing notes with other men after the War, we all agreed that the conditions under which we lived for the first two weeks at Plattsburgh that spring, in view of our physical unpreparedness for them, were equal to anything which we experienced in the way of discomfort during our later war experience. But in a comparatively short time mistakes were rectified, conditions were improved, and our attention was free to be directed to the training itself.

This training was of a much more severe and intensive character than anything which any of us had experienced before. I had chosen the Infantry, because I had always walked a great deal, and because for some years I had been working with men, at a Rescue Mission operated by the Church of which I was a member, of the type which we were likely to get from the draft, and I felt that I knew something about the way in which to handle them. Also, because I felt a certain diffidence in regard to my ability to cope with the various mathematical formulæ and calculations necessary in the Field Artillery. The day started with Reveille, after which we were marched to Mess. At eight o'clock the work began, and, with intervals of ten minutes between each hour, continued until noon. We were marched again to Mess in the middle of the day, and were at work again from two to four in the afternoon. Ordinarily, an hour's drill alternated with an hour's lecture, usually outdoors, on some military topic, but when the Company was marched out on the Peru Road to the open rolling country for tactical problems, the whole morning was devoted to it. Retreat, at five o'clock, was followed by Evening Mess, and from seven to nine o'clock in the evening we were in School, the first hour there being devoted to study, and the second hour to a lecture with an examination and a quiz.

It was a singularly ill-chosen and inappropriate hour to devote to that purpose, for all concerned were far from being mentally at their best, as they were

by that time pretty thoroughly exhausted from the day's work. I remember vividly one particular evening when I found it practically impossible to stay awake. By keeping myself busied with books and papers during the first hour, I had succeeded in staving off slumber, but when the lecture started and there was nothing to do but sit still, the soothing tones of the Regular Army Officer's voice proved to be more than nature could cope with, and the proceedings became enveloped in a gradually thickening mist, as far as I was concerned. Suddenly, to my horror, I heard myself called on by the Instructor, to explain how I would have carried out the problem in question from that point, had I been in command, and what mistakes, if any, had been made in the order which had been actually given. I arose promptly to my feet, in a military and alert manner, but within was a complete void. I had heard nothing of the problem. An agonized and hurried mental groping did nothing to stimulate memory. The one word "pursuit" came, out of the general blackness. So I replied that it seemed to me that the mistake had been in not exploiting the advantage gained; that pursuit, prompt and immediate, had been indicated at that point. I warmed up to it as I went along, and said that apparently the Commanding Officer had forgotten the military rule,—when in doubt, do something, even if it is wrong; never do nothing. I thought that the order for pursuit should have been given at once, not forgetting to include the appropriate flank protection dictated by the nature of the terrain and the dispositions of the enemy. I remembered that from that morning's work. Realizing that I was beginning to run down, I resumed my seat with the feeling that my chance of a commission had now gone for good, expecting to hear low but derisive laughter. There was a silence, which I took to be merely the calm before the storm. Then, to my utter amazement and relief, I heard the Instructor say, in his most impressive manner, that he could not emphasize enough the point which had just been made; and he then proceeded to expatiate upon the subject of pursuit in general, and the clearly indicated necessity for it in this particular instance, and to insist that rapid and immediate appreciation of the right action to be taken at a juncture, an example of which had just been given, must be cultivated by all ranks. I felt that I was an authority on minor tactics, from then on. It was simple—I could do it in my sleep.

Close to the Canadian border, as we were at Plattsburgh, there was a large Roman Catholic element in the population. Just outside the town, there was a cemetery, and in it a singularly beautiful, life-size Calvary; it was in an isolated position, so that it stood out in a way which at once arrested attention, and the figure of the Christ on the Cross was that of a *man*, militant and courageous, rising above all suffering, radiating victory, an example of obedience unto death, the ideal of the Soldier. One dark and misty morning my Company started out to march to the open country to work out tactical problems in the field. As usual, we marched at attention until we were clear of the town, and then, at the command, we marched at ease, as was customary when any distance had to be covered, in order to minimize fatigue. The leading platoon started to sing, "There's a Long, Long Trail", and the whole column took it up. The Company

swung around the turn of the road, and marched on the cemetery. The mists hung low, completely obliterating the graves and the headstones, gathering about the foot of the Calvary in masses, and causing it to stand out in bold relief against a still darkened skyline, while the first rays of the sun, struggling through the clouds, fell directly upon the figure of the Christ, illuminating it, and in turn receiving back some of its radiance and its glory. There was a sheen of light, and as the head of the column saw it, the song which they were singing stopped, and gradually died away all down the line. There was a moment or two of silence, and then, at the head of the column, without a word of command, rifles were shifted to the right shoulder, the marching was at attention again, and the leading platoon started to sing, "The Son of God goes forth to War". There was a ripple, as the whole column came to attention, and took up the hymn all down the line, "Who follows in his train?" The singing was full of feeling now,—not the emotion of the revival meeting, but from the hearts of men who were facing facts, who had measured what the future might hold; men, of officer calibre, who were to lead other men in battle.

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain?"

Many of them were to enter upon that long, long trail, but they were not afraid, then, of what they would find at the end of it. They had caught, for the moment at least, from that figure of Christ in his radiance, something of the spirit of Victory; they marched, uplifted, in the very presence of their Captain.

Impossible to doubt, after this, that a far different spirit and attitude were animating the hearts and minds of the men, than in the Camp of the previous year. They were alive, awake, and eager. They did not talk much about how they felt in deeper ways. Men together in such circumstances, never do. They took it out in the way in which they did their work. The morale of the Camp was high, and as the majority of the men were considerably above the average in ability and general experience, they often first surprised, then amazed, the Regular Army Instructors by their aptitude, and the rapidity with which they assimilated what they were taught. To the Instructors, it was a brand-new experience to command men of this type in such numbers, and, stimulated by the experience, they in turn responded, and the instruction proceeded at a very rapid pace. The officer candidates varied in age from the early twenties to the middle thirties. Some of them were already officers in the Reserve Corps, but, while these men lived in a separate Barracks and were used to some extent to help in the instruction, their commissions were not safe, and had to be earned all over again; indeed, I can remember one man who started as a Captain of Infantry in the Reserve, and ended as a Second Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps, that lowest form of military life! Other candidates, while not in the Reserve, had been Officers in the National Guard, and had been on the Mexican Border the previous summer. They annoyed us a great deal, for, from the heights of their experience, they were constantly holding forth as to how things had been done, in this way or that, on the Border; some of them made the mistake of telling all this to the Regular Army Instructors, who responded in the manner

to be expected, with the result that the entire National Guard caste soon relapsed to its proper level in the scheme of things, where individual ability and adaptability, as evinced at the moment, alone counted. A number of the candidates were very young men, who were certain to be called later in the draft in any event, and who, as long as they had to go anyway, wanted to go as officers. Then there was a leaven of somewhat older men, who had convictions about the War, and were in for that reason; some of them, indeed, had already seen service overseas as War correspondents, ambulance drivers, or actually in the Allied Armies, and, now that the United States was in, had returned home to get commissions in our Army and to go at it again. A mixed lot, but a highly interesting one. The shirkers had no chance; some of those left us early in the game. Some were discharged, too, for physical or other inability to stand up to it. Some few men never did get along, spent a miserable three months, and were simply not commissioned at all at the end. But they were very few, relatively, and the level of general attainment and efficiency was so high, and the spirit of mutual co-operation and of willingness to help the other fellow to put his best foot forward was so general, that the atmosphere was stimulating and exhilarating in the extreme.

I have said that men, especially younger men, do not talk easily about their deeper feelings and convictions in such circumstances, and it is true. But the deeper those convictions and feelings, the more surely would they express themselves in outer actions and in chance words, so that those men gradually began to stand out among the others. Then, little by little, in the nature of things, they naturally gravitated together, and formed a centre or a nucleus. In spite of the high morale, or, rather, probably because of it, there was a steady stream of grouching when things went wrong, of grumbling, of complaint at antediluvian methods; this was entirely healthy, a mere working-off of steam, and is always present in the Army, and means in general exactly nothing at all. But, in the circumstances in which we found ourselves, it did mean that individual needs or weaknesses often became apparent in this way, and it was possible to meet and correct them, by degrees, with tact and understanding; to try to turn tendencies in individuals, which might have become destructive later on under the pressure of war conditions, into constructive forces, for the good of the Service. This could not be done by abstract lecturing, but only by the effort to be all things to all men; by talking with them in their own terms, by trying to raise the general inner level. I was personally greatly aided in this sort of effort by something which happened after we had been in Camp for several weeks. Five of us, all older men, were summoned to report one evening at the Quarters of our Commanding Officer. He informed us, after telling us to say nothing to anyone about it, that we would all be commissioned at the end of the Camp in the higher grades (the highest of which was the grade of Major). The reason, he said, why we were being told this at that time, was because he himself felt in need of the assistance and co-operation which he knew we could give, not only in the administration of the Company, but also in arriving at a proper and fair estimate as to the capabilities and characters of some of the younger men, which we would be

better able to appraise in certain ways than he himself possibly could. Then and there we were asked to give our views in regard to at least twenty men, and in most cases not only were those views practically unanimous, but they frequently coincided with the judgment which our Commanding Officer had already formed. This fact encouraged him greatly, and stimulated us; we realized at once that we were all going to see eye to eye, and that there were great possibilities in the situation for co-operation in the most real sense; and that the Commanding Officer, working in his way with us, would insure turning into efficient officers some of those younger men with whom we had already been working as individuals. From that time on, a certain amount of unobtrusive disciplinary authority was vested in us five men. We had the power to award, or to withhold for cause, passes to leave Camp on Saturdays for the night. We alternated in the command of platoons, which gave us the opportunity of studying the men more intimately, and of checking each other's judgment. There is no place where rumour is more rife; where things become known, or partly known, more rapidly than in the Army, in spite of all precautions. We became vested, through rumour, with far more power and authority than we possessed, but this was in fact not at all a bad thing, for it enabled us, in talking with individuals, to speak with some measure of actual authority, and increased our opportunities to help others.

Stimulating and exhilarating as the life was, it was hard work. Not so much physically, for after a month of it, we were in better bodily condition than we had been in for years. It was the pace that was so fast. No pressure of circumstances in civilian life had ever forced us to such continuously intensive living as this. Yet it was never too hard, for it always seemed possible, by an effort of will, consciously to break through the level upon which one was functioning to a higher level, upon which one got a sort of second wind after a hectic day or so, and from which one never again wished to recede. We made mistakes, plenty of them. We were terribly ignorant of the elementary details of what Julius Cæsar called the art of war and the drawing up of heavy armed troops, of details which had been second nature to our Instructors for years. There was opportunity to exercise individual initiative in these respects; we had simply to learn, and memorize facts and Regulations; in this way were things done and no other; that method was right, any other method was wrong. Now, at the age of thirty-five, it is exceedingly difficult to memorize long pages of instructions rapidly; but, as a matter of fact, this was absolutely necessary, especially in the Infantry training, and we recognized it. The Artillery candidates were greatly handicapped in their instruction by the fact that they had no guns at all, and only a few horses, and, as a result, most of the knowledge which they acquired was theoretical and came from books and lectures. But, as Infantry, we were completely equipped, with modern rifles and the heavy pack. We had an immense Parade Ground for close order company drill, and with a Company of two hundred and fifty men, it was possible to treat the Platoons as Battalions, and to gain considerable knowledge of how to drill the Battalion itself. We had the hills and the rolling country near the Camp for extended order drill, where we

deployed and worked out tactical problems with blank ammunition. We had our trenches and barbed-wire entanglements, interspersed with bags of straw to represent Germans, which we took by assault with the bayonet. We had the rifle and pistol ranges, where quite a high degree of efficiency in shooting was developed. We had practice in military map-reading, and in making military maps ourselves, being sent out individually for this purpose to map a certain area. As the training progressed, many of us were given the entire Company, in turn, for, say, half an hour at a time, under varying circumstances and conditions, that we might have the opportunity of exercising the functions of command. All the facilities to make it possible really to learn our jobs were ours. To make proper use of these facilities, we had to learn the fundamental, rudimentary facts upon which that use was based,—and we learned them; though with groanings that, unfortunately, were sometimes uttered. For we recognized the fact that we could attain something then and there which was going to be essential later overseas; we believed even then that the stalemate of trench warfare on the Western Front could not last, and that before a decision could be reached there ultimately, open warfare, the war of movement, the kind of thing that our own Regular Army knew something about, and that we had a chance to learn about ourselves on the hills around Plattsburgh, was going to come into its own.

Time passed swiftly, one day of intense activity succeeded another with lightning rapidity, and before we knew it, the end of the Camp was in sight. As a matter of fact, the pace had been so fast, that the entire command began to go stale after the last month of instruction had started, and orders were issued to ease off on the training in various ways for a few days, to allow all concerned to get their breath again. This temporary let-up produced the desired result, and was a very wise move, as it enabled everyone to make a strong finish, and to leave in the very best possible condition, from every point of view, to take up the real work for which all this had been merely a preparation. Various events of that last month were more amusing in retrospect than they were at the time. I remember an over-night hike, eight miles down the macadam road beside the Lake, to a large field bordered by a small stream, where the New York Regiment spent the night under shelter tents, marching back to Plattsburgh the following morning. We started off at two o'clock on an exceedingly hot afternoon. The sun, beating down all day on the road, had softened it and brought the tar to the top, so that the surface was just sticky enough to hold the sole of the shoe back when a step forward was taken, and make it rub against the foot. As a result, more than half of the command had blisters on their feet when they arrived at the camping ground, and every available minute, between then and the start the next day, was spent sitting with their feet in the stream trying to cool them off. The worst of it was that those same feet had to be used for the eight mile march back, with the result that there were more blisters, and the old ones were raw. The theory back of this entertainment had been, that it would be helpful for us to have the experience of cooking for ourselves in the open. The proper rations were issued, and we had the necessary equipment, but the trouble was

that the great majority knew nothing whatever about cooking, and subsisted for two meals mainly on raw bacon, uncooked potatoes, and water. A thoroughly poor time was had by all. Once a week, for several successive Saturdays, we were inoculated for practically every known disease, in turn. Some men suffered no ill effects whatever; but the majority would run a slight temperature by the evening, and feel generally wretched for about twelve hours, after which the effects gradually wore off, and they would be entirely fit again when work started early Monday morning. But this diversion, which the Government so kindly provided for us at no expense, militated against our enjoyment of the week-ends; for by that time Plattsburgh, socially, was a very different place from the early days in May. The Hotel down the Lake had opened, families and friends had made their appearance, and it was possible, not only to get a square meal amid pleasant surroundings and under enjoyable conditions, but also to hear, from older men who were really informed, about the progress of the preparation which was being made in Washington for our military effort.

As the end of the Camp approached, it was essential to weigh and to analyze the experience of the past weeks, in the effort, not only to profit by errors of omission and commission, but also to see what one had to go forward with, what one had really learned in the truest and deepest sense. It had been difficult for me, for instance, to report unfavourably about men who had really tried hard and sincerely; to feel myself forced to say that, in spite of all their efforts, and of satisfactory performance of duty they were entirely unfitted, because of some inherent weakness in character, to lead other men. But it was a question of the lives of others, which would be entrusted to them later on if they were commissioned, and of the honour of the Army. Clearly it was a test, as far as I was concerned, of real impersonality, of real detachment. Clearly those two qualities lay at the very heart of the soldier spirit; one would be called upon to make use of them constantly in the future; one would be required later on, again and again, to estimate other men accurately and quickly, and to act at once upon that appraisal; there would be no time then for a leisurely consideration. It was obvious, too, that men who were unfit to lead had to be protected from themselves; it would be grossly unfair to them, through one's own failure to face the facts from false sentiment or a mistaken idea of giving them their chance to cause them to be placed in positions in which they would inevitably break down later, with possibly attendant disgrace. If men did not know the military value of self-control, if they could not control themselves, clearly they were not going to be able to control those under their command. Yet there was comfort in the thought that, in spite of present failure, they were going to have another chance, and that the disappointment of to-day might well prove to be their making in the long run; for most of them were young men, who would be called later in the draft. It would be possible for them, then, to learn self-control, self-command, in terms of the military life, in terms which they could understand, which they would have to understand. It would be possible, once having learned these things in those terms, to get, perhaps, in another life, the idea of discipleship, to work them out in terms of discipleship. With this realization

came the reminder that, not only for them, but also for those of us who were in the Movement, difficulties and hardships and disappointments were always opportunities, and always would be. Certainly in the military life, in so far as it had opened up, this was true, and it was clear that, in all probability, the future was going to be full of opportunities!

It was the intention, at this First Officers' Training Camp, to draw from each Infantry Training Company of two hundred and fifty officer candidates, the commissioned personnel, up to the grade of Field Officer, for a regiment of Infantry in the 77th Division, which was to be organized at Camp Upton on Long Island, and was to be filled with the draft from New York. The Colonel, the Lieutenant Colonel, and the three Majors were to be Regular Army officers; we were to fill the other grades. Accordingly, at the very end of the Camp and after we had been commissioned, several of us were asked to meet together and, acting upon this information and upon our knowledge of each other, to draw up a provisional roster of the commissioned personnel of our regiment, which would, of course, be subject to revision by higher authority. Armed with the latest Tables of Organization of an infantry regiment, we spent an entire afternoon at this, and after we had given ourselves and each other what we considered were good jobs, grouping ourselves as far as possible as Company Commanders in the same battalions, we distributed the others, who were not present, throughout the various units, with a due regard to preserving a desirable balance of ability and efficiency in each. We were greatly pleased with ourselves when we had finished, feeling that we were now all set to get on with the War, and fondly hoping, so little did we still know of the way in which things are really done in the Army in war time, that this effort of ours was to be the last word on the subject, and that, after the two weeks' leave to which we were now entitled, we should meet again at Camp Upton and all carry on together. The final event of the Camp was a Dress Parade, when we were reviewed by various notables, and received considerable applause from a Parade Ground lined with spectators. After which, and not without a feeling of regret that this phase was over, in spite of my eagerness for what the future had in store, I took the train for New York, a Captain of Infantry in the new National Army.

CENTURION

(To be continued)

It is not so much the size of the dog in the fight, as the size of the fight in the dog.—
E. J. YOUNG.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder asked for comments on the Convention. Generalities, such as "splendid", "a great success", were the only result. Then the Philosopher explained: "I object", he said, "to talking for publication when adequate comment would oblige one to go beneath the surface. The surface of the Convention was most satisfactory; what lay beneath the surface was even better,—but what that was, sceptics would not understand, and it is a mistake to speak of spiritual realities to those whose experience does not include them."

"I should like to explain this", said one of the editors of the QUARTERLY: "The report of the Convention in the next (July) issue must necessarily be incomplete, because, owing to extraordinary political conditions in some European countries, it would be unwise to mention the presence of certain delegates, or even to print the letters of greeting received from Branches or groups of students in those countries. In fairness I should add that the members involved are willing to take the risk; but it is our duty to protect them so far as possible, and to think, not only of present conditions, but of what might happen in the event of war. There are one or two South American republics where men of European birth are 'marked' by their compatriots as 'traitors', when such men do not adopt the particular form of patriotism, favoured by the majority."

"I wish very much", the Historian now volunteered, "that one or two current events had precipitated, so to speak, shortly before instead of after the Convention. First, on May 8th, at Philadelphia of all places (I am quoting from *The New York Times* of May 9th):

Without a dissenting vote the national convention of the Young Women's Christian Association gave its support to Birth Control legislation. . . . This was the first time that the Y. W. C. A. had accorded official recognition to the Birth Control movement. . . . Considerable surprise was expressed when the delegates, numbering nearly 1800, voiced no opposition.

"I wish we might have had the opportunity to comment, at our Convention, on the performance of those 1800 women,—on their repudiation of religious principles and of natural law. Of all the brutalizing, soul-destroying influences in modern life, Birth Control is among the worst. The frequency of divorce, which has become a national scandal, is one of its direct results. The action of the Y. W. C. A. proves that their use of the word 'Christian' is a mockery; that they have aligned themselves with the forces of moral libertinism; that they must be counted hereafter as enemies of everything for which we stand. That there are decent women among them I do not question for a moment. It is the old story of mob psychology; of the fear, which many women share, of seeming 'old-fashioned'. Some hard-boiled woman doctor shouts at them about their 'rights', jibes at them for their ignorance of 'science', almost suffocates them

with filthy detail, browbeats them into a distrust of their own instincts, until whatever refinement and delicacy they may naturally possess are submerged by a sense of helplessness and fatality. Even so, they cannot escape the most terrible responsibility for the degradation of married life, not to speak of unmarried life, of which their cowardice is the direct cause. If they still believe in a Day of Judgment—and the trouble is that few of them do—they would do well to think of such things,—now. Their organization in any case, which, like the Girls' Friendly Society, has been going down hill for years—religion pushed out as materialistic modernism has been poured in—may as well realize that its latest pronouncement will force everyone who has the welfare of young girls at heart, to steer them as far as possible from its baneful influence.

"Another current event which would have served to illustrate one of the topics touched on at the Convention, is the recent persecution of Andrew W. Mellon, who was Secretary of the Treasury in three Republican Administrations. I have never come into contact with him, directly or indirectly, so I do not speak as a friend, or even as an admirer—for personally I think he showed wretched judgment under President Hoover during the 'boom' which collapsed in 1929. The fact remains that the procedure of the present government against him ought to have brought this country to its feet in a roar of indignant protest. His only actual offence was his wealth, taken in conjunction with his political affiliation. The radicals in Washington hate him, and did their utmost to injure him, solely for that reason; and because Theosophy stands for justice to rich and poor equally; because members of The Theosophical Society are or ought to be passionate lovers of justice 'without distinction of race, creed, sex, *caste* or colour', it would have been very much in order if our committee on resolutions had expressed themselves freely and frankly against the iniquitous misuse of governmental power of which the persecution of Mr. Mellon is an instance. As, however, this was not possible—for the matter did not come to a head until after our Convention—I want to 'read into the record' for publication in the 'Screen', a protest by Samuel Harden Church, President of the Carnegie Institute, which he telegraphed to *The New York Times* on May 8th from Pittsburgh, as follows:

The action of the grand jury in exonerating Andrew W. Mellon from the attempt of the government to make him a criminal without the privilege of having a hearing and making an argument in defending the honesty of his income tax return will gratify every impartial mind in this country.

In seeking to justify his assault upon Mr. Mellon's character, Attorney General Cummings made the announcement that it is his policy to present to each citizen the government's tax claim, and if the full amount of that claim is not paid without any further discussion of the matter a criminal indictment will be demanded.

The cool, calculating villainy of this statement has shocked America, and in attempting to enforce such a ruthless policy the government has jeopardized the liberty of every citizen. The action of the government in Mr. Mellon's case is a shame and an outrage, and the responsibility for this unpardonable act of tyranny must rest directly upon President Roosevelt.

"A third event worth noting would have been two front-page, large-type headlines in *The New York Times* of May 31st. One of these announced: '*Roosevelt*

hails New Unity in Nation. . . . "All Brothers now in a New Understanding", he tells Auditors'; the other announced: 'Textile Strike is Imminent; Steel Walkout Threatened.' Worthy of Mrs. Eddy! But I wondered if many people saw the point."

"My contribution is not modern, but ancient", the Engineer commented. "I am reading *Tibet, Past and Present*, by Sir Charles Bell. Yesterday I came across a passage in which the author states that toward the end of the eighth century, Mu-ni Tsem-po, King of Tibet, decided there must be a New Deal. Some men were poor, others rich; this was wrong. He ordained, therefore, that all men should share equally in the wealth of the country. So an equal division was made. Much to the King's annoyance, the equality soon disappeared. Twice again all were made to share and share alike; but the inequalities became worse than before, because some were idle and some industrious, some had brains, others none, while many of those who had been both poor and indolent became more indolent during their interval of ease, and thus became poorer than ever.

"The upshot? After the King's third attempt, his mother poisoned him."

"Really?" exclaimed the Student: "almost too good to be true,—particularly the *coup de grâce!*"

"Read it for yourself; it is all in Bell's book."

"Mothers are not what they used to be", the Historian pronounced, with what he intended to sound like a groan.

"Just as well for some of us perhaps!" the Recorder injected.

"If a violent change of subject be allowable", the Student now said, "may I suggest that it would be a kindness to members of the Society in Germany if some light might be thrown on their duty in the very difficult political conditions confronting them."

"Why more difficult than the position of some of us here?" the Engineer asked. "My company sports the Blue Eagle, or whatever the animal is (it looks like a crow), which is supposed to signify that we are co-operating under the terms of the National Recovery Act (NRA); and we *are* co-operating, for the simple reason that we cannot possibly do otherwise: but this does not mean that we approve of all or any of its provisions. As a matter of fact we do not approve—very few business people do; but this is no new experience, seeing that more than half the laws in force, both State and Federal, are vote-catching devices, and are inherently wrong and asinine. No matter what country, or under what form of government you live, you have to decide, in the last analysis, whether it is your duty to remain there or not; and at that stage it is well to remember that 'the duty of another is full of danger'."

"I am glad you brought that out", commented the Ancient, "for the tendency of German members will be to demand uniformity of opinion and conduct among themselves. None of us can escape entirely from the influence of heredity and environment, and a German member, without realizing it, will instinctively resent any departure from the rhythm of his own goose-step. He will want to say: One, Two, Three—March! expecting his fellow-members to fall into line

with him. I say this in all kindness. My desire is to help; not to criticize; but the only way to help is to point out those tendencies which are obvious to everyone except to those who are in danger of being dominated by them.

"The German people as a whole have been brought up and educated on the basis of the 'categorical imperative'; they expect a dogmatic answer to all questions—a stereotyped answer, narrow, precise, but of universal applicability. This is something that Theosophy never will or can supply,—any more than Christ, or Gautama Buddha supplied it. Theosophy reveals the underlying principles of right thought and conduct, but leaves it to the individual to apply those principles to his own problems. There could be no spiritual growth if all our problems were solved for us in terms of an infinitely detailed Code which we simply had to obey. The Pharisees had such a code, and we know what happened to them.

"The English approach to things is the exact opposite of the German. It is epitomized in those lines by Kipling: 'There are five-and-forty ways of writing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right.' The idea is vitally important and essentially true; its danger is that it may lead to everlasting compromise, and, at its worst, to the feeling that 'nothing really matters'—a fatal weakness.

"But we are now considering the problem, or the need, of German members, and not only of those who live in Germany. I should say that their greatest need is to refrain, *with all their hearts*, from sitting in judgment on each other, and then, if they would atone for the sins of their nation and race; if they would fill the part of the ten righteous men who might have saved Sodom and Gomorrah,—let them cultivate humility, that true humility, supremely exemplified by H.P.B. and Judge, the only force that can neutralize the self-assertion and arrogance, and at the same time the timidity (a seeming paradox), which are so largely responsible for the fact that Germany has sold itself to the devil—for power."

"Now you've hit it", said the Student; "I mean, have hit upon what seems to be the radical difference between the position of German members and our own. We know that our Government is capable of every kind of folly, and even of wrong; but we know also that its intentions are not evil, and that it is not hatching some hideous plot suddenly to pounce on Canada or Mexico, for revenge, lust of power, or from jealousy. The German members, on the other hand, cannot fail to realize that their Government, with ninety-five per cent of the population, have no scruples, no conscience, and would seize the territory of any of their neighbours to-morrow, if it were thought reasonably safe to do so. Can it be right to remain the citizen of a country which so obviously has become an instrument of the Black Lodge?"

"That is exactly what German members have to decide for themselves, and what we cannot decide for them. If we were foolish enough to advise them (which is just what a novice would be likely to do), we should not only deprive them of the merit of right (that is, of conscientious) decision, but should necessarily take the consequences or Karma of our advice upon ourselves and—far more important—upon the Society. Further, as I have suggested already, one

man's duty, in similar but not quite the same circumstances, may be and often is entirely different from the duty of another. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged'. *We shall not judge them*; it remains to be seen if they have a sufficient understanding of Theosophy to act on the same principle as between themselves. When will people learn that it is the motive that makes an act black or white, rather than the act itself! For example: one man arms in defence of his wife and children; another man arms in order to attack them; Pacifists see no difference, or pretend to see no difference, between the action of the two men; Theosophy, which is synonymous with enlightened common-sense, sees all the difference in the world. In the same way, two men might leave Germany, one with a bad and the other with a good motive. It is impossible to judge their behaviour on the basis of their outer conduct only, and heaven alone knows what mixture of motives may be actuating them."

"But if we cannot judge on the basis of outer action, and if it be so difficult to see into motives, what ground can you have for saying that Germany has 'sold herself to the devil—for power'?" One of our visitors asked this question.

"Ground enough,—acres and miles of ground", laughed the Engineer; "that of the statements poured forth during the past year or more, by Germany's 'leaders and official heads',—statements greeted with rapturous applause by an immense majority of the German people. When a man hangs out a sign announcing that he is a burglar, you may think him cracked, but you would be unwise to leave your watch on his doorstep; and the truth is that Germany glories in being a law unto herself, with a right to everything she can wrest from those who prove themselves weaker than she is. 'Might makes right', is her declared creed,—the changeless creed of 'that old serpent, called the Dragon, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world.'"

"I wonder whether readers of the *QUARTERLY* tire of our constant references to humility", the Historian now said; "I wonder if they regard our 'predications' on the subject as pious counsels of perfection, without practical importance, and as having no bearing in any case on occultism, or on a man's ability to be of use to the Movement and to the Lodge. On the chance that some feel that way about it, I should like to make this challenging assertion: that of the ten million 'known dead' of the Great War, half that number lost their lives through vanity (lack of humility),—and not necessarily their own: far from it. Obstinacy, be it remembered, is a form of vanity; and if a man makes a plan, and sticks to it just because it is *his* plan—sticks to it regardless of changed conditions, or of the warnings of friends—with the result that many thousands of lives are lost, it is clear to my mind that the loss of life was caused by his vanity, and that if he had been humble of heart, and *therefore* open-minded, those who were killed, might be alive to-day.

"No one can study the literature of the Great War—or of any other war for that matter—without being struck, time after time, by instances of scandalous waste of life due to this factor. Take, for example, the Boer War of 1899-1902: Sir Redvers Buller, appointed to command the British forces on the outbreak of hostilities, left England for South Africa on October 11th, the British War Office

thinking it probable that the Boers would be wiped out and that the war would be over, before he arrived; that Sir George White, with his sixteen thousand men in Natal, might easily settle the whole thing. Yet the War Office had an Intelligence Branch, headed by Sir John Ardagh, which had prepared two volumes on the military and other resources of the Boer Republics, and which had advised the War Office that 200,000 men would be required. When these two volumes were sent to Buller before his departure, he returned them within an hour, with the message that he 'knew all about South Africa'. The result was, of course, that he led his armies into one mess after another, at Colenso, Spion Kop and elsewhere, and that Lord Roberts, with Kitchener as chief of staff, had to be sent out as commander-in-chief before the end of the year. It would have been impossible to teach Buller anything. He was not what is ordinarily called a vain man, but thought he knew it all, or, rather, that he knew as much as was necessary, and certainly ten times as much as any civilian,—and there were innumerable civilians in South Africa, of British birth, who knew Boer strategy and tactics, and the personnel of the Boer command, as well as the Boers themselves.

"I should explain, perhaps, that I get my statement about Buller's rejection of those two volumes of laboriously garnered Intelligence, from Winston Spencer Churchill's *My Early Life*; but I happen, independently of Churchill, to know a good deal about that war, and about the leading men on both sides. On the Boer side, General Botha, a very forceful and able man, a great statesman and patriot as well as a great general—undoubtedly the greatest man South Africa has produced—was astonishingly humble; not only unpretentious and free from egotism, but with a mind perpetually open, and as willing to learn from his enemies as from his friends, from his subordinates as from his seniors. Cronje on the other hand, also a Boer—you may remember his final surrender at Paardeburg—was at least as obstinate and self-satisfied as Buller. Lack of humility in both cases; and, of the two, Cronje had less excuse because he did not belong to a military caste, except in so far as he was an old man who had fought against Kaffirs all his life, as well as against the British in the earlier war of 1880-81."

"That feeling of caste superiority", the Philosopher commented, "undoubtedly accentuates a man's native tendencies. It is very rare to meet with a doctor of medicine who can be more than good-naturedly tolerant if a layman expresses an opinion about medical matters; and I have no doubt that lack of humility among doctors (I do not exclude surgeons!) is responsible for a large percentage of our death-rate. In other words I agree with you—and we of course are only echoing what every master of the spiritual life has declared—that without humility as foundation, every virtue becomes a poison: generosity, courage, kindness, even self-sacrifice, inevitably feeding vanity and personal egotism, unless humility be sufficiently developed. On the most practical of grounds, we need to cultivate it by every means in our power."

"Yes", said the Ancient, "and let us refrain from attributing every bright (or less silly) idea that we have, to our Master, as his inspiration, from the

notion that doing so demonstrates our modesty! You laugh; but it is done—and without conscious guile. Oh, it dies hard, that ancient serpent! Sometimes I think it never dies, but merely changes its skin. Yet, as was said at the Convention, Masters are the embodiment of humility, and those who know them say that when some glimpse of this has been revealed, through the compassion of their own Master; the sense of it has left them prostrate, as though their own souls were in the dust, before that infinite, that heart-breaking humility of the infinitely great."

This reference to Masters naturally suggested the subject of chêlaship, and one of our younger members, a visitor on this occasion, was quick to seize his opportunity. "What is the meaning of the statement", he asked, "constantly met with in the literature of occultism, that the path of the chêla is a hair-line, with dangers on either side of him?"

The Recorder turned appealingly to the Ancient, whose interest seemed in any case to be aroused. "I was thinking of that the other day", he responded, "though in terms of analogy rather than directly; but it is only in terms of analogy that the question can be answered, if the answer is to be of any value to those who have not as yet been confronted with the difficulties peculiar to chêlaship. It is a mistake to try to jump our fences before we get to them. However, the principle underlying the statement on which the question is based, is one which all of us need to understand, for it is the same as the Doctrine of the Mean, of Confucius and of Aristotle, and as the doctrine of the Middle Path, as expounded by Buddha.

"A hair-line, with dangers on either side: for instance, if we allow ourselves to be swamped by detail, we shall lose sight of major issues; if we insist upon winning a battle our way or not at all, the probability is we shall be beaten: we shall have erred in the direction of over-rigidity. On the other hand, if we confine ourselves to essentials, and are indifferent to detail, or adopt the attitude that one way of getting there is just as good as another, we may be able to 'muddle through', but the outcome will lack finish and is likely to prove costly. We shall have erred in the direction of over-flexibility. Who will find the happy Mean?

"Take another instance: if we allow ourselves to be upset when things go wrong, we shall lose our judgment and be governed by our nerves; if, on the other hand, when things go wrong, we adopt an attitude of 'philosophic calm', the probability is that we shall lack the energy to set the matter right. Who will find the Middle Path!

"In the same way, conscientiousness is a great virtue; lack of it, a fatal defect; but do not all of us know that conscientiousness can be carried to such an extreme that it cripples a man's usefulness? And here we have a clue to the right solution of our problem, for it would be a serious mistake to suppose that the solution lies in a compromise between two extremes or two opposite tendencies. This is a world of duality, but only in terms of what is *manifest*. The triangle, the trinity, is always present, though ordinarily we see only the two ends of its base. Looking above (or within) for the apex, we shall in time perceive the

Reality, of which the two extremes of the manifested world are distorted reflections. And what causes the distortion is the personal self through which the Real manifests. In other words, in the case of over-conscientiousness, it is the large element of self, in some form or other, which causes the trouble,—perhaps the desire to make it impossible for others to criticize us (futile hope!), or the wish to be able to assure ourselves that we have gone the limit and beyond it,—that we have done more than others would be willing to do. Either *rajas* or *tamas* may govern, according to the temperament. The person who resents interference with his plan, or delay in its execution, and who fights to put it through at all costs, is governed by *rajas*; the person who, in similar circumstances, feebly smiles, and says on general principles and for the sake of 'peace' that to-morrow will do, is governed by *tamas*. It is only the complete elimination of the personal motive—whether fear, or anger, or laziness, or resentment, or vain-glory, or what not—that will enable us to find the Middle Path, the happy Mean.

"Incidentally, the followers of Confucius, with rare exceptions, never understood this; they were the first to defend compromise as an ideal. The same is true of the followers of Buddha, except among those who were mystics. It is Theosophy alone that explains and solves the problem. Can we *ever* be sufficiently grateful for the light that Theosophy throws on all such difficulties! Constantly I think of this: surrounded as we are by death and sorrow and physical suffering; living as we are in a world from which the last appearance of stability has fled, how should we feel, what should we do, if it were not for our knowledge of Theosophy, and for the sacrifice of those who brought that knowledge to us! No other light reveals so clearly, deep in the heart of life, that ocean of compassion in which alone is rest,—within life, but also brooding over it, and which all of Nature feels and worships and yearns toward,—except man, whose mind sees itself as the only good. There is not a flower or a tree, a rock or a bird or an animal that does not know more of God than the mind of man, and, as a rule, the more mind, the less man knows. Until mind has been dominated, as a tool must be dominated, it is, as *The Voice of the Silence* says, 'the slayer of the real' and the source of every woe. *Perception* is the power we need; and the mind, as such, is incapable of that; the mind, at best, is a differentiating and comparing machine. A Master stands, a blaze of glory, pouring out his benediction on man and Nature; and Nature thrills in unison, while man looks at Nature and thinks what he can get out of it, in money or in food.

"Yet we need not be like that. We have within us a glimmer of the radiance of our own Master's being, and where the least of him is, he is entirely. Our desire to find him and to love him, is the striving of his own life within us. If we yield ourselves to that; if we place our hearts beside him, as he dwells there, waiting,—presently we shall see with his eyes, and hear with his ears,—shall see him and hear him, no longer hidden within us, but revealed in all the splendour of his transfigured manhood, in all the beauty of his peace and tenderness and power: the Warrior of God."

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 28th, 1934, 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: It is my very great privilege and pleasure, on behalf of the Executive Committee, and really on behalf of the soul of the Society, to welcome you all here this morning. I think it must be your experience, as it is my own, that the longer our membership, the greater is our joy in reuniting here annually. We must of necessity grow more and more into the Movement, unless, through our own fault, we grow out of it; and because we grow further into the Movement, our roots grow deeper and deeper into the source from which it sprang.

It is certainly not my expectation that anything unusual will be said or done or seen at this particular Convention. It is hardly credible that we still belong to the generation that looks for wonders and that seeks a sign; but of one thing I am positive,—that the greatest of all possible gifts will be offered to each one of us in our hearts, and that it is for us, individually and collectively, to accept of that gift, to use it, and to *resolve*.

So it is not only an immense pleasure and privilege to be here this morning; it is also a marvellous opportunity, an opportunity which I am sure every one of us will grasp, an opportunity that we shall look back upon with thanksgiving.

It is time for us to entertain the report of the Committee on Credentials.

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 Chickering as Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: Anyone who speaks here this morning must wish to echo first the words which we have just heard from Mr. Hargrove. I do not think that one can come to these Conventions without finding, uppermost in his heart, the feeling of joy and gratitude that it is his privilege to come. As he reaches the door, and sees the faces of old friends, that feeling deepens. It grows stronger still as he meets new friends, distant members, co-workers in the Movement, whom he may long have known through correspondence, but perhaps never before has seen. Thus from the day itself, from both old friends and new, happiness and gratitude come to us.

But as we enter the room, or stand in the doorway and see these pictures on the walls, of Madame Blavatsky and Judge and our companions of the past, as we look at the shield which bears our seal and motto and think of all they stand for, of the Great of Soul from which they come to us, of the lives laid down that knowledge of Truth might live and grow, something deeper than gladness rises in us, and our hearts are uplifted in a salute to the Corps. The light of the soul's loyalty shines forth, and in it the things of self pass from sight. It does not diminish gladness, but it no longer lets our consciousness be held in thoughts of it. The Corps and the Cause claim all we are, and we face our work and opportunity with the sense of the grave responsibility they entail.

I need not say that in The Theosophical Society each man speaks for himself, and that what he says commits no one else. But because of that fact we are free here, as nowhere else, to voice the truth as each of us may see it. Neither the Society nor any of its members is committed to a belief in Masters because I believe in them, and therefore none can take it amiss when I state the belief, quite simply, that as we come into this room to-day, we come into the presence of the Masters to whom the T. S. owes its existence,—into a post, an outpost, of an ancient Battle-Corps whose battle is our own. Here are our leaders; here the spirit that can quicken in us the power to follow them. Whatever may be our personal feelings, whatever we may do outwardly, our first act inwardly, as we open this Convention, is our salute to the Corps, and our recognition that we stand here to carry on its age-old work.

What is that work? In *Light on the Path* we are told of the link that is formed by those who refuse to be terrified by the greater nature or to be drawn back by the lesser, "a link between man and his divine part, . . . between the stir of the market place and the stillness of the snow-capped Himalayas", between the Lodge of Masters and the world. It is a link between Infinite Compassion and infinite need, and our work is to maintain that link. It is for that our Movement exists. For it, our predecessors lived and laboured and died, and the work and trust which was theirs are now ours. We are their heirs, the inheritors of their victories—and of their warfare. We cannot take the one and leave the other, nor betray the standards they upheld with heroic, patient courage. They gave their all. It is our all they ask of us—of each one of us, our all of love, of devotion, of brooding thought and active work.

Very little things can determine great issues. We all know the stories of the lion and the mouse, of the dropped stitch that unravels the whole fabric, of the battle lost for the lack of a horseshoe nail. A ship's captain lets his finger drop down a line as it moves across the page of his log, thus taking the time of passing one light as the time of passing another, and, through this error, piles his ship upon the rocks. A frightened, half-grown boy sticks to his post, despite his fears, tapping with a finger on a rubber key; and the message goes forth that saves both ship and passengers. It was but a finger's movement in each case—a moment's carelessness, a few minutes of self-dominating fidelity. So we are small, and perhaps can do but little things; yet in the end, great issues may turn upon them. There is a saying in the *Tao-Teh-King* to the effect that the sage accomplishes great things while they are still small, for, "All difficult things have their origins in those that are easy; and great things in what are small. Therefore the wise man can accomplish great things without ever attempting them". So, too, it is recorded of the Christian Master that he prefers to work through the simplest and humblest instruments, in order that the divine power, operating through them, may stand out the more clearly. It does not need great personal attainments, to enable us to serve in the work of the Lodge. Great pretensions belie themselves. All that is asked is the little that we have: that we be faithful: that we give ourselves in complete loyalty, doing our honest best.

To the extent that we do this, to that extent shall we enter into the Theosophical Movement and become a part of the link which it constitutes, the link between the temporal and the Eternal. It is of that that I want to speak to-day; for part of doing our best must be in the giving of our best thought to our opportunities and problems; so that we not only strive to be true to the light we have, but constantly seek clearer light in all that concerns our work. It is of special moment to us to understand the process that operates in our own Movement, whereby the Unmanifest is made manifest, and the unchanging Eternal is revealed in the changes and sequences of time. Through fixity of heart and purpose, through steadfastness and loyalty of will, we have to maintain an enduring current of spiritual force in the midst of the shifting tides of the world, and this work of the Movement can succeed only as it conforms to the principles which everywhere guide the incarnation of Spirit, and determine the pattern in which the Eternal reflects itself in the temporal. It behoves us, therefore, to consider these principles.

They are indicated for us in the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*. There is first the hidden Unity, the Unmanifest, the Root and Cause of all. It is useless to speculate upon this; all that we can do is to point toward it, to use symbols as sign-posts. So, for us, it may be symbolized, or pointed to, by the unity of the great Lodge of Masters,—the unity of spirit that we feel within or above all that comes from them, the overshadowing Movement from which our Movement springs. But once we pass in thought from this hidden Unity to its emanations, from the Unmanifest to the manifest, we find duality supervenes. There is the contrast between form and essence, Spirit (or consciousness) and matter, subject and object. As Mr. Johnston used to remind us, there is no cutting a stick so

short that it will not have two ends. Wherever there is matter there is consciousness, and wherever there is consciousness there is some vehicle to clothe and to express it. These opposites, *The Secret Doctrine* teaches, are of the very essence of manifestation, of "ex-istence", of that which comes *out* of Unmanifested Being. Not only does this duality mark all external being; it marks, equally, all external processes. All things move in cycles. The law of periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow, is absolute and universal in the manifested world. Day and night, life and death, sleeping and waking, the beating of the heart, the in-breathing and the outbreathing, the voice that speaks and is still,—only through such alternations, through beginnings and endings, birth and death and rebirth again, does anything endure in the world of space and time.

These fundamental propositions of *The Secret Doctrine* are illustrated wherever we look. Few of us could have come here this morning without feeling that behind the manifest lay an infinitely greater Unmanifest, without sensing a Unity behind all diversity. You may not be able to define what you felt; but you none the less felt it. The heart can lay its hold upon unity where the mind cannot function, and there is something here which we can love, though we cannot describe it. It is the true Theosophy, the spirit of the Lodge, the atmosphere of "our Father's house". It is in the air, in the walls, in the ceiling and floor; and its presence illustrates also the second principle of which *The Secret Doctrine* speaks, the indissoluble association of spirit and matter. The whole place, the tables, the chairs, the pictures on the walls, the very bricks of the fireplace, are stored with all that has lived and been lived in this room. There is nothing dead, nothing unconscious here. The force and life and consciousness which animate the Theosophical Movement, live here, pulsing, as though they were a living substance, in the air about us, carrying our past over for us into the present.

How does it do this? Outwardly there have been many changes; but inwardly it has remained the same. Voices which we once heard outwardly, we now hear only in the silence. New comrades smile a greeting to us; new photographs have been hung upon the walls; and yet within and above the change there is that which is unchanged, which endures the same, and upon which, as beads upon a string, all changes find their place. Inwardly there is that fixed, undeviating current of spiritual life and love and will, which is the Theosophical Movement, its very changelessness producing change in all its contacts or through which it acts. Can we not see that this must be so? That the immutability and constancy of spirit, its eternal unity, can *manifest* itself only through change in form and circumstance—as continuous, unchanging motion can manifest itself only through continuous change in place? In the things of the spirit, the Eternal is immanent in the temporal, even as it is transcendent. Let us remember what Krishna told Arjuna: "I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate." There is the transcendent, overshadowing spirit of Theosophy, the single, undivided will and spirit of the great Lodge, always acting, always here, always the same. But it must show itself in a thousand different forms and ways, in beginnings and endings, in silence and in speech; and we

must learn to look through these changing forms to that which is fixed and permanent within them; to see the immortal within the mortal; and then to face and understand and accept the mortal—to accept change.

Let us pause, for a moment, to consider in a broader view this law of cyclic change that characterizes all manifestation. The theosophic view of evolution is not that ordinarily taken by science. Science looks only to the sequence of forms. We look to the spirit that moulds and animates the form, that uses it as its vehicle and vesture. We see the whole material world evolving from the immaterial world,—as speech evolves from thought, and thought from contemplation. To us, life flows from within; science too often presents it as though it were but a reaction to what lay without. Yet it is illuminating to view, as science views, the background against which life is lived, the external circumstances in which science would have us believe life arose and evolved. Our earth is but one of our sun's planets, and our sun but one of many myriads of suns, radiating their heat and light and magnetism, and unknown subtle essences and influences, into space. Through the whole cosmos everything is in motion, pulsing, revolving, flaming. Nothing is still. The planets revolve around the suns; turn on their own axes, presenting first one face to the sun and then the other; drawing nearer and then retreating again; causing day and night, winter and summer; opening themselves to the radiance that is the source of their life, and then shielding themselves from it, in cyclic alternation of indrawing and outgiving.

Nowhere in the environment or conditions of life is there any escape from such cyclic alternations. We think of the evolution of animal life from aquatic forms, on the shores where tides rise and fall. It is not always water there, nor always air. The clams are left uncovered as the tides recede, to be covered again as they advance. Or consider any department or aspect of our own physical life: our breathing, the diastole and systole of the heart, the taking of food and the elimination of waste. We eat, but we cannot be always eating. There must be time given for the assimilation of our food, for the transformation of its constituents and the sublimation of its energies. So with our mental life: we must take in and give out. We listen, but we cannot be always listening. We speak, but we cannot be always talking. We have to digest what we hear. We have to think that we may speak intelligently; and to contemplate, that we may think intelligently. In every manifestation of life there is the same cyclic rhythm, the same alternation of opposites, birth and death and birth again, beginnings and endings which are neither beginnings nor endings, but the way whereby the one unchanging current of spiritual being manifests itself in time.

It is not always easy to see and accept change as the vesture of the Unchanging, but could we do so it would free us from the greater part of our burden of grief and fear. "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears"; so this teaching of the law of cycles is, as we have seen, placed at the very foundation of our philosophy. We shall gain in every way if we can really comprehend it. For the truth of the matter is this: that it is precisely when some gift we have had is withdrawn, so that it seems we have it no more, that it is made our own. We have to learn to find, in denial, the gift of the thing denied.

Does it sound too wild a paradox, a mere juggling with words? Think again of the illustrations we have used. On the face of the planet, one hemisphere, we say, is in the light, the other in darkness; the first is receiving from the sun and drawing what it receives into itself; the second is giving forth what it has received—sometimes we say losing what it has received. But light and heat are expanding, radiating things; they are a going forth of their source, not an absorption. Therefore on the side of the planet where it is day, it is not the true nature of light which is experienced, but rather its complement. There the planet is receiving, whereas the sun is giving. It is only as the planet turns, and this bright side ceases to be bright but becomes dark in the turning of the cycle, that the gift which it has received and stored away begins to assert its true influence and to live out its own nature, radiating into the cold and darkness that surround it. It is not in the day, but in the night, that the earth acts as does its parent the sun, that the gift which it receives from the sun is consummated. So it is with the breath drawn into the lungs. The inbreathing is but half the process, impotent and useless if it stood alone; the purification and oxygenation of the blood need the outbreathing for their completion. Wherever we look we see that the denial is as necessary as the giving, for the completion of the gift.

If we understand this, we face manifested life very differently from the way in which the world is alone able to face it. To believe in the law of cycles as a universal law, is of necessity to believe in reincarnation and to recognize that death cannot be the end. But it is not the fact of a coming rebirth that is of greatest moment to us. What I would emphasize is that what we call life and death are but two phases of one continuing being, the two opposite poles of the duality which marks all manifestation, the cyclic heart-beat through which the Eternal lives in the temporal. Each the reverse of the other, each the denial of the other, each the complement of the other, each confirming the other, they together form one whole. Truly time and space are nothing but devices to make manifestation possible; means whereby, alternately, the opposite aspects of being may be held back in order that the other may be experienced in consciousness, and so both become known and given their full part in the whole.

Think of a tale of adventure, or a drama! There must be suspense, uncertainty, risk. Always the known must stand in contrast to the unknown; achievement must be won by struggle,—Easter be reached through Good Friday. Neither is understandable without the other; but also, to be understood, each must be separated from the other, otherwise, in our consciousness, each would neutralize the other. Heat and cold together make us neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm,—a dead, a neutral thing, to be spewed from the mouth of reality. After we have read the story and closed the book, it all can live in its totality before us,—in its lights and shadows, its suspense and certainties, its joy and pain. But it could never have *entered* consciousness in that way. It is only by means of some such device as that of time, which, through successive denials, permits us to experience the innate opposites of being, not simultaneously but successively, that we can know being to the full,—that all its richness can become manifest.

Time, therefore, through the law of cycles, with the denials and limitations it enforces, is one of the basic instruments of manifestation. Space fulfils a like function—the function of separation. “The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed . . . which indeed is the least of all seeds”, so that it scarcely takes up space at all. All its potentialities, the astral mould, the latent energies, are packed away, invisible. But plant it, and they begin to unfold, to manifest; and manifestation involves separation of qualities, and separation takes up room, occupies more and more of space. There is the development of roots and of sprouting branches. Unmanifest, they are one, indistinguishable within the seed; but manifest, they must be separated in space; the one pressing to the light and air, the other to the dark moisture of the soil. Separation, whether of time or of space, is basic to manifestation. The roots and the branches can no more be together in space than the bud and the blossom, the fruit and the seed, can be together in time. Where each is, the others must be denied, but in that denial find their completion.

To-day the world is intolerant of denials. The outstanding feature of the past hundred, or hundred and fifty years, is the breaking down of barriers of every kind. Science, the popular science of the newspapers, brays that it has broken down the barriers of time and space; Democracy, that it has levelled those of caste and birth, and, it might add, of character and ability. We are asked to “think internationally”. The Chinese wear derby hats. American society has aped the dances and music of the African jungle. Everywhere there is “confusion of castes”. Nowhere can privacy be commanded; in the middle of the ocean one can still be called to the telephone. When it took weeks to cross the ocean, the voyage was itself a quarantine against the importation of foreign forms of life that might destroy the balance nature has established in each separate continent. In these days of airplanes there is no such protection, and the risks that this entails are only beginning to be perceived.

In business and finance there has been the same levelling and obliteration of differences. This has more to do with the world-wide economic depression than is generally realized. Trade breaks down when everybody is doing the same things and has the same things. When England wanted ivory from Africa, and Africa wanted brass wire from England, the exchange could be made with profit to both. In Africa brass wire was of exceptional value, in England it was not; but when the standards have become the same, when England manufactures artificial ivory, and Africa real brass wire, trade naturally ends.

A generation or two ago the financial markets of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and Chicago were separate and different; affected by one another, truly, but more affected each by its own independent influences. If money were scarce in one, it might be plentiful in others; and therefore mutual help could be given and received. Moreover, if a man in St. Louis had money to invest, the probability was that he would invest it in a local enterprise. To-day that is not so. The news of the New York Stock Market's opening and closing is broadcast over the radio and printed in the local papers all over the country. The little farmer invests his savings in the stocks of the “Big Board”. The result is that instead of

prosperity depending upon a widely diversified and great number of independent risks, each relatively small, all the eggs have been put into a few very large baskets. An insurance company may safely insure a thousand different lives or houses; but none can safely put its entire capital against a single risk; yet that is very much what the financial world has done. Many risks have been merged into very few; and these such as none can evaluate or foretell, for they depend upon the psychic mood of a whole people, upon mob psychology. All the world's markets receive the same news, by telephone or telegraph, at the same time. They are all subjected to the same influences, and these influences are psychic influences. The unpredictable psychic factor has been enormously increased by popular "education"; and the inventions of modern science have, as it were, wiped out the fire-lanes and break-waters, so that there is nothing to check the forest fires or tidal waves of greed or fear.

That which is so obvious in the external world around us, is equally operative in the moral and mental life of our generation. Everywhere old restrictions have been swept away. Obligations, duties, self-mastery and self-restraint, have become old fashioned terms in contrast to "rights" and "self-expression". All of this is the very opposite of that for which our Movement stands. We seek unity *in* diversity, not in the destruction of diversity. We see each man's fragment of the truth as necessary to the whole; and what we ask of him, above all else, is that he should be true to his own truth. We see barriers and limitations as essential to completeness, repression as essential to force; and we perceive that they can never be dispensed with. The flat levels of unrestraint and uniformity are dead and barren—no part of our ideal. "In my Father's house are many mansions": a house without walls would be no house; surely it could not contain "many mansions". The whole intellectual basis of our Society's activities is found in the fact that Truth manifests in many forms, not in one alone. Theosophy is to be found in Hinduism, in Buddhism, in Christianity, in all the great religions of the world, in a thousand different forms and fragments, each contributing its own special light and colour to an understanding of the whole.

One of my former colleagues at Columbia spent many years of his life collecting snails from a single island in the South Pacific. The formation of the island might be suggested by placing one's hand on the table with the fingers spread,—the fingers representing high rock ridges, the spaces between being fertile valleys. In the valleys the snails thrived, but they could not cross the ridges. Therefore in each separate valley the snails had developed independently, and this development had not been confused or obscured by cross breeding, so that, my colleague told me, every potentiality of the organism had been brought out to the full in one valley or another.

That is what we need to-day in the world and in our own natures,—we need the very limitations which we are most tempted to resent. Pain has lessons to teach us as well as joy; hardship as well as ease. If we take pleasure, instead of duty, as our guide, we must lose hold of the spiritual principles which our life is meant to manifest and to develop. We may grow, but it will be a cancerous growth, without conformity to the inner mould of the spirit, draining the vitality

from our proper development. We who have been taught in the Theosophical Movement should understand this, and see that life is impoverished and not enriched by licence and uniformity; and we should set ourselves to establish and re-create in our own natures, and of our own wills, those necessary denials and limitations by which alone spirit can manifest itself in matter.

As I said before, but would emphasize again and yet again, wherever we look, we see that it is through denial that the gift is made complete and its nature manifest. These flowers on the table, that are beautiful to us in their varied colours, show forth, as that colour, the element of light that they do not themselves absorb,—which they sacrifice, and deny themselves. It is the soldier, who gives his life, who makes life safe for his countrymen. It is the nun who supports the sanctities of the family. It was in the hour of his own desolation, in that cry from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" that Christ poured out upon the world the life and spirit which he felt he no longer received, but which, in that act, united him with the Father in divine and infinite self-giving. Everywhere "the gods are nourished by sacrifice", the spirit gained and revealed in loss.

It has never been claimed that Theosophy is a soothing syrup for the coward and the weakling. This teaching of denial and sacrifice and death is the creed of the warrior, the creed which ought to be pre-eminently ours. If we can make it ours, ours even in the dark shadows of our fears, it will give us the faith and courage to face life undismayed, to accept all the changes which we *have* to accept, either as craven or as hero. Change comes. Death comes. Rebirth comes. Our friends pass from us. One by one our comrades in the Movement pass from the outer world into the inner. We no longer have them by our side; but in that very loss and denial is the opportunity to come closer to them than ever before, as we pick up the work and responsibility that was theirs, but must now be ours. Wherever they may be, they are working in their phase of the cycle as we are working in ours; and in that common work we are together.

This is Kali Yuga, the iron age of darkness, in which the current of life sinks deeper and deeper into matter. The great Lodge of Masters, in their compassion, have poured forth the teachings of the ancient Wisdom, that it might follow that current of life down into deeper, deader levels of consciousness than it ever reached before. Thus we have become its recipients, its trustees, a part of the link between the Lodge and the world, part of the channel through which the needs of the world must be met. We must learn to give as we have received, not something that is mere intellectual theory, but something that is vital because lived. As one must "live the life" to know the doctrine, so, even more, must one live the life in order to pass on the doctrine as a living thing. For this we need courage; and we can draw that courage from the doctrine itself. No less do we need faith; and that, too, is there for us. Could there be better ground for faith than the way in which we have been led through these fifty-nine years of our Society's activities?

So we stand here to-day, to open this Convention, conscious of the Corps, of which, in our own small way, we may be a part; conscious of the creed that is

that Corps' own, and so must be ours as well; not ours to impose upon others, but ours to impose upon ourselves,—resolved to live by it, feeling in our hearts the power to live by it, holding fast to the knowledge that, though in the midst of change, in the temporal sequence of death and birth and rebirth again, yet we are the inheritors of that which is unchanging, immortal and eternal, which it is ours to make our own, and which, through our Movement, must be made to live in the world as the hope and faith and guide of humanity hereafter.

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

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S.

I have the honour to submit the following Report:

Branch Activities

Since Branches have established the custom of assembling on Convention Day, to unite in mind and heart with this gathering of delegates and members, we cannot think of absent members as distant, but rather of our united desire—to draw lessons from the past year instead of emphasizing its accomplishments, and then, as the result of aspiration during the Convention, to find the key-note for the coming year's work.

In Arvika, Sweden, the Branch consists of long-time members, with a "living interest in the work", who are looking expectantly for recruits to perpetuate their endeavour. The Secretary, Mrs. Fjæstad, makes grateful acknowledgment of help from Headquarters, and is commissioned to send Branch greetings to the Convention. . . . [A passage from the Secretary's Report, although read at the Convention, is omitted here, as it referred to the activities of Branches, Study Classes and members in certain foreign countries where strained political conditions make publicity inadvisable.] The Oslo Branch meets frequently, with good attendance and sustained interest. Whatever the topic of the evening, it is always preceded by an appropriate reading from Cavé's *Fragments*. The Chairman, Mr. Henning Dahl, writes that, following the custom in another Branch, they intend to "remember departed friends and teachers on the dates of their death—thinking of them as living and working for the Cause they loved so much". He adds: "Our inmost wish is to become a *living* Branch on the true Vine, . . . so to live as to prepare the way for one who will live the life in its perfection." The Branch at Gateshead, England, is making steady progress, taking one rung of the ladder at a time. The Krishna Lodge of South Shields, Mr. Mackey writes, is trying to "develop strength, stability, faith, courage and vision". The Newcastle Branch has held regular meetings, with a varied programme for its local members, and has circulated the New York Reports among its numerous corresponding members. The Secretary, Mrs. Cassidy, says that they find Mr. Johnston's "Religion of the Will" throws much light on the problems of the present day, although contributed to the QUARTERLY in 1908-1909. The members in Whitley Bay are deeply interested in their study of *The Secret Doctrine*. "We have", Mrs. Ross reports, "a very faithful and sincere circle,

who attend regularly, appreciate the help given, and endeavour to understand and carry into effect the teachings of Theosophy." The Norfolk Branch does not assemble, as it is a "corresponding Branch", whose members, unable to meet personally, have therefore had the more practice in an effort to meet at the point of reality. Mrs. Graves, the Secretary, writes that real progress has been made.

The Venezuela Branch of Caracas has been active in various lines of which its delegates will doubtless speak. We shall hear also from the delegates of Hope Branch, Providence, which has been "developing increased gratitude for the theosophical philosophy, deeper sense of personal responsibility, greater harmony". In Toronto, the membership consists largely of men. Mr. Harris writes: "We have felt the result of the general upset of things, but I believe our meetings together have been of real help." The Cincinnati Branch turned, this year, to the devotional side of Theosophy, and every one has greatly benefited by the study of the *Voice of the Silence*. Miss McCormack, the Secretary, says: "Members often come to the meetings tired or depressed and go away with faith strengthened, experiences made more endurable, courage renewed." Middletown is a neighbouring Branch; its members meet at the home of their devoted President, Mr. Roberts; since pioneer days, he and Mrs. Roberts have been connected with the T. S. and have courageously maintained this centre, under conditions often adverse. The Secretary of the Virya Branch of Denver, Miss Mary K. Wallace, writes of their meetings: "The discussions have been spirited, and directly related to the interests of the members. . . . Some especially enjoyed an attempt made to estimate prominent world figures by theosophic standards. Also there has been definite effort to bring the work of those who so faithfully laboured for Theosophy—Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Griscom—to the attention of members who knew none of them personally, and to make those members conscious of the enduring qualities of their effort and sacrifice." Speaking for the Pacific Branch of Los Angeles, Mr. Box reports: "Our main objective and effort have been to stand firmly in the midst of the psychic, emotional mess of things, so to speak, by which we are all surrounded. . . . We have learned that, in time, we reap what we have sown; and that a Branch is made up of the same life, energy, traits and force of character, as those of which its members are made; so that whatever comes from a higher source than they, reaches it *through* them. Thus, for instance, if in the past its public appeal had been largely emotional, instead of toward building and maintaining itself on a more enduring spiritual foundation,—there would be danger of its being carried away on the now swiftly flowing, psychic-emotional tide to which it had thus helped to give rise."

The Theosophical Quarterly

Our magazine admirably serves as the Society's travelling representative, carrying from the heart of the Movement its repeated call to action, and counsels drawn from ripe experience, which are even more explicit and revealing than could be given in personal conference. As we rejoice in the appearance of

younger contributors, we also watch the narrowing circle of older ones, marvelling at the work done by the very few, who labour unceasingly to keep the QUARTERLY's presentation of theosophic standards and principles true to the inner pattern. Fortunately, it has been possible to maintain the library circulation of the magazine, which represents wide scattering of seed,—destined ultimately, we trust, to revolutionize the world by the establishment of spiritual standards. The subscription plan inaugurated, on principle, by the 1932 Convention, has already demonstrated its practical advantages.

Book Department

Demand for the reprinting of some of our books is reminder of the place they fill; there is constant sale for them, though diminished in volume by financial conditions. One means of disseminating *applied* Theosophy is represented by Dr. Torrey's pamphlet, *Science and its Function in Education*, which we had the pleasure of bringing out (at fifty cents per copy); others, dealing with fundamental problems of interest to the general public, may follow.

Secretary's Office

The work has again been done by volunteers, those of former years, and several new ones who have recently made special preparation for the service of the Society. Thanks to the diligence of three members, there is now in the office a card-index of the thirty-one QUARTERLY volumes—and one of the indexers offers to supply the Secretary with information members may desire, as to issues where wanted articles appeared, or designated topics were discussed. The "travelling library", which contains the standard books on Theosophy and several series of articles from the QUARTERLY, not yet published in book form, awaits more general use.

Every Branch has asked that the thanks of its members for much appreciated help, should be expressed to the Editors of the QUARTERLY—for many it is as a lighthouse in the midst of an angry and treacherous sea. They also ask opportunity to speak of their gratitude for the Reports of the New York Branch meetings, which are made possible by two members—one who takes the notes, and another who, from these, produces a spirited miniature of each meeting. We are again indebted to an American member who gives the general T. S. fund a sum in excess of the amount that would be due from European members, had these not been requested to pay their dues by making donation to some form of Allied Relief work. Others might be mentioned who have given generously of time, money or skill, but the closer one comes to the work, the more one appreciates that connection with it in any capacity is a privilege for which one wishes to give rather than to receive thanks. Nature shows that co-ordinated, purposeful growth requires the activity of a strong, controlling centre; and without such a centre the Theosophical Movement could not stand as it does to-day, opposing to general chaos the order and vision of another world. From this centre emanate the understanding, insight and poise that hold work and workers true to their orbits. Fortunate, indeed, is one who, situated like your Secretary

at the cross-roads where currents meet, needs and so receives for the Society's benefit, direction, counsel, training, to which otherwise one would have no claim: it is acknowledged in deep gratitude. With the years, the bonds of a common endeavour and service are more precious, and so I want to thank the Society from my heart for the opportunity given me.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

Secretary T. S.

This report was accepted with the unanimous thanks of the Convention to the Secretary and to the Secretary's helpers, after which the report of the Treasurer was called for.

Mr. H. B. Mitchell, as Treasurer T. S., after thanking the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé, for having done "all the work of the office", reported a net balance, as of April 28th, 1934, of \$4.42. This, he said, would have satisfied Mr. Judge, who did not believe in allowing T. S. funds to accumulate and thus remain idle, especially when there was plenty of money coming in. Members might rest assured, he added, that at no time would the Society be allowed to run into debt. The printing and mailing of the QUARTERLY, which cost \$3400. in 1932, had cost \$3100. in 1933.

After this report had been accepted with thanks, the Chairman announced the following three committees which he had earlier been authorized by the Convention to appoint:

Committee on Nominations: Mr. Auchincloss (Chairman), Mr. LaDow, Dr. Hohnstedt.

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. Hargrove (Chairman), Dr. Torrey, Mr. González Jiménez.

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

The report of the Executive Committee was then called for.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. HARGROVE: Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members: as you know, our outer activities do not increase; as you also know, this is not accidental, nor is it due to lack of energy or of membership or of money. It is because we are conforming to the spiritual cycles; it is because we have a better understanding of Theosophy, let us hope, than to try to push against spiritual law. Do you realize, I wonder, that this assembly, for H.P.B., for Judge, would be a marvellous dream come true? Do you realize that they worked and prayed and died for this very thing,—a devoted nucleus, determined to live for the principles and ideals which H.P.B. and Judge brought with them from the Lodge; determined at all costs to be true?

H.P.B. and Judge knew the Law of Cycles: who else brought it to our knowledge? They knew that if the Work inaugurated by them were to survive the turn of the tide at the end of the nineteenth century; if it were to forge its way,

as it has done, into the very heart of the twentieth, then the Society would have to lose in quantity as it gained in quality. This is why, at that earlier period, they worked for quantity: they foresaw the great sifting process which must inevitably take place if a nucleus were to survive.

The great sifting process: all of us, I think, are familiar with the old-fashioned victrola and its revolving plate; and all of us must realize that life is movement, movement life, and that the life of the Theosophical Movement perpetually revolves as it moves forward. Now if you place on a revolving plate a large and light object such as a toy balloon, it will inevitably be thrown off, the more quickly, the more rapid the revolution of the plate; while if the object be as a grain of sand, it will at least have a much better chance to remain on. That is one illustration of the sifting process that has taken place on so large a scale in the past. All members who felt themselves to be big, but who in fact were light, were thrown off. It is only those who, by some miracle, have realized their own insignificance—at least relatively—who have remained on.

H.P.B. and Judge, great as they were—and because they *were* so great—were almost incredibly humble, convinced of their own unworthiness and unfitness to accomplish the work that had been entrusted to them. All of us who knew Judge know that; and of course it is manifest in the life of H.P.B. By contrast, if we look back over the past, we see one member after another disappear into space, shot off by the ever more and more rapidly revolving life of the Movement. It is important that this should be understood, for a variety of reasons.

It is inherent in the theosophical philosophy itself, that there should be Kama Loka spooks, describing themselves as theosophical societies, in existence at the present time,—as well as The Theosophical Society founded by H.P.B. and Judge and others, representatives of which I am addressing at this moment. Such off-scourings must exist. They are the result of the great sifting process which had to take place if we were to survive.

After all, granting that those who inaugurated the Movement and who carried it on, put the whole of themselves into it—as they undoubtedly did—then they not only transmitted that which came down from above, but they contributed human nature, human nature as it is. That means that they put into the Movement, just as you and I are putting into the Movement to-day, things not only good, but also (to put it mildly) indifferent; and those things, in time, must be sifted out also, if, at last, the pure nucleus is to remain.

What happened? Practically all of us have read the *Occult World* (to go back, for the moment, to the very early days of H.P.B. in India), and while some of us owe a real debt to the author of the *Occult World*—because, after all, he was largely instrumental, though indirectly, in reminding us once more of Theosophy and of the Lodge—yet, great as is our debt, we must realize the author's limitations. That book, as you know, contains letters from the Master K. H. that are of endless value; but the book itself is also made up of observations about phenomena, and so on and so forth, which very clearly demonstrate that Sinnett's centre of interest was in external things. He had no more idea of the inner life than a flatiron. It was on phenomena that he was intent, and anything that he

could drag out of H.P.B. in the way of a sensation—an out and out materialist, if ever there was one. Almost from the first he showed that he was doomed; yet he served his purpose while he lasted, and doubtless will receive his reward,—in spite of his final treachery to H.P.B. He was thrown off that revolving plate, before she died; and she knew it.

Then there came the trouble over Judge. Those who have been thrown off—not by any act of the surviving membership, but always through their own sense of importance, through their own ambition, through their too materialistic and personal approach to divine truth—have all shared certain characteristics. Anyone who knew Annie Besant ought to have realized that she thought Divine Providence lucky when it ran into her. The same attitude has characterized everyone without exception who has failed to cling to the Movement. It always will. John Jay Chapman, a brilliant man with a very independent mind, wrote a book at the outbreak of the War in which he analysed the psychological condition of the German people at that time, describing it as a state of mania, with what we should call the lower nature in control. It is easy to see that the German symptoms, as he records them, have been exhibited also by those who have been thrown out of the Society as a result of swollen personality. First, he says, there was a curious ability to use reason, and then suddenly to lapse into unreason, without recognizing the lapse from reason into unreason; then there was the attitude of dogmatic certitude; thirdly, there was megalomania, a sense of intense self-exaltation. I should like to add on my own account that in Germany, as in the case of the derelicts of the Movement, the persecution mania was a marked symptom. Germany was perfectly sincere at that time in her belief that she was being persecuted by the entire world. Annie Besant (although it is almost incredible) convinced herself that she was being persecuted, although the truth was that she was savagely persecuting Judge. Mrs. Tingley imagined she was hounded by enemies,—a real mania. But all four peculiarities were invariably present, if you go through the list of those who led others astray.

For the reason that the Adyar society is the most notorious of these Kama Loka spooks at the present time, it is necessary to study it, because, after some of us older people have gone to a better world, you may be confronted with all kinds of arguments for a so-called reunion; and reunion in any form or on any basis would be fatal to the cause of the Lodge. Beware, if you as individuals should take back to yourselves the devils you have expelled. If you have succeeded to any extent in sifting out the worser elements, keep them separate, at as great a distance as possible, on all planes, and never take them home to yourselves as you grow older. Exactly the same thing is true of The Theosophical Society: never let it be tempted, under the plea of reunion or brotherhood, to re-combine with these shells of the past. I must speak very plainly, but also very deliberately, for the sake of the future. We have to safeguard the situation so far as we possibly can.

I doubt if many of you have given time—why should you?—to following the activities of the Adyar society—proceedings and activities so foolish in some cases, that you might well be tempted to suspect me of exaggeration as I speak

of them. I shall not exaggerate: it would be impossible,—and, granting the nature of that society's origin (that people with an enlarged ego shot off into space and drew a number of others with them) what was likely to happen? The thing that did happen: a monstrous degradation of Theosophy; Leadbeater and his drivelling psychism (and worse than psychism, as some of you know). They were not children, playing they were Kings and Queens; they were more like lunatics in an asylum, for they called one another by great and imposing names, such as Arhat (all of them were Arhats!); they reported familiar conversations with Gautama Buddha and with "The Master of Masters"; they turned themselves into Bishops and wore intoxicating clothes (the peacock's feathers of dementia); they slathered one another with compliments, guaranteeing one another's initiation into the highest levels of the Lodge. Annie Besant announced that some Hindu girl, one of her devotees, was "the World Mother"; "Bishop" Arundale promptly married her. The same Arundale, at present a strenuous candidate for their Presidency, wrote to Mrs. Besant from Australia that he spent all his nights in Nirvana. She wrote back (a letter that has been published), sympathizing with "Dearest George" because it must be "very tiring to spend the night in Nirvana and the day in Australia". That was in 1926. Can you imagine greater balderdash, or a more blasphemous travesty of Theosophy? It was not mere childishness or lunacy; there was intensely active evil back of it all. How could worse harm have been done to the Movement! But there is nothing extraordinary in this. Wherever the White Lodge forces its way, the Black Lodge is free to follow. To achieve great things in this world, great risks must be taken. The Theosophical Movement, coming down from above with tremendous momentum, plunged into the ocean of human life, and flung up on every side the mud and scum of human nature, particularly, perhaps, in those who were drawn to the Movement itself. This evil had to be thrown off if a nucleus were to survive; and thrown off it was, in repeated shocks and upheavals—disintegrating elements of ambition, selfishness, superstition, materialism, centring at Adyar, Point Loma and elsewhere. Mrs. Tingley's personal ambition and self-seeking became as notorious as the superstition of her followers; the same is true of the so-called United Lodge, though in different ways. As many of you are aware, Robert Crosbie was its inspiring genius. Some of us knew him well, years ago, in Boston. He was one of Judge's minor sorrows,—because Crosbie was psychic, always having "visions", always imagining that he was getting "messages", and so forth. Judge, of course, thoroughly understood him, and often grieved over him to us. Later, at a time when there was no excuse for it, as everyone had been warned, Crosbie followed Mrs. Tingley to Point Loma. When he finally discovered (much good his psychism did him!) that she was not what he had imagined her to be, he left Point Loma, and then, when he had obtained the financial backing he needed, set up as a "guru" on his own account, establishing the United Lodge as recruiting instrument.

Yet all of this sifting process, although it brought Theosophy into terrible disrepute with the unthinking public, was necessary and essentially wholesome, inasmuch as it purged the Movement of most undesirable elements; and it will

work out for ultimate good, so long as we recognize the facts, and never, in the future, allow ourselves to be deceived by efforts to draw us into so-called "co-operation".

All of these outside organizations have carried on public propaganda as if the Law of Cycles did not exist, that is to say, in spite of the turn of the tide, in spite of the indrawal of the spiritual forces which were poured out, through H.P.B. and Judge, during the last quarter of the century. If further evidence were needed, this alone would show how *deliberately* misguided they have been. It cannot be stated too often that the true Movement *must* indraw, away from the world, back toward the Lodge, as the spirit leadeth. It is our function, so far as possible, to draw the world after us,—the best that is in the world, in any case.

Now for another subject: there has been speculation on the part of some of you, I know, about the next Lodge Messenger, and about the possibility of a forerunner, as the Comte de Saint Germain seems to have acted as forerunner at the end of the eighteenth century. But do you realize that whoever comes, and whenever he comes, will come invisibly before he comes visibly? and that it is part of our function to-day to move in spirit toward him, until the point of junction is attained? One purpose of our assembling here to-day is that that inner contact may be hastened. Clearly that would be the wish of the Masters for us, as I am convinced it is their wish that those here to-day, in person or in aspiration, may feel their blessing, may feel their nearness, and may receive from all that is said and from all that is left unsaid, an overwhelming sense of the reality of the spiritual world.

What is our objective—I will not say as a Society, because it might be misunderstood (the purposes of the Society are published and are known); but what is our objective as individual members? What are we working for? Ultimately, for the restoration of the dynasty of Adept Kings. I do not think we should ever lose sight of that objective; we must not forget the ultimate because of our immersion in the immediate or proximate. Let us think back in history, then, just for a moment: nearly all of us have read of the efforts that were made to restore the Stuarts to the throne of England. Their place had been usurped by the Hanoverians. We know of the sacrifices that were made; that men and women devoted their entire lives—their money, everything that they valued—to the cause of the Stuarts. Yet they were working for something external in comparison with that for which we work. Realizing this, we can perhaps shame ourselves into greater and more one-pointed effort. Does everything that we do and say and read, centre around the ultimate restoration we entreat?

Then, as an intermediate step, we are working to carry the Movement forward until the next Lodge Messenger comes. Why will he come? He will come for the same ultimate purpose: to prepare the way of the Lord, he, a Great Preparer, but we in our turn, lesser preparers—every one of us; for every member of The Theosophical Society is, in a sense, following in the footsteps of John the Baptist, and should be performing a function similar to his.

Of course it is our right, if we choose to reject our opportunity, to say that we will have none of it, and yet remain members in good standing. I am, how-

ever, speaking to those who are glad of the chance to make their lives of real value. We can do this, in part, by perceiving that just as the gulf between the world and The Theosophical Society is an ever-widening gulf, so should be the gulf between ourselves and the world. The world, as such, is concentrated lower nature; and when we are obliged to make contact with the world, we ought to do it deliberately and with our eyes open, in complete control of what we are doing and of how we do it. If we are to feel here this morning, and again this afternoon—as I hope all of us will—the breath of the spirit in our hearts, we shall have felt, as we entered this room, that we were leaving the world behind us.

Some of you will remember that marvellous passage in one of the Buddhist books, in which the Buddha describes a meditation of "the Great King of Glory", who, after purifying himself, approached the door of the "inner chamber", and there stood, commanding, with "intense emotion", all evil thoughts, all desires of the personality, all its fears and all its worries, to remain without the threshold. "Stay here", "Thus far only", he ordered. Only then did he enter the inner chamber, the place of divine vision, there to behold "the heavenly Treasure of the Wheel". At the sight of it he made obeisance, exclaiming: "Roll onward, O my Lord, the Wheel! O my Lord, go forth and overcome!" It was another form, a Buddhist form, of "Thy will be done"; but the story reminds us also that if we would come into contact with reality, we must first separate ourselves from unreality; and we cannot do this until we begin to pierce through the rind of things toward the light that streams from within, until we have caught some glimpse of the glory of the Real, until something of its transcendent beauty has lifted our hearts and filled our souls with consuming desire. But now we can at least resolve to be held down no longer by the hideousness of worldly life; that we will no longer try to persuade ourselves that that hideousness is what we want. Because we know better; foolish as we are, blind as we are, we know better: *you* know better. Yes,—the truth of the matter is that with all your souls you love and long for the noblest, purest, most unselfish you can see. And it is because the Masters know that, that they stand here to-day and grant us their blessing.

The Convention then adjourned until 2.30 p. m.

Afternoon Session

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

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

MR. AUCHINCLOSS presented the following nominations: for the Executive Committee, to succeed themselves, Mr. Harris and Mr. Miller; for Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell; Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé; Secretary, Miss Perkins; Assistant Secretary, Miss Chickering. 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 the numerous greetings to the Convention that

had been received from Branches and from members-at-large. The reading of these was punctuated with frequent applause. Extracts from these letters are printed at the end of this Report. Two members from Europe, who were heartily greeted, read their own reports.

THE CHAIRMAN, after the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting had been accepted with the thanks of the Convention, read a letter which had been received from one of the members-at-large, in which it was stated that Mr. Mitchell's article in the *QUARTERLY*, "Collegiate Education and Standards of Value", had been read aloud to the two upper forms, including over a hundred boys, by the Principal of one of America's largest and best-known private schools.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was then called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: Before I submit the report of your Committee, perhaps I may be allowed to add to something that I said this morning. Speaking of the inevitable sifting-out process, and of the Adyar and similar societies, I failed to draw your attention to what seems to me to be an extremely significant fact. Take the best-known workers in The Theosophical Society,—Charles Johnston, for instance: Mr. Johnston was a poor man. He never, however, derived any financial benefit from his membership in the Society. A writer by profession, not only was he never paid for his articles in the *QUARTERLY*, but profits derived from the sale of his theosophical books, he turned back to the *Quarterly Book Department* as a gift. Some of you know that, in later years, he was one of the assistant editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; that is to say, he earned his living from "secular" sources, and gave his spare time to work for the Society. Dr. Keightley, of course, was always a contributor, and never at any time drew the slightest financial benefit from his membership. Mr. Griscom was a most important contributor, of money and all else. You will remember that Saint Paul is said to have been a tent maker, supporting himself. That is the right principle.

It is wrong and thoroughly unwholesome, that anyone should make a living out of Theosophy. Yet, if you turn to the other societies, you will find that Mrs. Besant, for instance, was entirely dependent upon what she made out of her lectures and her books. There would always be a temptation, in that case, not only to work for a large membership, but to use the subject to advertize the lecturer and author. The larger the membership, the greater the demand for books; the greater the notoriety, the larger the sales. Mrs. Besant earned so much that she was able to support most of those who, under her, controlled the policy of her society. In the other societies also, the prominent workers are supported, directly or indirectly, in similar ways. They do not earn their living by secular work. I repeat that this is bad in principle. Work of that kind ought to be entirely voluntary. Even when the financial reward provides no more than a bare living (and Mrs. Tingley made a fortune out of it), the practice is demoralizing to the recipient, and proves that the organization which permits it is blind to spiritual factors and has been swallowed up by the world.

I want also to add something in regard to humility. I spoke of the fact that the people who are thrown off the revolving wheel of the Movement are those who feel themselves to be big, while those who feel like grains of sand have the best chance to adhere. This may have seemed to imply that all of us who are still members of the Society, are models of humility! Alas, no. I came to the conclusion, long ago, that it is only the Mahatma who can be completely humble; that all that the rest of us can do is to recognize our lack of humility. This is where the difference comes in. It is the people who think they are humble, who take themselves with portentous solemnity, and who cannot either laugh at themselves or hate themselves, who are lost. In either direction an element of safety lies. It is bad enough to be vain, but it is infinitely worse not to realize the silliness of it,—I will not say the "wickedness", because that is too big a term when it comes to ordinary vanity; but to see the silliness, and, if possible, the ridiculousness of it, should in time effect a cure. Nothing is more salutary than a sense of humour directed against ourselves. The type of humour that laughs at other people's adversities is despicable, but if humour be turned against self, it will do much to keep the exuberance of self in restraint. In brief, we may assume, because we are here to-day, not that we are humble, but that, first of all, we wish we were, and that when the opposite is discovered—as it ought easily to be—we try to treat it with contempt, or with the ridicule it deserves.

Now as to the Report of the Committee on Resolutions, I suggest the first thing we should keep in mind is that we live in a mechanical age, and that we ought to resolve not to allow ourselves to become its victims. The mechanizing tendency manifests in every conceivable way. It is a reversion to primitive forms of life. The ways of ants are mechanistic. Socialism, Hitlerism, Communism, NRA-ism, all make for the anthill type of life, and we, as members of The Theosophical Society, should make up our minds that whatever else happens, we will not "go insect". All present efforts to bring political and social life to a state of outer perfection by outer means, are mechanical both in method and aim. Education, business, and every other form of human activity would, at best, in such ways become stereotyped and stultifying. This does not mean that we should raise the flag of rebellion against the NRA, or anything of the kind. We cannot, at this stage of evolution, expect to control the surface of things; let the world have the surface, seeing that that is what it wants; and let us keep the inner power, as we can do if we grow in understanding; for right understanding, accompanied by right sacrifice, will give us the ability to choose and to aspire rightly, and our right choice and aspiration of to-day will draw the future—even the surface of the future—into the mould which Masters alone are wise enough to provide.

We must resolve to keep a level head in the midst of all that may be said and urged and threatened by modernistic zealots. We must strive for understanding. More harm is done in the world by well-meaning people who are stupid, than by people who are notoriously bad. We must strive for finer and finer kinds of understanding. We must recognize the tendencies of our racial and family heredity, and because all of us have been born in western as distinguished from

oriental bodies, we should expect a tendency to see things materialistically,—even to interpret Theosophy materialistically. We have, I am sure, been outgrowing that. As a Society we have made great progress within the last twenty-five years, away from materialistic expositions of Theosophy, to an understanding that is becoming more and more spiritual. There was a time, for instance, when the doctrine of Karma was interpreted mechanically by most members. I well remember W. B. Yeats, who at that time was interested in Theosophy, walking up and down the aisle at the Blavatsky Lodge in London, and rightly ridiculing Mrs. Besant's cut and dried interpretation. According to her, he said, if you were an efficient and virtuous boot-black in this life, you would reincarnate, as Karmic reward, in the guise of an efficient and virtuous grocer!

In those early days it was said by some members that Karma made prayer illogical. It did not seem to occur to them that even on a materialistic and mechanical basis, prayer is as natural an activity, and therefore as much an instrument of Karma, as the wind or the rain or any other agency. But we can go further than that. A few days ago I read a review of a book by Selma Lagerlof, the well-known Swedish writer, in which she tells a story of her childhood. Her father was very ill, and she, a small girl, made up her mind to enter into a compact with God. She undertook to read the Bible all the way through, if God would save her father's life. Her father's life was saved. It reminded me of a story of the youth of General Ludlow, whom you all know of as a highly valued member of this Society. When he was a little boy, his mother used to knit mittens for him to wear in cold weather, and he was always losing them. One winter day, he went out to skate with his brother, older by only a year or two. Before they started, his mother reminded him of all the trouble she had taken in knitting his mittens, and appealed to him not to lose them again. When the time came for the boys to return home, the little fellow suddenly remembered his mother's appeal,—and he was devoted to her. The mittens had gone! He and his brother hunted for them everywhere. The ground was covered with snow. The mittens were red, and would have been easy to see. There was no trace of them. The child was distressed beyond words: how could he face his mother after what she had said! So he went down on his knees, in the middle of the road, and prayed—his brother with him—that they might find those mittens—a heart-broken prayer. When they got up from their knees and looked around, there, a few feet away from them, right on the snow, were the mittens. No wonder that that child, when he became a grown man, used to say, "It is no use talking to me about prayer—I *know* that it works."

Now let me ask you: if you had known what was going on in the heart of that child—if you had seen his suffering—would you not have been sorry for him? Of course you would. Would you not have helped him if you could? And are Masters with their "legions" less compassionate than we are? No, the truth of the matter is that it is the privilege and joy of an entire choir of angels to answer the prayers of children and of the simple of soul. The "miracles" thus wrought are as much a part of greater Nature's beauty as the resurrection of life in the spring. It is part of the divine scheme of things, part of Karma itself that these

things are. So, more and more, we must get away from the mechanical, materialistic interpretation of Theosophy; we must gain the realization that there are margins of beauty around everything, worlds of mystery too sacred for the mind to penetrate, and that if we would really get at the truth, we must seek and pursue the spirit,—not the letter.

Then too, if we would carry out the suggestions made this morning, we must realize that it is our function to maintain in the world the traditions we have inherited—our birthright as members of this Society—*right* traditions: for instance, the right tradition of manners,—although I am afraid that very few of us, if any, can think of ourselves as exemplars. Even so, we do not need to have attained in order to recognize an ideal, and if we honestly value these things, and strive to act and live accordingly, we shall be keeping alive the tradition. We owe it to the Movement to try to preserve everything that we see as best in civilization. The rudeness and roughness which now seem to be the vogue, are evidence of moral degeneracy, and it is for us, because of our membership, and no matter how we may fail in performance, to strive ceaselessly to express all that we can of kindness, of consideration, of courtesy, recognizing the inestimable value of these in terms of the spiritual life.

We must maintain the old ideals. There is, for instance, the subject of marriage—and you know what the world thinks about it to-day, or, no matter what it *thinks* about it, what it *does*. It is for us to uphold the highest, purest ideals of marriage, and we should be untrue to Theosophy, untrue to Masters, if we were to fail in this—if we were to fail in setting ourselves immovably against cheapness of divorce, as against all other laxities in matters of sex.

We must uphold theosophical principles in every direction. Consider the hierarchical principle—one of the basic truths of Theosophy—in connection with family life: we must respect it and act upon it. You know as well as I do, that in far too many families to-day it is regarded as more or less the function of children to bring up their parents. When children become a public nuisance, parents say, apologetically: "What can we do? We should lose them if we pushed them too hard". In some cases, when one knows the children, one is tempted to reply: "*Lose* them! No such luck for you, my friends". One does not say it, because it would not be understood. Nevertheless the attitude of such parents is cowardly; they shirk their responsibility and prove they are not fit to be parents. Children who regard their parents solely as a source of revenue; who are devoid of filial respect; who have no sense of the life-long duty they owe their parents, are a danger to the community no matter to what class of society they belong, and no matter what their age. There is no solution except to adhere to right principle from the beginning—to correct children when they need it, to praise them when they deserve it—with love, but without fear. If, as a result, they choose to go, let them go. You cannot in any case deprive them of their power of choice, and if they choose evil, you will not improve matters by doing likewise. Parents who are true to their ideals, who are true to truth and to Theosophy, cannot fail in the end, for it is only by such sacrifice that the wilful and selfish and depraved can ultimately be saved. The world tries to com-

promise, but compromise accomplishes nothing,—and it is not for us to be drawn into the current of the world's worst failures.

Speaking this morning of indrawal, I said that the gulf between the world and The Theosophical Society is steadily increasing, and must of necessity increase. Have you thought of what happened after the death of the Master Christ? His apostles retired into an upper room, away from the world, and there prayed and meditated,—the women with them. In the Acts of the Apostles it is said that there were a hundred and twenty of them in all; not a large body of people, but dynamic, because they were united in faith and purpose,—lifting up their hearts, waiting, expecting, believing. They were obeying the law of the spirit at the point between two cycles; and as we, in obedience to the same law, indraw more and more,—the life of the Society will tend to correspond more closely with that meeting of the hundred and twenty in the upper room, apart from the world. There will be practically no propaganda; the activity will be inner rather than outer,—with the duty mutually to keep alive the fire of real desire, of true aspiration, as we wait, watch and prepare for the coming of the Messenger. Therefore, let us forget numbers, let us separate ourselves from the obsession of quantity. A hundred and twenty people to start a world-wide religion: more than enough! And in our case, a dozen would be enough. But what a great and marvellous function it is that this Society will have to perform,—having the vision, so to live, so to aspire, so to will, as to draw down from heaven the supreme gift that the world unknowingly awaits.

Let us make ready for that; let us learn how to give the whole of ourselves to one spiritual desire, and thus become able to wield the power that will have been placed in our hands. Once we achieve that, the Society will no longer be as a voice crying in the wilderness, but, instead, a lightning rod, a conductor, drawing into every yearning heart the celestial fire which alone can redeem the world, which alone can lift humanity from the hell it has created, to the new heaven and new earth we were promised from the beginning.

DR. TORREY (supplementing, by request, the report of the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions): There is a subject which cannot have been far from our thoughts to-day as we have dwelt upon the unsettled condition of the world, and that is the subject of imminent war in Europe. The world faces the possibility with confusion and bewilderment, but the same should not be true of our membership, because, ever since 1918, we have been told repeatedly that "the war is not yet over"; that we should "take long views of the war", and that we should remember that "Germany was not beaten though she could have been".

The press is full of rumours and predictions. Simonds, writing in the April *Atlantic* under the title: "Austria the Powder Barrel of Europe", assures us of Hitler's deliberately announced intention to assert the German hegemony over the block of Central European States which, in times past, have been under German sovereignty. The recent move against the Dolfuss Government is the first step, to be followed later by aggression against Czechoslovakia, Hungary and

Bulgaria. This is no fantastic dream. On the contrary it would re-establish a territorial association which, in the form of the Holy Roman Empire, existed for the thousand years between Charlemagne and Napoleon. Hitler has made himself a symbol of the desire for unity which, at bottom, is common to 75,000,000 Germans dwelling in the very heart of Europe.

Now history shows us that a programme of aggrandizement at the expense of neighbour states has invariably landed Europe in armed conflict. Simonds sees but three solutions for the problem:

1. A concerted action of the European Powers to guarantee Austrian independence.

2. A war for balance of power eventually.

3. A war of prevention instigated by France within the year.

There is small likelihood that the first possibility can be realized. Wordy conferences accomplish nothing, and the move would have to be backed by a plain display of force. The European Powers are vacillating, jealous of one another, and beset with internal troubles. To try to "muddle through" and to delay the issue is to create a situation fraught with ever-increasing danger. Finally there is the possibility of a war of prevention on the part of France who was never in a better position for it than to-day. She has the military machinery, the statesmen, the willing allies. Let her delay, and her military equipment becomes progressively outmoded and lessened in efficiency as compared with that of her powerful enemy. "War within the year"! Sinister and terrible words of a hard-headed journalist. Yet the world, outside the narrow circle of doctrinaire pacifists, recognizes the irresistible logic of the position.

Some of us were very young when the last outbreak occurred; some of us were not so young in years, but we were young in Theosophy. The voice of our leaders was hardly more than one voice among other voices. And those other voices—the Chief Executive of the Nation, clergy, liberal educators—confused and bewildered us just as they bewilder young men and women to-day. Theosophy alone can clear up the confusion. I do not mean, of course, that outside our membership there is no understanding of the situation. I mean, rather, that the Theosophic truth at the heart of Christianity, Buddhism, or even of true science, is alone capable of dispelling the clouds of misconception gathered about the educated modern mind.

For what is the root of the confusion? Here is Germany exhibiting certain most admirable features: tenacity of purpose, one-pointedness, co-operative patriotism, certain kinds of moral cleansing, austere living and a searching and sacrificial attempt to bring her peculiar genius to flower. Is not this the very path along which our own thinkers would gladly move our Nation? Is not a high æstheticism and a passion for perfection behind this movement? The German is faced with a European garden-spot which is an offence to his æsthetic ideal. Waste and confusion prevail in place of the scientific order and discipline which he loves; ugly foreign weeds threaten to stifle the native Teutonic plants.

Barring slight differences, this is likewise the ideal of the liberal naturalistic school of thought in all nations. Science and controlled economics; the culti-

vation of sense-pleasures as making for the ultimate good—in a word, materialism triumphant in congress and in college. Shall American scholars rail at Germans for advancing farther along the road toward our common ideal? It ill fits the pot to call the kettle black.

In that homely proverb we strike our first note of reality. Black! Their light is darkness—the darkness which rests upon the agnostic, prideful race of university-trained men who are given to a passionate belief in *Maya*, and who seek through psychism for life and more abundant life.

Germany has long been the source and focus of this evil doctrine. Its doctorate degree granted to the scientific researcher is the model upon which the American graduate school is founded. Attentive travellers in the country as far back as Bismarck's day, bear witness to a ferocious egoism, a strange and sinister and mighty power which shakes the Teutonic soul to its centre, and makes of the German warrior something of terror which has not been in the modern world before. What is the lesson for us who are gathered here?

Kipling has written a short story called "The Mother Hive". A wax moth slips into the hive and proceeds to cajole the working sisters with soft words, while she spreads her principles (eggs) through the comb, and promises the coming of a New Era and a Great Change when bees will subsist on the "hival honey" and will work only six minutes each day. Comb will be built with circular cells to save wax; guards will be withdrawn from the door, and an era of song and dance among "the merry, merry blossoms" will prevail. The working sisters are encouraged to lay eggs like queens, and to spread the new principles. Soon the change is in full swing. A swarm of monstrous and malformed bees hatches from the workers' eggs, and the hive becomes foul with wax-moth larvae and their noisome tunnels. But two wise bees, Melissa and Saccharina, have come to understanding, and they build a royal queen cell after the ancient pattern. The old queen lays an egg there and dies exhausted. In secret the princess is raised on the royal food.

Upon a fateful day the beekeeper and his son come to inspect the hives. Then occurs the Great Burning and the Sulphur Smoke. But calling the swarming-cry, and accompanied by a slender cupful of clean bees, the new Queen escapes to the old oak, where, clinging fast, the bees witness the Destruction by Fire foretold of old time. In the gloom, a wax moth flits away to the wood crying: "A slight miscalculation in the plans, my dears, but see what a marvellous change we brought about."

There stands our ideal: a handful of clean bees rallied about an ancient, royal heritage, waiting through the night of the Great Burning and Cleansing—waiting to carry on once more according to the Immemorial Law of the Hive.

MR. GONZÁLEZ JIMÉNEZ (who spoke both as a member of the Committee on Resolutions and on behalf of the Venezuela Branch): It would take a long time to recount the activities of the Venezuela Branch during the year. I shall limit myself to summarizing them, but I know that I shall fail to communicate to my words the fire that lived there. This has been a year full of intensity in the life

of our Branch, a year of precise definitions, of clear conceptions, of a definite goal.

It is of special significance to us because the Venezuela Branch, in its present form, was founded on a 24th of June, the summer solstice, twenty-five years ago, although Theosophy in Venezuela dates back as far as 1881, since the first coming of Mr. Judge, whose love for the Cause left the lamp lighted in the world of the Real. And we understand that the fire burning there to-day was kindled by what that great Preparer did.

If by the light of the three objects of the T. S. we were to seek for an interpretation of our work, we could epitomize it thus: first, the members of the Venezuela Branch love each other more, and have realized that this nucleus of love, without distinction of personalities, has to be spread wide and enclose within its folds the whole of humanity; second, besides the studies in the Branch meetings proper, and in the gatherings of students, each member has selected a line of investigation, either scientific, religious or philosophical, in which to specialize, so as to contribute this particular aspect to the general fund of knowledge which it is the purpose of the second object to establish; third, an effort has been made to understand how the whole programme of life culminates in the transmutation of the so-called personality into the self-conscious spiritual individuality, whose archetype is to be found in the Master on whose ray we are: the task of the spirit in matter, the dispelling of the Maya created for the attainment of self-consciousness, to come back to the awakened unity through the dream of diversity.

At this point we may say that some members of the Branch have attended to the final invitation made by the Society at the Convention at Boston in 1895: "And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this." The work has been, therefore, one of discrimination between the Real and the unreal; the gaining of knowledge through a universal, comparative study, and the readiness to serve.

As an emblem of what we members are destined to become, the Venezuela Branch wishes that symbol you are looking at on the wall [a beautifully carved shield with antique sword, presented by the Venezuela Branch] to remain in the hall of this Branch that entertains our Conventions, as a mirror and a pattern: the sword of Will illuminated by the radiant sun of Buddhi lighting up the endeavour of our Movement: to kill the dragon of the personality which it tramples to earth and, at the centre, the crown of glory promised to the victor, the crown of the Master King. That sword belonged to the cavalry of Charles III, the wise, the gallant king who drove out of Spain in a single night—luminous night!—the Black Society; and the wood of the shield is from a tree that grew in the yard of our Branch and was itself watered by Juan José Benzo. Please accept it as the symbol of the Victory awaiting us.

Let me end by expressing to our dear Ancients, on behalf of all my fellow-workers of the Venezuela Branch, our thankfulness for having built the bridge across the abyss that separates earth from heaven. Our thanks, too, to that collective consciousness that affectionately we call the QUARTERLY.

We could summarize the work of this year with the triad of William Q. Judge: Unity, Study, Work.

Comrades! the voice of the Lodge loudly resounds: Let us cross the Bridge.
La Patrie d'en haut nous appelle.

The Chairman, after the report of the Committee on Resolutions had been accepted with thanks, invited the delegates and visiting members to address the Convention. Referring to the fact that the Venezuela Branch was represented by ten of its members, who had come all the way from Caracas, he called first upon Mr. Rafael Carías, President of the Branch, who spoke in Spanish, and whose remarks were then translated into English by Mr. Bermudez, another of the Branch delegates.

MR. CARÍAS: *Mr. Chairman:* Our Venezuela Branch has wished to re-affirm unanimously its deep love and loyalty to the Ideal as promulgated by the Founders of The Theosophical Society, and attends this Convention, not represented by delegates, but by the Branch itself, for here are all its officers. Besides, each of our companions who remain in Venezuela is also represented individually by one of us, and this I think to be a unique thing in the life of the Society. We take it as rather miraculous that as many as ten members have been able to make this trip, when, for most of them, it seemed something quite impossible to effect. We all know that every good and perfect gift comes from above, and the fact of our being here at this Convention we interpret as a great gift, and an opportunity that will demand the proof of our love for Masters, and the will and decision to give ourselves to Them with the surrender of our whole hearts.

The Chairman then called upon two members from Europe to address the Convention, both of whom brought greetings, one from a Branch, the other on behalf of fellow-members. Next, the other Venezuelan representatives were invited to speak, doing so either in English, French or Spanish.

MISS COTTON: The Venezuela Branch believes that the greatest honour she can ever attain will be to have a place in the work of the Lodge, and she is resolved to accept joyfully, no matter at what cost, the responsibility of belonging to the Masters' Cause.

MADAME SÁNCHEZ: Here we are; it is the cry of our hearts,—with these hearts free of themselves, so that the Masters may work through us and make in us Their dwelling.

Here we are to do Their will.

MISS REYES: First, our gratitude to those, visible and invisible, who helped us to come here. . . . A Convention of The Theosophical Society is something our minds may never conceive, but our hearts must feel. The blessing of this hour is something that never can be longed for too much, and there is not a price in self-conquest too high to pay for it.

This year, the work of the Venezuela Branch has been one of discernment. It has been the cry of the Prodigal Son: "I will arise and go to my Father". We

must remember our divine origin; we are from heaven and we must return there. This has been the work of the Venezuela Branch this year, an intense one, the effort to get a true vision of our duty as members of The Theosophical Society, through unity of purpose and meditation, trying above all things to gain devoted love for the Master on whose Ray we are. I believe that the best prayer of all here present, is to ask the help of the blessed Masters, so that we can go out from this Convention with the determination in our hearts, as the last "Fragments" say: "To shake off the dust of earth, and to consolidate the dust of heaven." Thus we shall be able, as far as we can, to carry out their highest purposes.

Our gratitude for all the help given to us through the New York Branch, that has been a light in our dark days.

MR. GARCIA: In the first place I wish to give thanks to the Masters for having granted us the blessing of attending this Convention, and to you for the honour you confer in inviting us to speak. I have only a few words to say.

There is a feeling among my fellow-members that this will be a decisive Convention, in the sense that it will be a very definite opportunity to make a new beginning. As I think of the fact that the only branch of the T. S. existing in the whole of Latin America is the Venezuela Branch, as I think of its continued existence for more than forty years, I believe that our Branch has a mission to fulfil: to preserve the spirit of the Movement there.

MR. RIVERO: *Mr. Chairman*, It is of thankful significance to me to have the honour and the privilege of being again with you.

A few days ago I went to Caracas by the quickest way. Fast as it was, the journey seemed to me very slow, because, full of anxiety, I went to see my mother, who was dying, and received her last blessing.

There, in my country, as here before leaving, I found, as always, the affection of my family and the sympathy of my friends,—especially that of my fellow-members of the Venezuela Branch. Now, with them and you all in Convention assembled, I have the fortune to be still in the bosom of another mother: The Theosophical Society.

Notwithstanding that silence is the most eloquent expression in this inspiring moment, let me voice, with humility and reverence, the feelings of my heart in one single word: gratitude.

MR. ALVAREZ PEREZ: As my English is very limited and all my fellow-members have already expressed what I would have said, it is little I have to say.

I was recently told that some years ago the Lodge was asking for recruits; after that it asked for soldiers. In our Branch more than one member is trying to become a soldier of the Lodge.

MR. URBANEJA: It is a privilege to be among you after the many years since I have lived in New York. At present I feel myself filled with a new spirit, that of the true soldier; for if the Lodge is to have them, we must model ourselves to

its requirements. Let us remember the expression of the ancient Greek mother, who said to her sons when going into battle: Return with the shield or upon it.

MR. BERMUDEZ: Out of an infinite compassion we have been called to participate in this feast of feasts. You remember the verse:

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother-mine?
The God who died to make it knows
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of Heaven and Hell,
And the Everlasting Love as well,
Little child.

Like him, the little child, we, the members of the Venezuela Branch ask ourselves what did it take to bring us to this Convention, and we feel that no less a miracle of Love and Patience has been accomplished. The Everlasting Love! Wrapped in His flaming arms, we have been snatched from the world, as it were, and carried here to get the vision of our destiny, of our glory. How to show our gratitude for this tremendous privilege? There is only one way. To give back our love to Them who filled us with love, by surrendering our hearts.

Reports from other delegates were then called for.

DR. HOHNSTEDT, for the members of the Cincinnati Branch, expressed appreciation and thanks for the QUARTERLY; gave a brief account of the work of the Branch during the past year, and concluded with the hope that more of their members might be able to attend the Convention in 1935, as all of them would wish to do.

MRS. REGAN, for the Providence Branch, said that the questions contained in the notification of Convention by the Secretary T. S., had proved extremely helpful, especially the question in regard to the ideal of the Branch. This had been discussed, the result being a unanimous desire that the Branch should become a centre through which the Lodge might work, with the inference that each member must strive to become that which would make this possible.

MRS. ROSE, also speaking for the Providence Branch, brought greetings and gratitude for the Convention.

MR. GARDINER H. MILLER: So many of you are familiar with the proceedings of the New York Branch meetings, that I do not think I need do more than recall to your minds some of the things discussed during the season. I should like to do that, because to me the keynote of Convention is linked very closely with what has been the theme of our discussion in the New York Branch this winter. We began with a reference to a book, *La Réponse du Seigneur*, in which much is said of the power of contemplation in the attainment of an ideal. Professor Mitchell, this morning, spoke of denial as often a gift of the thing denied, which reminded me of something said in that book about prayer—that prayer is not to receive, but to become; and in the process of becoming (it was stated in that book, and it

has been the keynote of our season's discussions, as it has been the keynote to-day) we must surrender self. Personality must be surrendered before individuality can be attained.

As to indrawal: that seems to me to consist in dropping the personality overboard,—forgetting about it. You will recall the Albrecht Dürer picture of the Knight surrounded by hideous monsters of sin and death, but utterly oblivious of them. The horrors in the world to-day are so marked that, to accomplish even the slightest degree of indrawal, we must get clear of the personality, as it affects our inner aspiration and inner efforts. That does not mean that we are not to resist the world, for we must fight with all the power, all the will and energy that we have, to resist it; but we must not worry or fret about it. We must practise Detachment. That will make possible our indrawal into the spiritual world.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, in looking forward to the Convention and asking myself what it was that the Lodge would like to have come forth from it, it seemed to me that what is asked of us is vision, and loyalty to that vision,—because if you lack loyalty to the vision, the vision itself is soon lost. That is what is asked of us, and that, as I see it, is the need of the world. It follows that when we fight for these things in ourselves, fight to hold our vision, to be loyal to it in action, in thought, in feeling, we are fighting the battle of the world. There is no difference. That battle can be fought out by each one of us in his own mind and heart. Victory there, giving life to the ideal by living it, will help to bring into the world that which the world so sorely needs. The need of the world is vision of an ideal to love and to follow.

The desire and effort of the Lodge for man to-day must be to draw forth the latent heroism in the souls of men, that the soul may unfold its potentialities, of nobility, of heroism, of splendour. The soul cannot be aroused if it sees no ideal worthy of its devotion. We have been given the knowledge that the highest ideal of our own hearts is true, that there is that which is wholly lovable, and that we may know and love it. There are three things in life that are worth while: To know that there is that which is wholly lovable and to love it with utter self-forgetfulness; to know that we, and the world, are loved and cared for with infinite compassion by those above us; to know that we can gain the power to help. Theosophy has brought us the knowledge that those things are true, and that it is possible to give ourselves in utter, complete self-giving to the ideal of our hearts. It seems easy to do that at a moment like this, but there are many times when, though we know that that is what we long with all our hearts to do, we cannot do it.

At this point there is a step that we can always take. I suggest the analogy of a ship in a storm, leaking, stranded on a rock with waves breaking over it, sure to break up; and the captain, with hundreds of lives entrusted to his care, desperately trying to get a line to the shore. He could not throw a line heavy enough to bear the weight of a man, but he could throw a light line, and when that had been caught and held, it could be used to draw heavier ones, over which the passengers could be carried to safety. What we need, to keep ourselves from

being overwhelmed and drowned by psychic waves, is to get a line to the firm shore of the spiritual world, over which we can pass to safety. We may not be able to throw the line of our love, and nothing weaker can be counted upon to bear us, but we can always throw the light line of our attention. We can always turn our attention to the things of the spirit and hold it there. And when the line of attention has been thrown, caught and fixed there, then desire and interest can be drawn along that line; and after desire and interest will go the love that we long to give. When that love has been given, it will carry our souls to their salvation, and it will do far more. It will enable us to bring salvation to the world, because with that love it will be possible to live the ideal as it ought to be lived, to make it live in the world so that men can see it, can know that it is true, can know that there is the good, the true, the noble, the wholly lovable. Then, by contrast, they might see what the world so needs to see to-day: the existence of active, malignant evil. I had almost said that the world needs to believe in evil as much as it needs to believe in good. So much of its trouble to-day is due to the fact that it has lost its belief in the danger and malignancy of evil. So it plays with it, shuts its eyes to its existence, and, instead of fighting it to the death, talks of pacifism and disarmament. In spite of the lessons of the War, the world refuses to recognize that there are men and nations, dominated by evil of the worst type, which seek to kill—and which, unless fought and conquered, will kill—all that is good in life, all that is beautiful, all that is compassionate and tender, all that is manly and noble. So, instead of having a clear-cut fight between those on one side who see good and love it, and who know and hate wickedness, and, on the other side, those who deliberately choose to throw in their lot with that wickedness, we have everything mixed and colourless. We have the tragedy of those who wish to do good but are caught by their own stupidity, caught by the use which the powers of evil make of their vague, unintelligent desires, turning them to Pacifism, Socialism, and the whole brood that we have to-day.

Year after year, I am impressed by the power that right thinking by members of the Theosophical Movement has, to affect the thought of the world. The Theosophical Movement has been compared to a spear-point of light, conquering the darkness of the world in order that (as Mr. Hargrove said this morning) the Adept Kings may come back from exile and rule once more on earth. Before that can happen, the world must ardently desire it, and before it can desire it, it must see it as the ideal; and false ideals and other obstacles must be cleared out of the way. When Madame Blavatsky started her work, two of the greatest obstacles were the dogmatism of science and the dogmatism of religion. Both of these have been greatly weakened. Before the world could desire Adept Kings, the notion that the ideal was democracy had to be removed. You will remember how, for years, in meeting after meeting of The Theosophical Society, that false ideal was attacked. It has not been weakened to the same extent as dogmatism, but its throne is rocking.

The ideals that the world needs for its salvation have been brought into it by our leaders. They are here. In the simile of an earlier Convention, our leaders

have scaled the wall of the beleaguered city in which the heart of the world is held captive. They have planted our banner on that wall and call to us to come up to them. It is for us to go forward, to win the day, or die of shame.

DR. CLARK: I should like to continue what has been spoken of by so many: the contrast between the world and the Theosophical Movement. In one of the books of the spring, Dr. Breasted's *Dawn of Conscience*, he tries to meet one of the situations now present in the world—the loss of all respect for morals and ethics, especially on the part of the young, which he explains as due to the fact that, in the past, the standards and obligations of morals have been taught as descending to man from heaven, and as man has lost all belief in heaven he has lost respect for what was supposed to descend from there. Dr. Breasted brings forward, to replace that standard, the discarding of which is responsible for so much evil in the world to-day, another standard of ethics and morals which he says was put together by men in Egypt, many hundreds of years before the alleged heaven-sent standards were given to man. Let us accept his statement, though if we were to investigate the source of that Egyptian standard, we might be led to believe that it too was sent from heaven. He thinks that in the present state of the world men will respect anything they themselves create. His contention may be right,—that some may be won to this earth-made standard and good accomplished. Nevertheless, the course of history, throughout all the cycles of civilization, shows that nations develop and grow only when men act in obedience to that which they believe is given them from heaven; and, on the other hand, that nations disintegrate and civilizations dissolve, when they are governed by ideals that have their origin in man and his wisdom.

It is our good fortune to be members of The Theosophical Society. We know that it was brought to us from the Lodge, by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge and others. Therefore, as has been said so many times, it is the great hope of the world in this period of disintegration. It is our good fortune, a thing for which we can never be sufficiently grateful, that, in defending and maintaining its standards, we contribute to the salvation and hope of the entire world.

MR. LADOW: This morning, Professor Mitchell referred to real life as a drama, suggesting that when life is truly lived, it assumes a dramatic form. I believe that we can derive both help and consolation from this, because in a drama, in a great tragedy for example, each small incident is transfigured by the *dénouement*, by the course of the drama as a whole. Not only the petty and trivial, but even evil and vice may be thus transformed. If we can only think of the details and nuisances of our personal lives as being potentially parts of a great drama, if we will to make them so, we shall be able more easily to discover the lessons which they are intended to teach us.

Dr. Torrey said that "muddling through" is a common practice in Europe. I venture to add that it is a common practice in America also. It is certain that we shall never "muddle through" to any theosophical goal. The notion that we shall inevitably reach that goal, whatever we may do or not do, is an expression of the mechanical view of life, against which Mr. Hargrove warned us. Karl

Marx must be held primarily responsible for the wide dissemination of the theory that the human race could not help evolving in a fixed direction. The socialist state that he prophesied was, therefore, certain to come. Fortunately few of us regard Marx as a prophet; but we should be careful not to be influenced by mechanistic theories of any kind. We must cultivate the spirit of self-reliance, in its true sense.

We must prove our readiness to give ourselves wholly to the work of the Movement. We must be eager to offer the whole of ourselves, in exchange for the privilege of sharing the work of the Masters.

MR. AUCHINCLOSS: Many of us, I imagine, as is always the case at Convention, are experiencing the feeling of being lifted up into a rarified atmosphere; of functioning upon a higher level than we usually do,—on a level where feeling is quickened, where our inner perceptions are more acute, where time ceases to exist. The inner significance of many things unfolds rapidly before us. Past, present and future are blended, as a consecutive whole. It seems easy, in the current of Lodge Force which moves us forward here, to function upon this higher level habitually, and we see no reason why we cannot. But when we leave this atmosphere, we relapse too often to our old level. We say to ourselves, —“Ah, no; I cannot do it. I am too dead, too frozen inside. Those long years when vanity, self-love, self-will, self-reference controlled me, have congealed things in me. I have a long way to go before I can hold, in daily life and living, the level of Convention. I must conquer these things, I must thaw out, *first*.”

When we say this kind of thing to ourselves, we are *wrong*. We are not working with the current of Lodge Force. We are opposing it. Did you ever see the ice come out of a river, when the thaw comes? First the snow begins to go. Then the sun becomes warmer, and there are signs of spring. But still the ice holds unbroken. There is more and more warmth and life in the air. A great change in nature is apparent. But still the ice holds unbroken, holds for an unbelievably long time, until one thinks that it is *never* going to disappear. Until, suddenly, one day, there is a great crack, and then another, and another. All at once, the ice begins to move, to disintegrate, to go out.

The sun, the warmth of the atmosphere, have done their part. But, alone, they could not have done it. For it was the current in the river, working underneath to undermine that icy covering, that finally proved irresistible, and swept it all away. So it is with us. It is contact with our teachers in the Movement, with our fellows, that gives us life and warmth, softens us, makes us *want* to have that dreadful iciness within us go. But it is the current of Lodge Force itself, working through them, working within us, that thaws us out, breaks up and carries away those icy moulds of ours,—if we do not oppose it by thinking that *we* must *first* overcome the old faults and weaknesses and sins, *before* we can go forward with that great current. The current will take care of all those things, if we will only go with it. We shall be lifted up and swept along, the old moulds will go, and we shall recapture the atmosphere of Convention, and hold it, and live in it continuously more and more.

MR. SAXE: At a New York Branch meeting, quite a long while ago, one of the older members was speaking about the point of view and the objective of the present-day members, as compared with those of the old days. It was pointed out that whereas now-a-days we speak of the possibility of discipleship and have that as our objective, in the earlier days, everybody expected to be a chêla, and still earlier, everybody expected to become an adept. It was said that that is perhaps the best view; people rarely accomplish the ideal at which they aim, so it is well to aim very high. If a man makes up his mind to make a million dollars, he may make five hundred thousand; or if he decides to make five millions, he may make one! Convention is the time when we should think of renewing our ideals and raising them as high as we possibly can.

Some of us now living in New York used to be members-at-large, and came here for more than one Convention; and we know, by experience, how it seems to such visitors. They have the feeling that if they could be here, right at headquarters, in contact with the older members, they would accomplish wonders. Perhaps they do not think they would become adepts exactly, but they have an idea that there is no knowing what they might become. The worst of it is they are probably right. Most of us had that idea. We did not say: I will be an adept; but we were very hopeful. Then we finally came, and had all these wonderful lessons and opportunities. If we could have a strictly confidential talk, we could give you a very satisfactory explanation of why we are not so altitudinous, but when we have to speak before those who have been looking after us all these years, we have to tell the truth. The reason we are not further along is that we have not had enough self-sacrifice, enough devotion, enough love. If we had enough of these, all the rest would be accomplished.

We speak about sacrifice from many different angles. It has been pointed out that we should not think of ourselves as making sacrifices,—in one sense we cannot sacrifice. But from the point of view of the personality we do have to sacrifice, and the measure of our progress is largely the measure of the sacrifice that we are willing to make. One aspect which, while quite familiar to us, we are apt to forget, is that each time we sacrifice the lower, each time we conquer ourselves at some point—especially if we do it thoroughly and whole-heartedly—even though the lower self may object very strenuously, we thereby obtain a little more vision, a little more light, and a little more joy. When the dark time comes and we find it difficult to do anything but rest on our oars, it may be helpful to remember this.

MR. KOBBE: I wonder if we all realize the privilege it is for us to be here to-day. I do not mean just those of us who are here in person, but all fellow students of Theosophy who are here in spirit. Much was said this morning about what is going on in the world around us, about the psychic current that is coursing through the world and seeping into practically every corner of it. Without Theosophy, I wonder where we should be. Many a supposedly clear-thinking person, many a person who is trying to live honestly and intelligently, is being

carried, willy nilly, with that current. Yet it is our privilege to be able to stand on the bank, as it were, and watch the current flow past us.

In the world, standards are being lowered, quality is being disregarded. There is no principle, apparently, in anything that is being done. Yet we are here, where there is principle, where standards are maintained, where there is a decided regard for quality. Do we realize the tremendous privilege this is? Let us consider what we may do about this privilege. In detail, of course, each one will do something quite different from what is done by everyone else; but in general, what can we all unite in doing? Each time I have thought of that, the word gratitude has come into my mind and heart. We can take each daily duty, no matter what it may be, no matter how it may differ from that of another, and put back of it and around it, gratitude; try to make it a "quality product". Thus we can contribute the best that we know; we can try to make a thing of quality out of whatever we have to do, and give that to the Lodge.

MR. BRUSH: *Mr. Chairman*, We have often been reminded here that insight gives added responsibility. Those of us who have been privileged to attend the meetings of the New York Branch this winter, and to some extent those who receive and read the reports of these meetings, have a special responsibility. The subject, we know, has centred round the contemplation of the ideal, and its manifestation in the outer world through positive, conscious action. We have been given a glimpse into those hidden powers of consciousness that govern our lives. Our responsibility, it seems to me, consists in this: how far are we going to be able to transform this priceless information into living knowledge, into insight that we can use in the service of the Movement? We all know it can only be done by action, purposeful action, on all planes of our being,—hour by hour, day by day, and moment by moment. Are we going to allow ourselves, younger fellow-members, to waste even the smallest part of this infinitely precious gift, our heritage from those who have gone before, in idle dreaming or in merely spasmodic outbursts of effort? If we do, we do so, as we know, at our own peril and the peril of the Movement that we are all of us trying to serve. Even a little insight into the issues that wait upon the least of our honest efforts in the service of the Movement, in spite of our defects and disabilities, should fan our enthusiasm into a living flame, a white heat—and what is more, keep it there.

MR. RUSS: Of course with my deafness I could not hear anything that was said, but that does not make any difference. I believe you just the same. After you have been coming to these Conventions as often as I have, you might get that way yourself. There are many of us here who have been coming very often. Is that not a fine thing, that I can say "very often",—because it has reference to the vitality and the age of the Society. It reminds us of what Madame Blavatsky said: that The Theosophical Society is doomed to exist—which does not mean that it will go on whether we do anything or not. Why are we here to-day, and who brought us here? We know that we joined the Society because we saw something that attracted us. In one way or another, peculiar to each person,

we became conscious of the light of the Lodge and the existence of Masters; and that light attracted us. We accepted it; we opened our minds and our hearts to it that that light might shine in.

Just as soon as we have done that, we cease to drift aimlessly hither and thither, and we revolve more or less around this inner light and this centre. We may actually try to draw near to it; yet while we may keep in mind that inner light, nevertheless our attention and interest is still in the world, towards the world. We know that better than anything else. We are held by it, and so in a sense we walk backwards. We stumble and fall, then get up and do it again. Then we come to Convention, and as soon as we get here amongst each other, we realize that we are away from the world; that we may leave the world alone a little while and let it get along without us. Hardly realizing it, we look over our shoulders and see a little more of that light, or hear something of that sound which makes no noise. Is it not natural that we should go away from here, wishing to carry some of that feeling with us? And we do. But we have an apprehension that we shall go back to those old conditions of dryness and discouragement, which we cannot understand, and which we think are disharmony within us, when that is not necessarily the case—it may be more like antithesis and contrast.

When you cannot get out of a bad situation, the next best thing you can do is to try to understand it and visualize it. If you will do that correctly, you can put yourself in such a condition that, no matter what the circumstances may be, they cannot harm you or reach you. Through efforts toward detachment, you will begin to get some sense of that poised silence within you, and that will help you to realize that the light of the Lodge may be shining on you, and you may actually see a little of it or feel it. Then you can think again of the Convention and of how grateful we are to the Masters for having brought us here.

The Convention also had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Ganson, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Kobbé Jr., Mr. Russ Jr., Mr. Miller Jr., Mr. Mitchell Jr., and Mrs. Field.

The thanks of the Convention having been voted to its officers, to the editors of the *QUARTERLY*, and to the New York Branch for its hospitality, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.
 JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

AYLSHAM, ENGLAND.

Mrs. Graves wrote: In the Norfolk Branch there are encouraging signs of increased earnestness of purpose and understanding. In these respects, the past year has been encouraging. . . . We make a definite effort to become conscious of our unity, not only as a separate Branch composed of individual members, but as a whole with all other Branches scattered throughout

the world, and especially with the New York Branch, to which we owe so much for help, guidance, and encouragement.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote that in spite of individual failure to live up to the great ideal of service set before us, she believes that "we must see that our love for the Movement, our desire to serve the Masters really well, have grown", and that therefore there is ground for hope "that the sum total of the strength, fidelity and devotion in the T. S. has increased."

Miss Bagnell also wrote, praying that at Convention we may "take fire" once again, and "respond with united determination in all the year that follows."

DENVER, COLORADO.

We, the Virya Branch, send our most cordial greetings to the Convention, with the earnest hope that the purpose of the Convention may be wholly understood and its leadership faithfully supported by those who are unable to be present as well as those who have that privilege.

ANNE EVANS, *President*.

MARY KENT WALLACE, *Secretary*.

GATESHEAD, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, Gateshead members send their sincere greetings and best wishes for a successful session; our thoughts will be with you. We fully appreciate the good you are doing, and the good work you have done in the past. The world needs you, and every member must give of their best. You shall have ours.

P. W. WARD,

Secretary, W. Q. Judge Lodge.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Greetings and best wishes to the members assembled in Convention, and to all those who, like ourselves, are unable to attend.

We would as intimately add that it has seemed, more than once, and increasingly as time went by, that the T.S. Conventions, held as they are in the spring of the year, must have in and behind them the potential life and promise of springtime in its deeper aspect—the Lodge, or the Masters and their Chélas, as embodying the higher side of Nature, being the immediate source of that deeper, inner, fuller life and promise.

In the springtime of the outer year we see to it that whatever should come up, shall do so, by bringing every power we possess to *make* it do so; be it food, or for clothing, or to make home and outlook more beautiful, whatever we need for bodily support and protection and to enrich the personal life. We feel it is much the same at Convention time and afterwards, the spring and summer of the Lodge for whatever it may then give to us. We may not know beforehand just what its gifts will be this time, but we can be sure they will be a renewal of inner life, and of the things of that life, whatever may be our own and the world's pressing inner needs. If, for our part, we need a new, more virile loyalty, or the wider opened eyes that will enable us to look through, to behind, what is going on around and within ourselves—thus to see there more clearly what is Black and what is White, either potentially or actually—and to have the will or courage both to declare and to stand ever more firmly for right principles and right action, as political, social, and economic "saviours" and advisers beckon and cry "Lo here, lo there!" so to speak; or if, as it should, it be more of love as the Masters and their Chélas feel and show it, that is needed,—then we will get it, whether we can attend in person or not, once we have determined it shall be, as we do for outer things, in the springtime of the outer year.

The parallel, however, is not quite perfect; despite our every effort, outer Nature will yield only sparingly, and sometimes all but fails us—while the Lodge never does.

For the Pacific Branch,

W. H. BOX, *President*.

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 shall be observing Convention Day, as usual, and hope to have a continuance of that inspiration and understanding so helpful in the past.

As we would be thankful to receive, so we should be glad to give, and on this occasion what shall our contribution be? It shall be that spirit whereby we determine to give our all, ourselves, to the Cause we are privileged to serve. We would do this in gratitude to the Masters for their unceasing care and guidance, and in loving memory of those Messengers and Workers, faithful unto death, more intimately known to us. We would also do this in preparation for the next Lodge Messenger or Forerunner, so that having a vehicle, or body of people, to work through, the new effort may be so much more effective and beneficial. It is for us, therefore, to have our lamps filled, like the wise virgins, and be prepared for the opportunities of service that are ever present. To the extent that our light is embodied, in the degree that we have become the truth we would give out, will it be of weight and value in this darkened world.

So we feel that your home-coming to-day will be one of joy and thanksgiving, and we trust that out of it may arise that incentive to greater effort whereby the fulfilling of the Law shall be more fully made manifest.

To this end we think of you and your deliberations, and pray that the resolute response to such a call may be the means of bringing forth those "God-instructed men" the world so sadly needs.

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

SOUTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society Assembled in Convention: The members of the South Shields Branch send to all of you their very sincere heartfelt greetings. We always look forward to the Convention as a day of joy, reunion and festival: a time of aspiration, and for expressing our gratitude to the Founders of the Society. These are days of compromise, when evil is, as it were, sugar-coated to entrap unwary members of the human family into a false state of security. Therefore we turn to The Theosophical Society and its spirit of truth and righteousness for guidance through the maelstrom of material life, with its unbridled passions and desires for lower self-expression so popular to-day. We are with you in spirit and purpose, and we hope the keynote for the year following will be one of appeal to humanity to turn from the worship of the unreal to a desire to know and live in the Real.

THOMAS MACKEY,
President, South Shields Branch.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To the Secretary, Theosophical Society: Toronto Branch sends most fraternal Greetings to the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled.

As we realize more fully the importance of the work of the T.S. for the welfare of the world, we also begin to realize the responsibility that rests on its members whose Karma has led them into the circle of its influence. Surely there was never a time when that influence was more needed than it is now.

It is with a thrill of hope and encouragement that we read the QUARTERLY. Surely such teachings as those given in the "Screen" of the last April number are just what this old world needs to bring it back to sanity.

It has been the experience of most of us to find a much greater readiness on the part of "outsiders" to listen to and consider some of the truths brought to public notice by the T.S. There is an interest in and, in many cases, acceptance of the belief in reincarnation, that is very different from the strenuous opposition one can remember in the early days of the Movement.

The heaven is at work and our efforts will bear fruit in time.

ALBERT J. HARRIS.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, the members of the Whitley Bay Branch send sincere fraternal greetings.

The return of the Cycle of Convention day, filled with happy memories of past Conventions, also forms a new vantage point for further effort and achievement. Theosophy teaches the great value of striving towards an ideal; it not only shows the way, but postulates that man, being a spiritual entity, can therefore attain to spiritual consciousness. It shows the tremendous dignity of man and his potentialities, and thus with the knowledge of his heritage it enables him to find the way. The art of true living is to know what we are here for, and where we are going. The theosophical philosophy has placed the key of this knowledge in our hands; it depends upon each one of us whether we use the key.

We therefore trust that during the hours of Convention the key will be used to unlock the aspiration of all members, so that we may all draw nearer to our great ideal of Universal Brotherhood.

FREDK. A. ROSS.

President, Whitley Bay Branch.

ONEAL, ARKANSAS.

To the Officers and Members of The Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled:

I will not take up much of your time, but I do want to send my sincere greeting, and to say how glad I am to have the opportunity to be with you in thought, in heart, and in spirit to-day; and to offer my humble devotion to Those who make this Convention possible.

We hear much, these days, of "depression", of difficulties—which reminds me of what a great friend (not known, personally) once wrote: "We pray for opportunity, and when it is granted us, we label it difficulty". How true that is to-day!

Must we not be tried? How else may we prove our devotion, our sincerity? And so, we have the great privilege of living in this dark and rapidly changing age,—the glorious un-sought battle lies before us. May we so fight that battle as to make it possible for Great Ones once more to live among men.

I wish to thank those, personally, who have made it possible for me to receive the "Reports of the N.Y. Branch meetings",—they *are* splendid. The QUARTERLY is beyond any praise of mine,—it is a link between me and Home.

WM. E. MULLINAX.

OSLO, NORWAY.

War has been the topic at some of our Branch meetings this winter, and the QUARTERLY and T.S. literature has—as always—proved rich in answering the many questions. Although the following is but a trifling incident, I should like to relate an experience I had while serving in one of the northern regiments last year. I do not doubt that I should be in a position to prove my point still better were it a question of greater issues.

One summer night—while the sun was shining—the bugles sounded the "Alarm", and we were hustled off in lorries and by steamers to a large island on the coast, where a fire had been raging for weeks, and now was threatening the existence of the entire population. The boys had quite a rough time for a while, the smoke was suffocating and the heat bad, and they ran a constant risk of being injured. For days and nights they fought the onrushing fire, with hardly any time for food and rest. Amongst the recruits there were quite a few who—for political reasons—from the very beginning had shown reluctance and unwillingness at the drillground. No sooner had we started our almost hopeless task against the elements, than the spirit of the troops changed noticeably, and it became quite clear to us, how the feeling of mutual danger and the knowledge of suffering some slight hardships for the help and protection of fellowmen and their homes, brought to the surface the very best in every man, especially in the case of the most unwilling of recruits. Their conduct was admirable. Thus they were given an opportunity to show the stuff they were made of, and they all rose to the occasion and won the esteem of their officers—to whom they remained loyal afterwards.

European politicians are no longer harping upon "disarmament", as the only means of saving the world from the horrors of war; the trend has now changed from this to "equality of arms" and to "armed security". Pacifism has lost many a stronghold; too often have the governments of late been compelled to resort to armed force. Yet few understand the opportunities that the sufferings of warfare—and other calamities—bring to individuals and nations. To understand the eternal problem of life, it is necessary to believe in a life hereafter, which will give a clue to the understanding and valuation of tragedy—and in the end: the Divine Will. I should like to quote one of England's greatest authors:

"Tragedy at its best is a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things eternal and exulting."

Theosophy gives such vision: To see and grasp our opportunity when it is offered unto us.

Convention time approaching, I wish to send you and all fellow Members united, my very heartiest greetings.

H. KNOFF.

Delegates and members showed the greatest interest in the reading of Letters of Greeting, which included, in addition to the foregoing, letters from Mr. Henning Dahl, President of the Oslo Branch (Norway); Mr. S. A. Drummond (Oklahoma); Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Miss Eleanor Evans (London); Miss Anna Fjæsted, President of the Arvika Branch (Sweden); Mr. Herman Hohnstedt, President of the Cincinnati Branch; Mrs. Lancaster (Los Angeles); Mr. T. W. Lincoln (Yorkshire, England); Mr. and Mrs. Plinio (Trieste, Italy); Mr. A. Jiménez Ron (Venezuela); Miss Tuttle (Berkeley, California); Mr. Acisclo Valedón (Venezuela); telegram from Miss Evans and Miss Wallace, as President and Secretary of the Branch in Denver; telegram from Captain and Mrs. Hamlen (Augusta Maine); cablegram from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell, Miss Bagnell, and cablegram from Mrs. Raymond (Tokio, Japan). Several other letters from abroad were read, which, like all other letters, were received with applause, but are not acknowledged or quoted in the open pages of the QUARTERLY for reasons stated elsewhere in this issue.



H.P.B.'S MESSAGE TO THE CONVENTION,

AMERICAN SECTION T. S., 1891.¹

TO THE BOSTON CONVENTION, T.S., 1891:

For the third time since my return to Europe in 1885, I am able to send to my brethren in Theosophy and fellow citizens of the United States a delegate from England to attend the annual Theosophical Convention and speak by word of mouth my greeting and warm congratulations. Suffering in body as I am continually, the only consolation that remains to me is to hear of the progress of the Holy Cause to which my health and strength have been given; but to which, now that these are going, I can offer only my passionate devotion and never-weakening good wishes for its success and welfare. The news therefore that comes from America, mail after mail, telling of new Branches and of well-considered and patiently worked-out plans for the advancement of Theosophy cheers and gladdens me with its evidences of growth, more than words can tell. Fellow Theosophists, I am proud of your noble work in the New World; Sisters and Brothers of America, I thank and I bless you for your unremitting labours for the common cause so dear to us all.

Let me remind you all once more that such work is now more than ever needed. The period which we have now reached in the cycle that will close between 1897-98 is, and will continue to be, one of great conflict and continued strain. If the T.S. can hold through it, good; if not, while Theosophy will remain unscathed, the Society will perish—perchance most ingloriously—and the World will suffer. I fervently hope that I may not see such a disaster in my present body. The critical nature of the stage on which we have entered is as well known to the forces that fight against us as to those that fight on our side. No opportunity will be lost of sowing dissension, of taking advantage of mistaken and false moves, of instilling doubt, of augmenting difficulties, of breathing suspicions, so that by any and every means the unity of the Society may be broken and the ranks of our Fellows thinned and thrown into disarray. Never has it been more necessary for the members of the T.S. to lay to heart the old parable of the bundle of sticks than it is at the present time; divided, they will inevitably be broken, one by one; united, there is no force on earth able to destroy our Brother-

¹In 1890, H.P.B. was too ill to write a message.

hood. Now I have marked with pain a tendency among you, as among the Theosophists in Europe and India, to quarrel over trifles, and to allow your very devotion to the cause of Theosophy to lead you into disunion. Believe me, that apart from such natural tendency, owing to the inherent imperfections of Human Nature, advantage is often taken by our ever-watchful enemies of your noblest qualities to betray and to mislead you. Sceptics will laugh at this statement, and even some of you may put small faith in the actual existence of the terrible forces of these mental, hence subjective and invisible, yet withal living and potent influences around all of us. But there they are, and I know of more than one among you who have felt them, and have actually been forced to acknowledge these extraneous mental pressures. On those of you who are unselfishly and sincerely devoted to the Cause, they will produce little, if any, impression. On some others, those who place their personal pride higher than their duty to the T.S., higher even than their pledge to their divine SELF, the effect is generally disastrous. Self-watchfulness is never more necessary than when a personal wish to lead, and wounded vanity, dress themselves in the peacock's feathers of devotion and altruistic work; but at the present crisis of the Society a lack of self-control and watchfulness may become fatal in every case. But these diabolical attempts of our powerful enemies—the irreconcilable foes of the truths now being given out and practically asserted—may be frustrated. If every Fellow in the Society were content to be an impersonal force for good, careless of praise or blame so long as he subserved the purposes of the Brotherhood, the progress made would astonish the World and place the Ark of the T.S. out of danger. Take for your motto in conduct during the coming year, "Peace with all who love Truth in sincerity," and the Convention of 1892 will bear eloquent witness to the strength that is born of unity. . . .

Here in England I am glad to be able to report to you that steady and rapid progress is being made. . . . Here, as with you, attempts are being successfully made to bring to bear the influence of Hindu on English thought, and many of our Hindu brethren are now writing for *Lucifer* short and clear papers on Indian philosophies. As it is one of the tasks of the T.S. to draw together the East and the West, so that each may supply the qualities lacking in the other and develop more fraternal feelings among nations so various, this literary intercourse will, I hope, prove of the utmost service in Aryanising Western thought.

The mention of *Lucifer* reminds me that the now assured position of that magazine is very largely due to the help rendered at a critical moment by the American Fellows. As my one absolutely unfettered medium of communication with Theosophists all over the World, its continuance was of grave importance to the whole Society. In its pages, month by month, I give such public teaching as is possible on Theosophical doctrines, and so carry on the most important of our Theosophical work. . . .

And now I have said all. I am not sufficiently strong to write a more lengthy message. . . . After all, every wish and thought I can utter are summed up in this one sentence, the never-dormant wish of my heart, "Be Theosophists, work for Theosophy!" Theosophy first, and Theosophy last; for its *practical* reali-

zation alone can save the Western world from that selfish and unbrotherly feeling that now divides race from race, one nation from the other; and from that hatred of class and social considerations that are the curse and disgrace of so-called Christian peoples. Theosophy alone can save it from sinking entirely into that mere luxurious materialism in which it will decay and putrefy as civilizations have done. In your hands, brothers, is placed in trust the welfare of the coming century; and great as is the trust, so great is also the responsibility. My own span of life may not be long, and if any of you have learned aught from my teachings, or have gained by my help a glimpse of the True Light, I ask you, in return, to strengthen the Cause by the triumph of which that True Light, made still brighter and more glorious through your individual and collective efforts, will lighten the World, and thus to let me see, before I part with this worn-out body, the stability of the Society secured.

May the blessings of the past and present great Teachers rest upon you. From myself accept collectively the assurance of my true, never-wavering fraternal feelings, and the sincere, heartfelt thanks for the work done by all the workers.

From their servant to the last,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

THE LAST MESSAGE, 1891.

15:4:1891.

To the Fifth Convention of the American Section of The Theosophical Society

BROTHER THEOSOPHISTS:

I have purposely omitted any mention of my oldest friend and fellow-worker, W. Q. Judge, in my general address to you, because I think that his unflagging and self-sacrificing efforts for the building up of Theosophy in America deserve special mention.

Had it not been for W. Q. Judge, Theosophy would not be where it is to-day in the United States. It is he who has mainly built up the movement among you, and he who has proved in a thousand ways his entire loyalty to the best interests of Theosophy and the Society.

Mutual admiration should play no part in a Theosophical Convention, but honour should be given where honour is due, and I gladly take this opportunity of stating in public, my deep appreciation of the work of your General Secretary, and of publicly tendering him my most sincere thanks and deeply-felt gratitude, in the name of Theosophy, for the noble work he is doing and has done.

Yours fraternally,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.



REVIEWS

The Invisible Influence, by Alexander Cannon, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.G.S.; E. P. Dutton and Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

If you write a book, get a friend to contribute an Introduction which says: "No book has stirred up as much controversy in Europe in many years"; for then, as in this case, the publisher can quote the statement on the "jacket" in large type, and your ship is launched.

"What fools these mortals be!" We doubt, however, if Europe can have become quite so foolish as the writer of the Introduction implies. Dr. Cannon is a student and practitioner of hypnotism; Jesus Christ, he says, was one of the greatest of hypnotists, and was great, by inference, for that reason; hypnotism is the "Invisible Influence" of the book's title. Experiments in hypnotism, for those not familiar with the subject, can be surprising; but we had not imagined that this mid-Victorian "thrill" would have meant much to people to-day. Perhaps we had forgotten the law of cycles; perhaps we are due for another dose of raps and table-turning; perhaps the present generation will "discover" magic! It would be entertaining if someone were to rush at us with a copy of *Isis Unveiled* as the very latest fad,—*rien de plus chic*. Yet, the girls who gave up astrology for skirt-dancing must have died, years ago; or are they perennials? Seriously, can we envy the fate of those whose function it is to turn a world of flibbertigibbets into a world of sages and heroes? Who would be a Mahatma!

However, to return to our review: the writer of the Introduction chooses to regard Dr. Cannon's story, not as fiction, but as a record of fact. Dr. Cannon gives colour to this by stating in his Preface that "the mysteries of the East and the Far East have been fully explored in a long tour which was made, as it were, in search of the Holy Grail, more ancient than any known to history", and then, in the body of his book, by speaking of a journey of forty-two days "in sedan-like chairs", to Tibet, "where the great mystery Lama Convent lay", which he and his travelling companion visited, led there by "a mysterious austere personage in scarlet robes, black cap and only one arm," described as the Knight Commander, who brought "the great tidings" that Dr. Cannon was soon to be honoured "with that highest of titles, Knight Commander of Asia, which is equal to an Earl in this country", these great tidings being confirmed later, when Dr. Cannon, as he explains, now "held the scrolls, the Arms of Office, the coat of arms, and weapons of war which went with this noble office"—all in Tibet.

Still in Tibet, accompanied by the aforesaid one-armed Knight Commander, Dr. Cannon and his travelling companion, ceaselessly discussing hypnotism in English with their Tibetan friend, visited a near-by farm. "The conversation now became very interesting; the farmer's wife asked if there was any importance as regards destiny in the date of birth of an individual, *especially since Pythagoras laid such stress on dates and numbers.*" Not bad for a Tibetan farmer's wife! The Tibetan Knight Commander, who claimed to know all things, and who quoted the Christian scriptures and French authorities on hypnotism with equal ease, had already been hypnotized by Dr. Cannon, obeying the latter's orders implicitly; but when it came to the farmer's wife our mental comment was that we had never read such bosh in our life or lives,—this verdict standing until we had read a few more pages, which landed us in the "Great Lama Convent", into the presence of the Great Lama himself. What followed was so childish, so utterly lacking in imagination as in verisimilitude, that we could explain it only on the theory that Dr. Cannon had accidentally hypnotized himself, and had written his book in a state of semi-dream, quite unable to distinguish between fact and fiction, and with his sense of humour, if he has any, completely paralysed. But can anyone, even the feeble-minded, mistake such balderdash for fact? It is pitiable,—and, although this is incidental, the English of the book is that of a school-boy of fourteen or less.

X.Y.Z.

Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy, by George Santayana; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

Five essays are included in this volume: "Locke and the Frontiers of Common Sense"; "Fifty Years of British Idealism"; "Revolutions in Science"; "A Long Way Round to Nirvana", this being the development of one of Freud's ideas; and "The Prestige of the Infinite", a review of Julien Benda's *Essai d'un Discours cohérent sur les Rapports de Dieu et du Monde*. With the exception of "The Prestige of the Infinite", the book is singularly devoid of instruction or interest. One sometimes wishes that Santayana had devoted his undoubted literary talents to lighter, more superficial topics. Like many men of letters he writes more easily than he thinks. He is often most fluent, when his ideas are most elusive.

Santayana calls himself a materialist. Perhaps he adopted this label in his youth and hesitates to change it. However, it now serves only to befuddle the reader. Indeed, the general line of Santayana's thought is based upon propositions which are so incoherent as to be unintelligible. He says, for example, that "all modern philosophy, in so far as it is a description of experience and not of nature, . . . seems to belong to the sphere of literature, and to be without scientific value" (p. 47). We defy anyone to make sense out of this. How can one describe experience without describing nature? What can be the scientific value of a description of nature, which is not also a description of experience? If experience be not a part of nature, what is it? If materialists and idealists have any point of agreement, it is this,—that human consciousness and the

world or "nature" which surrounds it, are fundamentally one. We only know nature, in so far as it is made manifest to our consciousness, nor can our personal consciousness, even in its most subjective moods, be adequately conceived as a thing-less "natural" than a physical body.

Fortunately, Santayana's "materialism" has no place in the chapter on "The Prestige of the Infinite". As he himself remarks, he has not always shared "the supreme respect for infinite Being which animates so many saints". Now, after many years, he is aware of a sort of conversion. Infinite Being suggests to him quietude and wisdom, and also "the involution of all forms", the resolution of all discords, the "realm of truth" in which all events and transformations are gathered together *sub specie æternitatis*. He is moved to genuine eloquence by this theme.

We need not look for the principle of spiritual life in the distance: we have it at home from the beginning. Even the idea of infinite Being, though unnamed, is probably familiar. Perhaps in the biography of the human race, or of each budding mind, the infinite or indeterminate may have been the primary datum. On that homogeneous sensuous background, blank at first but secretly plastic, a spot here and a movement there may gradually have become discernible, until the whole picture of nature and history has shaped itself as we see it. A certain sense of that primitive datum, the infinite or indeterminate, may always remain as it were the outstretched canvas on which every picture is painted. And when the pictures vanish, as in deep sleep, the ancient simplicity and quietness may be actually recovered, in a conscious union with Brahma. So sensuous, so intimate, so unsophisticated the "return to God" may be for the spirit, without excluding the other avenues, intellectual and ascetic, by which this return may be effected in waking life, though then not so much in act as in intent only and allegiance. . . .

Nature, in forming the human soul, unintentionally [?] unlocked for the mind the doors to truth and essence, partly by obliging the soul to attend to things which are outside, and partly by endowing the soul with far greater potentialities of sensation and invention than daily life is likely to call forth. Our minds are therefore naturally dissatisfied with their lot, and speculatively directed upon an outspread universe in which our persons count for almost nothing. . . . Spirit belongs intrinsically to another sphere, and cannot help wondering at the world, and suffering in it. The man in whom spirit is awake will continue to live and act, but with a difference. In so far as he has become pure spirit he will have transcended the fear of death or defeat: for now his instinctive fear, which will subsist, will be neutralized by an equally sincere consent to die and to fail. He will live henceforth in a truer and more serene sympathy with nature than is possible to rival natural beings. . . . Their will is in hopeless rebellion against the divine decrees which they must obey notwithstanding. The spiritual man, on the contrary, in so far as he has already passed intellectually into the eternal world, no longer endures unwillingly the continual death involved in living. . . . He renounces everything religiously in the very act of attaining it (pp. 115-121).

These words have a noble quality. It is well to recall to the human spirit its kinship with the Infinite God. Nevertheless, Santayana does not point to any practical method of realizing this union with Brahma. The intellect alone is powerless to accomplish such a transmutation of consciousness. As Gautama Buddha taught, Nirvana is not an object of thought but a state of being. Moreover, he was too wise to attempt to describe or to define a profound mystical experience in ordinary mental terms. Of all intellectual enterprises, the most futile is the effort to form a conception of the Absolute. It is stated that medi-

tation is the inexpressible yearning of man to "go out towards the Infinite". The knowledge thus acquired may, indeed, seem infinite to us; but the more vast is this knowledge, the more conscious is the knower of the unfathomable Mystery which encompasses him. "One thing I know", said Socrates, "that I know nothing." The humility of the sage is proportionate to his wisdom.

S.V.L.

The Dawn of Conscience, by James Henry Breasted; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1933; price, \$3.00.

This new book of Professor Breasted's is what we should have every reason to expect it to be—thoughtful, full of information, clear-cut. It takes us from the earliest times in Egypt of which we have even fragmentary records, up to the fall of Akhenaton, and then, rather rapidly, through the succeeding centuries when Egypt, in her decadence, had lost the inner, creative power which had manifested itself in the purest religious aspiration. About the time of the Middle Kingdom (roughly 2000 B.C.), a steadily increasing sense of social anxiety, openly expressed, began to show itself; and it is in general to this period and to this new approach toward life, that Professor Breasted refers when he speaks of the dawn of conscience. It was during this period that the purely ethical literature of ancient Egypt was most in vogue—literature regarding the conduct of human affairs: "The Maxims of Ptahhotep", "The Instructions of Ke'gemni", "The Testament of Amenemhat", etc., a later example being "The Wisdom of Amenemope"; and Professor Breasted, in a number of very interesting pages, traces the evidence for a connection between these moral writings of Egypt, and some of the Hebrew literature. He shows that, in reality, these are the source of many parts of the Old Testament, hitherto called "revelation", so that we are led to recognize (if we have not already long since done so), how much we owe to Egypt.

Almost from the start, however, the student of Theosophy will find a great deal in this book with which he will be in radical disagreement; such, for instance, as the belief that religious ideas and ideals were evolved by man himself, out of his own self-created nature-worship. Yet this is the thesis upon which Professor Breasted builds his entire argument. It is the usual inverted image of most archaeologists and students of early religions, as already pointed out on many occasions by the *QUARTERLY*. All the basic "facts" of the argument are upside-down. It would be difficult if not impossible to convince the student of Theosophy that the Sun-god Ra owed his very existence to the fact that the early Egyptians recognized the beneficent and powerful effects of the material sun upon the life of mankind; nor could we agree that Osiris came into being merely because the verdure which he is supposed impersonally to have typified, itself sprang into life as a result of the yearly inundation of the Nile. The student of Theosophy would maintain that Ra and Osiris were divine Kings who, in the most literal sense, had ruled on earth in the days when the early races believed in and sought guidance from above, and before man became poisoned by the idea

that he was his own best and only law-maker. Nor would the student of Theosophy agree with Professor Breasted in considering the Pyramid Age as "the age of materialism", merely, so far as we can judge, because of the magnificent engineering feats manifested in the stupendous erections of Khufu, Khafra, Menkaura and others before them. The pyramids speak for themselves, and for the divinely exalted ideals of their period, and there is nothing whatever in the exoteric musings of Ptahhotep, Ke'gemni and the rest, praiseworthy as they are within their own limits, which can in any way compare with the virility, the fire, the esoteric splendour of the Pyramid Texts. The more Egypt advanced in outer glory, the more the glory of her ancient, esoteric truths was obscured. In the early days, when the Lodge still had its servants in the King-Initiates, a portion of the hidden Wisdom could, by means of symbolic language, be committed to writing—as much of it as is ever given out in this way—so that future generations (those who had the clue), might still read and learn from these Texts. But with the Feudal Age, when Egypt became darkened by the creeping shadow of democratic ideas, when the nobles, and later the people themselves, began to clamour for "equal rights", with all that that implies of attendant dangers and growing inner blindness, then and *only* then, did the teaching of "social conscience" become necessary, because the old spiritual values were rapidly fading. Are these long lists of moral precepts necessarily an indication of interior growth as Professor Breasted would have us believe? Social standards and rules of conduct which belong to a specific age, change and pass, and as man becomes more externalized, he may well understand moral rather than spiritual direction: he has to be instructed in a language comprehensible to him. All the religious teaching of the past—religious in the widest interpretation of the word—has had to be given in accordance with the capacity of its hearers, and in every religion there has always been, and no doubt always will be, an exoteric presentation of the esoteric truth which lies behind it. The lofty state of spiritual consciousness which made the building of the pyramids possible (first the spiritual construction, then the concrete erections), surely indicates a higher civilization, in an interior sense, than that of the later period with its carefully annotated codes.

One final protest! Remembering the many traditions of lost civilizations and submerged continents, we feel that Professor Breasted makes an unjustifiable statement when he writes: "There was no civilized ancestry from whom the prehistoric Nile-dweller might receive an inheritance of culture," and again, "The significance of the appearance of civilization along the Nile does not lie in the splendour of its buildings alone, but in the fact that as a continuous and uninterrupted social evolution steadily moving on for a thousand years, it was rising *for the first time on our globe*." The italics are Professor Breasted's own—but why is he so certain of the truth of this claim? Civilizations move in cycles, as another distinguished Egyptologist, Flinders Petrie, has so clearly demonstrated, and what satisfactory evidence have we contrary to the idea that these cycles may stretch back into a past so remote that tradition alone is evidence that they existed? History as such, is a very recent institution indeed, Herod-

otus notwithstanding, and the mere fact that the hieroglyphic writing which we find in the earliest monuments of the Thinite Period is already a completely formed, complicated system, should give us much food for thought. Where did that highly civilized writing come from? Students of Theosophy, whose reverence for Egypt's ancient splendour is profound, would surely feel that a greater honour was being done her by giving her her rightful place in a vast evolutionary pageant of long anterior civilizations (the very records of which are now almost, though not entirely, lost), than is the case when offering her the isolated if illustrious precedence suggested by Professor Breasted.

T.D.

Notebook of Nothing, Fragments of the Lyrical Diary of a Sienese Shepherdess (by Dina Ferri), with an introduction by Piero Misciattelli; translated from the Italian by Helen Josephine Robins and Harriet Reid; Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, price, \$2.00.

A book, a life, to be accounted for satisfactorily only through the "twin doctrines" of Karma and Reincarnation. A young Italian peasant girl, her parents too poor to complete her elementary school education, tended sheep on her native hills near Siena. With her she carried a little notebook, jotting down her thoughts and experiences as the days and years passed—simple enough incidents: the music of birds and streams, of sunlight and starlight and changing seasons; the pathos of the humble peasant life about her. But the child was a poet, and her jottings, some in verse form, some in eloquent prose, are all poetry. She saw with the eye of the poet, and beauty of expression followed with the simple spontaneity of a bird song. Nature, the approach to the Real for so many of us, awakened in her a joyous response at every turn: "I heard in an undertone a great chorus of voices singing to the sky and the sun, and I longed to seize but one of these voices and shut it into my soul." But more than that, for her, "nature murmurs the poetry of labour",—she is one with all that suffers, all that yearns in the humble life about her, responding with unfailing pity, and always with an echo of the great harmony, an intuitive sense of the joy beneath the pain: "Who can be happy who has not wept?" "Never through the whole year, grow pomegranates and pansy flowers." Or of the deserted baby, dead in a damp garret: "There is still a smile on your little white face, and your tiny hand is closed on the gift the Angel brought you. It is pardon for the men who forgot you."

Due to an accident, her notebooks were discovered, and because of their great promise, a scholarship fund was obtained, providing an education for her—*unfortunately*, as many of us would think, and as she herself sensed later on, for while it strengthened her desire to "read the great secret that draws us on", it also made the mystery of life, and its pain, the more incomprehensible. "Still I pursue my way, because a strange destiny has so decreed, and still the horizon grows wider and wider. But I no longer see there the mountain tops as once in the country where I was born, because the same fate that draws me on has wrapped them in mist which never clears." She died at the age of twenty, in a

hospital in Siena, courageously accepting her own great suffering, but tormented by the thought of her inability ever to help her parents in their poverty. Baffled as she was by the mystery of life, several fragments, written near the end, suggest that she held in her hand the key, ready to turn when next the opportunity offers. Referring to times when the heart is heavy with weariness or grief, she writes: "The music of the heart is silenced, the mysterious inward voice dies in a sigh of weakness; we rebel against natural law, and in trying to lift ourselves in a void without support we fall to lower depths. It is only the great souls who always hear the voice of the heart, because that is the voice of love, and there is no true greatness without love." J.C.

The Life of Cardinal Mercier, by John A. Gade; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and London, 1934; price, \$2.75.

It is not often that a book can be recommended so unreservedly, as in this case. It is quite the best life of Cardinal Mercier so far written, and is likely to retain its pre-eminence for many years. The author is a Protestant, and while writing with great admiration for his subject, avoids the mistake which most Roman Catholic biographers make when portraying the life and character of a co-religionist whose saintliness may lead to his canonization,—that is, Mr. Gade does not gush, is not fulsome, and writes throughout in the best of taste. It is a book of which America should be proud, though it won't be, because contemporary America takes its literary opinions from newspaper reviewers, nearly all of whom hate anything which is not as vulgar as they are.

Cardinal Mercier and King Albert of Belgium were, in our opinion, the only great men produced, or revealed, by the World War. This is because they were not in the least concerned about their own glory; they were incapable of "playing politics"; they stood immovably for what they believed to be right, regardless of consequences. Of the two men, the Cardinal seems to us to be much the greater. It is obvious that his task was by far the more difficult. Mercier had to fight the Germans while in their hands; he also had to fight those of his brother Cardinals who were Pro-German, and there were plenty of them. But the two men were devoted friends, and while the King would have agreed wholeheartedly with our comparison, Mercier would have deplored it.

Mercier was an extraordinarily learned man, thoroughly familiar with modern science, philosophy and psychology, as well as with the teaching of Thomas Aquinas and the "sacred theology" of the Middle Ages. He was also an intense patriot, and, above all, a priest, as a priest ought to be,—not only deeply religious, but self-disciplined until control had become almost perfect, with ever-flowing sympathy and ever-burning zeal, devoting himself ceaselessly to the service of his Lord. The things he said were not echoes from books, but were hammered from his own experience, his own suffering, his courage. Thus: "However troubled a situation may be, or however near it may seem to disaster and despair, we must always keep our heads up and retain a stout heart. Discouragement never created energy, and only energy can prepare triumph."

Again: "Suffering accepted and vanquished will give you a security which may become the most exquisite fruit of your life".

He was the embodiment of alert intelligence,—which, being said, compels mention of the fact that one of his later enthusiasms was peculiarly and, we should say, painfully Roman. Yet perhaps the moral of this is that so long as the fundamentals are sound, doctrinal oddities do not greatly matter,—until a stage has been reached when a disciple, to know his Master truly, must rid himself, not only of his superstitions, but of "all dependence upon external things"; and Mercier, great as he was, certainly had not acquired *Uparati* (Cessation), essential as a qualification for chéliship, as Shankara Acharya declared many centuries ago.

The chapters dealing with Mercier's activities during the War, are admirably written and of fascinating interest. The author (who was in Belgium in 1916-17, as a member of the Relief Commission) is restrained, but the facts speak for themselves, and one of the reasons why we hope his book will be widely read is that people in America and England try to forget, if they ever knew, what Germany did at that time. Read about it directly, with their eyes open, they will not (why be made uncomfortable!), but in this form, related quietly as an outer event in Mercier's life, they will have less chance to shut their ears and close their minds,—will have less chance, therefore, to rest assured, with fatuous credulity, that if it were not for France, Germany would behave like a lamb among lambs.

Readers of the *QUARTERLY* will be helping a good Cause if they will ask for this book at their Public Library, and will then recommend it to all their friends.

T.

The Transformation of Nature in Art, by Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy, Harvard University Press, Cambridge; price, \$3.

This is a collection of essays, the first of which, "The Theory of Art in Asia", is the most interesting. Dr. Coomaraswamy begins by saying, "In the following pages there is presented a statement of Oriental æsthetic theory based mainly on Indian and partly on Chinese sources; at the same time, by means of notes and occasional remarks, a basis is offered for a general theory of art co-ordinating Eastern and Western points of view. Whenever European art is referred to by way of contrast or elucidation, it should be remembered that 'European art' is of two very different kinds, one Christian and scholastic, the other post-Renaissance and personal. It will be evident enough from our essay on Eckhart, and might have been made equally clear from a study of St. Thomas and his sources, that there was a time when Europe and Asia could and did actually understand each other very well. Asia has remained herself; but subsequent to the extroversion of the European consciousness and its preoccupation with surfaces, it has become more and more difficult for European minds to think in terms of unity."

He proceeds to describe the "Yoga" of the artist, wherein, meditating de-

votedly upon an idea, he draws to himself its true form from the higher worlds, in other terms, from "the immanent space in the heart". Contemplating this form, he must become one with it and realize it in himself. Dante said: "Who paints a figure, if he cannot be it, cannot draw it."

Coomaraswamy quotes the famous six canons of Hsieh Ho, first published in the fifth century and still authoritative. The first canon he renders thus: "Operation or revolution (yün 13817) or concord or reverberation (yün 13843) of the spirit (chi 1064) in life movement." This is translated more agreeably by Okakura as, "the life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." This canon remains an infallible criterion of the value of all works of art. The life movement of the spirit forms the world according to Law and Principle, and the work of art imitates these laws and not the illusory appearances of manifestation. Coomaraswamy says: "Naturalism is antipathetic to religious art of all kinds, to art of any kind. The Indian ikon is not constructed to function biologically, the Christian ikon cannot be thought [of] as moved by any other thing than its form, and each should, strictly speaking, be regarded as a kind of diagram, expressing certain ideas, and not as the likeness of anything on earth."

The ideas and symbols set forth in art are more potent and intelligible as they are more fixed and representative of the concepts of the race. We understand a time-honoured symbol at once. It is a familiar language. Westerners are not puzzled when they see the Holy Ghost descending as a dove. Easterners are not surprised when they see the Buddha descending to incarnation in the form of a little elephant.

Oriental life is modelled on types of conduct sanctioned by tradition. For India, Rama and Sita represent ideals still potent, the *svadharma* of each caste is a *mode* of behaviour, good form being *a la mode*; and until recently every Chinese accepted as a matter of course the concept of manners established by Confucius. The Japanese word for rudeness means "acting in an unexpected way". . . . This external conformity, whereby a man is lost in the crowd as true architecture seems to be a part of its native landscape, constitutes for the Oriental himself a privacy within which the individual character can flower unhampered. . . . It has been well said that civilization is style. An immanent culture in this sense endows every individual with an outward grace, a typological perfection, such as only the rarest beings can achieve by their own effort, a kind of perfection which does not belong to genius; whereas a democracy, which requires of every man to save his own "face" and soul, actually condemns each to an exhibition of his own irregularity and imperfection, and this implicit acceptance of formal imperfection only too easily passes over into an exhibitionism which makes a virtue of vanity and is complacently described as self-expression.

Westerners, in the mass, have arrived at the democratic stage where they confidently pronounce judgment on every work of art whether they know any thing about it or not. "I don't know any thing about art but I know what I like," is the common expression of this pretentiousness. The theory of Indian art requires infinitely more both of the artist and of the spectator than the theory of modern European art. Coomaraswamy says it is, "a way of destruction of the mental and affective barriers behind which the natural manifestation is concealed." It requires "self-identification with the ultimate theme". He

quotes an excellent Indian definition: "Art is Expression informed by Ideal Beauty."

The second essay is on Meister Eckhart's View of Art, showing that the theories of mediæval scholasticism agreed fundamentally with those of the Hindu philosophers. Any one familiar with the works of Giotto and the frescoes of Ajanta, with Gothic and T'ang sculpture, will be perfectly aware of this. The other essays on the æsthetic of the Sukranitisara, on Paroksha, on Abhasa, and on the origin and use of images in India are less valuable to the general reader. Although published at Harvard, the book would seem to be written for Hindus or Sanskrit scholars. The pages are heavy with Sanskrit words which fatigue and distract the reader. Indeed, to dig out the ideas requires more persistence than most would find worth while. It is a pity that the phraseology of the book should be so difficult when its substance is of such immense value and interest.

St.C.LaD.

High Gods in North America, by W. Schmidt (Professor of Ethnology and Linguistics in the University of Vienna); Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1934, price, \$2.75.

The material for these lectures, delivered at Oxford as a result of the Upton Foundation, was culled by Professor Schmidt from his monumental work, *Ursprung der Gottesidee*. He devotes the preliminary chapters to establishing the validity of his method of research, and of his conclusion that the Selish, the Algonkins and certain California tribes are the oldest of North American cultures, and then brings to us a wealth of interesting information and deductions.

The belief, still prevalent in missionary circles, that the loftier of the Indian concepts were inspired by Christian teaching, is summarily disposed of, as there is proof positive of an antiquity long antedating the arrival of the White Men. Professor Schmidt then proceeds to show that, contradicting all evolutionistic principles, the native religions have not developed upward from height to height through long ages of time; that, on the contrary, they are seen to diminish in vigour, purity and amplitude from the high levels of the original inspiration possessed by the oldest tribal groups. Among these he finds the idea of a Creator in its most philosophic form, coupled with the belief in Him as a true Supreme God, who is not a far-off abstraction, but an All-Father who takes a keen interest in the lives of His people and exercises over them a manifold influence; and to whom they address themselves in a continuous worship of prayer, sacrifice and ceremonies. In the most ancient of all, there is recognized but one God, with no other figure to shadow His supremacy; deified First Ancestors appear only at a much later date.

(An unprejudiced study of these First Ancestors and Culture Heroes might yield valuable results; according to myths quoted by Professor Schmidt, such Restorers have appeared at periods of decadence in the religious life, and have inspired it once more with the fulness of energy which had been imparted originally by the Supreme One.)

Many tribal traditions are well worth citing; there is the Selish account of the Soul's journey, station by station, up the steep path of life to the land of its desire; there is a tantalizingly short section telling of a celibate society composed of stoic philosophers, the bravest among all the braves, who were the first to enter and the last to leave a battle; there is the poetry of the Walum Olum Legend. The following excerpts from the Delaware Thanksgiving Rite will serve to show the nobility of its conception, though the enactment and the symbolism must be left to the imagination.

As is usual in such ceremonies, there is a Leader, or Speaker. After he has given thanks to the Great Spirit "to whom all men must pray each morning", he speaks of the task imposed on everyone, of reaching the Creator at the end of his life; and he continues: "We must all put our thought to this meeting, so that the Great Spirit will look upon us and grant what we ask. You come here to pray, you have this way to reach Him all through life. Do not think of evil, strive always to think of the good He has given us. . . . We know our fathers who have left this earth are in the land of Spirits; there the old and the crippled and the blind look as fair as the rest, for it is nothing but the flesh that is injured. No sun shines there, but a light much brighter than the sun, the Creator makes it bright by His power." He closes the rite with this exhortation:

"My kindred, there is something I want to say, for you to bear well in mind. It is told traditionally that where one meditates on God in his heart, there is formed the thought. This is exceedingly hard, but it is necessary that we thus prepare the soul-spirit, that we may be able to take it, each one, home again to where it belongs, to our Father, when it is finished here."

To have gathered and classified such material, and to put the seal of authoritative scholarship on its value, is a real contribution to Theosophy. It establishes a foothold in the respected world of science for another of Madame Blavatsky's tenets which ran counter to all the accepted formulas of her day: that religion, far from following with lagging steps the course of material evolution, is a pure, primal revelation, to be gradually dragged down by ignorance and self-will to the common levels of human interpretation. E.A.

With so many of the Protestant clergy denouncing war as wholly evil regardless of the motive with which it be waged—whether in defence of the weak, or as brigandage—it is opportune to remind our readers of the pamphlet by Charles Johnston, *Christianity and War*, published by The Quarterly Book Department in 1915. There could be no better defence of the Christian Master, or clearer proof of that Master's belligerency, than Mr. Johnston's pamphlet provides.

As an antidote to the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's "I renounce war, and never again will I sanction or support another",—we believe that many students of Theosophy would be glad to send *Christianity and War* to clergymen whom they know to be in need of it. Its price is ten cents, which includes postage.

QUESTIONS OF LONDON ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 387.—*Some of us who live far from New York would give so much to live close to the centre, close to Headquarters. We feel as if we were exiled. What can we do to get home?*

ANSWER.—One may assume that the querent lives in a foreign land, or perhaps in some other part of this continent. He evidently feels that if he could only live in New York, near Headquarters, life would be so much more interesting and instructive. Of course, the place of our birth, or of our Karmic adoption, in nearly all cases is the place in which we are intended to grow up and to work. It is our natural environment, and anyone who leaves it runs a grave risk, unless his motive be unselfish,—unless his motive be solely to *serve* in some other part of the world, as he believes he would not be able to serve in the place of his birth.

Years ago in London, when the Headquarters was in Avenue Road, where H.P.B. then lived, someone asked H.P.B. if he could not go to India, saying it would be "so easy if one were in the Himalayas". H.P.B. said in effect: Easy? You would not survive it for twenty-four hours! Your Himalayas are right here in London, where you belong. In her reply is contained the real answer of Theosophy to this question. The inner light, as Judge so constantly reminded us, is the only light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and for the finding of that inner light, it does not matter whether we are in New York or at the other end of the earth. It *might* prove easier, it might prove infinitely more difficult, to get in touch with that inner light here rather than elsewhere. But the answer must depend ultimately upon the motive instigating the change of place. If the individual were simply seeking more light, thinking that he might get further instruction, or that life here would be more pleasant or less disagreeable, then he would be making the greatest possible mistake. Life is just as unpleasant in one place as in another; there is nothing to choose! It is only youth (and the most unpardonable form of youth) which still dreams the dream that if it were somewhere other than it is, the sky would always be bright and rain would never fall and everyone would for ever be agreeable. There is no such place, there are no such people, anywhere on earth. As we grow a little older, we discover facts of this kind, and are none the worse for them—are really much more cheerful than youth knows how to be. We must realize that right within our reach, in our present surroundings, no matter what they are, are the means, the weapons, that Karma, the Good Law, has placed in our hands with which to effect our deliverance. The ultimate question is not in the least where we think we shall be happiest, but *where we can be of most use*. And heaven defend us from the illusion which might lead us to suppose that we could be of more use in China or India (or New York) than right where Karma has placed us. There is plenty to do there, and more than we can possibly accomplish. Our surroundings, whatever they may be, are the door, which, if we will open it, will lead us straight into the world of the Real. There is no other door. There cannot be any other door, except our circumstances here and now, in our own homes, in our business, in our environment as a whole. While it is not always easy to see things in that light, we shall not really begin to live until we do.

Of course, common sense must govern. If you were living near a volcano with a record of periodical eruption, it is difficult to imagine the duty that might hold you there against the pull of self-preservation; and self-preservation is sometimes as valid a duty as any other. E.T.H.

QUESTION No. 388.—How may those in whom the higher intuitions are not developed best avoid the dangers of psychism when meditating?

ANSWER.—The first step would obviously be for each one to discover the particular kind of "psychism" to which he, individually, was most inclined, and to attack that. Psychism appears under many guises, some of which might be classed as positive, others as negative. Among the former are over-activity of the mind or the emotions; among the latter, drifting or day-dreaming. In each case these states must be replaced by some higher state as nearly as possible approaching the conditions which we know to be necessary to true meditation. If our interior stillness is broken by the noise of our minds or the sudden welling up of emotion, we must make every effort to get above these lower, personal planes, for "all noise is psychic", whether mental or otherwise. If we discover that we have drifted into "day-dreaming", all our attention should again be brought under control and re-directed, for if meditation is anything at all, it is one-pointed and all-absorbing. But our primary need is to be very definite in our realization of that which we must avoid, as well as of that which we wish to attain. Then, if we have an unshakable faith that our Master is eagerly reinforcing every effort of ours, we should find that our ideal itself is deepening and expanding, and that each day we are one step nearer to him who is the very goal and object of our meditation. T.A.

ANSWER.—Meditation, rightly used, is the "open-sesame" to the life of the Soul, to the world of Reality. There are many stages of meditation as one leaves behind the psychic world in which we live, and approaches nearer to, or penetrates farther into, the world of Reality. The dangers of psychism in meditation, therefore, are not confined to the lower stages only, but are present until a high stage has been reached and maintained. Perhaps as simple a way as any of avoiding such dangers is by holding to a right sense of direction, and by attention and action: by keeping the attention fixed on the immediate objective during meditations, and by right action in that direction between meditations. If one pursues his meditations intelligently, with attendant action purposeful, there will be a logical progression of objectives. Take perseverance, for example. As one meditates on perseverance and tries to act out one's findings, one will gain a knowledge of perseverance as a whole, the positive and negative aspects of it, and, thus, will come to understand the faults in himself which keep him from exercising proper perseverance. Perhaps he will find that fear enters into his failure. He is led logically to the contemplation of courage. Here he may find that a lack of loyalty is a hindrance. He is led logically to the contemplation of loyalty, and so on. At all times he must immediately be suspicious if self enters the picture. For instance, he should not imagine himself as loyal. He should contemplate the ideal of loyalty and make it his endeavour to merge himself into the ideal. When a right sense of direction is not held during meditations and the attention wanders, the trouble is not confined to such periods only, but is due, also, to the failure to carry through in action between times. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—If meditation be not strengthening to the will, there is something wrong with the method, and it would be wise to seek the advice of an older student. Methods suitable for certain students are not suitable for others. Positive action by the will during the day, and the practice of completely concentrating the mind on each thing that one does, will be found helpful during times of meditation, in overcoming the negativeness that leads to psychism. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—It would appear that such books as *Fragments* provide just the help that this questioner seeks. Carefully to read a "Fragment" that is in harmony with what one is seeking and ardently desiring; then to take it daily, at each meditation, going thoughtfully over each phrase until one's being is pervaded by its living beauty; then to rest awhile in contemplation of it, as at a glorious sunset,—ready to carry what one has found into the working hours, taking it again at the next time of quiet. Doing this daily, one would find that the "Fragment" had lifted one above the danger of psychism, and, having thus contacted the higher, one would be learning how to avoid the lower. R.P.

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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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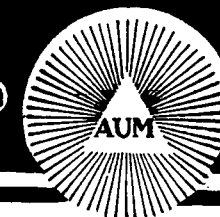
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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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.



The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.

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.



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THE BOUNDARIES OF THE EARTH

THIRTY-two years ago Willson's *Ancient and Modern Physics* was published under the auspices of The Theosophical Society. Basing his hypothesis upon certain Hindu texts, Willson proposed an astronomical theory in harmony with the theosophical teaching concerning the "chains of globes" and the gradations or planes of cosmic substance. He suggested that the "true form" of the earth is, in a certain sense, co-extensive with the "true form" of the Cosmos. The *prakritic* or physical earth, the habitation of our bodies, is a tiny nucleus in a cell of solar ether which is in turn contained within a globe of *prana* or vital radiation, the whole being encompassed by an orb or organism, of a subtilty beyond our comprehension, the embodiment of the thought of the *Logoi*, the Divine Architects of the Universe. Thus the ultimate boundary of the earth is not the limit of the so-called physical atmosphere but the limit of space itself. We do not live on the real earth, but in it, and if we so will, we can expand our life until it participates in the life of the Cosmos.

The material and physical universe consists of four planes of matter, or four great octaves of vibration, each differentiated from the other, as in our physics *prakriti* is differentiated from ether. The material universe, the ancient physics teach, was originally pure thought, *Manasa*, the product of the spiritual planes above. This *manasic* world was differentiated, a real world. That is to say, it was given elementary substances by the union of its atoms in different sized molecules. Some of its elements combined and formed *Prana*. The *Prana* gathered and formed other worlds, *pranic* worlds. Then in the *pranic* worlds etheric worlds were formed; and finally in the etheric worlds, *prakritic* globes like the earth were formed. The earth is the centre of a *prakritic* globe revolving in ether around the sun. The sun is the centre of a solar globe of ether, revolving in *Prana* around Alcyone [the brightest star in the Pleiades]. Alcyone is the centre of a stellar globe of *Prana* revolving around the central and hidden sun of the great *manasic* globe. These four conditions of matter: *prakriti*, ether, *Prana* and *Manasa* are the earth, water, fire, air of the Ancient Metaphysics, the four elements of matter, and are present in every atom of matter. . . . In the great *manasic* globe this earth of ours is a minute village of Helios (sun) county, in the state of Alcyone. We are actually and literally

living in this *manasic* globe precisely as we live in this earth, and as in the village we are subject to all the laws of the *manasic* world, we can study them here (pp. 33-34; 49-50).

THE HALO OF A PLANET

Modern astronomers would be well advised to adopt such a model of the Cosmos as a working hypothesis, although, given their present disposition, nothing is more unlikely to happen. It is, therefore, interesting and significant that from time to time they prove, according to their own methods, parts of Willson's theory to be true, without the least intention of doing so, without any knowledge that Willson or his theory ever existed.

For instance, Willson remarked that according to his Hindu sources the true diameter of the physical earth is about 50,000 miles. "That is to say, the true surface of the earth is the line of twenty-four-hour axial rotation; the line where gravitation and aperygy exactly balance; where a moon would have to be placed to revolve once in 86,400 seconds. Within that is *prakriti*; without is ether" (pp. 8-9).

When these words were written, science was only beginning to surmise the existence of a "higher" atmosphere. During recent years, however, it has been necessary to postulate a concentric series of electric "layers" above the aerial ocean in which we live. The behaviour of "radio-waves" can only be explained by the supposition that they are reflected and bent by contact with an electro-magnetic "aura" surrounding the earth like a shell. The difficulty is to determine where the earth ends and interplanetary space begins.

In *Nature* (July 14, 1934) an expert on "wireless echoes", Professor Harry Rowe Mimno of Harvard, presents evidence of two new electric shells above the so-called F layers. The scientific editor of *The New York Times* (July 23, 1934) comments as follows upon the general subject of "this haloed earth":

All told, we now have five [electric shells]—the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, the Appleton layer beyond that, the two new Mimno layers, and far out beyond the moon the layer first discovered by Hals and verified by Carl Stoermer. Little did Marconi suspect when he began his experiments in wireless telegraphy that he had invented a means for exploring space and visualizing an earthly atmosphere of onion-like structure. "Ionosphere", the nearer layers of this atmospheric onion are now collectively called. Although it is known only by its electric manifestations, there can be no doubt that this ionosphere is as truly part of our air as the lowermost troposphere in which we live and move, and the stratosphere. . . . Close to the surface a sapphire atmosphere flashes resplendently in the reflected light of the sun, and surrounding this are shells that shimmer electrically as the ultra-violet rays of the sun strike them with varying intensity, or as electrons hurled from sun-spots play havoc with occasional atoms in the highly rarified air. Far beyond, arches the colossal halo of electrons which Stoermer has made his special study. . . . These glowing shells that the mind's eye can see, are real.

Doubtless, they are as real as the rings of Saturn which they seem to resemble; but there are many orders of reality in the Universe, as our astronomers have yet to learn. According to ancient physics, there are four great orders of reality, four great planes of substance, in the manifested Cosmos. Also these planes and orders are said to interblend at every point, to be inseparable in

essence; they cannot be segregated in water-tight compartments. If scientists could study the ionosphere and its aura directly, and not merely by deduction from phenomena of another order, they might discover, at least in its outer confines, a critical condition of matter between its physical and astral states, a zone where the *prakritic* sphere fades into the "ether" which both surrounds and permeates it. The ionosphere, as described by science, is as obscure and as indefinite as only a formula of the highest mathematics can be. But there is reason to believe that the ionosphere, as a real entity, as a thing-in-itself, is more concrete, more solid than the physical earth which in our naive materialism we accept as the standard of all concreteness and solidity in Nature. "When demonstrated, the four-dimensional conception of space may lead to the invention of new instruments to explore the extremely dense matter which surrounds us as a ball of pitch might surround—say, a fly, but which, in our extreme ignorance of all its properties save those we find it exercising on our earth, we yet call the *clear*, the *serene*, and the *transparent* atmosphere" (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 159).

THE REVERSAL OF THE TIME-SENSE

If all things interblend, if space, time and form be unreal in themselves, if only the spaceless, timeless One be "the Real of the Real", it follows that all mundane science is necessarily limited and relative. All description is tentative and incomplete, omitting far more than it can possibly record. It is a truism that an object can only be seen in a given perspective from some particular point of view, and that there is an infinity of possible perspectives and of possible points of view. It is interesting to note that the *Monad* of Leibniz, the principle of individual consciousness, has been defined as a point of view from which God contemplates Himself. Certainly the relativity of human knowledge is as obvious as the blue sky, nor was Einstein the first to discover it.

However, it is possible to exaggerate and distort the meaning of relativity. A rain-drop is not an ocean, but it is just as watery as the ocean. Even the smallest fragment of truth is true. We experience the real in some degree, whenever we experience anything: how could we possibly experience anything else? Delusion only appears when we deliberately falsify the image of our experience, pretending that it is other than it is, affirming that it includes all possible aspects of reality, neglecting the testimony of other experiences which should enrich and supplement our own.

For example, there is no conceivable justification for discarding, in the name of relativity, the whole past experience of mankind, merely because it is our duty and privilege to deepen and broaden that experience. Yet that is precisely what the majority, or at least the vocal minority, of contemporary educators are preaching as an ideal. As Dean Gauss points out, modern man has reversed his time-sense. "He has emptied the past and present of significance, and he must more and more find the meaning of life in things and times outside of and for ever beyond him." But to build a future without a past is as rational as to set out on a journey from nowhere in particular to go nowhere else. What the

modern world needs as much as anything else is a big dose of Confucianism, including ancestor-worship, for that would be better than the worship of each latest fad as it comes along.

EDUCATIONAL FOLLIES

As an example of this reversal of the time-sense, we quote from a report of a meeting of the National Association of Public School Business Officials (*The New York Times*, June 14, 1934).

The social, political and economic welfare of this country is in peril because of the crisis in the educational system, the speakers said. The youth of the land is not receiving adequate training, for lack of proper supplies, the right kind of text-books and because of poorly maintained buildings, they declared. . . . Science text-books *more than ten years old* are being used in New York City schools, because there is no money for the right kind of books, Dr. Campbell [superintendent of city schools] said. He pointed out that there have been revolutionary changes in scientific knowledge in the last decade, but books that still teach outdated theories must be used. Dr. Campbell said the only ray of sunshine in the New York City situation was that conditions in other parts of the country were much worse.

The italics are ours. One ventures to ask Dr. Campbell, on behalf of the friendless taxpayer, what guarantee he can give that in ten years the text-books which he demands will not be equally outdated. There seems to be a law of cyclic return which determines the course of fads and fancies. If we keep our old hats long enough, we may be sure that they will become fashionable again. The outdated theories of science are extraordinarily like our old hats. For instance, in 1889 Lord Kelvin remarked that "the ether is the only substance we are confident of in dynamics. One thing we are sure of, and that is the reality and substantiality of the ether." To-day the ether is an "exploded superstition", because it does not fit into the most up-to-date picture-puzzles of wave-mechanics. But who knows? From Paris comes the news that Professor Carvallo pronounces the relativity theory to be false. He is supported in this heresy by Dr. Ernest Esclangon, director of the Paris Observatory, and by Dr. Dayton C. Miller of Cleveland who has made tens of thousands of observations to support his belief that an ether exists. The orthodox are unconvinced; but Dr. Campbell would be wise not to throw away his old text-books, even if some new ones be bought for him.

However, the best advice might be to throw them all away, both the old and the new. After all, is it really necessary to keep the children of New York posted in regard to all these "winds of doctrine"? If they could understand even a little—which is most unlikely—their assumption of mental superiority over their parents would be unbearable. Surely educators should do their utmost to combat one of the most popular delusions of our time,—that the most recent theory by anybody about anything must be the most correct. Every boy and girl should be told, at least once a day, that true science, the experimental knowledge of facts, must always be distinguished from the theories which men of science invent, with varying ingenuity, to explain facts.

The real point is that there can be only one legitimate object of public school education—to prepare children to become good citizens. Unless the taxpayer's money is spent for this purpose, the state or the municipality is guilty of robbery and waste. Moreover, this rule applies equally to libraries which are supported by public funds. We are informed that the public library of a large city on the Pacific Coast has purchased five hundred copies of *Anthony Adverse!*

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS

The reversal of the time-sense is intimately associated with the idea of progress which has played so notable a rôle in the development of Western thought since the Renaissance. It originated as a protest against mediæval "pessimism" concerning the fall of man and his fatal tendency to degenerate continuously through the repetition of the original sin of disobedience to God. Without doubt, this protest was in itself an inevitable reaction against a too persistent emphasis upon the lower nature of the human being, as if this lower nature were the real man and the soul were devoid of divine possibilities. It is significant that the great mediæval mystics themselves reacted in this spirit, insisting upon the inner bond of union which links the spiritual part of the soul to all divine things. Unfortunately, however, the idea of progress, almost from its inception, became identified with the forces which were preparing an open revolt against everything for which the mediæval man had stood. The good, the bad and the indifferent were all classified as equally obscurantist and superstitious. In particular, war to the death was declared against the fundamental principle of mediæval thought at its best, the principle that earth-life is not an end in itself; that man is a spiritual being and his true destiny is to be discovered in the spiritual world; that all his terrestrial experiences have meaning and value only in so far as they train and prepare him for life in Heaven. Especially during the past two centuries, progress has become synonymous with the acquisition of knowledge for the purpose of creating a Utopia, a society of mortal men on earth so organized as to provide for its citizens the maximum of personal wealth, satisfaction and ease.

The Modern Era has been marked by an extraordinary acquisition of knowledge, by an expansion of physical science which has transformed the surface of the earth. However, the ideal social state is as remote as ever, remoter even, for the feudal society of the Middle Ages seems Utopian by contrast with our modern democracies and dictatorships. The reason for this is so obvious that the most materialistic of modernists are beginning to surmise it. We have, indeed, made some progress in the conquest of the brute forces of physical Nature, but there has been no corresponding advance in our conquest of the brute forces of human nature. We have paid the penalty for conceiving and planning a mode of progress which is contrary to the true principle of growth proper to man. What is that principle? In every age it has been defined. The acquisition of power and knowledge should proceed *pari passu* with the development of character and of the spiritual will. There is the obvious implication that we delude ourselves if we pretend that we are born into this world merely to enjoy ourselves as much as possible. It is wiser and safer to assume, like the mediæval doctors, that bodily

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life exists for the sole purpose of forwarding the growth and progress of the soul.

Inevitably, as the idea of progress became materialized, its expressions assumed an ever-increasing vulgarity of form. During the past two centuries it has been one of the most over-worked slogans of political orators. The doctrine of organic evolution has been interpreted to mean that progress of some kind or other is inevitable, whatever we may do or not do about it. According to Karl Marx's pseudo-science, the varied forms of social organization succeed one another by means of a mechanical process as irreversible as that which caused certain fishes to transform themselves into amphibians and reptiles. We are all of us too familiar with the socialistic dogma that the collectivist state must come, whether we want it or not, and that when it arrives we shall automatically become finally and irrevocably happy.

In *The Wall St. Journal* (July 16, 1934), Thomas F. Woodlock indicates how deeply the idea of unavoidable progress towards collectivism has pervaded the nebulous field of economics. Many people, otherwise quite intelligent, have virtually abandoned the notion that the depression can end normally through the ultimate balancing of supply and demand, so obsessed are they by the fatalistic sense that the only possible outcome must be some form of social regimentation. Woodlock instances the writings of two popular American economists, Walter Lippmann and George Soule.

These two writers represent, perhaps, our best critical thought concerning politico-economic conditions, and what they say must be reckoned with. Yet, having given to both the freest access to his mind . . . this writer is left with the feeling that neither Mr. Lippmann's "free collectivism in a representative democracy" nor Mr. Soule's class-less, profitless society is ahead of us in any period of time which it is profitable to guess. And it further seems to him that the best ground for *hope* in the future is abandonment of the great superstition of the Nineteenth Century—namely its faith in a law of "progress", automatic, inevitable and continuous, regardless of what men do to hinder and obstruct its workings. Skeptical as is Mr. Lippmann, one seems to detect more than traces of this in his writing; Mr. Soule's book almost reeks with it. Here are its concluding words: "The new society will consist of men and women in a new bond of comradeship setting forth on still another voyage to the unknown."

"Comradeship?" In what new bond, must one ask? Of what material is it to be constructed?

TRUE PROGRESS AND SACRIFICE

It is a basic tenet of Theosophy, reflected in all the great religions of the world, that true progress is growth in spiritual self-consciousness, and that this growth is invariably the fruit of sacrifice. In the Mysteries it was taught that the Universe itself was created by a divine sacrifice, by the self-immolation of the gods. There can be no liberation of creative power which is not preceded by a crucifixion. As we read in *The Secret Doctrine*, the immemorial symbol of the manifested Cosmos is the Mundane Cross, denoting the transformation of abstract idea into concrete form by aspiration and effort and heroic self-transcendence. Thus the Orphic poets identified the world with the mutilated body of Dionysos; and the Hindus devised the "fable" of Vishvakarma, the Great

Architect of the World, called in the *Rig Veda*, the "all-seeing God who sacrifices himself to himself". Madame Blavatsky comments:

The Spiritual Egos of mortals are his own essence, *one with him*, therefore. Remember that he is called Deva-varadhika, the "Builder of the Gods", and that it is he who ties the Sun, Surya, his son-in-law, on his lathe—in the exoteric allegory, but on the Svastika, in Esoteric tradition, for on Earth he is the Hierophant-Initiator—and cuts away a portion of his brightness. Vishvakarma, remember again, is the son of Yoga-siddha, i.e., the holy power of Yoga, and the fabricator of the "fiery weapon", the magic Agneyastra (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 590).

"As above, so below." The passion and death of Christ and his resurrection have a significance both cosmic and human. As the *via crucis* figures the veritable process of "Cosmogenesis", so it is the emblem of "Anthropogenesis", the birth and growth of the spiritual man. The old Egyptian ritual defined the cross as the "hard couch of him who is in spiritual travail, the act of giving birth to himself." This is the central tradition of Christianity. It signifies the only method whereby progress, in the real sense, becomes possible for the human being, who is not an automaton but a creature possessing free-will. Because the modern apostles of progress reject and scorn the Way of the Cross, they have falsified and debased the noblest of human ideals beyond recognition. The growth of the spiritual man is the reward of long travail. All excellent things, as Spinoza said, are as difficult as they are rare.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

It may help us to realize how difficult and how rare they are, if we reflect upon the antiquity of the human race. We have been journeying so long and yet have travelled so short a distance. The so-called historical period of the past six or seven millenniums, dating back to the supposed dawn of civilization along the Nile, the Euphrates and the Indus, is a brief moment in the long life of humanity on this planet. According to the traditions recorded by Madame Blavatsky, physical man as a genus of vertebrates has existed, with relatively unchanged form, for 18,000,000 years. How many civilizations have grown and decayed during this epoch, decayed so completely that, apart from the traditions mentioned and certain myths common to many races, no vestige or memory of these past cycles persists? *The Secret Doctrine* mentions, in particular, two great continental cultures, the Lemurian and the Atlantean, the latter of which is said to have flourished during the Miocene, before it was submerged in a stupendous natural catastrophe about 850,000 years ago.

Scientists are as far as ever from admitting that civilizations, as massive and as diversified as our own, could have existed in those remote times. The hypothesis of a civilized man during the Tertiary or even during the Pleistocene is in too violent contradiction to the fashionable representation of man as an animal slowly detaching himself from the ancestral tree of the anthropoid apes. However, certain recent discoveries have obliged zoologists to date the origin of the human family much earlier even than the Miocene. We quote from the report of a discussion at the Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological

Sciences held in London (*The New York Times*, August 2, 1934). The figures suggested for the age of man approximate those in *The Secret Doctrine*.

The discovery that blood serum of Old World monkeys is more closely related to man's than to that of New World monkeys was announced to-day by Dr. Solly Zuckerman, Oxford zoologist. This announcement has bearing on the riddle of evolution, for it confirms the belief that man is enormously older than had been supposed. . . . It tends to push man's beginnings on earth far back—perhaps to the Oligocene era (estimated at more than 16,000,000 years ago). . . . Scientists have known that the anthropoid apes of the Old World, such as chimpanzees, have the same groups of blood-cells as man, and that in this respect apes differ from Old World and New World monkeys. Now Dr. Zuckerman has found the additional fact that serum proteins in the blood of Old World apes and monkeys are related to each other and to man's, but not to those of New World monkeys. Such a sharp cleavage suggests that the whole Old World group split off in incredibly distant time from a common stock, which presumably also gave birth to the New World monkeys. It also suggests, according to Dr. Zuckerman, that independent human or human-like stock branched from the apes very early in geological time.

During the past two years fragments of human remains have been discovered by Lewis Leakey in East Africa, including part of a skull which he believes to be that of *homo sapiens*, "modern man". It was found in a deposit between 200,000 and 500,000 years old, and thus there is definite paleontological evidence that human beings of our own type were contemporaries of the Piltdown and Peking races. It is no longer possible to point to the inferior anatomical characters of extinct species, like the Heidelberg and Neanderthal men, as evidence of the ascent of man from the ape, if "modern man" was in existence when these lower races appeared in Europe. It is conformable to the known facts to postulate that the Early Stone Age men of Europe were degenerate offshoots of the main stock, decadent survivors, perhaps, from the ruins of Lemuria or Atlantis. It is also evident that the latest data of paleontology in no way contradict the theosophical hypothesis that the anthropoid apes themselves are likewise, in a certain sense, degenerate men, representing "a transformation of species most directly connected with that of the human family—a bastard stock engrafted on their own stock before the final perfection of the latter" (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 278).

EARLY AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

When we consider the length of time required for the exfoliation of the qualities of mind and heart which constitute man as he is, we shall understand more clearly why the term progress should not be lightly used. The tempo of Nature is slow, and man tries to quicken it at his peril. This impression is confirmed even by the comparatively brief record of human vicissitudes which has been preserved from the past of the race and which we call history. No civilization known to us has had an uninterrupted career of progress. In every instance, there has been a period of growth, culminating in a phase of relative glory and power, after which succeeded decadence and death, often hastened by barbarian invasions or by natural calamities of various kinds. For example, the marvellous culture of Angkor-Wat in Cambodia quite literally seems to have disappeared

instantaneously, as if the race of its builders had been decimated by some sudden pestilence. A similar abrupt end came to the pre-Columbian civilizations in the New World. They were ruthlessly annihilated by the Spaniard, and it remains to be seen whether the New World civilization which has succeeded them will ultimately be deserving of a better fate.

The New York Herald Tribune (April 29, 1934) reports an address by Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, curator of ethnology at the Brooklyn Museum, in which he referred to the debt which we owe to the Mayas and Toltecs of Guatemala and Mexico. He suggested that their culture was in many ways superior to our own, and that the discovery of America was far from being an unmixed blessing, for the untrammelled exploitation of physical wealth and energy, which is so characteristic of the modern world, had its inception in the work of the Conquistadores.

Dr. Spinden said that the most civilized peoples of the New World were most easily conquered because of the heights to which their civilization had advanced. European nations, however, which seemed to find it highly profitable to renege in ethics and fair dealing with the American natives had to pay dearly for this in the end. "In my opinion," he said, "Europe lost her opportunity to develop a genuinely high-minded civilization out of the spiritual experiences of the Middle Ages because of the extraordinary temptations to seize sudden wealth in America." . . .

He said that the red man succeeded in domesticating a great many food plants which were not known in the Old World, and that this series now supplies four-sevenths of the present agricultural wealth of the United States. He then described the successive phases of Mayan civilization and spoke of the age of Quetzalcoatl, a Toltec king, who died in 1208, as the American equivalent of the age of Pericles in Greek history. "If I were called upon to list the world's greatest humans," he said, "I would certainly put Quetzalcoatl's name beside those of Confucius and Christ as a man who contributed greatly to the formation of ethics and high ideals of honour. Quetzalcoatl was the administrator of a domain ranging from New Mexico on the north to Colombia on the south. He was a priest, a philosopher, an astronomer much more skilful than any contemporary astronomer in Europe, and a cultivator of the arts."

Students of Theosophy will interpret this testimonial of a distinguished archaeologist in the light of the traditions concerning the existence of an ancient centre of the Mysteries in America. This old American civilization had its dark side, however, and its ruin cannot be construed as an accidental calamity. In a letter attributed to the Master K. H., there is a direct reference to this sombre episode and to its meaning for our race.

What do you know of America . . . before the invasion of that country by the Spaniards? Less than two centuries prior to the arrival of Cortez there was as great a "rush" towards progress among the *sub-races* of Peru and Mexico as there is now in Europe and the U. S. A. Their sub-race ended in nearly total annihilation through causes generated by itself; so will yours at the end of its cycle.

NATURAL CATASTROPHES

The drought in the West seems to have done for some Americans what nothing else could do. It has given them a dim presentiment that disasters and depressions and calamities may not be as accidental as materialists pretend them

to be; that the old nomenclature which described a natural catastrophe as an act of God may not be far from the truth. In other words, American farmers have begun to experience qualms concerning some of the things which they have been forced to do by the Department of Agriculture. Mark Sullivan writes in *The New York Herald Tribune* (August 1, 1934):

There is an evident disposition on the part of some of the public seriously to connect the drought as an act of nature with the Administration's previous policy of plowing under cotton and killing off young pigs and sows about to bear young. The idea, crudely expressed in many quarters, is that the drought is a revenge taken by nature for a deed that showed ingratitude for nature's beneficence. In some cases, it is described as an act of God. So far has this gone that Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and others are disturbed and have taken pains to combat it. One might sympathize more with them if their defence did not take the characteristic form of accusing their political and business opponents, especially the packers, of propaganda, of circulating a superstitious slander against them. To picture either nature or God as engaged in a conscious act of vengeance, which visits itself upon the whole country, is pretty fantastic. That can be dismissed. Yet there is this to be said. The drought has the effect, on many perfectly logical minds, of calling vivid attention to the economic error involved in the destruction of plenty. To these, the destruction of food when there was hunger in the world was a mistake which now, because of the drought, takes on the dignity of tragedy.

We do not doubt that the farmers' views are often crudely expressed. It is no simple matter to prove that there is a direct connection of cause and effect between the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the drought. Nevertheless, the farmers are no more superstitious than those, "with perfectly logical minds", who affirm that natural catastrophes are invariably accidental, mechanistic, without sense or purpose. It is not as if Nature or God actually lost patience with mankind at intervals and released upon the earth a host of destructive forces. The real problem involves the relationship between human thoughts and acts, on the one hand, and on the other, the natural order of terrestrial phenomena. It has been suggested, for instance, that man influences the weather, in the sense that his states of consciousness are centres of force which continuously discharge their content of energy into the atmosphere of the earth and of the etheric and other spheres by which it is encompassed. "There is the strongest connection between the magnetism of the earth, the changes of weather and man, who is the best barometer living". Why is it unreasonable to believe that the catastrophes which visit and may destroy a civilization are, in reality, induced by the states of consciousness constituting that civilization? When man defies the divine and natural law, is it not logical to assume that his very defiance engenders a condition of congestion and strain in the greater Nature of which he is a part, as the infection of an organ sickens the whole body? A cataclysm would, then, be an act of purgation, an ejection of poison from the system of Nature, a readjustment of the terrestrial order; but it would also be the Karma of man himself, the effect of a cause of his own making. It is in accord with "ancient physics" and with a seemly humility, to regard the whole dire state of the world to-day, including the drought, as the response of Nature to our very manifest shortcomings, to the dry hardness of our hearts.

FRAGMENTS

CLOSE our ears, O Lord, to the sounds of the world, that we may hear the divine harmonies.

Close our eyes to material things, whatever seems their beauty, that we may behold the vision of thy surpassing loveliness.

Close our minds to worldly concerns, that we may understand the marvellous secrets of thy wisdom and thy law.

Close our hearts to love of self and all the phantasmagoria of outer life, that we may be flooded in the spirit of thy divine charity, and, baptized in its living waters, be purified into our lost resemblance to thee.

For our life is of the essence of thy Life, and the earth that envelops and imprisons us is but the mud in which we have long wallowed.

I perceive that the eyes which behold the heavenly beauty, alone can rightly value the beauty of the earthly; that only as we hear the heavenly music, can earthly music have true meaning and accord; that only to a mind steeped in heavenly contemplations, can the science of earth bring its real significance; and that only in the heart in love with the heavenly Loveliness, can there burn a genuine and understanding love for its own kind.

Since it is in thy Light and in thy Light alone, O Lord, that we see light, and outside that Light there is but the shadow cast by unlikeness.

CAVÉ.

DEVOTION AND UNDERSTANDING¹

WHEN the time comes to resume our Branch meetings, one breaks the silence of the summer with a certain reluctance. We should have learned during the summer months something of what Emerson means by solitude, what Wordsworth means by the bliss of solitude, what the Oriental teachers mean by the necessity of silence, the period in which nature herself teaches the soul of the disciple. Many of us may have learned much from solitude, finding solace and delight in the long silence of the summer. There is one side of our nature which regrets the breaking of the silence, but another part of our nature admonishes us that the side of silence is but a part of ourselves; if we were to yield to it completely, to become more and more absorbed in silence and solitude, we should be yielding to an impulse of contraction in our natures; we should be growing not greater, as we should, but smaller, and should presently shrink to a vanishing point. So there is a real necessity, as Emerson points out, for society as well as for solitude. When we are alone we are not ourselves in the fullest sense. To put it in another way, there is far more in our natures than we can reach when we are alone. And, since our purpose is to realize our real selves, it follows that we must accept and obey the conditions which will give us access to more of ourselves; and society in the true sense, such a gathering as a Branch meeting, gives exactly that opportunity. There is much of us, not in ourselves but in each other; we come together to take counsel, to contribute our common experience, in obedience to the intuition that we are not really ourselves while we are separated. We are aware of a common consciousness running through us all as we join in consideration of theosophical problems,—a consciousness in no one of us alone, not complete in any one of us, complete only when we bring all our consciousness together and use it as a single light to search after the wisdom that we seek.

On the other hand, association alone, mere gathering together, will not evoke that wisdom. Most assemblies of people are no higher in consciousness than the separate persons that compose them. On the contrary, they tend to be lower; one of the saints has said that he never went into society that he did not return the worse for it. In the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, the assembly of the forty had certain defined purposes and activities in common, yet it cannot be said that the consciousness of the united band was higher, more spiritual, more universal than that of the individuals; they were worse for their meeting, the avarice and violence of each strengthening the like evils in the others.

So we come to a second truth: we reach a true self only when we are united; yet there is much of ourselves that we cannot find by this meeting only; much that we shall find only by searching above ourselves, not in the consciousness,

¹ Stenographic notes, revised by Charles Johnston, of his contribution at the opening session of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, in 1927.

the minds and hearts of each other, but in the spiritual life that is within and above us. This is where the solitude has its purpose. Silence is the way of approach to this inner consciousness. If we seek with our whole hearts, and with wisdom, this life that is above and within us, we shall begin to find many treasures. This is the door of the Kingdom in the Parable, whence the seeker brought treasures old and new. Among these treasures we should find serenity by finding a deeper self, we should find a resting place, firm ground from which we can survey life passing by as a rapid river, but not carrying us with the current; we should be aware of life as to some degree apart from ourselves, we should not be caught in the swirl of things, we should not be a leaf carried along among many leaves in the tempest; we should stand serene, poised, watching the flow of life. We should find also the treasure of humility, because we shall realize that what we generally think of as ourselves is very small and in many ways very mean, with purposes that are unworthy,—forces, wishes, desires that the better part of ourselves knows to be below our true level.

We should find aspiration; because, however deep we may sink into ourselves, however high we may rise, we are always conscious of a higher and deeper beyond. It is like climbing a mountain; each ascent gained will give you added height above the valley, and a clearer view of the peaks beyond; and, as we sink within ourselves, or rise above ourselves, our horizon constantly widens and becomes more full of life. There is the drawing power of the greater life above us, constantly increasing in strength and beauty.

We should find charity, through that deeper part of us which is truly allied to all human beings, the real heart of humanity, for the most part latent; the true humane sense, the sense of humanity as a great struggling, sinning, suffering life, of which each of us is an inseparable part; a great life which draws us by its unity of being, and by an immense compassion for the suffering which humanity perpetually inflicts on itself. Therefore, we should find charity in that sense, as a deeper understanding of the striving and darkness of all those with whom we come in contact, a charity based on the common spirit that is in us all.

Finding humility, aspiration, charity, we have begun to find the spirit of the Masters. Though we may not have recognized it, this is the source through which humility and charity and aspiration are flowing into our hearts, as the lower reaches of the river come from the well-springs high up in the mountains. And we, who are students of Theosophy, should clearly understand this. The good gifts, the perfect gifts come to us from the Father of life, the life of the Logos which is active, manifested in the Masters. As, walking on the mountain side, when one comes across a rivulet, it may be one's impulse to drink of the water, and then follow it upward to find its source, so we may, in our inner selves, refresh heart and spirit with what we can receive of the spirit of the Masters, their humility, charity, aspiration, and then follow up the stream to see whether we can find the source; whether we can come into touch with the Masters from whom wisdom, power, compassion so ceaselessly flow. If we in any measure succeed, the first proof of it will be this: that new inspiration will immediately send us back to our duties, not to dreaming or to solitude, but to our concrete

simple tasks. This, for a very plain reason: the true self in us does not consist in perceiving alone. The Self is not perception only; the Self is spiritual will quite as much as spiritual wisdom. Therefore, only in the right action of the purified will, do we find that part of ourselves which supplements the part of knowing, the part of wisdom.

So we apply ourselves to our duties. For there is always the obvious duty; if none be in sight, there is the obligation to find out what our duty is. Every hour, for each of us, there is something that ought to be done. If we are slow in finding it, the good law will generally step in and find it for us. We shall set to work, perhaps listlessly and with reluctance, if we be imperfectly inspired; but, on the other hand, with zeal and joy if we be wise, understanding this: that it is precisely the Masters' wisdom that, flowing down from above, has set us this duty, whatever it be; because our powers are symmetrical on level after level of our being, and, no matter how high a spiritual power may be, there is some quite simple power or energy in our ordinary life that corresponds to it. Counting the stars is not essentially different from counting pennies. So all our starry powers have their quite simple correspondence in our daily life, and we can only begin to arouse and evoke the higher spiritual powers by entire fidelity in using the simple powers we already possess. Therefore, the Good Law presents to us a range of simple duties which will, if we look wisely into them, give us the beginning of the exercise of all our future celestial powers. We shall find that, in many ways, in all ways, provision is made for our ultimate spiritual growth through the things of now and here; and this will grow clearer, as we realize that we are part of that immense spirit of humanity, with the tremendous burdens which it has laid on itself; with its darkness, its suffering, and its enjoyments which are often more unendurable than its sufferings. For, while failure in life has its tragedy, much of success in life is far more tragic,—much of what is esteemed to be success. Here is a potential archangel who engrosses himself in amassing real estate, of which ultimately he will be able to use only six feet. His whole heart and mind are full of it, and he is often ruthless in driving toward his goal; in reality his success is far more tragic than many a failure which may teach the man who fails splendid lessons of persistence and of courage.

So humanity bears this immense burden of its failures and successes. If we see ourselves to be an inseparable part of that humanity, we shall see that this most intimately concerns us; it is not something we can shut the door against, retiring within a cavern of solitude. The problem is inherent in our very nature. It will come in. Therefore, the Good Law is likely to put us in a position where we shall have an opportunity to try to understand our neighbour; really to understand, with the utmost charity and purity of heart, something immensely difficult always. And, if we understand in that true sense, with purity of heart and charity, we shall presently find some small ability to help. Really to help another human being is one of the hardest tasks one may undertake, a task in which one may so easily blunder and quite defeat one's end. Yet it is possible, if we make it our aim to seek, and to work out in our relations with others, not our personal aims or theirs, but the purpose of the Masters, the purpose of the

Oversoul, helping each and all so far as we can. So far, we cannot accomplish much. We are still weak and blind and stumbling, yet to some degree we may help humanity to lift that heavy burden.

These are the purposes and the tendencies of the work we seek to do, in these theosophical gatherings. The aim is, to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, and the nucleus is made up of those who are spiritually at one with the purposes of the Masters, in understanding first, and in action also; those who are at one with the spirit and purposes of the Masters, and who are carrying them out, or striving to carry them out. So we meet here with this explicit purpose: to try better to understand what the divine wisdom, as embodied in the Masters, purposes; what the goal is; what the aim is; what the barriers are; to take counsel together, each bringing his experience, his insight into life, his aspiration, so that these may be added together. We may build up a united intelligence, devotion, willingness to work, and set that power to search into this darkness of human life, to help to raise the burdens which are often borne unconsciously; for men do not realize the immense dead weight of their success.

We must have a right heart in the work, and a right understanding. Something was said in the late spring, at one of the Study Classes, to the effect that we have, in a measure, a right heart in the matter. By years of effort, we have gathered together a good deal of genuine devotion, willingness to serve, to work. We need to supplement that by deeper understanding. Mr. Judge said once that while devotion will carry the disciple to the goal, the way will be long and the journey slow. Devotion needs to be supplemented by intelligence, by wisdom, by genuine insight into life: life in general, and life in particular. Neither can be valid without the other. Therefore, it is perhaps peculiarly our purpose and our aim, in this coming session, to lay stress, not so much on the devotion we already have, but rather on the intelligence that we need to increase, luminous insight into life, in general and in particular, into universal life, and into every detail of our own lives, as the Upanishads say, down to the finger tips. We need that insight, that illumination, in all our tasks, all our duties, all our relations to others.

In the coming months, we shall seek the purposes of the Masters, the work of the Masters, the devotion and humility of the Masters; we shall seek, with ardour, with persistence, with a special sense of our need, the light of the Masters.

Study without thought is vain; thought without study is perilous.—CONFUCIUS.

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth Man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—BACON.

CHARACTER AND FATE

Let him raise himself toward the Self, let him not debase himself; for self is the friend of self, and self is the enemy of self.

Self is the friend of self for him in whom the self is conquered by the Self; but to him who is far from the Self, his own self is hostile, like an enemy.—BHAGAVAD GĪTA.

THERE is a Greek proverb, *ethos anthropoi daimon*, usually translated: "A man's character is his fate". It is attributed to Heraclitus of Ephesus, a master of words, whose sayings resemble the fragments of a Scripture, inasmuch as they stimulate the student to look within and beyond their surface meaning for their real significance.

"A man's character is his fate." The word translated as "fate" is *daimon*. In Greek mythology, the *daimons* were semi-divine beings, intermediate in dignity and power between the Gods and mankind. One class of *daimons* was supposed to preside over human destiny. Thus they were regarded as tutelary spirits, the guardian angels of humanity. We read of the *daimon* of Socrates, which spoke to him as the voice of conscience speaks to ordinary men. He accepted its injunctions as the commands of a "Higher Self". The word, *daimon*, therefore, frequently conveyed the sense of "fate", of good or bad fortune. As one obeyed or disobeyed one's *daimon* or "genius", one was rewarded or punished, the *daimon*, in this sense, being an agent of Karma. The surface meaning of Heraclitus' maxim seems to refer to this conception, suggesting that every man is judged by his own *daimon*, but that its decrees are not arbitrary. A man's destiny is determined by his character, that is, by his habitual thoughts, moods, volitions and acts. Observation and experience testify to the dominion which habit exercises over reason and good intentions. As we know, states of consciousness tend to repeat themselves. They predispose us to certain courses of action, which the average man follows almost automatically. He moves blindly towards the fate to which they lead him.

However, Heraclitus was too wise to believe that men are necessarily the slaves and victims of predispositions and habits. There is a fundamental difference between impulsion and compulsion. Undoubtedly we are impelled to do all sorts of things which we ought not to do; but we are not compelled to yield to this stimulus. We are free to obey or to disobey the commands of the *daimon*. Indeed, a little further reflection upon the connotations of this Greek word points to a deeper meaning within our proverb. According to a very ancient belief recorded by Hesiod, the souls of the heroes of the Golden Age were transformed into *daimons*, ceasing to be half-animal, half-human, and becoming half-human, half-divine. This metamorphosis was achieved by an act of self-transcendence, figured in the mystical death and resurrection of the Initiate in the Mysteries,

and when it was accomplished, the hero and his "genius" became one in consciousness, in will and desire. The hero's character was then no longer a bundle of psychic and physiological habits, a congeries of elementals. It was an embodiment of the *daimon* with whose nature he had identified himself. A man's real being is, therefore, his *daimon*. It would seem that this is the deeper meaning which Heraclitus sought to convey, but which he may not have dared enunciate too openly, for it concerned certain secrets of the Mysteries.

According to Theosophy, man continuously fashions his destiny, limiting it within the narrow confines of a semi-animal existence, or enlarging it until ultimately it becomes indistinguishable from the destiny of his true genius, his *daimon*, his Higher Self. Here and now, we are preparing the conditions of future births, as in past incarnations we prepared the conditions of this present life. In other words, at every instant of the day, for better or for worse, we are using creative powers. The forces of Nature which build and preserve the Cosmos, act in and through us, whenever we exercise imagination, desire and will; nor can we act in any way without exercising these powers. The idlest motion of a hand is first sketched on some surface of the mind. Any thought with which the mind identifies itself, returns to consciousness again and again, each time claiming a larger share of our attention.

The world judges events by the noise and commotion that they make; but the real quality and potency of an act are measured by the motive of the actor and by the intensity of his will and imagination. "Determined will is a beginning of all magical operations", said Paracelsus; "because men do not faithfully imagine and believe the result, the acts are uncertain, whereas they may be perfectly certain." Every operation of consciousness is magical, in the sense that it is a vehicle of some form of creative energy. However, few men realize the degree to which their inner sentiments actually lend force and significance to their outer undertakings. It is commonly supposed that two actions which are identical in outer appearance, must be the effects of identical causes. This supposition is not sanctioned by occult science, as the following excerpt from a Master's letter shows:

In conformity with exact science you would define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path, and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting a pendulum in motion. We do; for we know that there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force, the other concentrates and stores it. And here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is but brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of Nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through Æons of time to come (*The Occult World*, pp. 128-129).

We are, indeed, the possessors of a magical treasure, though few realize it. We spend our patrimony recklessly, not imagining that we have a patrimony.

It is a paramount duty to become aware of the fact that the powers of consciousness are creative and that we are held responsible for their right use. The sense of responsibility is one of the attributes which theoretically distinguish man from the brutes. No individual life can be adequately conceived as an isolated phenomenon, as a thing sufficient unto itself, for it is inseparable, in essence, from the universal life of Nature. Its purpose is one with the divine purpose of cosmic manifestation. The creative energies which Nature places at man's disposal, constitute a sacred trust which he is intended to invest disinterestedly, sacrificing all personal claims to the proceeds. When the sense of responsibility is once awakened in the human heart, existence for the first time begins to reveal some purpose and direction. The smallest duty, perceived as part of a universal plan, assumes dignity and meaning.

This ideal of human responsibility is implicit in the theosophical conception of consciousness. It is a theosophical axiom, that consciousness is universal. Substance and force are inconceivable apart from consciousness, as consciousness itself is inconceivable apart from some form of substance, some mode of force. The greatest philosophers have always recognized this fundamental datum, that consciousness, force and substance constitute a triad within a unity, a "Three-in-one", three attributes of an indivisible Being. They cannot be imagined in a state of separation from one another, or from the One Being which they make manifest. It is as impossible to form a concept of such a state as it is to visualize the two faces of a coin existing independently of the coin itself.

However, although consciousness, force and substance are always associated, it is a theosophical principle that manifestation of form proceeds as a result of what has been called the descent of spirit into matter. In other words, the invisible and the subtle precede the visible and the gross; the abstract is prior to the concrete; every form exists subjectively before it exists objectively. In ordinary human terms, this signifies that every external action is an outgrowth or exfoliation of an inner state of consciousness. Always the image in the mind comes first, and the act which expresses the image follows—or, more exactly, tends to follow, for the effects of any state of consciousness may be neutralized or transmuted by the intervention of another state of consciousness which is more potent and more sustained.

These basic ideas should transform our whole view of Nature and of man's place in Nature. No one can remain unregenerate and unchanged, if he really believe that he is an undivided fragment of a living and creative Universe. He can no longer pretend that his existence is a cosmic accident, an inconsequential event.

Nevertheless, it is evident that very few really believe these things to be true. It is hard to believe in the primacy of the spirit, partly because in this age of the world the dominant tendency of thought is so materialistic that spiritual truths and values appear remote and unreal. We are children of the cycle and are bathed daily in its atmosphere. Every student of Theosophy is constantly open to suggestions, to ideas which are wholly antagonistic to the ideals of Theosophy. It is of the utmost importance that we should understand what those ideals are,

in so far as this is possible. Perhaps this undertaking may be made easier, if we contrast them with their opposites, if we examine carefully certain major differences between the theosophical and the materialistic conceptions of consciousness.

With few exceptions, biologists assume that all the processes of consciousness can be explained as after-effects of physical and chemical change. They recognize only two "realities", the organism and its environment, life and consciousness being phenomena or "epiphenomena" accompanying the interaction of the organism and the environment. This is equivalent to the assertion that we are all of us exactly what we are because we could not possibly have become anything else; that we are born with certain proclivities which inevitably respond to certain stimuli. In brief, they profess the doctrine known in philosophy as the mechanistic hypothesis, the theory that every motion in Nature is rigidly predetermined and calculable. Thus the mechanists adopt a machine as the model or symbol of the Universe and of every entity which the Universe contains. They recognize no real difference between man and a Diesel engine, admitting only that man is somewhat more complex. In fairness to the world of science, it should be noted that the mechanistic hypothesis is not universally accepted. For example, there is a disposition among physicists to recognize that motion within the atom cannot possibly be explained in ordinary mechanical terms.

However, mechanism is entrenched as strongly as ever in biology; and although it is quite impossible to classify contemporary psychologists in one category, it may be said of one group—the so-called Behaviourists and their allies—that they are even more mechanistic than the biologists. Indeed, the Behaviourists virtually refuse to acknowledge that consciousness exists, even as an "epiphenomenon", even as a "disease" to which matter is susceptible on certain very rare occasions. They wholly neglect it as a causal factor in the determination of organic action and reaction. They reveal, in clear outlines, the logical conclusion to which mechanism leads, as becomes evident if we consider what is implied by their theory of "reflexes". The following is quoted from the Magazine Section of the *New York Times*, March 11, 1934.

In efforts to explain man, two schools of thought have been engaged in controversy for generations. "A creature set apart by a soul, by consciousness, by free will," assert the vitalists. "Bosh!" retort the mechanists; "a man is simply a physico-chemical system, like the amœba, only much more complex". . . . If man is a machine, then it ought to be possible for the biologist, when he has learned enough and made himself a good enough engineer and inventor, to become a Frankenstein and create a machine which will be without soul or spirit, but which will behave as if it were human. The attempt has already been made by about a score of scientists. A few weeks ago a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology . . . read a paper which bore the harmless and uninspiring title, "An Electro-Mechanical Analogue of the Conditioned Reflex". His contrivance could learn and forget. It consisted of nothing more than a rheostat, some switches, an ordinary incandescent lamp and wires connecting all these elements into a simple circuit. It can be animated into a semblance of "consciousness", and it can relapse into unresponsiveness. . . . The whole purpose [of such models] is to support the thesis that man is indeed an automaton—a creature that has learned to respond in definite ways to external

and internal forces, after which it acts with genuine spontaneity whenever these same forces in the proper sequence or combination play upon senses and nervous systems. . . . [The term "conditioned reflex"] brings us to the eminent Russian physiologist, Ivan P. Pavlov, founder of this new school of psychologists to whom mind, consciousness and soul are anathema when invoked to explain why we behave like human beings. A goodly part of Pavlov's life has been spent in studying dogs or, rather, the circumstances in which a dog's mouth will water when it is about to eat. As soon as a dog sees food the watering begins. It is a reflex action—something over which the animal has no control. . . . Involuntary reflexes are called unconditioned by Pavlov. There are other reflexes which are the result of training. These are Pavlov's now famous "conditioned reflexes". Consider one of Pavlov's dogs and learn just what is meant by conditioned reflexes. Pavlov rings a bell . . . when he feeds the dog. Sound and food are associated. After a time the dog's mouth drips when he hears the bell and sees the food. Finally the ringing of the bell without the presenting of any food at all brings about the same effect. The dog has learned by experience or "association", as the old-fashioned psychologists would say. But this ringing of the bell and withholding of food cannot be kept up indefinitely without affecting the dog's reflexes. Fooled often enough, his salivary glands will no longer water. His conditioned reaction is now said to be "inhibited". . . . Pavlov varies this experiment. . . . He reduces dogs to a state of hysteria by conditioning them in various conflicting ways. Thus he trained one animal to associate a bright circular patch of light with food, and an ellipse with an electrical shock. Soon there were yelps of joy at the sight of a circle and a flow of saliva, but growls of fear when the ellipse was seen. Gradually Pavlov made the ellipse resemble the circle more and more. The dog was reduced almost to a nervous wreck, unable to do more than howl and struggle.

All this is intended to prove that dogs behave like machines and that men behave like dogs. As a matter of fact, it only demonstrates one certainty, that Pavlov and his imitators are performing the work of fiends and devils. Their laboratories are torture-chambers, and their experiments upon helpless animals are even less excusable than those of the vivisectionists who at least profess humanitarian motives.

A normal unbiased person would regard the "conditioned reflex" as evidence of intelligence. He would also wonder at the involved method whereby scientists "discover" things which must have been known since the beginning of history. Years ago there was a "poem" which might have been dedicated to the "conditioned reflex", if this term had been invented at that time. There were these lines:

"Oh, how the boarders yell,
When they hear the dinner bell."

It is characteristic of the Behaviourists that they are quite incapable of imagining a hungry boarder who does not yell when he hears the dinner bell. Unfortunately, modern educational theory has been greatly influenced by their dictum that every organic action is a mechanical response to a stimulus. Through the schools and universities, with the active co-operation of the press, the doctrines of scientific materialism have entered into the consciousness of the masses. They are only understood, in so far as they re-enforce the very common assumption that happiness and well-being are wholly dependent upon physical or economic conditions. A well-known psychologist is said to have remarked that by cultivating the proper set of reflexes he could make any child a criminal. The

so-called man-in-the-street, reading such pronouncements, is encouraged to believe that he is not morally responsible for anything which he does. Moral responsibility can have no place in a "universe" where every sequence of events is wholly explicable in mechanical terms; where, in the most literal sense imaginable, every man's fate is completely pre-determined from the moment of his birth.

Theosophy does not deny the obvious fact that, in general, the movements of inorganic bodies are calculable. We can predict the periodicities of stars and of atoms, for both stars and atoms obey the same laws which the engineer consults whenever he designs a machine. Nevertheless, it is most doubtful whether a machine adequately symbolizes even that part of Nature which is usually called inanimate. As certain modern physicists are willing to admit, "sub-atomic" behaviour does not conform to any known mechanical laws. Some have dared to suggest that the Universe resembles a thought rather than a mechanism. Moreover, it would be hard to define what is really signified by these terms, "machine", "mechanism", "calculable", and so on. Doubtless, many human activities are as calculable as the revolutions of a motor. "Character is fate" for the ordinary man; he does not escape from the web of his reflexes. However, this does not mean that he cannot escape, but only that he refuses to make the necessary effort. Man behaves like a machine, whenever he allows his habits to dominate him. Like all phases of Nature, mechanism is, in the ultimate sense, a state of consciousness,—a state of *gross* consciousness, if we may accept the testimony of nuclear physics that mechanical motion is primarily a property of gross or molecular matter.

It is interesting to recall Schopenhauer's statement that if a cannon-ball were self-conscious, it would possess the inward certainty that it was free to control its movement through space, even though its trajectory can be exactly charted in advance. Metaphysically it is justifiable to postulate that the principle of all motion is "desire"; that the "desire" of the atoms of the cannon-ball to return to the earth, responding to the earth's "desire" that they should return, is so constant, so one-pointed, that it overcomes the initial impulse of any explosion.

According to Theosophy, the atom reflects the Universe; it is a microcosm of the macrocosm. It is, therefore, proper to conceive it as a symbol of Nature. However, following an ancient tradition, Theosophy most frequently symbolizes Nature by some image which is less abstract, more tangible, more obviously akin to our human life. For instance, the growth of a flower is a universal subject for mystical meditation, because it so clearly illustrates the laws which preside over all formative processes, from the creation of a Cosmos to the birth of the "spiritual man". "The spirit of Fire (or Heat) which stirs up, fructifies, and develops into concrete form everything (from its ideal prototype), which is born of WATER or primordial Earth, evolved Brahmā. . . . The lotus flower . . . is the most graphic allegory ever made: the Universe evolving from the central Sun, the POINT, the ever-concealed germ" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 379).

No symbol of Nature can be true, unless it point to the fundamental principle that evolution is the exfoliation of a purpose, a growth from within outwards, the progressive manifestation of an "ideal prototype". In man, it is said, this embodiment of spiritual form cannot proceed without his active, intelligent co-operation. He must become aware of the presence of the *shaktis*, or creative powers, within the sphere of his being; and he must realize his responsibility for their use.

Even among the animals, there is a foreshadowing of the sense of conscious responsibility. The ruffed grouse will risk her life, when her chicks are in danger, giving them time to scurry to safety, while she faces the enemy and distracts his attention from them. She sacrifices the lower to the higher, which means, in terms of ruffed grouse ethics, her own welfare to the welfare of her brood. In man, as we know, this sacrifice can exalt the individual to the summit of divinity. It is the secret of spiritual advancement which only occurs as the effect of continuous *self-transcendence*.

As water, rained on broken ground, flows away among the mountains, so he who beholds the properties of life scattered abroad, runs hither and thither after them.

As pure water, poured into pure water, becomes one with it, thus, verily, is the Self of the silent sage, who has attained to wisdom (*Katha Upanishad*).

No materialistic hypothesis can explain why or how a man can dedicate himself to a cause, or can gladly lay down his life for a friend. Machines have excellent qualities, but deliberate self-sacrifice is not one of them. The nature of man becomes intelligible, in so far as the inner meaning of Heraclitus' maxim is understood. The human soul is, in essence, a *daimon*, akin to the race of the Gods; and true human consciousness cannot exist until the outward life of man, his character, is united, in will and purpose, with his *daimon*, his divine prototype, the principle of his veritable destiny or "fate".

STANLEY V. LADOW.

Within our mind there is a Buddha, and that Buddha within is the real Buddha. If Buddha is not to be sought within our mind then where shall we find the real Buddha? Doubt not that Buddha is within your mind, apart from which nothing can exist.—THE SUTRA OF WEI LANG.

The greater men are, the humbler they are, because they conceive of a greatness beyond attainment.—GIBSON.

GROWING THINGS

—“*Ah! la jolie chose qu'une feuille qui chante!*”—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

IT was so long since I had seen them, that I hungered for them. Then, one day, I found myself in the midst of them, and I listened to that swelling chorus. It was early summer, and I stood once more on my mountainside, happy and at peace in that wide and tranquil solitude. Below me tree-tops stretched endlessly, a moving ocean of pale green—feathery tree-tops glistening in the sunshine as far as I could see. Above me, on the steep hillside sweeping skywards, I looked through the sun-shot leaves of swaying, swinging branches—it was like lying in deeply beryl-tinted water, when you float far under the surface and watch its gold-flecked ripples passing over you. The sunlight danced on the delicate woodland ferns at my feet, and on the tufted, thousand-coloured mosses; little gossamer-winged insects crept over and through them—how busy they were! A radiant, living green below me and beside me and above me—and sunshine over all. Not far off, in the darker shade of the trees, a great rock rose from the thick brown carpet of fallen leaves—leaves of long-dead autumns. The broad, lichen-covered sides were full of deep crevices and pockets, into which the errant winds had blown fruitful, woodland earth, and there, tiny growing things—little lives drawn from an infinite, unseen world—had sprung gallantly up to meet the day, and to pass their all-too-brief existence through a happy summertime. A sudden, soft whirring of small wings near at hand—a sleek robin watched me shyly from a neighbouring thicket. What an intruder I felt! The breeze stirred the twig on which he had lighted, and he balanced himself there merrily, but he kept a wary eye on me! From all directions came the riotous singing of birds. It was June, the month of song. Then, still another voice called—a rocky, mountain stream foamed across a clearing, tones and over-tones—fairy cadences, now high, now low, were mingled with that sound, and along the moist edge, a soft blue mist of forget-me-nots, and the flaming vibrant orange of hawk's weed. A stalwart, yellow bee, as golden as the sunshine, sped swiftly past—he had no time for strangers. Butterflies too—black and creamy-white and a vivid, iridescent purple—countless butterflies with their palpitating, fastidious, dainty flight, so different from the headlong impetuosity of a homing bee. I looked up through the overhanging, interlacing branches of the trees, to the intense blue of the June sky. Far overhead a mountain eagle soared, supreme and lonely; high and ever higher, great powerful wings outspread and seemingly motionless—so superbly free, so splendid, so majestic is that flight! Piled-up masses of white clouds drifted slowly through the infinite blue of space, casting dark shadows on the mountainsides, trailing them across the wide valleys below—dark shadows in strange contrast to the dazzling purity of their own whiteness, yet shadows in which there lurked a wonderful, luminous transparency, if you watched them long enough. I stood

there in silent wonder. I could not tell which was more eloquent: the fathomless, pathless heavens which drew my heart out of me, or the radiant, pulsing earth which so deeply stirred the heart within me. Yet what question could there be, for were we not all one, the sun and the sun-filled skies; the birds and the trees, the flowers and the rocks—all of us together, great and small, each in his own place, one in the One Life?

We move in a world of unimaginable beauty, surrounded by mighty, living forces, and there is always the pain of knowing that we can capture no more than a fragment of the great Heart of Life, only the tiniest fraction of it—and we would possess it all. Yet, could we but *lose* ourselves in it, what need would there be to capture it? The All would then be ours. Birth and growth and death—cycles of growth with fleeting moments of ecstasy sweep over us; this seems to be the way that most of us grow. For there are sudden partings of the veil when, through an unforgettable interlude, we *know* ourselves to be one with all other radiant, growing things—how swift to pass these moments are, however! A mist has gathered, self-created, and it is with difficulty that we can again penetrate it, for our inner eyes are blinded from disuse; our inner ears are deaf to the millions of joyous voices calling to us from beyond the barriers we have raised. Alas, too many of us are aliens in a world where we should be at home. The lowliest flower that I see growing at my feet, looking up with pure-eyed simplicity, opening its tiny cup to be filled by the golden warmth of the sun, may be growing also in another and still lovelier, inner world, perhaps in some blessed, unseen garden where Masters walk in the fragrant cool of evening—its real life being there. If I had the power to see through the exquisite beauty of its outer semblance, to the still more beautiful, intangible, inner form and nature, should I not then be one step nearer to that hallowed spot or state of heart myself? So there is both pain and joy in growth.

I have an old hunchbacked gardener, a native born and bred. He knows and understands the language of all growing things; to him they are friends, for his whole, long, solitary life has been spent among them. He knows what they like and what they need, and no two are ever treated in the same way.

"Why, they ain't none on 'em alike", he protests. "Don't yer 'spose they knows what they wants—just the same as me and you?"

"Yes indeed", I answer. "We think they don't understand. It's *we* who don't understand."

He looks quickly up at me with those strange eyes of his—eyes which have the far-seeing look of the woodsman who has passed his life in the company of great distances, far spaces. Feeling that he has a sympathetic listener he continues:

"But yer has to *talk* onto 'em. If yer talks onto 'em when yer plants 'em, they *hears* yer—and then they grows."

"Of *course* they hear", I agree heartily. "What a pity it is that we sometimes forget to speak to them!"

"That's 'cuz we ain't *thinkin'* onto 'em"; and he adds, in a scornful tone, "it's 'cuz we ain't only *thinkin'* 'cept onto ourselves."

He goes on digging in the cool earth, tenderly lifting the root of a newly-transplanted vine in his mud-covered, work-coarsened hands; setting it into the carefully-prepared, water-soaked, fertilized soil—the spot which is to be its home, and where it is to grow and grow and grow, until it becomes great and strong and beautiful. He surveys it intently.

"Is yer comfortable?" I hear him asking, with deep and true solicitude. "Does yer *feel* good? There ain't narithin' pinchin' yer?"

As I watch, I fancy that he waits a short moment, listening for the whispered answer, and having received it, he presses in the earth (an art this), and the small root is happy once more in its own kindly and familiar element.

"Now *grow!*" he orders, with that peculiar tone of authority used only by one who knows (and who knows that he knows), exactly what he is about.

It is a solemn moment. This is a mystic rite, and in his own lowly degree, he seems to me to be using exactly the same tone that God must have used when, in the earliest of all Dawns, the command went forth: "Let there be Light!"

Then my old hunchback, still in humble and unconscious emulation, adds: "And if yer *don't* grow, its yer own fault—or I don't know narithin' 'bout plantin'."

I muse. Deeply do I consider that awful moment when God gave man the terrifying power of choice—the gift of free-will; and I think of how, every day of these thousands of millions of years, since man became man, he must have heard, somewhere within himself, whispering within his own heart, those very same words:

"Now grow! And if you *will* not—can you blame Me?"

My old woodsman has inherited much of the Wisdom of the Ages, I see.

Our Master, the Wise Gardener, sets each one of us in the fruitful earth—the carefully-chosen and prepared conditions of our life, conditions best fitted to our soul's need—and he asks just this of us: that we shall grow. Then, with the infinite compassion of a Master, he gives us *time* to grow. He does not hurry and push us, if pushed we cannot be; he knows that one small shoot grows rapidly, another slowly, just as we ourselves find when, with attentive love, we watch the upward creeping of our own small vines—the ones that *we* have planted. Yesterday I noticed two slender shoots of a creeper which was of last year's planting. Side by side they were, like twins. Not wishing the wind to catch and perhaps tear them, I trained them both up against the trellis put there for their support, hoping that each would then make firm its own precarious hold. This morning when, very early, I went out to look at them, the one had wound two delicate tendrils so tightly about a cross-piece of the trellis, that I do not think anything but a knife could have got it free—at least *that* one step in the upward climb toward heaven was accomplished. The other shoot, though, as far as I could see, with exactly the same advantages of support and opportunity, was just as I had left it the night before: still trained against the lattice, but without the least evidence that it had itself begun to grapple with its new environment; there was no tightened clasp of any of its lovely, limpid-green, soft tendrils; its hold upon the outer reality of its existence, through

which it was to learn the laws of its own world, had not yet been made. No doubt that would come in time. The mystery of growth! There is seemingly no end to a contemplation of this mystery if you watch a vine from day to day; if you watch its amazing adaptability. It clammers over or around almost any obstacle, and it seems actually to leap across vacant spaces where no support is to be found. Or, if it *cannot* climb in one direction, it will turn (evidently in response to some subtle intuition, some inner guidance) and reach out in another—one more favourable to the law of its own lovely nature: its aspiration, its upward climbing. There is only one thing it cannot be—not if it is to continue to live: it cannot lose its adaptability, it may not become inflexible. It must for ever be moving forward and upward. If it hardens into rigidity, death has set in, and its ascent is ended. I have also closely watched individual leaves; I have watched their slow growth from delicate, coral-pink, baby things, up through a short childhood to full maturity. No two grow alike; no two with the same rapidity, nor, of course, do they grow to the same size. Does the quality of life-sap in them differ? Or is it a dawning individuality? Has the desire to grow, the energy seized and used, the greater or lesser inner urge, begun to show itself? Then too, all growing things have voices peculiarly their own—each after its kind. I fancy that everyone has had the experience, when walking through the fields or woods, of having his attention sharply arrested by some tiny plant or shrub. He may have been very much preoccupied by thoughts far removed from country sights or sounds, yet, suddenly, without warning, he finds himself intently examining a flower or a patch of moss, or some other lowly growing thing which, in a moment more, he would have left behind him, unnoticed. This has happened in a way which he may find difficult to explain. He knows that he did not actually *see* it—his “eyes” were too firmly fixed upon his own surging thoughts. The fact is that he has *heard* it—though this he did not know; it has called a happy greeting to him as he passed, not of necessity by means of any perfume, but because of that marvellous interlocking of the “kingdoms”—an instant of unsuspected inner awareness on the part of the wayfarer and, for the fraction of a second, the secrets of all the kingdoms of nature are open to him if he will but seize that precious moment. The voices of growing things are always with us, and, if we listen, we can hear the high, sweet piping in the early spring, as the tiny buds burst from their long winter sleep, and feel the first spring warmth. In England where the sun is kind—filtered through moist air, and thus well-tempered to little opening buds—the hedgerows are a sylvan orchestra in April and in May. The lark’s note is no lovelier. On the smooth, rich brown of the short, clipped branches, the folded buds hang thick, like drops of liquid emerald, and it is a deep and wonderful experience to hear them singing as they grow. But we must pass much time alone with them, I think, or we shall not learn to hear them calling.

The Master Christ loved all growing things—how many times he spoke of them! He told us to consider the lilies of the field, and he urged us to look, to open our dull eyes and drink deep of the marvel of their beauty. He said to his disciples: “I am the vine, ye are the branches.” Perhaps not all of us can be

branches—yet; but most of us can be leaves—leaves which draw their life *through* the branches and so, direct from the Vine. And even a leaf can be lovely and can sing.

There is a subtle kind of understanding between the vast, rich world of vegetation (so eagerly reaching out to us), and the hidden, inner senses of man. Poets invariably recognize this fact, and many have recorded it. In "A Ballad of Trees and the Master" (no doubt often before quoted in the *QUARTERLY*), Sidney Lanier showed how truly he believed in the mysterious power of growing things—that plants and trees and shrubs, quicker to feel man's need of sympathy than man is to discover theirs, may be awake and aware, when drugged or evil human hearts are tragically closed.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

How often we have been told that we can perceive no beauty of ourselves alone; that it is only because our Master is helping us to see with *his* eyes, that we have even the first glimmer of true sight! Ceaselessly, with divine prodigality, life is pouring in golden torrents over us, but too often, we hardly stop to notice it, so filled are we with our own petty concerns. With this slow and grudging response, is it not a mystery of mysteries that we ever grow at all? Yet, because of the tender pruning and staking and transplanting of the great Lodge Gardeners, we *do* grow in the midst of this beautiful and ever-new garden of Nature, where so many of the deepest lessons of life may be read—lessons which, if truly learned, may lead us at last, there where our hearts are set. Then, almost imperceptibly maybe, our inner senses will develop; gradually, as we grow, our inner eyes will begin to see the true loveliness of the hitherto invisible world which, all the long, weary while, has been lying so close to us; little by little our inner ears will begin to hear "the music of surrounding things".

WAYFARER.

FORM AND FUNCTION

IF we examine a text-book of elementary botany or zoölogy, we often discover that the material is grouped under two main headings. On the one hand is set forth a range of observations on the external features of plants and animals, on their gross structure, and on the details of tissues and cells which are revealed by microscopic study. This is the field of morphology, the field of forms and structures. The pages may, perhaps, be lavishly illustrated, since the eye catches at a glance the relations of the parts of a form-system whose description often involves many pages of difficult text, and whose imaginative reconstruction in the mind is a laborious process.

On the other hand is set forth a treatment of the organs, tissues and cells at work. The heart in rhythmical pulsation, the stomach pouring out gastric juice during digestion, the green leaf synthesizing carbon-dioxide and water into starch through the utilization of the energy of sunlight—all this material, dealing with the active or functional side of the organism, constitutes the subject matter of physiology. The pages of the physiological text carry fewer pictures than do those devoted to morphology, and such as may occur often represent some organ under its successive aspects as it performs its function. The appearance of the heart in systole and diastole, or the successive positions assumed by the drooping mimosa leaf under stimulation—such is one way in which the concept of function is made more evident to the student.

We see, therefore, that so far as the biologist deals with it, a function is really only the sequential representation of the organ, and it is clear that the more extensive the series (*viz.* the less the measure of the time intervals between the successive pictures), the more perfect will be the representation of the function. We understand that the time intervals have no real existence, that a function is really a continuous flow, and that the apparent intervals which separate one picture from another are only concessions to the imperfections of our photographic apparatus. This explains the popularity of the graph-curve wherein the function may be represented as a continuum.

Now it is evident that the form of an organ is adapted to the work which it performs; form and function are in tune with one another. The shape and hardness of the teeth attest their adaptation to the comminution of food, and, more than that, the incisors, canines and molars show by their respective forms that they play specific parts in the general function of mastication. All the sensory and motor organs, "the organs of perception and action", are likewise modified in consonance with the function they perform in the specific environment in which the organism finds itself. The organ is adapted to the external environment as the hand is adapted to the glove—the legs of the wading bird to deep waters, the eagle's beak to its carnivorous habits, the expanded leaf to the interception of sunlight in maximum quantity. But internal adjustments are

likewise harmonized with admirable nicety. Organs, tissues and cells are bound into co-operative wholes. Heart, lungs, brain and kidneys wait upon one another and labour for the whole of which they are parts. In the little as well as in the great, in a paramecium as in a planetary system, we discover order, design and harmonious interaction.

To the elucidation of the difficult problem of these harmonized relations of forms to functions, generations of botanists have devoted themselves: the Lamarckians offer one explanation of their origin, the Darwinians another, but no matter how modified in details by the disciples of one or another school of thought, all the scientific theories of adaptation as constituting the final admirable outcome of an evolutionary process, fail to carry conviction or to give that sense of satisfaction which allows us to pack up our scientific equipment and depart to new fields of investigation. Something seems to be wanting, and we persist in feeling that the evolutionary theories bear the same relation to the world of organic life that a man's photograph bears to the living man. May it be that science has conceived the problem too narrowly, and has sought to impose upon the organic world a fictional nature which is not its own, interpreting it in the terms of a mode of motion which applies only to mechanics?

At the very outset of its attempt to investigate the problem of adaptations, science is caught in a dilemma. Its field is the field of measurements, but the widespread adaptations in nature are not amenable to metrical study. The movement of a muscle, for instance, is accompanied by a heightened destructive metabolism in the contracting cells. The vaso-dilators bring about expansion in the blood-capillaries entering it, and a more vigorous flow of blood carries away the waste products. This is a scientific process. The moving muscles can be interpreted metrically: so many contractions per minute, so many milligrams of excreted wastes, so many microns expansion of the capillaries. But metrical description has not completely analyzed the phenomenon; there remains a residue, invisible indeed, but none the less real. Untrained thought, even, does not hesitate to aver that the capillaries expand *in order* to eliminate the wastes more rapidly. This is, of course, the teleological attitude and it is anathema to science. It attributes purpose to the nexus of activities which make up the microcosm of a muscle, and ascribes foresight to the biological functions. In a sense, popular opinion and popular tradition, though it discerns facts through a mental fog, may often see them in better balance than the specialist who has imposed some carefully delimited system upon the universality of nature. In so far as the scientist's dislike for teleology arises from impatience with superficial and turbid thinking, one can feel a certain sympathy with his attitude. The temporary elimination of naïve teleology from our minds may have a measure of heuristic value, but trouble arises when we confuse the means with the end. For teleology will not be driven out; to the undisciplined mind it constitutes no problem; to the disciplined, scientific mind it is a perpetual irritant. For who can detect purposiveness by physical instruments, and how can foreseeing be measured? So the scholar who would make of science the sole instrument of knowledge, attempts to deny teleology and to interpret its seeming

presence as an appearance only, an epiphenomenon which will one day vanish in the light of more perfect scientific comprehension. He has done away with the *deus ex machina* who once pushed the planets through space. Why should not the "entelechies" and "vital forces" and the concept of "discarnate functions" follow the other gods into the limbo of discarded superstitions? The bird builds its nest, the eggs are laid, the fledgelings hatch; the roots of trees respond to the stimulus of moisture and grow toward a water course; the bee gathers honey, stores it in the comb, and it is eaten by the colony during the winter. This alone is science—this description of visible phenomena in sequence, any one of whose terms may be expanded almost indefinitely as we trace it into subsidiary detail. And all this material is expressible in metrical terms. Mechanism is the only logical inference from the facts. The motion of material parts in time accounts alike for a running watch and a beating heart.

During the last decade a considerable breach has been made in the mechanistic defences by the philosophical holists who see in teleological relations the most fundamental distinction between mechanism and organism. Teleology, "the stone which the builders rejected, has become the head of the corner." The watch is a machine whose purpose lay in the mind of the inventor. Its parts are associated in such a way that the potential energy of the mainspring is progressively released and is conveyed to the hands through a series of interlocking wheels. The heart, on the contrary, is a complex whole whose tissues and cells are teleologically related to one another, while, at the same time, it stands in holistic relations with the other organs of the body. It carries its purpose within itself, and reveals its purpose by its function; it is self-existing, self-repairing, self-perpetuating. In a word, it is organic. The holist is willing also to extend the concept of organism to admirable lengths. When a flock of birds wheels as a unit under an inner urge, when a swarm of myxamoebae builds up a definite form under the guidance of a mysterious impulse, we have the essential hall-mark of the organism. Thus far the holists have advanced toward the comprehension of an ancient theosophic doctrine. They have obviously called in question the categorical validity of the scientific dogma. Will they, we wonder, be willing to advance another step along the pathway they have entered?

In *The Secret Doctrine* there stands a certain sentence so arresting that it has lingered in the memory of at least one student: "Life and Motion are convertible terms." One can imagine the satisfaction with which a biological mechanist might chance upon it, apply the formula of *deus inversus*, utilize it as a weapon to confound his vitalist opponents, and claim the authority of H.P.B. in support of mechanism! But what does the sentence mean? It appears to mean just what another and similar statement means: "Spirit and Matter are One." Yes, we add mentally, but not on the same plane.

Let us imagine an animal travelling from one place to another. It sees the bodies of the world just as we see them, spread out on a flat plane and under the laws of perspective. As it advances, picture follows after picture, coming out of the future and vanishing into the past. The place it left has ceased to be; it remains only as the memory of a past event. The place toward which it

moves has not yet become; it lies in the future, in the realm of anticipations. For the animal does not reason about spatial illusions as we do. Seeing is believing, and all it really sees is a temporal sequence of two-dimensional pictures. In other words, the animal mind seems to convert the third dimension of bodies into a time-sequence of two-dimensional pictures. It is difficult for us to grasp the situation immediately, because our experience of motion is involved with our own mode of time which is a different time-mode from that of the animal. We can, perhaps, enter more intimately into the world-view of an animal if we imagine ourselves speeding rapidly across the country by train. Our critical faculty for the time being is in abeyance, and we give ourselves over to the mere visual contemplation of the landscape. Marvellous things are happening. A sign board runs toward us, rotates on its axis and runs away again; a forest troops over the brow of a hill, all the trees moving forward together like soldiers on parade; a water-tower whirls dizzily as we pass it. We pull ourselves together—this is altogether too much like Alice in Wonderland—and our reason proceeds to demolish the charming illusion.

But suppose we had no reasoning power. Then, in very truth, the angles and curves of the solid world would be translated into motion in time as we moved about. Or, to put the experience into a more generalized form: Two-dimensional vision reveals the third dimension of static solids as motion in time upon a two-space background.

How, then, shall we interpret the "real" motions which occur in our own three-dimensional world and in our own time? If we reason according to analogy and according to simple relativity, we are forced to say that our time-sequence is the imperfect apprehension of a space superior to our own, and that the "real" motions which occur in our world—the movements of machines, of winds and waters, of the heavenly bodies—are imperfect apprehensions of the irregularities of solids which lie in hyperspace. We may finally conclude that motion is always and everywhere associated with a bend or an angle which carries the boundary of a body into a space-form higher than that upon which the perceptions are focussed. As the observer passes the angle, he perceives the phenomenon of motion. From this consideration it is not difficult to infer that the perpetual vibration of matter which science assigns to molecular motion, is the result of the movement of consciousness in circular paths about hyperspatial curvilinear bodies. If we think of the animal consciousness moving around a cube, we may realize also that the circuit transforms itself to its mind into a journey in time, marked by four recurrent and similar phenomena of motion. Moreover, since nothing determines the return to the point of original departure, the temporal journey may prolong itself to eternity as it circles the cube again and again. But this does not differ in kind from the recurrent cycle of the seasons, of organic life, or of *Manvantara-Pralaya*.

The mechanical movements which we have been discussing and which translate the curves of a next higher world into motions in time, all fall into that field of the metrical which science has staked out for its own province. Science measures the boundaries of the angular solid in spatial units by means of rulers

and compasses; it measures the boundaries of the angular hypersolid in temporal units by means of clocks. "Animal science" measures angular solids by means of clocks and—yes, how does it measure angular hypersolids?

We have seen that the interpretation of biological functions is a subject of violent disagreement among scientists. The holist or vitalist insists upon the reality of teleological relations, whereas the mechanist assumes that the so-called teleological relations are really obscure mechanical relations of a highly complex type. He insists, and we think rightly, that not a single objective criterion can distinguish between vital activities and mechanical actions.

But objective criteria are not the sole criteria of reality. When a phenomenon manifests the holistic and teleological character it falls into categories outside the realm of mechanics. The living thing is organism and machine in one, and it is this dual character of its nature which constitutes its central problem to the mind.

Some three paragraphs back we saw that the intelligent animal measures angular solids by means of clocks, and we asked: How does it measure angular hypersolids? The answer seems to be that the animal cannot measure angular hypersolids at all, or, if it attempts to do so, it confuses them with solids, and measures the vehicles, so to speak, through which they pass into manifestation in three-space. The irregularities of hypersolids whose sequential manifestations constitute the mechanical motions of our world, are vital phenomena to the animal. This is another way of saying that the moving bodies of our world, inorganic as well as organic, are all alive to the animal, and that their movements cannot be subjected to any kind of metrical investigation of its devising since they involve the concept of a new time, a concept which the animal does not possess.

Three sorts of relations seem to be accessible to consciousness on any plane. These are spatial relations which are investigated by means of rulers; temporal relations which are investigated by means of clocks; and teleological relations which cannot be investigated at all by metrical objective methods, but which are sensed by intuition and are amenable to logical reason.

But temporal relations *are* spatial relations. Time is but a translation of a higher space dimension, where noumenal simultaneity holds sway, into phenomenal sequence in an inferior form of space. We may, therefore, venture the bold conclusion that teleological relations are likewise spatial relations in some sort of transcendental or Platonic world. It is conceivable that these relations, whose presence constitutes our chief distinction between organism and mechanism, are relations of bodies juxtaposed to one another in a mode of space which bears the analogous relation to our own world, that the world just above our own bears to the world of the animal.

"Life and Motion are convertible terms." Motion is a phenomenon of the angle. The line, the plane, the solid, all these forms of space set bodies apart from one another and throw them into finite categories, concealing thereby their true natures as parts of a single whole. All of them mark the places where the matter of a given plane bends into another plane, where it undergoes a change of state or passes into motion. Life is a phenomenon of the borderline;

"It manifests only in the midst of duality, in the juncture and interaction of pairs of opposites."

Since, in its widest extension, the concept of holism embraces all things, we are justified no longer in setting apart as something unique, those modes of organism which we know as plants and animals, to the exclusion of the rest of the universe. The relations of teleology are universal throughout the entire scheme of nature.

We come to see, therefore, that the harmony between organ and function is founded upon an underlying identity. The physiological function is the successive presentments of the organ in time: this is the meaning which science attaches to the word "function". But in theosophical metaphysics the function is the *thing* in a far truer sense than is the assemblage of finite and changing attributes to which science applies the same term. "The eye is the act of vision." In that world or plane superior to our own, function becomes form, physiology becomes morphology. Abstract nouns such as "thought", "will" and "feeling", transform into verbs as they enter our world from above, and they manifest here as embodied activities of "head, heart and hand". But "up there" or "in there" they are living, holistic Beings, triple microcosms in a complex and transcendental macrocosmic Pattern which the Hindu calls *Mahat*. And it is quite possible that the spatial relations of their elements is responsible for the teleological and organic impress which we sense in the manifested world. These unimaginable relations of forms are the teleological relations of sympathy and harmony, and they constitute the key to those ecological adjustments and adaptations which constitute a standing challenge to scientific explanation. From this it follows that the active life of a world below is the dynamic rest of a world above, and that the final purpose of evolving, conscious life is not to do, but to be. In the light of this thought certain well-known sentences take on a new meaning:

"As a lamp standing in a windless place flickers not, this is remembered as the similitude of the seeker of wisdom."

"Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become the Path itself."

"When this Path is beheld . . . without moving . . . is the travelling in this road. In this Path, to whatever place one would go, that place one's own self becomes."

R.E.T.

The study of Nature is well-pleasing to God, and is akin to prayer. Learning the laws of Nature we magnify the first Inventor, the Designer of the world; and we learn to love Him, for great love of God results from great knowledge.—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

WITHOUT CENSOR

III.

THE interval of two weeks between the end of the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburgh, and the date upon which I was ordered to report at Camp Upton, was spent in New York, and was devoted in large measure to purchasing and assembling all possible articles of equipment and clothing which might be needed; various other articles were added over the ensuing weeks and months, whenever we heard of something new that we thought was essential, so that, when the time to go overseas came, we all possessed considerably more than a General Officer's allowance of personal possessions, and much of it had to be left behind. But, absorbing as all this was, it left plenty of time for more important things. There were frequent opportunities for talks with friends in the Movement, both in the city and out of town, and these talks brought vividly to mind the real purpose and meaning which lay behind this new life, strengthened resolution, increased devotion, and made it possible, in some measure at least, to catch fire all over again, and to realize that what was happening was, that the Commission which had been received from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army was being confirmed by authority still higher.

The time was over all too soon. I had acquired a Ford car, long past the bloom of youth, but still highly serviceable and with an exceptionally good engine; this car later on, at Camp Upton, was to prove invaluable, as it was the only motor equipment which the Regiment possessed for several weeks, and carried everything, from the Colonel to potatoes and ice. In order to be entirely free from any care in connection with this acquisition, and to preserve personal mobility, I engaged a young man, who was a good mechanic, to take care of the car and to drive it. He was of draft age, but for some reason had as yet received no papers or notification, and was entirely willing to put in his time at this job until his call came. I told him that I did not have the slightest idea as to where he would sleep, or how he would be fed, but he expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the arrangement, and willing to take a chance, even if he had to sleep in the Ford. I was delighted, for it gave me a means of getting about wherever and whenever I wanted, and also a body-servant of sorts, who could do things for me and save my time, leaving me free to get the lay of the land and to find out what was going on. Accordingly, on the day appointed, we embarked in the Ford, which was running like a dream, as the engine had been well tuned-up, and with my equipment in the back, we made the run of something under sixty-five miles down Long Island to Camp Upton, and I reported at the Headquarters of the Commanding General for duty.

During the first part of the trip, I had been under the constant necessity of either returning salutes, or of saluting my superiors in rank, as there were many enlisted men on the roads, and our way ran through Mineola where there was a



Camp. Saluting at that time was enough of a novelty to be enjoyable; later on, when sometimes one had to salute several hundred times a day, it ceased to be so. That, however, is not strictly true, for we had been told, in our training, the origin and purpose of the salute,—that in the days of Chivalry when a Knight, riding along the road with the visor of his helmet down, met another Knight, he raised his arm and swept his visor up, so that the object of this chance encounter might see his face, and they might talk together in gentle and perfect courtesy. Through the centuries, the purpose of the salute had been maintained, and it was to this day a mark of respect and courtesy, an acknowledgment of the tie which bound military men together, an expression and a reminder of the special qualities which they should possess in common, and of the principles to which they had dedicated themselves. To the enlisted man, it did not mean all this. To him it was an act of respect to his superior which he was bound to perform, and which he did not enjoy particularly at first, as there was no one who was bound to render a salute to him, and he felt, at the start, that it was a one-sided arrangement as far as he was concerned. The insistence upon saluting, however, in an alert and military manner, on the part of the recruit from the very first day of his enlistment, had back of it, it seemed to me, far more than was apparent. The theory of insistence upon saluting, the military reason, was that the constant performance of this act of courtesy itself made a man a good soldier, made him want to perform it, aroused in him by degrees an *esprit de corps*. All this was true. I have said that the military life, the military order, seemed, of all human institutions, to be nearest in its forms and essence to the spiritual hierarchy, to the life and order of the spiritual world. It is easy to see that this is true in respect to gradations in rank, in regard to the similarity of the qualities necessary to excel in each; it is not quite so easy to see that it holds when it comes to matters of method. Yet, here was a case in point. The spiritual order insists that if a man does not possess certain qualities, but desires to attain them, he should "act as if" he possessed them, and that then he will gradually attain them. The military order insists that if a man does not possess *esprit de corps*, and it is desirable that he should, he must "act as if" he possessed it, through promptly saluting his superiors for one thing, and that then it will come. There are other similarities in method which will suggest themselves later. This realization of the significance of the salute, both from the point of view of its military history and value, and from that of its real purpose and meaning and working in the world of inner consciousness, would itself have made it a special act, no matter how often repeated. But it came to be something much more. It became a moment of opportunity to salute voluntarily those high in the spiritual world whose commission it was that one bore; a moment of turning the heart in gratitude and reverence to them; a brief moment of contact with the source of motive and of inspiration. One liked to think that, perhaps, far down the Ray someone saw the act, and approved. Anyway, it helped. I do not mean to say that the consciousness of all this was vivid and distinct each time a salute was given or returned. Far from it. But no matter how frequent or how hurried, the act of saluting instinctively became of supreme

importance, because of what it really meant, because its constant, if automatic, performance strengthened and deepened that meaning.

Camp Upton was still in the early stages of construction when I arrived there, and it was at once clear that it would not be ready for several weeks to receive the men from the draft. An area of perhaps something over a mile in length and of over half a mile in width had been secured, and a small city of wooden frame-buildings, designed to house about fifty thousand men, was being erected. Every vestige of vegetation had been removed, the stumps of trees were being pulled up, and the air was full of sand and dust. Roads leading into the Camp had been cut through the woods, and the broad arterial roads within the Camp had been laid, but in neither case had they yet been hard-surfaced, and whenever it rained they speedily became seas of mud in which trucks and motors stuck and had to be hauled out. A slight eminence in the middle of the Camp, hardly high enough to dignify with the name of hill, was the site of Division Headquarters, and when I arrived there, only a few barracks had been erected, and those were in the immediate vicinity of Headquarters. The place was overrun with civilian labourers, and the paraphernalia of the contractors who were building the Camp was everywhere, and everywhere there was an atmosphere of bustle and confusion. The lower or southerly half of the Camp was designed to house the 77th Division, each unit being self-contained, with open spaces between the barracks for formations and drill.

Upon reporting at Division Headquarters, I had my first experience of the complete and sudden changes which can take place in the Army in war time. I have said that each infantry training company at Plattsburgh had been designed to furnish the commissioned personnel, up to the grade of field officer, for a regiment of infantry in the 77th Division; before leaving Plattsburgh we had even, at the instance of higher authority, drawn up a provisional roster of the commissioned personnel of our regiment, and I had been confidently expecting to receive an assignment to duty more or less in accordance with that plan. But a cog had slipped in the military machinery. At Plattsburgh there had been eight infantry training companies; in the 77th Division there were only four infantry regiments; consequently, twice as many infantry officers reported for duty at Camp Upton as were needed to fill the Division. The officers were assigned to duty with infantry regiments, either in the order of their arrival at the Camp, or according to some other equally hit-or-miss method, one never knew exactly how. At all events half of the Plattsburgh contingent found themselves left out, and I found myself among the number, and we were all assigned to the 152d Depot Brigade, the permanent Camp organization. There was nothing for it, at the moment, except to do as we were told. So we repaired to one of the enlisted men's barracks already erected, which we were to occupy temporarily, set up our cots, unpacked our things, found out when and where we were to eat, and sat down to talk it over.

We were in despair, which did not lessen the next day, or during succeeding days. We had confidently hoped and expected to lead men from our own city, men whose ways and characteristics we understood. We had been told so. In

what sort of an outfit should we finally find ourselves now? What was to become of us? Were we going to stay at Camp Upton for the duration of the War, drilling recruits and replacements? The next few days did nothing to relieve our gloom. There was nothing to do. Part of each day was spent in listening to lectures by Regular Army officers, or in taking tactical walks in groups in the surrounding country, working out field problems. The rest of the time we spent sitting about, watching the building of the Camp, and breathing dust. Finally, from being utterly bored, we became seriously alarmed, for orders began to come through from Division Headquarters, transferring various of our number to other Divisions and Camps as far removed as Texas. I began to wonder where I was going to end, and what, if anything, I could do about it.

One of my friends was a major of infantry, who had been one of the outstanding men at Plattsburgh in point of ability and character. I noticed that he did not seem to be particularly disturbed as to his own possible future fate; in fact, as he listened to us talk, he seemed, while sympathetic, faintly amused. I began to wonder why. Finally, one day, he called me over to his cot, and told me, under pledge of secrecy, that he had been able to arrange matters as far as he was concerned, and that he expected before long to be assigned to the command of a battalion in the Division, and asked me, provided he could further arrange it, how I should like to have one of the companies in his battalion. I told him that I should like nothing better, and we settled the matter, provisionally, then and there. But when I got away by myself, and thought it over, I realized that, while it was good, it was not good enough; I had just had an experience in regard to tentative private arrangements, and knew that higher authority could not be counted upon; I felt that I must try to do something along lines of my own, as well. The Adjutant of the 152d Depot Brigade was a Regular Army Major, and I had noticed that he seemed to be overwhelmed with a great deal of paper work, and that he was without adequate assistance. I went to him, and asked if I might be allowed to help him in any way possible in his office, saying that I had much time on my hands, that I hated to be doing nothing, and that I felt that under him I should have a fine opportunity to learn about Army paper work. This subtle flattery may have had something to do with it; at any rate, my suggestion was approved, and I was attached as assistant. I had two thoughts in the back of my head in regard to this. I knew that, once in his office, I should see any order affecting me several hours before I otherwise should,—perhaps even before he did; and that I should then have time to rush around, see my friend the Plattsburgh major, and try to change things myself at Division Headquarters, if the order were unsatisfactory. It also occurred to me that the Major, being the only Regular Army officer then assigned to the Depot Brigade, was also its commanding officer, and that possibly his long absences from his office, spent at Division Headquarters, might be accounted for by the fact that he was being consulted as to which officers should be transferred from the Depot Brigade to other Divisions when requisitions came through from the War Department, and that it would be well to keep in with him. It was several days before anything happened, other than a steady flow of orders transferring various men to

remote points. Then an order came through from Headquarters 77th Division, assigning me and seven other captains to the Ammunition Train of the Division. The Adjutant was absent. In haste, I went and found my friend the Plattsburgh major, told him about this, and asked him what he thought of it, and what an Ammunition Train was anyway. At that time, it was a brand-new unit in our Army, and no one knew anything about it. He told me, from what he knew of the Allied Armies, that in any case it was a front line unit with plenty of action; that it clearly afforded an opportunity to get into the Division. He advised me to let the order go through without protest, and said that, once I was in the Division, he and I could take up again later the plan of my going into his battalion, and perhaps arrange a transfer then. This sounded like good advice. I went back to the Depot Brigade office, and awaited the arrival of the Adjutant, and when he read me the order later on, I expressed my delight at finally getting into the Division after all, and my great regret at leaving him. I never knew whether or not he had had any part in the issuing of that order. He gave no sign whatever, and said nothing at all. But I was immensely relieved at this solution, which was so much better than it might have been. The thing clearly indicated now was to do the best work of which I was capable in the Ammunition Train, and, as time and events progressed, to keep my eyes open for possible shifts and changes. Certainly, this very brief experience had shown me that there were ways in the Army, diplomatic and otherwise, by which one could do something to avoid being side-tracked, and that unless one could give a little impetus to the march of events at the right time, without depending entirely upon favourable notice from higher up, one was going to do a good deal of waiting with problematical results.

Our status did not change for several days, for, while we were now assigned to a unit, we were still without a commanding officer, and could do nothing ourselves. Finally, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular Army appeared, hereinafter to be known as "the Colonel", who had been assigned to the command. He looked us over for a day, moved us all to another barracks where we could be together with him, and then called a meeting, at which he assigned the other captains, one after another, to the command of the different companies. He did not even look at me, and I began to think that I was out of luck again, when he finally turned to me and said, "You will be Regimental Adjutant". He told me later on, when we knew each other better, that he had picked me for that job at first sight, and that was why he had left me to the end. After having completed these heavy duties, he remarked that there did not seem to be much to do at the Camp, and that he thought he would go back to the Army and Navy Club in New York for a couple of days, and in the meanwhile to carry on. This was an easy assignment. But gradually we had our majors, and other captains and lieutenants, assigned to us; one building for enlisted men was completed in the Ammunition Train area in the extreme southern end of the Camp, into which the commissioned personnel all moved; and we set up housekeeping there while we awaited the completion of our other buildings and officers' quarters.

We watched the arrival of the draft with much interest, and not without some

trepidation, for we knew the type of some of the men whom we were about to get from the lower quarters of New York, and we were not at all sure as to what their reaction would be to involuntary induction into the military service. We were ready for possible trouble, but none came. One reason no doubt was, that at first we only received a few men in each contingent, and we had time to assimilate them and to teach them something of the rudiments of the School of the Soldier before more men arrived. The early arrivals, in their turn, thus had a feeling of slight superiority over our later acquisitions, and felt that they were to some extent in the position of being able to tell the newer men all about it, and how things were done. We were constantly hampered and held back by the failure of the camp contractors to complete our barracks. I remember very well that one of my duties as Adjutant, knowing as I did how many draft men we were to receive two days later, was to interview the chief contractor, and to insist that the work of his men should be speeded up to an extent which would ensure another building being completed in time for us to house the recruits which we were to take in. After that, I had personally to inspect the progress of the building, to be sure that there would be no failure to produce the desired results. Sometimes it looked as if it would be a close call, but somehow we always had the space we needed in time.

Some of the draft men, when they arrived, looked the picture of dejection, as if they expected to be led out before a firing-squad next morning. They had just been through emotional partings with their families; many of them, although sound, were in poor physical condition, with soft muscles, and were dreading the work; they had heard stories of rough treatment to be expected in the Army, and were fearing the worst. They had come in their old clothes, and were a rather hard and sorry looking lot. But they were resigned, and not at all truculent or aggressive. I saw personally each man as he came in, heard his qualifications, sized him up briefly, and assigned him either to Regimental Headquarters, to the Headquarters of the battalions, or to one of the companies. In this way I was able fairly quickly to build up the nucleus of an efficient Regimental Headquarters, and to get it organized and functioning in an elementary way without much delay, and this in its turn helped to speed up the company commanders in their own work of organization. I also had in mind securing for myself a good orderly—a striker, as he has always been called in the United States Army—as I knew that such an acquisition would save me a lot of work and detail in personal ways. So when a man appeared who stated that in civil life he had been second man in a house on Fifth Avenue, I felt that this was just what I had been looking for. Although he knew nothing whatever about cooking, the Tables of Organization of the Regimental Headquarters called for a cook. I therefore at once assigned him there in that capacity, and told him that his first military duty would be to learn something of the culinary art. He never did, but he assisted the other cook, and he was much pleased with the assignment, as he turned out to be a man with a constant and voracious appetite, and was grateful to me for placing him in pleasant surroundings where he could indulge it. He became a very efficient striker, and I now felt that personally I was much

better fixed than I had ever been in civil life, with a valet disguised under a military name, and with a chauffeur in the person of the youth who was driving my Ford—who, by the way, was now fed and lodged at Government expense in one of the barracks—and that I was now free from any petty concerns about personal comfort, and could devote myself whole-heartedly to work.

A few days worked a great change in the appearance of the draft men, and a few weeks caused a wonderful improvement in their morale. They shed their civilian clothes almost over night, and while some of them looked lumpy for a while in uniform, owing to misfit sizes, we had taken in a number of tailors in the draft, and they were at once put to work, with satisfactory results. Rifles, and the other equipment, were issued. The food, prepared by men who had been cooks in civil life, was good and plentiful,—much better, in fact, than that to which many of the men had been accustomed at home. Drill was at once started, and the hard work and exercise, the fresh air, and all factors working together, produced before long a great change in the morale of the men. They found that the life, instead of being hard, was easy. All that they had to do, was to do what they were told; it was not necessary to think anything out for themselves any more. A bugle got them up in the morning, and put them to bed at night; told them when they were to eat; informed them that the next formation would be in a few minutes. If they had a question, all they had to do was to ask a non-commissioned officer, and he would give them the answer (although not, perhaps, at first, until he had had a chance to ask someone else!). The men began to find themselves, to their surprise, extraordinarily happy. They began, too, to reflect this in their personal appearance and in the alert way in which they commenced to carry themselves. They were freer than they had ever been in their lives before. They liked it. Soon they became delighted with the life. By the time they had been home on leave for their first Sunday, and had had an opportunity to swell around a bit and tell family and friends all about it, they were enthusiastic. In two months it would have been impossible to pry them out of the Army.

All this is another instance of the parallel between the military life, the military order, and the spiritual hierarchy, the life and order of the spiritual world; another example of the similarity of the methods employed in each, and the similarity, relatively speaking, of the results. The aspirant for ch  laship is told, at the start, that his first duty is obedience. It is not a question for him, then, of understanding obedience. He must obey to the letter at first, and not until he does so, and has done so for some time, will he understand anything of his own lower nature, of those things in him which, until they are transmuted and changed, will keep him from understanding obedience. He starts in to obey the letter of his instructions, to do exactly as he is told, and he finds, to his utter amazement and joy, that the first result is that he is happier than he has ever been in his life before. He is free, because he has surrendered his will to the divine will. He sees the way out of old, and present, inner problems. Gratitude and devotion well up within his heart. He is more sensible than ever before of contact with the spiritual world, of further reaches of wisdom and love and power

which it is open to him to contact as he is able. It is the reward which the "upstairs people" seem invariably to give to a wholehearted initial effort, in order to lend encouragement, to give stimulus to that necessarily long-continued, further inner effort in which periods of dryness, of iciness, will inevitably occur. Perhaps, too, it is their way of showing the gratitude which they must feel, the joy which it must be to them, that one more soul has turned at last to the Light. But, be that as it may, the result produced in the aspirant for chéliship when he first surrenders his will to the divine will, is identical, relatively speaking, with the result produced in the soldier when he starts to surrender his will in obedience to his military superiors, to military discipline. They both become free. With the aspirant, there is increased consciousness of the breadth and power of the spiritual world. With the soldier, there is the beginning of an *esprit de corps*. With them both there is the desire, not to rest content in the satisfaction of the present, but to do something more about it; to make use of this new exuberance of feeling in further effort.

Some of the men from the draft were conscientious objectors. In most cases these men were dealt with by their company commanders, and proved open to persuasion. Some of the more obdurate we got rid of, in various ways, later on. Usually the conscientious objector was a passive individual, negative, who was hounded successfully by his non-commissioned officers into doing what he should do, in the intervals between his interviews with his captain. Sometimes, however, he united with his conscientious objections other still more disagreeable and aggressive qualities, and gave a great deal of trouble. One such case, which was having very disruptive effects, was brought finally to my attention by the Regimental Sergeant-Major, who in a burst of confidence expressed the opinion that the only thing which would do that particular man any good was a thorough beating-up. In my most military manner I at once directed the Sergeant-Major's attention to the fact that anything of that kind was expressly prohibited by Army Regulations, even in war time; that if that was the only way in which we could maintain discipline, we should never have any at all; and that, anyway, if such a thing took place, and if it were ever discovered, severe punishment would be awarded to all of the participants. I stopped, and looked fixedly at the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and allowed my face to relax slightly. I saw a gleam of comprehension, and of hope, in his eye. He saluted, and left me. The treatment given must have been thorough; certainly it was efficacious, for that particular objector became later one of our best non-commissioned officers.

But there were other more complex cases. We received in the draft a man who had formerly been a Lieutenant in the Austrian Army, and I assigned him temporarily to Headquarters, because of his experience, while his case was being considered. One afternoon I was drilling the Headquarters Company, and gave a wrong command. The Austrian saw the mistake at once, and as he was a pivot man, on whom the carrying out of the movement depended, he simply marked time and waited. As soon as I saw this, I realized my mistake, and changed the command. After the drill was over, I sent for him, and told him that I wanted to talk with him as man to man and to sit down, and I asked him how

he felt about serving in the Army of the United States against the Central Powers. He replied with entire frankness, and I believed him, that he had been an American citizen sufficiently long for his sympathies to be entirely with us, and that he had no feeling about fighting against Austria, but that he had nine uncles and cousins, some of them officers, in the Austrian Army, and that he did object to fighting against his own flesh and blood. He realized that we might possibly later on have Austrian Divisions opposite us, and felt that, even in an Ammunition Train, he would be to all intents and purposes in a combat unit as far as his relatives were concerned. He was a splendid fellow. I liked him, and felt that he was telling the plain truth, and that there was no ulterior motive behind what he said. I consulted the Colonel, who accepted my statement, and felt that in the circumstances, and on general principles as well, as far as our men were concerned, it would be better to have him transferred. This was arranged informally with Division Headquarters, and the Austrian went to the Base Hospital at Camp Upton as an orderly, a job which he must have thoroughly hated, but which in all probability kept him there for the duration of the War.

As time went on, and the regiment became filled to strength, we were struck with the great number of men with German names which we had on our roster, and the same was true of the other units in the Division. It was not to be wondered at, in view of the large German element in the population of New York. But it began to give Division Headquarters some uneasiness, which transmitted itself to us. How many of these men with German names had in them the elements of disloyalty? How would this disloyalty express itself, once we had taken them overseas? Was it expressing itself already, perhaps, in the dissemination of information to enemy agents in regard to the training of the Division? The thing to do was to find out. In addition to my other duties, I was Regimental Intelligence Officer, which simply meant that there was the beginning of an attempt on the part of the War Department, to extend the functioning of the Intelligence Section of the General Staff down to and including regimental units in the newly formed divisions. I conferred with the Colonel, and, with his approval, and with the help of one other captain and of the Regimental Sergeant-Major—only we four were in the secret—developed something which could hardly be dignified with the name of a counter-espionage organization, but which was, nevertheless, based to some extent upon that principle. We picked out two of the best soldiers in each company, who were obviously thorough-going Americans, and who, as far as we could judge, had their heads tightly set on their shoulders, and could keep their mouths shut; in one company, in which the number of German names on the roster was larger than usual, we picked four men. Word was transmitted to all of these men, through methods evolved by the Regimental Sergeant-Major, to come separately after dark to the back of the officers' quarters, and to ask for me, and to say nothing about it beforehand to anyone. I saw them each in turn, and explained to them the problem, and what was expected of them. Their duties were to keep their eyes and ears open for any acts or utterances on the part of the other men in their company which verged on the disloyal, which seemed to show sympathy for the Central Powers.

In the event that they ran into anything of this sort, they were to restrain their natural feelings of indignation and anger, and were to do and say nothing at the time. Little by little, however, they were to become friendly with the man whom they suspected, they were to lead him on and draw him out, so working things that he would express himself with greater freedom with them until, perhaps, he would commit himself without reserve. If, in order to verify an impression, it seemed desirable to see something of the home life and former environment of a man under suspicion, it would always be possible, on some pretext or another, to arrange for a pass to New York for them, for the same Sunday as the soldier under observation. They were to report to me from time to time, or whenever anything special came up, in the same manner. No one of these men knew that any other man had the same duties. None of the company commanders knew of this work which was going on within their own companies. Our agents themselves took hold with enthusiasm, and were very keen to clean things up. Checking and following up reports, and advising the men, took a good deal of time. Nothing approaching the dissemination of military information was ever discovered, perhaps because, at that stage in the game, there was not much to disseminate. Most of the men with German names proved to be entirely loyal American citizens. But there were some who, it was clear, were essentially disloyal at heart, and who did not hesitate so to express themselves when they thought this safe. We finally were in possession of a list of twenty or twenty-five names, all of them possible trouble-makers later on, whom we resolved to get rid of at the earliest possible opportunity.

My heart and attention were still largely focussed upon the men of our organization themselves, and I inclined especially to the work which involved direct contact with them. In spite of the interest which the duties of even a minor staff officer possessed, I had never recovered from the disappointment of not having an infantry company of my own, for the welfare and the performance of which I was solely responsible. Nothing more had been heard from my friend, the Plattsburgh major, in regard to a transfer to his battalion, and I could see, from what I knew of his organization, that this was not going to be possible after all, which added to my feeling of disappointment. My Colonel dissolved this feeling of mine, to some extent, in a conversation one day, in which he asked me how I liked my job. It was impossible not to give him a look into my mind, and when he saw what was there, he said,—"I don't see why you hold on to that idea. You wanted a company of two hundred and fifty men to look out for, and I have given you, as an Adjutant, a whole regiment, to say nothing of the officers." He went on to explain, however, that at the rate at which promotions were then being made, he would be a full Colonel before many months, when he would undoubtedly be given an infantry regiment, and that it was his intention then to ask for the transfer and promotion, at the same time, of two other captains and myself, and to make us his three battalion commanders.

This conversation did a good deal towards dispelling my lingering feeling of disappointment, and finally had the effect of stimulating me all over again. If any such suggestion as the Colonel had made should work out, it would be all

right. Then, too, his point about the officers was a good one; as a battalion commander I should have a number of them under me, and the experience which I was gaining in my present duties as Adjutant, in handling other officers by tact and diplomacy and through the cultivation of good personal relations, instead of through invoking the higher authority which was vested in me as the Colonel's right-hand man and issuing orders, was going to stand me in good stead later on. But it was not until I had examined things in terms of inner growth and development, in terms of progress in spiritual ways, that I really saw the light. How many times in the past, in terms of the inner life, had I seen other people hold fast to some true experience, to some real motive, unwilling to let it go, grasping it firmly like an orange that has been squeezed dry, long after all possible stimulus and meaning had, for the moment, been extracted from it. When a similar experience recurred, higher on the spiral, there would again always be in it for them further purpose and significance; but, for the present, they had impeded their inner advance, they had hindered their growth in all real ways, by their unwillingness to let go of something which had served its temporary purpose, because of their own preconceived ideas as to its importance and desirability. How many times had I done the same thing! Now, apparently, I was doing it all over again. Mobility, the ability to move forward, the power to advance, was essential in the inner life. Clearly, it was essential in the military life as well; and not alone in terms of strategy and tactics, but in the daily living of the soldier. He must not hold fast to preconceived ideas as to what he wants, or wanted, to do. He must move forward, strengthening himself, rounding himself out, at all possible points, so that he becomes ready for whatever form of responsibility the future may hold. To keep moving, that was the thing: to let go of anything which prevented this, once it had proved devoid of immediate value. When I had first joined the Theosophical Movement, I had been given work to do, as I have already said, among "down and out" men at a Rescue Mission. Little by little, I had been given work with individuals upon a different status, with other and more difficult and complex problems than were to be found among those men. The point had been reached at which to continue to the same extent my activity at that Mission, would have impeded my progress, impaired my effort, in what was opening up before me as an increased opportunity. Clearly, there was a parallel between all this and the way in which I had been clinging to the thought of commanding an infantry company. To forget about the infantry company; that was the thing. But not to forget, as I apparently had been doing, that there was for me a further point of supreme importance. My commission, I felt, was not only in the Army of the United States, but was, in a sense, from those Elder Brothers who were directing the Movement itself. I was trying, in a certain way, to act as if I were under their orders. If that was the case, was it likely that things were going to happen entirely by accident, as far as I was concerned? I thought that in all probability they were not going to do so, and faced forward again.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

LIFE'S GREATEST CHEMICAL

THERE is a line from a record of inner experience: "Slow, slow are my steps, oft times I halt by the way, and oft turn back: be not weary, O Lord, of waiting for one who follows Thee not with equal step." It is the cry of a man (Luis de Granada) who advanced far toward his goal—and a cry which must awaken a response in the heart of anyone who, striving for an ideal, finds himself continually faced by the disheartening discrepancy between his vision and his attainment, continually impeded by his own inherent characteristics, the thing he has made of himself in the past. How did such a man as this Spaniard meet the common but seemingly insurmountable difficulty, and achieve his end?

Recent newspapers and journals have made frequent reference to chlorophyll, the green material of plants, and the years of work which certain noted chemists have devoted to its study. Its close relation to the red colouring matter of the blood has been commented on, with the supposition that the latter was derived from this plant element, ages ago. Because of its power to act chemically on certain other elements, converting them into food, reserve food, and structural materials, the suggestion is made that it is life's greatest organic chemical, "for it has made possible life, as we know it, on this earth". The correspondence involved between fundamental processes in plant chemistry and animal chemistry, suggests a chemistry of a higher kind, with various familiar instances of one element converting another: the effect of one person's determined optimism upon a group of people enveloped in gloom; the effect of a single quiet will upon a crowd in a panic—all the evidences which we meet daily of a human chemistry above that of mere animal existence. Presumably there is a "chemistry" of each of the higher planes, including that of the spirit. What is the element here, corresponding to the chlorophyll of plants, which catalyzes associated elements into a higher life-substance? As if in answer, there is the statement from the book already mentioned:

The will is the unitive faculty. . . . Through the work of the will the soul issues from itself, passes to the object of its love, and, leaving its own being, takes that of the beloved. . . . Since love draws the will after it, and she, being mistress of the other faculties, draws them with her likewise, it follows that the beloved becomes lord over the lover, and the lover is transformed into the beloved (*Pedro Malón de Chaide*).

These two Spaniards, and a number of others quoted in the several volumes on Spanish mysticism by E. Allison Peers, lived in an age more intent than ours on the things of spirit, and more clearly aware than are most men to-day of where to search for that which "has made possible life on this earth". To many QUARTERLY readers they are long familiar, but in that case they may come now, it is hoped, as old and welcome friends. Great in love of the ideal, and great in their attainment of it, the experience of these men is of value to all who are

striving toward an ideal,—and who is not striving toward *some* ideal, except those who, like Lot's wife, have looked back and become fixed in a perpetual adolescence?

To the fact that love is the transforming agent, and the secret of real achievement, real life, they bear abundant testimony. "By love", writes one (Francisco de Osuna), "we are drawn out from ourselves and placed within that which we love: love enters the most secret place of all, while knowledge remains without among the creatures."

So great and so rare is the power of love, that I must needs be even as is the object of my love, and according to that at which I arrive by love. There is nought that joins or adheres in as lasting a fashion as love, which joins and unites us with the Beloved in such a way as to transform the lover into the object of his love. Love is nought but a mutual and unitive virtue. . . . Since the property of love is to absorb, convert and transform the lover into the Beloved, or into the thing loved, if the will love chiefly things of the earth, it becomes as earth; earthly it becomes and earthly is its love; and if it love mortal things, mortal and human is its will; if it love angels, it becomes angelic; if it love Thee, our Lord and God, it becomes divine" (*Diego de Estella*).

These last lines, with their reference to the varying forms which the ideal may and does take, call to mind the fact that not everyone, as yet, is striving for the angelic or the divine. That need not turn us aside, however, from the experience of those who are. Their ideal may not be the same as ours, their terminology, with (in this instance) its mediæval Christian flavour, may be foreign and uncongenial to us. Yet whatever the ideal, in the preliminary stages the method of attainment is the same. It may jar on our love of comfort to have discipline emphasized, or to hear that the first requisite is complete resignation to the will of God, and an "emptying out of self",—yet we have each experienced on our own lower plane, the counterpart of that. Who has ever made any *real* achievement, without first accepting completely the laws of the condition he aimed to achieve, and throwing aside at least momentarily everything in himself which went counter to them? To translate into familiar terms, or into a form applicable to our own present stage, is a matter of no great difficulty. And if we seek points of likeness first, we shall almost certainly progress, step by step, to ease in extracting the kernel from even the least inviting outer shell. Furthermore, the universal testimony is that as we attain to one ideal, we glimpse a higher one beyond, little by little realizing that there is in fact but *one Ideal*, of which our present vision is a small facet, and that, Buddhist or Christian or Mohammedan though the source may be, and whether the highest Good be seen as God, or the Master, or the Beloved,—the Master Soul is indeed one.

Three degrees of love are recognized by these Spanish mystics. The first is our love for our own selves; the second, love of the Ideal for ourselves; the third, love of all things, for the Ideal alone. To the possible objection that we are not capable of such an ascent, they reply:

If thou saidst thou couldst not fast, nor take the discipline, nor wear rough clothing, nor labour, nor journey, we could believe thee; but if thou sayest that thou canst not love, we believe thee not (*Francisco de Osuna*).

And Diego de Estella,

All can love Thee, Lord, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, small and great, young and old, men and women. To every estate and every age love is common. None is too weak, none too poor, and none too old to love.

And then, with a touch of humour, he adds: "Many are in Heaven who, for lack of ability, never fasted, gave alms or went for pilgrimages, but none is there who has not loved God. . . . Love is ready for all: in every place, at every time and in every season canst thou love."

Others see that not only *can* we love, but it is the nature of our being, which all too often we constantly deny:

God is as it were the centre of love, and to Him the weight of this same love draws every creature. So greatly is He to be loved that all creatures, both sensible and insensible, love Him in their several ways. . . . What is gravity in a stone, but love for the centre? What is lightness in fire, but love for the heavens? That which all things desire is called Sovereign Good, and thus the natural desire which is in them may in some sort be called love, although, as we said before, insensible Nature, because of its imperfections, cannot reach, as man and the angels can, that incommutable good, which is God (*Juan de los Angeles*).

This suggests the essential difference between the low ideals with which we so often dally, and an ideal which is *real*, an aspect of *the Ideal*,—namely, the drawing power which the latter exerts. So long as we look for our ideal in external things, or in our self and the ambitions of its plane, we spend ourselves, exhaust our energies, give our life force with no replenishing return current from that on which we spend. When, pushed onward by life itself, we progress sufficiently to seek our ideal by turning within (inward or upward), we soon begin to sense a response "from the other side". At first it may be no more consciously felt than is the power of gravitation. But little by little we become aware of it as an actual response to our appeal, and finally it becomes infinitely more than that.

Pain and suffering are the means which life uses to bring us to the point of this awareness. This is, of course, the reason many of the mystics sought suffering as they did, finding in it, when accepted and *used*, the surest way to obliterate the impediments in their own natures, and to heighten their awareness of that response, that invitation, that tremendous drawing power from the other side of the veil. Until we have some realization of this from our own actual experience, we can have little more than a mental comprehension of such an attitude as that in *The Dark Night of the Soul*, when the soul, failing to find the Beloved, goes out "into the streets and the broad ways, asking all she meets if they have seen Him whom her soul loveth. And the answer she receives is: 'Thou shalt find Him, not in speech but in anguish; not in words but in wounds.' " Or, from another writer:

And if, O my soul, thou dost say that among all the pains and sorrows of this life thou canst not for sorrow rise to the love of thy God, consider that these trials are blows of the steel that God gives to strike from the hard flint of thy heart sparks of fire and love, and that He afflicts thee that thou mayest love Him. For the most merciful Lord sees that thy heart is not softened by favours, and He wearies thee therefore with trials,

that so thou mayest rise to Him through love, and, loving Him thus, acquire new honour and a new being, when thou art transformed through love into God (*Diego de Estella*).

The same thought is found, though less directly expressed, in a letter from Juan de Ávila to a girl who was suffering from an illness:

Rest not until you have found suffering sweet, for herein appears love. Have no pity upon yourself, for both in Heaven and on earth you have One Who loves you dearly, and that which comes to you has been closely scanned and sent from the very hand of Him Who most truly loves you. Let not your faith grow cold in need and danger, nor your love amid trials. When a fire is strong the wind cannot quench it, but rather makes it stronger. So when a soul loves God as it were in play, its fire of love is quenched like a tiny candle with the first breath of wind that reaches it. But true love grows amid trials, for the more there comes to be borne, the greater the strength it gathers together to bear it; and if it be of God it conquers all trials—no water is sufficient to quench the fire which has come from Heaven. God has called such a soul to love Him, and love is not a thing for a mere pastime: one must hate oneself to love Christ, and deny oneself to confess Him, and be cruel to oneself to be gentle and meek with the Lord. If we love Him and desire to have fruition of Him, let us lose ourselves. If we would see Him, we must go through fire and water for Him. If we would make room for Him in our hearts we must cast out our very selves and all created things. . . . With burning acid gold is refined, and when the dross is removed it comes from the crucible refulgent.

This last passage emphasizes a point which has, of course, been implicit in all that preceded it—the fact that love as it is ordinarily (popularly) thought of is but a psychic reflection, a travesty often, of the love here referred to. These writers explain that it is not a love springing from the senses and affections of which they speak, nor is it a matter of strong feeling or any kindred emotion; nor can the understanding have any part in it—it is above them all. "Only the will can greatly love", wrote Pedro de Alcántara; and Juan de Ávila shows further that the form of will which is operative is higher than the ordinary:

The profit of the soul consists rather in a man's denying his own will, and doing with a good courage that which he feels to be pleasing to the Lord, than in tenderness of heart and sweetness of devotion. For in the former is revealed the true love which a man has toward God, wherein consists the perfection of Christianity, whereas in the latter may be concealed love of self, which befouls all things.

It is a love centred in one thing alone. "Live in this world as though there were in it but God and thy soul", and either discard all else or use it only as a means of approach to the thing loved,—remembering that "there is no creature, however small, that points not the way to God". The first attitude, that of turning away from outer things, finds quaint expression in a few lines, again from Diego de Estella:

Tell me then, O my soul,—answer me, O miserable one,—and declare to me the reason why thou goest so gladly among the creatures, with such hunger and thirst for them, and so greatly to thy dishonour? Why goest thou begging from them a poor drop of troubled water, so flat and brackish to the taste, which rather inflames than quenches thy thirst, forsaking the pure, delectable and eternal fountain of all blessings, in which alone thou couldst quench all thy thirst and satisfy all thy desire and thy will?

The second attitude, that of seeking the divine within and behind the outer

form, is found in a dialogue in one of the books of Juan de los Angeles, where the Disciple, having been told to meditate "on a newt or an ant or a violet or the tiny fish or reptiles of sea and land", complains that this is inconsistent with the requirement that he turn away from creatures and seek the Creator. He is told that the difficulty is real and rises opportunely—

Not only are we impeded in thinking upon God if we occupy ourselves with creatures, but I will even say that all the ills that are in the world have entered it because men have turned from enquiry concerning the Sovereign and Everlasting Good to that of outward and external things. . . . but through the creatures we should make search and enquiry concerning the Creator. . . . I use the creatures as instruments and means whereby we may find God. What thing is there, how small soever and vile, that shows not forth the infinite power of God, his wisdom and his goodness? Perplex not thyself either little or much concerning the bodily form of creatures. . . . but pass immediately to contemplate the presence of the Lord, Who gives to the thing that thou seest its being; and if thou dost feel His presence, extend thy thought and consider the omnipotence in that which is shown thee therein; and then consider more intimately the love which therein and in all the creatures God has and manifests to us.

The same writer, elsewhere, makes clear the danger of self-deception, which obviously is a lurking enemy at this point as at most other points along the path:

Thou wilt find some that say mysteriously, as though none should understand them, that music is a heavenly thing and uplifts the spirit; and that, when they hear it, they experience (so it seems to them) feelings most spiritual. But the truth is that all this is no more than sensuality, wherein they feel this manner of joy, devotion and pleasure. And this is clear and evident, because the same effects are caused in those that know not what is meant by "spirit", nor have aught to do therewith. Quite other are the effects of music upon true contemplatives, who, when they hear the music of the organ or of other instruments, put from them the pleasure, outward and physical, which is caused by the sounds, and pass to the contemplation of interior matters, and to the spirituality which corresponds with the harmonic accords which strike the ear.

There is one instance of this right use of outer forms which brings us unexpectedly near to a holy of holies. An old man "who had practised these things for more than fifty years", said that many times he had listened "to sermons and things of God" without understanding a word of them: "so hushed and so busy was his innermost understanding that nothing which was of creatures could take shape within it." He was told that he ought at such times to withdraw into retirement. To this he replied that "voices were to him as the sound of organs, in which the soul took delight even though it understood them not: he praised the Lord as it were in a counterpoint upon them in a way that could be felt, although he could not make another to understand it."

This latter passage suggests the records of inner states—prayer, meditation, spiritual recollection, contemplation, and finally (though beyond ordinary comprehension) ecstasy—which certain of the mystics have left. The boundless generosity of their accounts is incredible—describing and analysing for other, and all too often unsympathetic eyes, their innermost experience. They could scarcely have failed to see the risk of profanation by the unworthy. Yet they gave with open hands, for those who were capable of an understanding response

Christina Rossetti must have had them in mind when she wrote, "O ye who taste that love is sweet, set waymarks for all searching feet." One thing their records make apparent: that persons who have no acquaintance with prayer and meditation, who through some prejudice perhaps, are turned from it, are like a man living in a dark cellar of his home, the deserted upper floors of which contain treasures of unrealized beauty. Prayer is all too often misunderstood, because regarded as a mere repetition of words. This type of prayer, mental or vocal, the mystics recognize as right at one stage and in its proper place—a begging of the Lord for alms, one terms it. But they refer, for the most part, to a vastly different thing:

Prayer is an uplifting of our hearts to God, whereby we become united and made one with Him. To pray is for the soul to rise above itself, and above all created things, and to be joined with God, and engulfed in that ocean of infinite sweetness and love. Prayer is the issuing of the soul to receive God, when He comes in His abundant grace, and the soul draws Him to itself as to His kingdom, giving Him a dwelling-place within itself as it were within a temple, and therein possessing, loving and having fruition of Him. Prayer is the standing of the soul in the presence of God, and of God in the presence of the soul. . . . a royal door whereby we may enter into the heart of God (*Luis de Granada*).

Let a man imprison himself within his own self, in the centre of his soul, wherein is the image of God, and there let him wait upon Him, as one listens to another speaking from some high tower, or as though he had Him within his heart, and as if in all creation there were no other thing save God and his soul. Even himself should he forget, and that which he is doing, for . . . "that prayer is perfect in which he who is praying, remembers not that he is praying!" (*Pedro de Alcntara*).

Juan Falconi gives three suggestions, simple in appearance, but profound in application:

The best way to ask, and to pray, is to resign oneself into the will of God. By resignation of itself the soul walks all day long in prayer and in the presence of God. . . . Thou hast no need to keep repeating that thou surrenderest thyself to Him. . . . Be still, for thou *art* loving Him.

Juan de vila adds: "He who has never tasted of God knows neither what it is to hunger, nor yet to be filled"; and from another, writing on recollection of the soul, comes that most inviting of definitions: "It is a garden enclosed on all sides, whose key is given to God alone, that He may enter whensoever He will."

That these higher states are not within the reach of everyone, need hardly be said. One finds occasional reminder of the fact, as in the following admonition from Thomas of Villanueva:

Wherefore, if thou seest that thy soul and spirit are not apt for ascending the mount of contemplation, do thou exercise thyself in the valley below. There thou mayest remain, and walk in the active life, which is good likewise, though it is of little value without the other. Exercise then thyself in contemplation as best thou mayest, though it be but little, for without this thy achievement would be small, nor couldst thou exercise thyself in the active life. Contemplation will help thee, and give thee wings that thou mayest exercise thyself in the active life. . . . But labour thou in this if thou canst not achieve that, for many would-be contemplatives neither attain to the contemplative life nor are content with the active life, and remain without either.

Such advice was, doubtless, widely needed in view of the large numbers during the Middle Ages who turned, for varying reasons, to the monastic life. There is the well known eastern saying that the Buddha entered Nirvana on the shoulders of a million men, and this naturally comes to mind in explanation, as it were, of the achievement of such lofty souls as Saint Teresa or Saint John of the Cross. An army of monks and nuns, centuries of aspiration, made it possible for the comparatively few (though the marvel is that there were so many) to reach the point where the soul,—

is made one spirit in God, by God and with God. While not ceasing to be a soul, it is so completely infused in God, so entirely transformed in Him, so like to God in the one will which is between them, in the which willing the two things are one only,—a will enamoured, converted, submerged, engulfed and transformed in the most finely refined love, wherein the soul is absorbed and made one with the love which transformed it into itself (*Bernardino de Laredo*).

These mystics of the Christian Church—not merely the group in Spain here quoted, but those of all nations, down through the centuries—were the pioneers of the Western world in following the trail which the Western Avatar had blazed, and penetrating the realms to which he leads. And the striking feature of their achievement is that they did it alone and unaided outwardly, with no knowledge of the human “principles” except the Biblical division into body, soul and spirit, no knowledge of the action of Buddhi and Manas, and with the rationale of the development of higher faculties largely a matter of experiment. Such outer guidance as they had from superiors and directors, was as often as not a hindrance, as they themselves in some cases discovered and later testified. In the fullest sense, they learned to stand alone, to advance unaided, and to find the light in the depths of their own hearts. One of their number writes of a “hidden theology” which he does not presume to teach, and which no mortal has ever taught: “Christ has kept for Himself the office of teaching it secretly to the hearts in which it dwells.” They are the exemplification of the promise made by the Master Christ that if ye live the life ye shall know the doctrine. Their discovery had become known to the East millenniums before, and there it had been developed and amplified, with a fulness and completeness of detail, a comprehension of the rationale, and a breadth and depth of understanding which could result only from long centuries of living it and “intending” upon it. And this Wisdom Religion it was, which in part was disclosed to the Western world in 1875, in the custody of The Theosophical Society. One can only speculate, of course, but there seems room for doubt whether that disclosure would have been—could have been—made, if the mystics had not prepared the way, if the West, in their attainment, had not already worked out for itself, and made an inalienable part of its own consciousness, however deeply overlaid, this great truth in spiritual chemistry, this divine alchemy—the knowledge with certainty that Wisdom, on the wings of Love, can lift mankind to a life beyond life.

J.C.

A THEOSOPHICAL CALL

THERE is an age-old truth: on what the mind dwells, that it becomes. In the light of this truth, it should be interesting to consider, briefly, certain present-day conditions, and to give a theosophical answer to man in the plight in which he finds himself. Yet it is more than an answer that Theosophy gives; it is a call, a challenge to man to cease being a creature of little worth, a compromiser, a bargainer, and to become a creature of moral worth. Man must become moral before he can become divine.

One way of expressing the purpose of Theosophy is that it is to hold before man the Ideal of his potential divinity, that he may be brought to intend his mind on that Ideal, be drawn to it, aspire toward it, and eventually fulfil it, though the ordinary course which man pursues is exactly the opposite of the one which will lead to the eventual embodiment of his divinity. Recurrently, man becomes submerged in debts of his own making, both financial and moral. Seeking a way out, almost invariably he lowers his standards to meet his needs; demonetizes his standards of value. Evidence that such a method is not the real way out, lies in the fact that again man is submerged in debts of his own making, and, again, seeks the easy, or the apparently easy way out.

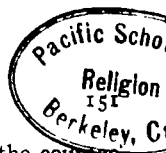
Often it is possible to understand more intelligently what is taking place in the present if an analogue is found in the past. Let us see, then, what happened once before when man lowered his standards of value and began to live ignobly instead of nobly; and let us notice, too, in this example from the past, what it was that led man out of the chaos in which he had submerged himself. By taking a long backward look it is possible to view present conditions with more detachment, more dispassionately, and, therefore, with calmer, clearer vision.

Let us turn to the well-known, but significant, example offered by ancient Rome.

The State of Rome, which eventually conquered half the world and, in doing so, became the channel through which there has come down to us the splendour of more ancient civilizations, and the message of the Western Master, was founded on the quality of *virtus*. Had not her citizens possessed, individually, the quality of *virtus*, the glory of Rome probably never would have existed; the past of Egypt and of Greece might have fallen into oblivion, and Christianity might early have perished as a Jewish heresy.

What was, in reality, the *virtus* of the Roman citizen? Loosely, the word is often translated as virtue. To the Roman it meant far more than what we to-day connote by that word. *Virtus* is derived from *vir*, meaning man; and when the *tus* was added, the abstract noun thus formed, *virtus*, meant manhood, the quality of being a man—a quality sorely lacking in the world to-day. To those Romans of an early day, *virtus* was the primal virtue. It meant first and foremost the physical courage that belongs to real manhood: the courage to

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face hardship and danger. Later it grew to mean moral courage: the courage to do one's duty at any cost. It was on this quality of *virtus*, of the manhood or moral worth of her individual citizens, that the Roman State was founded and flourished. While the Roman citizen remained a creature of moral worth, aware of his responsibility to the State and acting it out, Rome prospered as a moral entity in the world.

But when those standards were lowered, as they were in later centuries, when the individual citizen was no longer a creature of moral worth who fulfilled his moral responsibility to the State, the State, as a moral entity, deteriorated in precise ratio. Her grandeur diminished as the individual citizen allowed lust of wealth and personal power to replace his love of honour and duty. In few of her citizens did her early ideal remain potent, with the result that in the first century B.C. we can find in Rome certain conditions which parallel those of to-day. One or two instances will be sufficient to indicate the parallelism.

The Mediterranean Sea was infested by pirates. Roman trade was at a standstill. Imports such as grain from Egypt, necessary to sustain life, were cut off and, in consequence, food prices rose exorbitantly at Rome. Roman merchants scarcely dared to send their exports forth in the regular course of trade, for their ships were captured and the cargoes confiscated. Travellers as well as crews were seized and held for ransom, or were sold into slavery. So bold did those pirates become that they sailed right up to the shores and kidnapped Roman citizens.

Is there any essential difference between racketeers who ply their trade at sea and those who levy their impost in great cities? Any difference between kidnappers who deport their victims in ships and those who carry them off in automobiles?

Consider, too, the Roman agricultural situation. Small independent farms, the land tilled by those who owned them and by a few farm labourers, were passing out of existence. Men who had become suddenly rich, often through corrupt practices, bought up the small farms and incorporated them into large estates. Many such parcels became the property of one proprietor, the land no longer worked by a free and stalwart citizenry, but by retinues of virtual slaves. The small farmers, thus dispossessed, and the former farm labourers, flocked to Rome, where, their number augmented by ex-soldiers, they formed themselves into a great class of unemployed, sustained by free corn, and for whose amusement gladiatorial games were staged, either by certain of the new rich, or by politicians who thus sought to control them for their own political ends. In the circumstances, it was not long before these ex-soldiers and these former stalwart citizens fell into the lax habits of professional loafers, and found it more convenient to remain idlers than to stand squarely on their own two feet and earn an honest living.

What essential difference is there between men who sell themselves for excursions and picnics, and those whose support could be had for a gladiatorial game? Between the English dole and the disguised American dole, and the subsidy of free corn?

With such elements of disintegration present in the first century B.C. of Rome's

life, only one consequence would be supposed: the collapse of the State as a moral influence in the world. That such a catastrophe did not occur at the time is due, largely, to three men, Crassus, Pompey and Julius Cæsar, who pooled their powers, so to speak, for the sake of the Roman State, who put aside, for the time, their own separate interests for the good of the whole. Their motives may not have been unmixed, their purposes may not have been entirely altruistic. They may not have been saints, but they were men with the courage to carry out their convictions. They appreciated that the *virtus*, the manhood, the moral worth of her citizens had to be resuscitated, had to be revived, if the moral worth of the State, itself, were to be resuscitated, revived. Consequently, there was held before the people the ideal on which their State had been founded and had prospered, that once more they might intend their minds on it, and that a sufficient number of them might be brought to acknowledge, and to act out, their moral responsibility to the State.

Each of the Triumvirate had a distinct contribution to make. Crassus, the moneyed man of the three, supplied the necessary funds. Pompey had rid the sea of pirates. Also, he had led the Roman forces to the East, had conquered and consolidated much territory, such as Syria and Palestine, which he made an integral part of the State. Pompey supplied the prestige. Cæsar, who was the youngest and, at the time, the least known of the three, supplied the brains. It was he who led the Roman forces to the West, into Gaul and elsewhere, and who conquered and brought that territory under Roman dominion. When he met his untimely death, he was virtual dictator of Rome. All the fabric of an Empire had been woven, so that Augustus Cæsar, who succeeded, became ruler of the Great Roman Empire.

True, the existence of the First Triumvirate, as it is called, was comparatively short, as its members failed to continue in agreement. True, the Roman Empire had its ups and downs, and, finally, fell. The point is, however, that because, for a time, the quality of *virtus* was revived in a sufficient number of her citizens, the State, in which were present the elements of decay, lasted for some five centuries, and the field for the propagation of the Christian Master's teaching was prepared.

Now to turn more specifically to Theosophy's call to man, to the challenge it holds before him in his present plight. Mr. Judge said, "Thoughts are things". It is with his thoughts that man creates the atmosphere in which he lives, very much as he covers the walls of his room with pictures. For centuries he has hung pictures of a low order there: pictures of greed, selfishness, self-gratification and the like. He has intended his mind, in the main, on a low order of things. Theosophy, holding before man the Ideal of his eventual divinity, bids him replace these pictures, one by one, with those of a high order, of noble standards. Theosophy offers no easy way, no short-cut out of man's difficulties. Theosophy offers the long way, the rugged way, but the sure way. It is the way the Masters went. It is the way all warriors have trod, and will tread. It is the way of the soul.

Implicit in manhood is the quality of choice, and Theosophy bids man choose

aright. He must, as said, replace methodically the pictures of a low order which he, himself, has hung; for a picture of greed, a picture depicting self-sacrifice, let us say; for selfishness, one of unselfishness, and so on until the replacement is complete. There will be times during the process that some picture of a low order will come vividly to mind, as if to say, "Why all this struggle? What is the use of it all? You know that I point to the easy way. You have followed me many times in the past; follow me again." At such times man must fix his attention rigidly on some picture of a high order of things, a picture of moral worth at least; let us say on that of a knight whose entire record was one of loyalty to his king and to his ideal.

Theosophy, then, bids man profit by his errors of the past, errors which, often, led him to compromise with difficulty by lowering his standards to meet immediate needs, instead of raising his standards to surmount the difficulty. Therefore, Theosophy calls to man, challenges him, to start from where he is and with what he has made himself, a creature of little worth, and by his own sincere, consistent, indomitable efforts to become a creature of moral worth. When this has been done, in a measure at least, it bids him direct his attention more specifically toward attaining divine worth. That may be years, perhaps incarnations, hence; but with his mind thus intended on his potential divinity, and with the help that is his from above, Theosophy will bid him gradually raise that which is of moral worth, until it comes into contact with the element of divine worth within him; until, in short, he comes into union with the divine order of things, instead of remaining in disunion, as he has been and now is.

While the individual citizen fulfilled his moral responsibility to the State, Rome remained a moral entity in the world and, as such, prospered. In order that the call Theosophy makes to man, the challenge it holds before him, may be met, it is the responsibility of each member of the Society to serve the Ideal to the best of his ability, and in his degree; to serve it courageously, with fortitude, with self-sacrifice, with humility, with love, so that it may continue a living, breathing Reality in a world that sorely needs it, even though the world, apparently, seems unaware of its need at the moment.

G.M.W.K.

For as often as any new thing falleth to a man, be it of prosperity or adversity, he should think in himself thus: Of this will I win somewhat,—for he that can do so shall soon be rich in virtue.—CATHERINE OF SIENA.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder, having caught the Historian, the Philosopher and other friends collectively, announced that a plan had been suggested to him, but that this plan would require some preliminary explanation.

"Let me remind you", he said, "of a rather widespread belief at the present time that a sort of Messiah will come, and come soon, to lead the world out of its miseries. For the most part, those who share this belief would be regarded as cranks,—and often are cranks, in the sense that, imbued with an idea which contains elements of truth, they are unable to discriminate between proximate and remote, big and little, cosmic and local. Further, all these enthusiasts—Second Adventists, Irvingites, Spiritualists, Bible Prophecy and Great Pyramid Interpreters, among them—all translate the idea in ways which accord with their dominant preconception. There are some, inevitably, who make the subject ridiculous. A former member of the T.S., who became one of Judge's bitterest accusers (Judge had not approved of him), and who, since that time, has withered into a professional astrologer, tries to keep up with the procession by mixing the Book of Daniel, Great Pyramid measurements, Eclipses, the Zodiac, and Planetary influences, as foundation for prophecies of great events. Writing and publishing prior to the event (a grave mistake!), he declared: 'In the year 1932, following the Judgment of the Nations, the Prince of Peace will appear as the Rider upon the White Horse, having upon His Head a Crown and in His Hands the Bow of prophecy and the Arrows of truth—all-conquering. He will rule the nations and execute judgment from afar.' All I can say is that the year 1932 did not feel like it! However, very few people, I imagine, keep track of modern prophets, while, to be fair, the 'prophet' I have quoted is in no way typical. There are men of the highest integrity who watch and pray for the Coming of the Lord, and who do not make money out of it. In China, India, and throughout the East, there are rumours of a 'Coming', near at hand, which is to be an outstanding event in history.

"Students of Theosophy have no reason to believe that a Messiah, an Avatar (an incarnation of the Oversoul), will come soon, although, of course, all things are possible. In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna tells Arjuna: '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.'

"Even so, why assume that the present is such a time? On the other hand, H.P.B. said, and history confirms it, that during the last quarter of every century the Lodge sends among men a Messenger (of far lesser degree than an Avatar), in an effort to revive some knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom; and we know, further, from a study of history, that the Lodge occasionally sends a

'forerunner', in advance of the Messenger, to explore and prepare the way. We see such a 'forerunner', in the eighteenth century, in the person of Saint-Germain, —whose mission, by the way, was not completed. Is he, by any chance, as some allege, living to-day in one of the old palaces along the Grand Canal in Venice, waiting to resume his task?

"In any event, while, in the past, the Lodge Messenger has begun his work in the world at the beginning of the last quarter of every century (the T.S. was founded in 1875), the continued existence, so far into the twentieth century, of the nineteenth century effort—the effort of H.P.B. and Judge—has, we believe, affected the ordinary cyclic rhythm, bringing the next 'arrival' that much nearer as a possibility, though not as a certainty,—bringing it nearer inwardly, though not of necessity outwardly. You will remember what was said about this at our last Convention.

"Students of Theosophy naturally are interested in this possibility; naturally wish to see and know those to whom the future of the Work will be entrusted. But just what have we in mind as the effect of any such 'arrival'? A most interesting question! So much so, that the editors of the QUARTERLY were requested to sound some of our members by asking for written replies under these three heads: 'What do you think a Lodge forerunner or Messenger could do, (1) for you; (2) for the T.S.; (3) for the world,—and how?' Non-members should be interested also, for there are many outside our ranks who have longed for the appearance of some man, wiser, stronger, nobler than even the best of the world's statesmen or religious leaders, who would be able to persuade or force humanity into ways of righteousness and peace. And yet,—and yet: what could the wisest, noblest, best, what could the most forceful and the most inspired among men, actually accomplish at this time,—and how?

"First, should we be able to recognize him as a true leader, or, just because he was superior and in that sense different, should we denounce him as an interloper and charlatan? Judging by the past, most people would want to hang him from the nearest lamp-post. However, if you will allow me to read some of these written answers, perhaps you will be good enough, later, to comment upon them."

Whereupon the Recorder began reading as follows:

"(1) I believe that a forerunner or Messenger could make straight for me the highway to liberation and enlightenment, provided that I did all that is possible to increase my desire and determination to realize these ends. It seems to me that he could multiply the possibilities of attaining chéliship; that his embodied presence near at hand would place at one's disposal a new reserve of spiritual energy; that it would make more concrete the ideal of the Soul and would be a stimulus to ever greater effort. But there would be an added responsibility for every individual. He could not make us chélas by force or by decree. Those who failed to respond to his presence would sink back to a lower condition than before.

"(2) The same principles would be applicable to his relationship with the

T.S. Its members would benefit according to the sincerity and intensity of their response. Certainly his appearance would ease the burden now wholly borne by a very small group of veterans, and it would increase the effectiveness of the Society as a nucleus of spiritual consciousness in the world. It would provide a certain assurance that this nucleus will not disappear from manifestation when the older members die. But the Messenger, if left altogether alone at the helm, might be forced to seek helpers elsewhere, outside the T.S. What I mean to say is that he could not help or even preserve the T.S., if its membership remained cold and indifferent to his appeal.

“(3) One wonders what he could do for the world. It would seem that the great mass of mankind desires a Messenger from on high less than it desires anything else under the sun. How few even dream of his coming! People want success or comfort or money in the bank, some satisfaction of egotism, some opportunity for self-indulgence. The materialistic conception of Nature is so prevalent that even those who have the best intentions are almost devoid of belief in the reality of spiritual agencies.

“‘If it were the Messenger’s mission to work actively in the world, it would seem that his first task would be to clear away some of the debris of the century; that he would appear as Siva, the Destroyer who is also the Regenerator. There are so many false ideas, false hopes and desires, false modes of life, which have drawn into themselves and imprisoned energies which cannot be available for the building of a new civilization unless they be released through the destruction of their present vehicles.

“‘It is conceivable, however, that the Messenger would not attempt such a prodigious undertaking at this time. The process of annihilating illusions on a world-wide scale might be left for the present to the general action of Nature and Karma. In so far as my ideas upon this subject are at all clear, I imagine that the Messenger would seek above all to strengthen the elements of spiritual consciousness wherever these are present in the world. By living the truth himself, he could awaken a true life in others who were not too deeply buried beneath an avalanche of delusions.

“‘Is not this the function of the T.S., to keep alive a nucleus of spiritual consciousness which a forerunner or Messenger from the Lodge could use? And is it not the privilege of each individual member to do his utmost through his own efforts to keep the fire burning in his particular corner? In the last analysis, everything depends upon the efforts of individuals.’

“The next”, the Recorder continued, “strikes a slightly different note:

“‘(1) Ever since the possible coming of a Lodge forerunner was spoken of some five years ago, I have been asking myself what he could do that the “Ancients”, the older members of The Theosophical Society, could not do if we made it possible. My own need, I feel, is to “gain the strength to receive”. All the spiritual help, guidance, knowledge and wisdom that I need for my advance, and far more, is available. The trouble is with my own effort, which falls so far below what it ought to be. In consequence, I do not take advantage of my

opportunity, and do not succeed in taking what is offered. The lack is in the effective demand, not in the supply.

“(2) I think that the same thing is true of the T.S. as a whole. Perhaps a Lodge forerunner or Messenger would bring with him enough of the atmosphere and inspiration of the Lodge to give us the strength, desire, determination and love needed to maintain our effort at its maximum, thereby making us grow, and thus making it possible for us to be given constantly more and more. Contact with the “Ancients” brings something of this inspiration. Sometimes a reminder from home will arouse an irresistible longing in the heart of an exile. Perhaps a touch from a Lodge forerunner would arouse the passionate love of our home, and the things of our home, which we have, buried in our hearts, but which we have failed to arouse for ourselves,—a love that would take us on wings to our goal.

“As I see it, however, the chief reason for desiring with all that is in us, the coming of a forerunner, is that he may be recognized by those who have the power to do so, while they are still with us. Then, when they have to go on, he can direct the Work and us, so that the Work can be continued in all its branches; and we can continue to serve, our efforts wisely directed and we saved from doing, by our stupidity and ignorance, more harm than good. His coming would continue our connection with the Lodge, and the incalculable benefits that flow from it, to us and to the world. Another potent reason for ardently desiring his coming is that it would take something of the heavy strain from the older members of the T.S.

“(3) It seems presumptuous to try to answer this question, but this is the way the need of the world appears to me:

“First. Before a man, or the world, can receive new truth, he must have ceased to be entirely satisfied with the ideas that he has, and must desire something better. In the last century, H.P.B. had to devote much effort to breaking rigid, dogmatic moulds of thought before new ideas could be grasped. To-day, the moulds are breaking. Men do not know what to believe, and few views are firmly held. There is questioning and discontent with current ideas on every side. Religious dogmas have been greatly weakened or destroyed; democracy is no longer the fetish that it was; there is discontent with modern education; and science is destroying the foundations of its own materialism. This process is going on, but it is certainly far from complete, and it would seem that more preparation is needed before the minds of men will be ready for a new message from the Lodge.

“Second. The great need of the world is to regain belief in spiritual as opposed to material values. To bring this about, there must be belief in the Spirit, in man's spiritual nature, in Divine guidance and a Divine purpose for man. The first step would seem to be to demonstrate that there is intelligent guidance in the universe, and I would make my attack there. I believe that science has reached, or very soon will reach, the point where, by the skilful assembling and use of science's own material, a Lodge Messenger could prove, in a way that would carry conviction to the world, that there must be such guid-

ance. It is a short step from that to belief in Divine guidance of human affairs and a Divine purpose for man. These beliefs, properly directed as a Lodge Messenger could direct them, would transform the Western world. They would make possible the restoration of faith and of true religion, and the realization that the purpose of life is the evolution of the soul, the development of character. A most important step would be the reform of education, so that life and all subjects taught would be approached from a spiritual and not, as at present, a materialistic standpoint. Untold harm is done by present methods. Once the spiritual nature of the universe had been admitted, a Lodge Messenger would know how to attack the present methods of the colleges and bring about a change. It would be harder to have primary education put where it belongs, under the guidance of religion, and not of the State.

"One thing sorely needed by mankind is a true ideal to love and to follow. The war showed that men can still give themselves in splendid self-sacrifice to a Cause that appeals to them as worthy of their best. They see no such Cause to-day. There is a good deal of vague groping after idealism, vague desires for altruism, but for the most part they are directed to materialistic aims. They lack truth and do not draw men's hearts. A Lodge Messenger would bring a true and moving ideal. But I do not think the world is yet ready. More preparation is needed. During this time of preparation, the continuance of the Work in the world is vitally important: it may be essential. The coming of the forerunner before the "Ancients" have to pass on, would ensure its continuance, and hence the continued preparation of the world for the coming of the Messenger.' "

"What remarkable human documents!" the Philosopher interjected. "They are at least as valuable as revelations of different personalities—of different prismatic effects—as for their direct content. Please, some more!"

So the Recorder continued to read:

"(1) What the Lodge forerunner or Messenger could do for me would be in proportion to my own desire for his help, my devotion to the Cause he represents, and the extent to which I had acquired understanding through inner effort and obedience to spiritual law.

"(2) H.P.B., in her Conclusion to *The Key to Theosophy*, has painted a glowing picture of the possibilities of the T.S. when the next Lodge Messenger comes, and it seems to me that the conditions for such a result exist in the T.S. to-day in a devoted, united, though not numerous body of people ready to welcome the "new torch-bearer of Truth". As in the case of an individual, the help that might be received by a group of people would be limited to their capacity to receive and to understand.

"(3) It would seem that the world must endure greater suffering before it will be ready to listen to or heed the message of the Messenger. Out of the gross materialism and resulting chaos so manifest in the world to-day, must eventually come a realization of man's inability to rule or govern himself; then, a reverence for and a willingness to submit himself to an authority which he

recognizes as greater and higher than himself. If the world, through more suffering, begins to learn this lesson, a Messenger or forerunner of the Lodge could work wonders, using the little leaven furnished by a united, devoted group of T.S. members to leaven the whole lump, and thus prepare the ground for the ultimate establishment of a dynasty of Adept kings.'

"I shall now omit passages", said the Recorder, "which express ideas contained in answers I have already read to you. In the next set, I would especially call your attention to the section numbered (3):

" '(1) We are told that with Masters all things are possible. A great craftsman is known by his tools. He prefers good tools. He keeps them clean, sharp and in order. Nevertheless, he can do a better piece of work with a poor tool than can an inferior craftsman. Sometimes he will seize as a tool an object not made for that purpose, but at hand. Will it serve? Am I a poor tool or no tool at all?

" '(2) The same thing applies to The Theosophical Society. How far can it be trusted? To what extent can it be used?

" '(3) As for the world, who can see the hidden aspirations beneath its boiling scum? Only the Lodge of Masters.

" 'We have been told that Masters work with the cycles: also, that cycles can be transcended. The appearance, at this time, of a Lodge Messenger in The Theosophical Society would certainly indicate that for some people the hundred year cycle had been transcended and that the Messenger would be able to work with them upon a higher cycle. While this would be true of the T.S., it would not necessarily be true of the world. Of course, the effects of all inner work are felt eventually upon the outer planes, but are not recognized as such. The presence of such a Messenger would have an influence whether he worked with the world or not.

" 'One can imagine a Lodge Messenger doing no visible outer work in the T.S. He would communicate only with the higher consciousness of those who were able to perceive him there. This communion would hasten the evolution of those sharing in it, and would produce a powerful centre of vibrations in the world. One may consider this state as already existing, but the advent of a Messenger would extend it. The increased vibration within the world would stimulate some to a clearer comprehension of principles, and to better action, and it would also create a greater explosive flight, from the centre, of the grosser elements.

" 'My feeling is that the work of such a Messenger, being one of preparation, at the beginning at least, would be carried on in the inner selves of the members. This feeling is based solely upon the assumption that the cycle of outer work in the world has not been reached. . . .'

"From another set of answers I extract this very significant sentence, which follows a reminder of the way in which Avatars and Lodge Messengers have been treated in the past:

" ' . . . Therefore, I am not concerned about all that a Lodge forerunner or

Messenger could do for me. I am gravely concerned about what I could do for him. To that end, I am endeavouring to perform the tasks allotted to me in such a manner that, when he comes, they may require a minimum of his time and attention.'

'Another reply to the second question (what could be done for the T.S.) raises considerations perhaps not so clearly covered in answers already quoted; you may judge for yourselves:

"(2) I should suppose that the force of the forerunner or Messenger would be used on inner planes, to strengthen and reinforce every organization and movement of the present day which actually furthers the cause of righteousness and the real betterment of mankind. The T.S. being, in certain respects, better fitted than other organizations to receive help of this kind, should be able to make a right use of a greater share of it, and should be in position to serve as the chief outer instrument of the new leader. I should suppose that the method of outer work this time would be very different from that of the last century—very much less external, for one thing. The great harm done to the cause of Theosophy in the eyes of the world by the Adyar and similar organizations would doubtless be taken into account and offset, and for that reason, the world might hear and see little of the T.S. as such during the Lodge activities of the remainder of this century. Furthermore, using the spiral as an analogy, the whole activity this time would be on a higher level than in the last century. There would almost certainly be no outer display analogous to the psychic phenomena of the last time; there might well be no publicity, no large membership, no widespread interest in the subject of Theosophy. It is conceivable that, instead, the emphasis would be laid wholly on the intensive development of the nucleus, the germ cell in which life is stored for the future growth of the organism. The fact that the work survived the turn of the century in 1900 has doubtless affected many people (unconsciously to themselves) all over the world, outside the present Society. These would presumably be drawn into the ranks,—not through publicity, but by the new spiritual force drawing together the already active spiritual undercurrents; and such persons would enter the Work, not wholly as newcomers but in some degree prepared. In 1875, many were called but few were chosen, just as in the time of the Master Christ. In the new outpouring, it might well be that the proportions would be different, due to the successful work of the last fifty-nine years,—this time, comparatively few being "called", but of that number, many proving fit to be "chosen". Then the time and force of the forerunner or Messenger might be chiefly given, not to work that the world would see and hear of, but to the training and development of active servants of the Lodge, increasingly conscious of their Lodge connection and increasingly aware both of the work they are intended to perform in and for the world, and of how best to do it.'

"One purpose in formulating these questions and in publishing the replies, is quite obvious, as the next set of answers will show: it is to force us to dig into

ourselves and to bring into our waking consciousness, a clear-cut image both of our desire and of our ideal. . . . It may be, of course, that somebody also wanted to know, and that this was a simple way to get at it! Real people do not waste their energies."

The Recorder then read the following:

"I have taken several days to think about the questions propounded; they are perhaps the most difficult ones I have ever met. At first I answered to myself: nothing can be done on any of these counts; I have the teachings and it is up to me to incarnate them; the T.S. has its opportunity likewise, and as for the world—fancy it listening to a spiritual teacher backed by The Theosophical Society! But such a reply is only the superficial froth of a weary mind. So I sought more deeply, knowing well that the questions were not idle ones.

"I thought of similar sendings in the past—of John, and of Saint Germain; of veiled prophecies; of a nation brought to a desperate plight through its betrayal by false prophets. . . .

"There grew up within me a feeling that the dire need of the moment is a revelation of a clear-cut issue for all of us—a revelation which will force men and women to take sides in accord with their varying degrees of knowledge. Perhaps the reading of Berdyaev's *End of Our Time* contributed to this feeling. The time is approaching he tells us, when men must choose between the mysticism of Christ and that of Antichrist. I recalled that "the Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought; it will be fought under the next Lodge Messenger."

"Therefore it might seem that the Precursor will sound the same challenge that John did: "Repent ye for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand". He might set forth the issue so clearly that neutrality would no longer be possible. Men would be forced to enter one or the other of the armies which will be slowly drawn up on the new Kurukshetra [as in the *Bhagavad Gita*] to abide the Master's coming.

"How would he provoke the line-up? How would he initiate the campaign? One might suggest reverently that he would begin with a simple, unequivocal declaration of the ancient truths: I am come to prepare the way; to insist that you choose of your own free wills whether you will henceforth serve God or Satan. As you choose so you must abide. There would be no softening of the words through fear of giving offence to any special group. The world would hear again the stern declaration of the Law. It would be confronted with the vile gods it has been worshipping.

"Through what channels would he get his words to the people? With the power of the Lodge behind him, an address in the streets of New York, if need be, would start a wave that press and radio would carry through the country, particularly if it were backed by demonstrations of his powers over nature. The effect would be an immediate revelation of men's souls, and they would line up under one banner or the other. Leading the forces of darkness would be the intellectuals and liberals—those disciples of scientific materialism and sensuality who parallel the Pharisees of old. To their standard would flock the host of hateful subversives—the bitter communists and their like. The Protestant

Liberal Churches would be split wide open. The Roman fold would probably form a special wing, aloof and arrogant and utterly unable to admit that truth could be found outside its particular mediation.

"On the other side would stand our Leader with a handful of disciples and would-be disciples just as of old. Supporting him would be the fairly honest, vacillating, hard-working, church-going middle class who, possibly, in their bewilderment, would hail him as the long-expected Messiah. The prevalence of Messianic prophecy among the more orthodox churches to-day would conduce to this.

"His teaching would be the ancient Theosophy adapted to the needs of the present age.

"What part would The Theosophical Society play in this great sifting? What could he do for The Theosophical Society?

"First of all I have sensed the desperate fear of our leaders that they may be "called home" before their great Trust is in safe hands; he could bring them the joy they have earned by all these years of devoted toil.

"The T.S. would come alive and swing into action. For if the world could be moved by his presence, how much more his own organization. It might not have to come into the open at all as a Society, since to do so might hinder his work. The Black Lodge has perverted and befouled the name to such a degree that he might have to condemn "occultism" unsparingly, and the world could hardly be expected to distinguish between "theosophists".

"As a secret body, understanding something of his origin and purpose, the T.S. might form a cordon about him, making straight his physical pathway just as H.P.B. hoped it might do: "... There will be in existence an organized, living and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century—an organization awaiting his arrival which will remove the merely mechanical material obstacles and difficulties from his path."

"Some of the members of the T.S. might know the joy of his direct supervision—his piercing insight using each man's talents in the most effective way, just as we use our own bodily powers. This implies chelaship or something close to it. Is it too much to hope that he might draw such members together for private instruction? Have I not read that such as he can transmit understanding with a touch? There is a difficult paradox here. Certain members feel that they are stopped by a barrier: they need more insight and a strong emotional reaction to send them forward. Yet, as Cavé has pointed out, if that door is opened, demons can likewise come through it. Might not all be lost for which Masters have toiled so long? The situation seems to stand thus:

"1. The method of intellectual and emotional appeal made through the QUARTERLY and at many Conventions has ceased to be effective. A need exists for a sharper spur.

"2. If soldiers are not fully trained when the armies are mobilized, they have to go into battle with the training they have.

"3. The human soul responds to the challenge to action. The flame of life burns more fiercely when it encounters opposition which demands action.

"4. The members have in their minds a considerable body of ethical and moral knowledge. With *direct cognizance* and the dangers which attend it, that knowledge should come to the rescue.

"5. Nothing venture, nothing gain. Either conquering we "inherit the earth", or slain we "gain heaven", whence we may come forth to fight again.

"6. Certain of our members have been long with us and are not mere privates. Of something of the innerness of Masters' plan they must become directly aware if they are to serve effectively. . . .'

"You will agree with me, I think, that the answers I am going to read now—they will be the last—get very close to the heart of things:

"(1) For me, first and foremost, he could bring relief to those I love, to those who, ever since the turn of the cycle, through more years than are reckoned as a generation, have borne the burden of responsibility and the strain of ceaseless watch and ward and combat for the Movement. He could take over command from them, as the leader of a relieving force takes over the defence of a beleaguered city, securing its lines of communication, re-manning walls too sparsely held, and organizing for a new advance. The simile is borrowed, but is truer than any I could invent. With his coming, whatever the future might hold, our own captains would have fulfilled the task they undertook, and a very gallant venture would have been crowned with success.

"I know that the most lasting victories may be won through what the world would call defeat. "The gods are nourished by sacrifice", and we are warring for the gods. Perhaps Gordon, murdered in Khartoum while Wolseley's column was still held back, may have been able to look beyond his own death, and the fall of all he had laboured to upbuild, to the triumph of Kitchener fourteen years later. Perhaps he may have seen that, in the end, his death would do for the Soudan more than his relief could do; and realizing this he may have been content to die. But I do not think his servant, who loved him, could have been expected to share in that content. He must have prayed daily for the relief that did not come.

"Would it have been better for the world if Roland had been relieved at Roncesvalles? had Jeanne d'Arc been spared her martyrdom at Compiègne and Rouen? Are there low-rank angels, servants of the servants of the Mysteries, perhaps still young and "of little brain", so that they love without knowing what or why they love, who ask if the whole world was worth its cost of Calvary? Do their elders sometimes ask the same? Or does there come a time when the mystery is mystery no more, when the riddle is read from the other end, and Calvary shines forth, so radiant in the splendour of the spirit's self-fulfilment, as to be worth its cost of the whole world,—yes, so that it atones for the whole world, and reconciles the beholder to it?

"Fortunately, such questions need not concern me. As Jeanne herself said, the men-at-arms are to fight, and God will give the victory. The strategy of the campaign, whether relief is to be sent or withheld, rests with the High Command. Their duty is not mine. To fight means to strive for victory—not delayed, not

wrapped in defeat, not purchased by the martyrdom of those above me—but immediate, manifest, and at the minimum of cost to those we serve. To fight is to pray; and the coming of the Lodge Messenger would be the answer to my prayer.

“ ‘Beyond that, I doubt whether there is much that he could do for me. What could Lord Wolseley have done for General Gordon’s servant? He could bring Gordon other servants, able to serve him better: but could he make this servant a better servant? I am convinced that everything that can be done for me is being done, that I am given every aid I am willing to accept. Over and over again this has been proved to us: there is no limit to what is offered; the only limits are in our power to receive. Doubtless one coming newly from the Lodge would bring new light to me, a new ray falling at a new angle; and with this there would be new shame for what it would reveal,—of ways and standards I had known but permitted myself to forget; of opportunities neglected until they were lost; of needs I could have met had I not been too self-absorbed to see them; of weakness and failure and faithlessness, the worst where most unconscious. But even as things are, there is no day in which the Master lets me lack the light with which to shame my sins. What reason have I to think I should make better use of more? The lack is not in the light, but in the response to it, in the will that is so much my own that none but I can move it. That is the terror of self-will; before it the gods themselves are impotent.

“(2) For the T.S.? It would have to be hardened and tempered before it could do the work that the next Lodge Messenger will have to do. It has maintained a clean mould, a skeleton organization, which is of inestimable value; but the material that fills it is for the most part soft. If it could not be tempered, it might have to be run off, and the mould refilled with harder metal, capable of being given a better cutting edge. There are not many members, as things are, who could really be counted upon to accomplish results; and it has been suggested that where results are requisite, effective devils would be preferable to ineffective saints. It cannot be a pleasant job to have to control and work with devils; but no one expects the Lodge Messenger to have a pleasant time, and perhaps he would find this no more nerve-wracking than to be responsible for the practical consequences of mere good intentions left to act unguided in a crisis. There is far too much unintelligent devotion and goodness in the T.S. for it to be safe to leave it to itself, and unless there is someone to lead it aright, it is almost certain to be captured by those who will lead it awrong. It might be likened to the arsenal in the beleaguered city of our earlier illustration, which, if the city be not relieved, must be destroyed lest it fall into the hands of the enemy.

“(3) For the world? “Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked: . . . As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: . . . Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”

“ ‘No verses are more familiar, but the significance of their order is often overlooked. There is nothing one can do for the self-satisfied man, and the Lodge Messenger would knock in vain unless the arrogance of the world, which makes it

both unwilling and unable to learn, be first deflated, and something of humility instilled,—something of the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. One thinks of a passage in one of the letters reported to have been received by Hume from the Master K.H.: "I tell you plainly you are unfit to learn, for your mind is too full and there is not a corner vacant from whence a previous occupant would not arise, to struggle with and drive away the newcomer" (*The Mahatma Letters*, p. 143, revised edition).

"Perhaps the 'forerunner', he who prepares the way for the bearer of the Lodge message, may not always come in human form. There may be times when the way must be cleared first by great, wide-sweeping forces, like strong winds blowing through the psychic world. "And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind." It may be that the "depression", from which the whole world has been suffering since 1929, is such a wind, blowing in advance of the coming of the Lodge Messenger, to overthrow and chasten the world's conceit, to reveal its wretchedness and blindness, and ultimately to make it less "unfit to learn". It is painfully obvious that the Lord is not in the wind, but even so, it may be preparing the way of the Lord; and to adopt this supposition has at least the advantage of giving us as cheerful an outlook upon our times as it is possible to find. The exasperation with which we have formerly read the daily paper, gives place to an awed admiration. As a demonstration of human folly, we look upon a work of genius.

"Yet, even so, it has not yet sufficed for the overthrow of human arrogance. The same sophomoric conceit that marked our boom times and produced the depression, the same naïve conviction that with us all things are new, and that whatever has been need no more be true, the same substitution of psychic fancy for physical and spiritual fact, are engraved even more deeply in every line of the "new deal" that is to end depression. We have entered a world of psychic reflections that has not merely the confusions of an honest "looking-glass world", where right and left are reversed, and the end becomes the beginning, and the plainest print is made illegible. That is what one has when the mirror is held upright at one's own level. But here the reflection is from below—as from a mirror beneath one's feet—from the mind of the *demos*, distraught by unasimilated (and unassimilable) schooling; and in consequence everything stands upon its head, every maxim is reversed, every falsehood preached as truth. We have lived beyond our means, *therefore* we must increase our expenditures; our business is running at a loss, *therefore* we must raise wages; we are bankrupt, *therefore* we must borrow money to redecorate our homes. Billions of dollars must be spent to relieve the unemployed, *therefore* strikes should be fomented, and men forbidden to accept the wages they can get, so that billions more may be paid to the idle strikers. There are nations whose aggression is rampant, *therefore* the rest of the world should disarm. It is dishonest to buy votes with one's own money, *therefore* buy them with the tax-payers', etc., etc. The first need of the world is that it should be jarred out of its psychic debauch, back to sober fact. If the world is to endure, it must be made safe not for, but

from democracy, from popular education and college professors, from the black magic of science, and the priestcrafts that seek profit in perversions of truth.

"Frankly, I think it is a task which, if viewed only in the light of reason and "practical politics", might well seem impossible. There is so much that has to be undone, and one no more sees how it can be undone than how one can unbake an apple dumpling. Like Hume's mind, the mind of the world is too full. Too much is known, both true and untrue. How is the mind of the world to be emptied to make room for what it needs to receive? Then, too, the world itself is too full,—too full of people, or of elementals, "born too soon in human shape", whom we mistake for people. It is too full of insects, and of blights of all kinds. In our greed, we have eaten up its forests, destroyed its prairies, its herds and flocks, tapped and drained its resources, and are making deserts all about us. We boast that we have "conquered time and space", but our "conquest" means only that we have overthrown what is essential to ourselves. Without the limitations of time and space, life cannot be supported, and already we have made the world too small for our needs. We no longer find mystery in it, no longer the unknown, so that the spirit shrinks and starves and turns back to the empty husks it had left behind. Unless mankind can be led into the largeness of the spiritual world, it would seem to have reached the point from which it must regress, and where our civilization, like others that have failed, must be swept away, shaken from off the back of the earth, and its habitations left for disinfection under ocean waters or desert sands.

"Let us not forget, however, that it is not the way of the Lodge to plan its undertakings on the basis of what seems "practical politics" to us. From the beginning of time it has essayed and accomplished what the world called impossible, seeing and seizing the one chance to which all others were blind."

"There will be neither time enough this afternoon, nor space in the *QUARTERLY*, for much discussion of what I have read to you. Possibly, if the subject should prove of interest to our readers, *and they say so*, it might be 'continued in our next'."

"This is not a comment", said the Student; "but I should like to know what people mean when they pray so glibly, 'Thy Kingdom come'."

"This *is* a comment", said the Ancient: "I am wondering to what extent any of us unconsciously 'seek after a sign'. It is difficult to surmount our nature, and it is natural enough, from one point of view, to wish to 'know'—forgetting that the mind can never know; that truth of any and every kind dwells eternally above the mind, and that no one who seeks knowledge for his own satisfaction *can* ever find it.

"Need an Adept?" he continued. "We are surrounded by Adepts! What do I mean? Exactly what I say; but I also mean that there is never a moment when our own Master does not invite us with, 'Draw near, and partake'. Then someone says, 'But I am blind!' And my answer is, 'What of it?' Blind Bartimæus, *while blind*, knew more of Christ and was closer to him, than all but a handful of the thousands who had gazed at him with 'seeing' eyes. Bartimæus

had seen him with the eyes of the spirit, with the eyes of faith; and this does not mean, had made a mental image of his nose or clothes: it means that he had touched him with his heart, and *knew*.

"Brown, in India, many years ago, met and talked with Master K.H.; so did Olcott. You know what they got out of it. In all cases, 'we find what we bring'. And the world would find what it would bring: no less, no more. It does not follow in the least, however, that the world would even hear of the next Lodge Messenger, who might work among the few, silently. It is possible, on the other hand, that he will be commissioned to attack and destroy popular idols,—the world's superstitious faith in 'science', in democracy, in the virtue of peace (as the world understands it); and perhaps in that case, as more than one of your replies suggested, he will come as a Destroyer, clearing the way for future Messengers, that they, when their time comes, may be free to Preserve what is best from the past, and to Create what will be best for the future. We must 'take long views'.

"This much in conclusion: *what is to be, already is*. That is a law of the spiritual world. Only as we are conscious of what already is, though as yet unmanifest, shall we be conscious of it when manifest. Let us remember also that personal contact is not always an aid to understanding, or to appreciation,—far from it. I have a friend whom I have not seen for years, who is closer to me to-day than when our personalities met and sometimes clashed.

"For the Work's sake we must ardently desire that the next Lodge Messenger, or a forerunner, comes quickly—heaven pity him (no one seems to worry much about him!); but not until we see and use our present opportunity in its fulness should we be any better off personally though a dozen Adepts were our daily mess-mates. The Lodge is 'here', and only 'there' when we choose to make it so. It is not by striving and straining that we touch reality; it is by laying our souls with love at the feet of the Keeper of Dreams. From Him we draw strength to fight, though all the odds be against us,—to fight, not for victory, but for Him,—knowing that our failure, if we fight to the last gasp of breath in us, and then fight, dying and dead,—will give Him all He needs to turn His dream (not ours) into the living beauty of a world redeemed."

T.

*Blind folk see the fairies,
Oh, better far than we,
Who miss the shining of their wings
Because our eyes are filled with things
We do not wish to see.*—ROSE FYLEMAN.



REVIEWS

Essays in Zen Buddhism, by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki, Professor of Buddhist Philosophy at Otani Buddhist College, Kyoto, Japan; Luzac and Company, London; price, *First Series*, 1927, 17s, 6d; *Second Series*, 1933, 20s, \$5; *Third Series*, 1934, 20s, \$5.

Professor Suzuki is a scholar of a type seldom represented in the modern West. He is accomplished in the difficult science of translating and collating Sanskrit, Tibetan, Chinese and Japanese manuscripts and documents. But his commentaries reveal the rare gift of a clear and profound understanding; above all, he leaves with the reader the impression that he is actively testing in his own experience the Buddhist truths of which he writes. Certainly there is a minimum of personal reference in his books; but he is, in the truest sense, in love with his subject. To the average Orientalist, the Bodhisattva Doctrine is an historical curiosity which he approaches with the indifference and essential blindness of an outsider. Professor Suzuki, on the contrary, reveals the Mahayana as a way of life, as pertinent now as it has ever been to the needs of the Far East.

Zen Buddhism originated as a Chinese adaptation of the Mahayana. Zen is Dhyana, contemplation. The Western student, even if somewhat familiar with the Indian forms of the Mahayana, is apt to find great difficulty in understanding the Chinese approach to the same fundamental doctrines. This is undoubtedly due, in part, to racial differences, but there is another cause of bewilderment which Professor Suzuki emphasizes. The Chinese often seem obscure to us, just because they are so extremely simple and direct. When the practical Chinese "began inwardly to assimilate Buddhism as the doctrine of Enlightenment, the only course that opened to their concrete minds was to produce Zen. When we come to Zen after seeing all the wonderful miracles displayed by the Indian Mahayana writers, and after the highly abstract speculations of the Madhyamika thinkers, what a change of scenery do we have here? . . . The people you associate with are all ordinary mortals like yourselves, no abstract ideas, no dialectical subtleties confront you. Mountains tower high towards the sky, rivers all pour into the ocean. Plants sprout in spring and flowers bloom in red. When the moon shines serenely, poets grow mildly drunk and sing a song of eternal peace. How prosaic, how ordinary, we may say! but here was the Chinese soul, and Buddhism came to sprout in it."

According to tradition, the Zen School was established by the Indian mis-

sionary, Bodhidharma. The greatest of the early Chinese Patriarchs was Hui-nêng who may be said to have sounded the key-note of all subsequent Zen aspiration. He said:

My Master had no special instruction to give, he simply insisted upon the need of seeing into our Nature through our own efforts, he had nothing to do with [theories concerning] meditation or deliverance. For whatever could be named leads to dualism, and Buddhism is not dualistic. To take hold of this non-duality of truth is the aim of Zen. The Buddha-Nature of which we are all in possession, and the seeing into which constitutes Zen, is indivisible into such oppositions as good and evil, eternal and temporal, material and spiritual. To see dualism in life is due to confusion of thought; the wise, the enlightened see into the reality of things unhampered by erroneous ideas.

Zen insists upon the uncompromising denial of the rights of the personal man, and holds out no tangible reward to the aspirant save the assurance that, if he persist, he will be worthy some day of sharing in the supreme sacrifice of the Bodhisattvas. Its appeal has been essentially aristocratic from the beginning, and it is characteristic of its spirit that it should have constituted the religious basis of *bushido*, the chivalric code of ancient Japan. At the present time, it is sharply distinguished from the popular Shin sect which promises a concrete paradise to the faithful.

The methods of Zen instruction are quite unique. Frequently the teachers make use of *koans*, verbal formulæ or gestures which are traditionally supposed to induce in the disciple the state of *satori* (Sanskrit, *sambodhi*), enlightenment or inner wakefulness. It is the duty of the teacher to know the "psychological moment" when the *koan* will bear fruit, and also which *koan* should be spoken or enacted. Originally at least, there was no stereotyped form of instruction. The *koan* was improvised, as it were, in response to the eager questioning of the disciple. If the Occidental reader fail to make any sense of the *koans*, this is largely because he misrepresents their nature and purpose. They are not designed to be logical statements addressed to the discursive intellect. Their sole function is to arouse the disciple's intuitive powers to positive action. For example, if a Zen aspirant, after long meditation upon some passage of the Scriptures, has formulated some question which he cannot answer, he awaits the occasion when he can propound his problem to his teacher. Only very rarely does the teacher respond, in ordinary mental terms, to this appeal, for it is the tradition of Zen teaching that the intellect as such cannot solve any real ~~metaphysical~~ physical problem. The normal procedure is to answer one riddle by proposing another. Therefore, the teacher does not analyze the meaning of the Scriptures. With seeming irrelevance, he will blow out a candle or ask the disciple to stir the fire or, perhaps, rise in apparent anger and drive the disciple from the room. Very frequently the Zen masters who are, in one sense, "Nature-mystics", fasten their disciples' attention upon some familiar natural form or process,—a bamboo-grove, the wild geese flying south in the autumn, a cypress growing in the temple courtyard, a flowering plum-tree, a cloud drifting over a mountain-peak. We have seen these lovely images in Sung painting, though we may seldom have suspected the mystical meanings implicit in them.

It may not be easy to comprehend why or how these *koans* can awaken the disciple to the consciousness of his "Buddha-Nature". However, the following examples should indicate the method, even if our minds, being otherwise oriented, cannot clearly realize what they really signify in the history of Zen.

Sakyamuni was once engaged at the Mount of the Holy Vulture in preaching to a congregation of his disciples. He did not resort to a lengthy verbal discourse to explain his point, but simply lifted a bouquet of flowers before the assemblage. . . . Nobody understood the meaning of this except the old venerable Mahakasyapa, who quietly smiled at the Master. . . . The latter perceiving this, opened his golden-tongued mouth and proclaimed solemnly: "I have the most precious treasure, spiritual and transcendental, which this moment I hand over to you, O venerable Mahakasyapa."

Says P'ing-t'ien the Elder: "The celestial radiance undimmed, the norm lasting for ever more; for him who entereth this gate, no reasoning, no learning." You should know, commented Tsu-ching, that it is through your seeing, hearing, and thinking that you enter upon the path, and it is also through the seeing, hearing and thinking that you are prevented from entering. . . .

Hui-nêng said: "Think not of good, think not of evil, but see what at the moment thy own original features are, which thou hadst even before coming into existence. . . ."

"A lonely hut on the mountain-peak towering above a thousand others, one-half is occupied by an old monk and the other by a cloud; last night it was stormy and the cloud was blown away; after all a cloud could not equal the old man's quiet way. . . ."

"Like a mountain, one character, 'master', stands majestically; on it alone is the standard established for all rights and wrongs in the world; all the waters ultimately flow towards the ocean and pour themselves into it; clouds, massy and overhanging, finally get back to the mountains and find their home there. . . ."

Ling-yün had an insight into the truth by accidentally watching the peaches in bloom. The following is his verse composed at the time:

"For thirty years I have been in search of the swordsman;
Many a time have I watched the leaves decay and the branches shoot!
Ever since I saw for once the peaches in bloom,
Not a shadow of doubt do I cherish!"

S.V.L.

Condamnée à Mort, by Louise Thuliez; Librairie Ernest Flammarion, Paris, 1933; price, 12 francs.

Here is another book written by one of those fearless and self-sacrificing women who, in the early days of the Great War, risked their own lives in order to save the lives of Allied soldiers caught in occupied territory as a result of the rapid advance of the German invasion of Belgium and northern France, in 1914. Almost inevitably it reads (as perhaps all such books must read) something like a romance, for the heroic courage, the quick-witted facing of sudden and terrible dangers, the miraculous escapes, the complete selflessness which made that perilous and physically exhausting life of hourly danger not only possible but actually attractive, are almost too splendid to seem real in times like the present! Anyone who has read the recent *War Memories* of Princess Marie de Croy, will remember that Mademoiselle Thuliez was associated with that ceaselessly-active group of men and women who raked the countryside (under the very noses of the Germans) in search of stray British and French combatants, and Mademoiselle Thuliez's account, in the first part of her book, of the life led by these men

while hiding in the Forêt de Mormal, a wide tract of beautiful woodland south-west of Maubeuge, of how she managed to get food to them, of how she finally helped to extricate them when their position became too precarious, of how they were conducted to what was at least temporary safety—all is of absorbing interest. Later, when this work of mercy expanded, and many other men came to the notice of the indefatigable group, the long, hazardous night marches toward the Dutch frontier, the life and death chances which had, in an instant of time, to be decided upon and fearlessly accepted, the hourly risk of betrayal because of the unintentional indiscretions of the very men who were being led, at such frightful risk, to safety and freedom—every word fills us with a kind of breathless admiration. And then the inevitable arrest came, and with it the mockery of the so-called “trial” by the Germans—Edith Cavell’s fate has made this same trial well known to us, for she was among the accused. Finally the author of this book was, with others, condemned to death. “Upon hearing the death sentence pronounced against oneself”, she writes simply, “the first moment is one of prostration, then it is one of surprise, then of incredulity, and finally of resignation, for with every cross there is always given the corresponding strength to bear it.” After a period of some weeks of imprisonment, chiefly at St. Gilles in Brussels, during which several of her companions were executed, her own death sentence was commuted to “forced labour” for the rest of her life, and then, after further delays, Mademoiselle Thuliez was transported to the prison of Siegburg in Germany, and there she remained until the end of the War. Her account of her prison life, her comments on the neglect by the Germans and their vicious treatment of those among the Allied prisoners who fell ill, is valuable evidence regarding German methods of conducting “civilized warfare”, and the overwhelming bitterness which she felt when, on her return home after the Armistice, she found a devastated if “victorious” France as compared with the “conquered” but perfectly intact Germany which she had just left, is a sentiment with which all readers of the *QUARTERLY* will profoundly sympathize. A preface by General Weygand adds to the interest of the book and to our own sense of indebtedness to Mademoiselle Thuliez for this graphic and stirring account of her Wartime experiences.

T.D.

Escape from the Soviets, by Tatiana Tchernavin; Hamish Hamilton, London; price, 7s, 6d.

This reviewer bought two books about Soviet Russia because they were praised most highly on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, and seemed to promise a truthful statement of conditions as they are, instead of the misleading half-truths which newspaper correspondents are obliged to supply so long as they wish to retain the Soviet’s permission to remain in Russia. The book by Mme. Tchernavin is to be recommended for the benefit of those who have been misled, and who fail to realize that Russia, under its present rulers, is the most perfect existing specimen of Hell on earth. Mme. Tchernavin describes more than the escape of herself, her husband and child from the horrors of their existence;

she describes "normal" life and prison "life" in Russia as well—a complete picture. It is terrible reading, and because this reviewer has never had any illusions about the fiends in human form who, having murdered the Czar and his family, took their place as Russia's Autocrats,—he did not think it necessary to make himself ill by sharing the author's torments for long. In other words, he skimmed the book, but with sufficient thoroughness to wish that all the Parlour Pinks, Brain Busters, and New Era-ites (New Termites) who afflict us here, might be forced to read it,—and then, if that were not enough, might be persuaded or bribed to go and live for ever in the land where their dreams have already come true.

The other book, we cannot recommend. It is written by a correspondent of the English *Manchester Guardian* who went to Moscow prepared to be "liberal-minded" about the Great Russian Experiment. He was disillusioned, and returned to England to tell the truth as he had seen it. Whether he stayed in Russia too long, and thus became coarsened by contagion, or whatever the explanation may be, the language and manner of his book are not only brutal, but vile to the point of being unreadable. His excuse presumably would be that he describes vile things—under the head of sex especially. But we do not believe that good can be accomplished by sinking to the level of a pig-sty.

The same unfortunate mistake is made by another English author, Ivor Brown, who attacks modern immoralities and idiocies with skill and immense vigour, but who uses language which *ought* to make it impossible for any decent woman, of any age, to read him. Dante described Hell with unequalled realism, but without a trace of coarseness. Those who would stand for decency or for righteousness (if that really be their motive), defeat their own ends by adopting the verbal depravities which are one of the hall-marks of those whom they condemn.

T.

Saint Birgitta of Sweden, by Edith Peacey; Washbourne and Bogan, London; price, 12s, 6d.

"To-night there will be born a child to whose voice the whole world will one day listen in admiration."

These are the opening words of this book. They were heard by a priest as he prayed for the Lady Ingeborg, the wife of the Lagman Birger Persson. That night of June, 1302 or 1303, we do not know which, Birgitta was born. Her father was a cousin of the reigning King Birger, and was the Lagman of Upland. Sweden, at this time, was divided into five provinces each governed by a Lagman who was responsible to the King alone. The Lagmen sat in the first places of the Council, and administered justice in their provinces. The Lagman Birger Persson codified the laws of Sweden and ruled his province wisely and well. Birgitta and her brother and sister were carefully and lovingly brought up and trained to fill the important duties of their high position.

Birgitta seems to have been a normal, cheerful and singularly sensible child. She was attracted to prayer and often remained in the chapel when the other

children had left. We are told that at the age of ten, Birgitta had her first vision. She awoke from sleep to see a beautiful lady holding a crown in her hand. "Come", said the vision, "and take this crown." Birgitta arose, and the lady placed the crown upon her head.

At the age of twelve, she had another vision. This time, as she was saying her evening prayers, she saw a great light, and in the midst of the light Jesus upon the Cross. She heard a voice saying, "This is how I have been treated." "Oh my dear Lord, who has dared to treat you so?" said Birgitta. "Those who insult me and forget my Love."

At the age of sixteen, Birgitta was married to Ulf Gudmarsson, Lagman of Naarke. Ulf was a very religious man. When they married, he and Birgitta joined the Third Order of St. Francis. They had eight children. Birgitta led a very active life bringing them up and ruling over the province while her husband was engaged in the civil struggles which took place in Sweden. In 1335, Birgitta was called to court to act as Mistress of the Household for the young Queen Blanche de Namur. She remained there for five years, seeing with consternation the decline of the morals and manners of the Court. This was one reason why she and her husband decided to make a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostela. They put on pilgrim clothes and started to walk from Sweden to Spain. It is thought that Birgitta may have heard Tauler preach when she passed through Cologne. On the way back from Spain, at Arras, Ulf was taken very ill. As he felt himself dying, he prayed for more time in which to prepare for death, vowing that he would abandon the world and enter a religious order. He recovered, and, when he returned to Sweden, set about fulfilling his vow. Two years later, he died in a Cistercian monastery.

After Ulf's death, Birgitta put on the Tertiary Franciscan habit and retired to a hermitage in the precincts of the monastery of Alvastra where Ulf had died. All of her children were provided for. Some of them were married. One son, Benedict, also died as a monk at Alvastra. She was free to give herself entirely to the religious life. In her retirement she practised so many austerities that her confessor was obliged to forbid her to do so. At this time she had many spiritual experiences and her mission began. It was to be a most disagreeable one. For the rest of her life she was to receive orders to reprove Kings and Popes, to rebuke the lax clergy and to admonish the erring. It must be a proof of the real humanity of Birgitta that such a mission could have been entrusted to her.

She now received the Rule of an Order which she was to found, the Order of the Most Holy Saviour. It was to be composed of two communities: one of enclosed nuns, one of monks. The whole Order was to be ruled by an Abbess. The two communities were to use the same church, but the nuns were to sit in a gallery above the monks. "The spiritual foundation of the Order is to be humility; but learning is not to be despised. The priests are to devote their time to study, prayer, and preaching the gospel to the people. The nuns are to divide their hours between meditation, prayer, and useful work."

Birgitta obtained the approval of the Archbishop of Upsala and the Bishop of Aabo, and laid the foundation stone of the new monastery in 1346. Her work

did not go forward without opposition. Birgitta had sharply rebuked the King. She was insulted by the nobles and preached against by the clergy. She now received two revelations. One was a message to the Kings of France and England telling them to make peace. The other was to the Pope at Avignon, bidding him return to Rome. She was also told to go to Rome herself and to await his return. In the autumn of 1349, Birgitta and a few devoted followers arrived in Italy. The Rome of this time was the one described in Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*, a city deserted by the Pope and clergy, and fought over by the powerful barons. Birgitta was to witness the rise and fall of Rienzi.

In Rome, Birgitta, who had always been studious, took lessons in Theology and Latin. She went among the poor, trying to help them. She sat upon the steps of the convent of the Poor Clares and begged her bread. Three of her children joined her, Birger, Katarina, who became a saint herself after her mother's death, and Karl. Karl was a very gay and dissolute young man. He died after a scandalous adventure in Naples. For many years Birgitta continued to send messages to Avignon, to reprove the clergy, to scold the Queen of Naples and to be thoroughly annoying. She had, at the same time, a great influence over many good and devoted people who were willing to listen to her. She appears to have been a charming and pleasant person, with humour and great good sense.

At last, in 1367, Pope Urban the Fifth returned to Rome and part of Birgitta's work seemed to have succeeded. She transmitted many revelations to the Pope and to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, who listened to her with respect but did nothing more. The Cardinals, who wanted to return to France, did all they could to disparage her. In 1371, the Papal Court returned to Avignon, and her mission seemed to have failed. However, she was not discouraged, but continued to admonish Urban and his successor. Niccolá Soderini, the Florentine, probably spoke often of his Swedish friend to St. Catherine of Siena, who was to carry on Birgitta's work to its desired conclusion.

In 1371, Birgitta and her household left for the Holy Land. These long journeys were probably more common in the Middle Ages than we think. Shortly after they returned to Rome, in 1373, Birgitta died. Her remains were carried back to Sweden. All through Europe crowds of people came to view her coffin and to venerate her relics. Birgitta had performed many miracles during her life, and was generally considered a saint. Her body was at last laid to rest in the Abbey of Vadstena which she had founded. Seventeen years later Birgitta was officially canonized. At the Reformation, Vadstena was sacked and the bones of the saint thrown out in the dust. The Brigittines were dispersed and exiled.

Edith Peacey, who writes this book, is a nun of the Brigittine Order in England. Her book is, of course, written from the orthodox Roman Catholic standpoint. It is in a cheerful narrative style which barely escapes sentimentality, and while it gives a picture of the life of the day and of the surroundings of the saint, it unfortunately does not quote her own words sufficiently. One would like to know her own impressions and experiences more directly. Birgitta wrote her

Revelations and a number of hymns. However, the book does give one the picture of a powerful, devoted and illumined soul. Few saints have had such experience of different conditions of life as Saint Birgitta. She had eight children and ruled a province. She had been at court and had begged her bread in the streets. The obedience of Saint Birgitta to her highest vision, her humility, her immense common sense and her charity, contain lessons for everyone, and should interest students of Theosophy who are seeking for the Real wherever it may be found.

St.C.LaD.

Monarchy, by Sir Charles Petrie; Eyre and Spottiswoode, London, 1933; price, 10s, 6d.

French Royalist Doctrines since the Revolution, by Charlotte Touzalin Muret; Columbia University Press, 1933; price, \$3.00.

Experience testifies that the hierarchical principle is fundamental and universal in Nature. Every existence is a manifold dominated by a monad, a gradation of energies maintained in equilibrium by their common subjection to a superior force. Thus the human being is a hierarchy of states of consciousness which ought to be co-ordinated by the superior force of the soul.

A nation is no exception to this universal rule. It is composed of groups and individuals, corresponding to the organs and cells of a physical body, each with its proper functions, its line and degree of evolution. A true national life is only possible in the measure that these elements are harmonized and unified by a central authority. The binding power of custom is insufficient. There must be a government organizing the nation's resistance to foreign invasion, and preserving it from internal disruption.

Many students of Theosophy believe that there is only one form of government perfectly adapted to real human needs, namely the rule of an Adept King. There is a tradition that in the infancy of the race the dynasties which reigned over the nations were of divine or semi-divine origin; and that in some future which may not be very remote, the Royal Sages will return to govern mankind as in the beginning. But before that can happen, men must have lost the last vestige of faith in their fitness to govern themselves. An ideal government without ideal citizens is a Utopian dream—and nothing more. Every government, of which there is historical record, has been a makeshift, an imperfect thing, for a nation has the form of government which it desires and which it deserves. This does not mean, however, that some forms are not more rational and more conformable to the order of Nature than others. Democracy, for instance, may be described as a disease of the body politic, and it is no more desirable, from a sane standpoint, than an attack of measles, though, like measles, it may have a necessary purgative function in the life of nations. Disease is sometimes a means of removing poison from a system, and must be held in respect as a natural process; but it is also "natural" to prefer health to disease, and it is a hopeful omen that an increasing number of people in Europe and America are diligently trying to imagine some form of government, some central authority,

better equipped than parliamentary democracy to restore national life to a semblance of health. Unfortunately too many fancy that the only substitute for democracy is some form of despotism or communism, the tyrannical rule of a dictator or of a faction. In truth, such a "cure" may be worse than the disease.

The great value of Sir Charles Petrie's work is that he points to an obvious solution of the problem, obvious at least for those nations which have kept intact a monarchist tradition. He recommends the restoration and re-enforcement of the monarchical form of government which has actually been tested by human experience for thousands of years, and which has been so closely identified with the history of Christian Europe. As Sir Charles shows, if England and France had not been monarchies during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, European civilization could never have revived from the catalepsy which followed the collapse of the Roman Empire. The dynasties of England and France, with rare exceptions, united their interests with the interests of the nation as a whole. The royal family was one with the state. The supreme service of the kings was to prevent one faction from gaining control of the nation and from exploiting its resources for selfish advantage. They protected the weak from the strong, represented the principle of justice, and preserved the continuity of the national tradition. Thus the early kings fought the barons, and the later kings fought religious fanatics and lawyers and magnates. Sir Charles points to the existing political confusion in the French Republic as a direct consequence of the rejection of the French royal house, for France is torn by factions, and there is no real central authority to control them. He argues that in spite of fair appearances England has never recovered from the shock of the rebellion against the Stuarts which culminated in the rise of the Whig aristocracy.

The real Whig, and the Liberal, wishes the Crown to be a mere figurehead, like the Doge of Venice, and . . . this conception of its functions is unfortunately held by many a Conservative to-day. . . . Those who wish to know the exact benefits which the "Glorious" Revolution conferred upon the British Isles would do well to forsake the glowing accounts to be found in the pages of Macaulay, Trevelyan, and Oldmixon, for the study of the Newgate Calendar, the pictures of Hogarth, and the working of the Penal Laws in Ireland.

Sir Charles contrasts the famous British Constitution of modern times with the balanced hierarchical order of the mediæval feudal state.

At the apex of the pyramid stood the monarch, the symbol of the nation as a whole, and as the representative of which he was, after his coronation, the Lord's anointed. He was not a despot, bound by no laws other than those of his own making; rather he was an integral part of the system of which he was the head. His crown was the emblem of his trusteeship for his people, and his rights and duties were as exactly defined as those of his subjects. This was, indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of Feudalism: every man and woman had a definite place in society, which was responsible to them as they were to it.

It is clear that Sir Charles Petrie is a Tory, in the oldest and purest sense of the word. That is one reason why his book makes such refreshing and stimulating reading. It is a profound relief to find someone who is so singularly free

from modernistic delusions of every kind. Even his prejudices have their charm, the charm of the unexpected. His conception of the United States suggests, however, that his chief sources of information are Hollywood and the novels of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis.

Politics [in the United States] have become corrupt to an extent unparalleled even in republican history, and to-day the gangster, spiritual brother of the Chinese war-lord and spiritual descendant of the mediæval *condottiere*, is the dominant factor. . . . The Civil War destroyed the balance between North and South, and stamped indelibly the Puritanism and materialism of the former upon the whole country. Now with the passage of time, Puritanism as an ethical code has been abandoned, and only materialism remains. All the available evidence goes to show that the United States is an immature society already in dissolution, and there can be small doubt that bad as is its political and economical condition, its moral state is far worse. It is true that the same observation applies to Europe, but Europe at least has a code, even if it is only too often ignored, while the United States has none.

These words are not without justification, but they do not contain the whole truth. Also they suggest no way of escape, for even Sir Charles cannot imagine the establishment of a monarchy in the United States. We venture to add that those Americans who believe most firmly in the superiority of monarchy as a principle, could conceive of no worse fate for their country than the "coronation" of one or another of their politicians. Facts must be accepted as they are, and it is a fact that ever since its birth as a nation the United States has been entangled in a democratic *karma* or destiny. One may still hope that some day it will evolve out of this condition. The diseases of nations, like those of individuals, are not necessarily incurable.

This reflection leads us to the consideration of Madame Muret's excellent book. She has prepared a manual of the ideas of the leading exponents of royalist theory in post-revolutionary France, from Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand to Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet. Her attitude is detached throughout, and the extent of her personal sympathy with royalist views is unrevealed; but she presents those views clearly and logically. In our opinion, the documents which she cites serve as an admirable commentary upon Sir Charles Petrie's general doctrine. This is especially true of the work of Joseph de Maistre who upheld monarchy as the form of government specifically designed for man by God. It is, moreover, the form "to which society will always tend to return", just because it represents the natural and the normal. But men have a tragic propensity to fall away from the natural and the normal. When this occurs in a society, other and lower forms of government, corresponding to the fallen state of the citizens, come into existence. They have a punitive and corrective function. Maistre believed, for instance, that "the Revolution was sent as a punishment and lesson to the French people for their impiety."

One great advantage of the monarchist state is its continuity. Because it is the expression of a living tradition, it does not live for the present alone. It respects past experience and profits from it, and it does not heedlessly mortgage the future. As some of us know only too well, the politicians of a democracy

constantly act as if their nation had no past and no future. It is the fashion for each party or faction, when it assumes power, to denounce all the deeds of its predecessors and to reject whatever wisdom these may have acquired. Therefore, whereas the "bad karma" of a political error or crime in a monarchy may be tempered by the "good karma" of past virtues, a democracy must frequently face full and immediate retribution for its mistakes. Under democratic rule, the karma of the nation as a whole may be eclipsed, as it were, at any given moment, by the karma of the faction which is in control. V.L.

Nazi Means War, by Leland Stowe; Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1934; price, \$1.50.

To believe that "nobody wants war to-day", one would have to be an ostrich with abnormal powers of continuing to breathe with one's head in the sand. Nevertheless, despite the spectacle of German violence past and present, Nazi "putsches", and Austrian civil war, there are, especially in this country, thousands of such abnormities. They would do well to read this little book.

Mr. Stowe begins by contrasting Hitler's two "voices", the one which speaks for foreign ears, saying, "Germany wants nothing but peace", and that which speaks continually for Germans. He quotes from the unexpurgated German edition of Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*.

The question of recuperation of German power is not how we can manufacture arms. Rather it is, how can we create the *spirit* which renders a people capable of bearing arms? When this spirit dominates a people, will power finds a thousand ways, each of which leads to a weapon. . . . Not until the Germans have realized that they must engage in an active and final conflict with France will it be possible to bring the fruitless struggle to a conclusion—on condition, however, that Germany sees in the extermination of France a means of providing her people with the necessary room for expansion. . . . There are eighty million Germans in Europe to-day. This policy will be recognized as the correct one when in less than one hundred years from now the continent of Europe is inhabited by 250,000,000 Germans.

Mr. Stowe proceeds to describe the methods by which the government is rapidly preparing this happy state.

There are more than 1,300,000 uniformed men in Germany to-day—a round million after the regular army and Prussian police have been deducted. If you estimate the adult population of the Third Reich at 50,000,000, and its masculine proportion at one-half that figure, the mathematical result is simple enough. At least one out of every twenty-five German men wears a uniform, or to be conservative, say one man out of every twenty-eight.

There are, apart from the regular army, the Reichswehr and the Prussian police, the Brown Shirts, the Black Coats, the Steel Helmets and the Labour Corps. The organization of this last resembles that of Mr. Roosevelt's forestry camps for the unemployed, except that the young unemployed Germans are given military training and are building new military roads all over the country. Also, all German students are required to spend from two to six months in the

Labour Corps. Under the guise of sporting organizations there are automobile clubs, the members of which are obliged to furnish their cars when called upon. There are the Air Sports and Air Protection Leagues which provide planes and train pilots and flyers. All these bodies are organized in military fashion, and can be merged with the regular army at once. The author discussed this with an official of the German foreign office. This personage said that they were "no more militaristic than American football teams". The Germans always count upon the stupidity of the Americans and English. They are probably right.

The German universities have been provided with professors of military subjects, whose courses are, for the most part, required. Professor Banse's book, *The Science of Military Defence*, was banned because of its effect upon the world outside of Germany, but the Professor himself continues to instruct his students in its principles. One quotation from this work is enough.

Biology will stamp it (the next war) as an exterminating fight of entire nations. . . . Methods to be considered are infection of drinking water and other water with typhoid bacillus; also the introduction of typhoid fever through fleas and of plague through artificially infected rats. By landing in the back regions of enemy countries and discharging carriers of disease, airplanes, especially, should achieve *very favourable results*.

Not only is the German male population being trained in tactics, machine-gun fire and forced marches, but little boys in school belong to the "Hitler Jugend", and are marched up and down in uniform and drilled in throwing hand grenades. Stowe describes the unveiling of a monument to the Archangel Michael (!) where several hundred children were assembled. Among other things their leader said to them: "We do not want to speak the warm words of peace here. Our words are dictated by the *terrible appeal* of war. Young crew, raise the hand of oath before the monument which is dedicated to the *sublimity of bloodshedding*."

Mr. Stowe goes on to discuss the question of Germany's power to equip its armies, the manufacture of munitions, the conception of the Totalitarian State, the German psychology, and the prospects for war in the near future. He ends his book with a chapter entitled "If War, What About America?" If what he says about America be true, we ought to be bowed with shame.

Can we be indifferent to the self-destruction of the old world? . . . It appears accurate to state that the temper of the American people to-day registers overwhelming against any governmental action which is likely to necessitate the dispatch of a second American Expeditionary Force across the Atlantic.

He says that if we do not participate, but remain neutral, we should refuse to make money by the sale of munitions and supplies; but he doubts whether, in our present condition of financial stringency, we would do this. There is never a question in his pages of right or wrong, or of the justice of a cause for which one ought to fight. Peace at any ignominious price is the ideal. After describing so accurately the bloodthirsty, aggressive temper of the Germans, Mr. Stowe suggests that we should refrain from assisting their victims. The German spirit is the embodiment of the uncivilized and bestial, but is the spineless, selfish pacifism attributed (and we fear rightly) to America, any more civilized and

human? Alas, they are both aspects of the same thing and lead to the same end. Not once does Mr. Stowe mention Germany's conduct in the Great War,—the same careful preparations, the same psychology, the use of poison gas, the atrocities in Belgium and France. Why should Germany's preparations surprise us now? He sympathizes warmly with Germany over the "cruelty" of the Versailles Treaty, although its obvious defect was that it did not provide for Germany's complete dismemberment.

However, disagree as one must with Mr. Stowe's principles—or lack of them—his facts are so important that his book should be widely circulated.

St.C.LaD.

God Mends, by Henry Myers; John M. Watkins, London; price, 2s. (75 cents).

It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate John M. Watkins once more on the high standards he maintains as a publisher. At a time when book-publishing, like newspaper-publishing, is sinking to the level of a commercial enterprise, he has clung to what may properly be described as the aristocratic principle of *nil nisi pro bono publico*.

This little book, simply and clearly written, is based on the injunction: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It was written primarily for those who are ill and suffering, but should be helpful, not only to them, but to all who find it difficult, in this Iron Age, to keep fast hold of spiritual realities. It is theosophical in tone and outlook, entirely unsectarian, unpretentious. We are in hearty accord with its recommendation of the use of *mantra*, which some would call "ejaculations", others, "affirmations",—so long as these express the truth, not lies.

In objection to its main thesis—that love of the Divine Will would induce bodily health—there are those who will ask: why did so many of the great saints suffer physically? We suggest, in reply, that much of their suffering was vicarious; secondly, that when spiritual growth has far out-run the stage as yet reached by physical organisms, the strain on the outer body may well become disruptive. We believe, on the other hand, that when the intermediate condition has been passed (and even the great saints had not passed it), and when adeptship has been attained, perfect balance between inner and outer forces, with resulting bodily vigour, becomes the normal state, long out-lasting the ordinary span of life. In any case, *God Mends* was not written either for great saints or for adepts, but for the many; and we wish greatly that the many might be persuaded to read it.

T.

The Universe of Light, by Sir William Bragg; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

Readers of the QUARTERLY will remember that, particularly of late, a great deal has been written in it concerning modern physical science—references may perhaps specially be made to "Notes and Comments" of October, 1933,

and January, 1934. Therefore, if they have not already seen this recent work of Sir William Bragg (internationally known for his brilliant experiments in radiation, for which he received the Nobel Prize), they will be sure to find it stimulating. One object of the book is to give a summary of the earlier researches in the field of physics, so as to make the present-day developments, from which they have sprung, the more comprehensible to those who have not been able to follow the course of science step by step. The natural starting point is the three-hundred-year old rivalry between the two theories of light: the corpuscular and the pulse, later known as the wave theory. These, of course, at once recall to us the names of Newton and of Huyghens, but also of others—Young and Fresnel, whose researches did so much to solve preceding difficulties; of Crookes, so often referred to in *The Secret Doctrine*, and many more. The reconciliation of these two early and apparently opposed hypotheses is now being reached by accepting both. The foremost physicists of to-day believe that both may be true, that in fact each seems actually needed to supplement the other, if observed phenomena are to be explained. Science is apparently beginning to recognize what *The Secret Doctrine* so long ago pointed out: the law of duality in the manifested universe, but a duality springing from a fundamental unity. Light has a duality of expression or habit, but, says Sir William Bragg, the "greatly differing phenomena are all manifestations of one principle, the magnificent inclusiveness of which has grown clearer continuously as we have studied the nature of light. . . . The wave and the corpuscle are different aspects rather than different entities. . . . Light in its various forms behaves sometimes like a wave and sometimes like a corpuscle." Light is a familiar phenomenon, showing us the forms and colours of objects which closely surround us, telling us many of the secrets of the almost unthinkable distant sun and stars, and "if the meaning of the word is extended, as may be done with every right and reason, to cover the wide range of radiations which are akin to it, and yet are not visible to the eye, then light is also the great conveyer of energy from place to place in the world and in the universe; . . . it transmits energy which is the mainstay of life, and gives to living beings the power of observation: and it is akin to the matter of which all things animate and inanimate are made. The universe is its sphere of action. We do it no more than justice when we speak of the Universe of Light."

Here is certainly a recognition of an underlying unity in the Cosmos which, as the author himself points out, science, a few years ago, could not have foreseen,—but which Madame Blavatsky long ago predicted it would eventually recognize. It may, however, be said in comment upon the last quotation, that, to the student of Theosophy, it remains an enigma that science still persists in thinking of anything in nature as inanimate. Sir William Bragg, among many other branches of physics, has done most distinguished work in the optical properties of minerals; for instance, making intelligible many otherwise obscure problems for mineralogists and geologists—research work for which the world owes him a great debt. But after so much close observation and careful investigation, how can it still be imagined that the mineral kingdom (as one example only) is inanimate? The amazing rapidity with which minerals respond to the

action of light, is a matter of perpetual wonder. Take a piece of rock (granite, perhaps) which, to the naked eye, may appear to be rather a dull, colourless lump; but cut a thin section of that mud-stained, ragged and rough fragment of the earth's crust, examine it under the microscope, first in ordinary light and then between crossed Nicols, or better still in convergent light—and see what happens! The whole character of that small fragment is instantaneously transformed; it flashes into a wholly new state or condition; in a moment of time you can see that it is actually pulsating with life. The beautiful polarization colours are as indescribably lovely and ethereal as any that one ever sees in the sky at sunrise, and the interference figures, with marvellously delicate tints of the highest orders, show how *alive* are the minerals which compose that rock. It may be argued that it is only the action of the light itself which causes these celestial effects, but throughout nature there is *interaction*, a giving and a receiving and a giving back again, and a *dead* thing (dead in the accepted meaning of the word—that which is inanimate) is incapable of such transfiguration; it is incapable of a response to light or to anything else. The author himself admits that, when exposed to X-ray analysis, “every crystal writes its own signature,”—and what more could we ask? The fact is that science has yet to discover what Theosophy has taught throughout the ages: that there is no place in nature for the word “inanimate”; that every atom is intensely alive in its own degree, and at its own evolutionary point. Manifested nature is “embodied consciousness”—that is the Mystery Teaching of the past as of all time.

This lack of appreciation of one of the fundamental tenets of Theosophy does not, however, lessen our interest or our sympathy with what, in general, this book has to tell us, for it carries what will seem to many of us a hopeful message—one which points toward some of the archaic truths of the Wisdom religion. “This widening of our view of the nature of things is surely one of the most remarkable consequences of modern research,” we read. “No one could have anticipated this fundamental universality. A lifting of the mist has shown us links and similarities in the prospect where we imagined separations and differences. . . . If, as in our present case, there are contradictions which perplex us, they must be due to imperfections in our theories and illustrations: and we need not strain overmuch to resolve them. The resolution will come in its own time, when research has added to our knowledge and lifted our minds to higher points of view. Meanwhile we have come into possession of a wonderful principle which unites all forms of radiation and all kinds of matter.”

So ends the book, and we lay it down with regret that we have finished it. It has not, perhaps, been altogether easy reading to the scientifically uninitiated, but it has been delightful throughout. It is written with simple directness, and with a wide and liberal point of view, and we feel that the spirit we find in it is one result of what the world knows to be Sir William Bragg's publicly expressed convictions: unlike so many of his scientific colleagues, he firmly believes in the immortality of the soul, and the divine purpose of Creation. That is, no doubt, what the student of Theosophy instinctively feels to be at the root of all he has written in *The Universe of Light*.

T.D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 389.—*What is the extent and scope of karmic influence? Does it apply to the Universe or only to man? Do animals come under karmic law?*

ANSWER.—Karma has been defined as cause and effect. The literal meaning of the word is "action". It is universal, in all worlds and on all planes. Mr. Judge, in the chapter on "Karma" in the *Ocean of Theosophy*, says: "Ceaseless in its operation, it bears alike upon planets, systems of planets, races, nations, families, and individuals. . . . No spot or being in the universe is exempt from the operation of Karma, but all are under its sway, punished for error by it yet beneficently led on, through discipline, rest, and reward, to the distant heights of perfection."

Man being endowed with free-will, is not only subject to the consequences of his past acts and choices, in this as well as in previous lives, but is able by his present acts to expiate his past and form his future Karma. The acceptance of the doctrine merely as an intellectual concept is of no avail; it must be acted upon. If a man were once thoroughly convinced of its truth, he would become a conscious co-operator with the "Good Law" in the thoughts and acts of his every-day life. By so doing he would help to lift the heavy Karma of the world which bears so painfully upon those Great Ones who have unselfishly renounced the reward they have earned, to remain in contact with the world for its eventual salvation. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—We have been told that the law of Karma exists only in the world of duality; therefore it cannot with accuracy be spoken of as universal, unless by that term we mean the manifested universe. Masters, having risen far above these lower worlds, are no longer subject to it, but no doubt even high chélas still have Karma of a sort to work off. An Avatar, we are told, returns *voluntarily* to life on this earth, not because of karmic necessity; it is the divine compassion of a Master which draws him; whereas the average man, still under the "maya" of duality, and therefore still "condemned to the circle of necessity", is obliged to come back into incarnation again and again, owing to his personal or national Karma, or both.

As animals belong to the planes of duality, they would, of course, be subject to karmic laws, although these would apply more to the species or group, than to the individual. It is altogether likely, however, that the highly developed animal (such, for instance, as a dog, remarkable for his intense fidelity), might have begun to weave his own Karma, owing to the fact that he had advanced, far ahead of his kind, toward a knowledge of good and evil.

T.A.

ANSWER.—Above, below and everywhere must be the extent of karmic influence, applying both to the Universe and to man, and this would naturally include all animals, according to their nature and type. In a beautiful old classic we read: "He who would escape from the bondage of Karma must raise his individuality out of the shadow into the shine; . . . lift himself out of the region in which Karma operates. . . . The initiate has the right to demand the secrets of Nature and to know the rules which govern human life. . . . Therefore you who desire to understand the laws of Karma, attempt first to free yourself from

these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by those laws." R.P.

QUESTION No. 390.—*What is the best way to bring to non-Theosophists the principles which guide the Society through the present universal unrest and distress and which are so frankly declared to us through the QUARTERLY? If they refuse to read the QUARTERLY, are words any use at all?*

ANSWER.—It has often been said that the best, in fact the only way to bring theosophical principles to others is by living in accordance with them and so making them a part of ourselves, making them ours to give. If we lived by them truly, the inherent drawing power of these principles would make others desire them. There is never any use in trying to give a man what he does not want. Often, however, a truth is rejected through prejudice, not against the truth spoken but against the terms in which it is clothed. Those who have really lived by principles, gain a knowledge of their essence that gives power to translate them into the terms and analogies most appropriate to the particular hearer. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—There are as many ways of appealing to people as there are people themselves. We can see that, by the appeals made by the Buddha and by the Master Christ, not to mention others. In its field the QUARTERLY, also, presents varied aspects of the wisdom religion of life. Just because a person refuses to read the magazine does not in itself mean there is no opening for bringing forward theosophical principles and standards. Some people immediately shy away from anything that bears the label of Theosophy. We need not wonder nor be discouraged by that, when we consider the number of pseudo-Theosophists, and of organizations calling themselves theosophical, which parade before the world. One way of bringing right principles and standards to the attention of a person is to do so in terms of his experience, and in language intelligible to that experience. As is said in *Fragments*, it "is not to give of our light to another, but to illumine his own". Of course, there will be times when words will not be of "any use at all". But we are not called upon, at least as yet, to reform all who cross our path. We are most decidedly called upon to reform ourselves; and to the extent we do so and live that reformation, we shall, by example, influence others to some degree of emulation,—often after words have failed. G.M.W.K.

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 Eighth 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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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.

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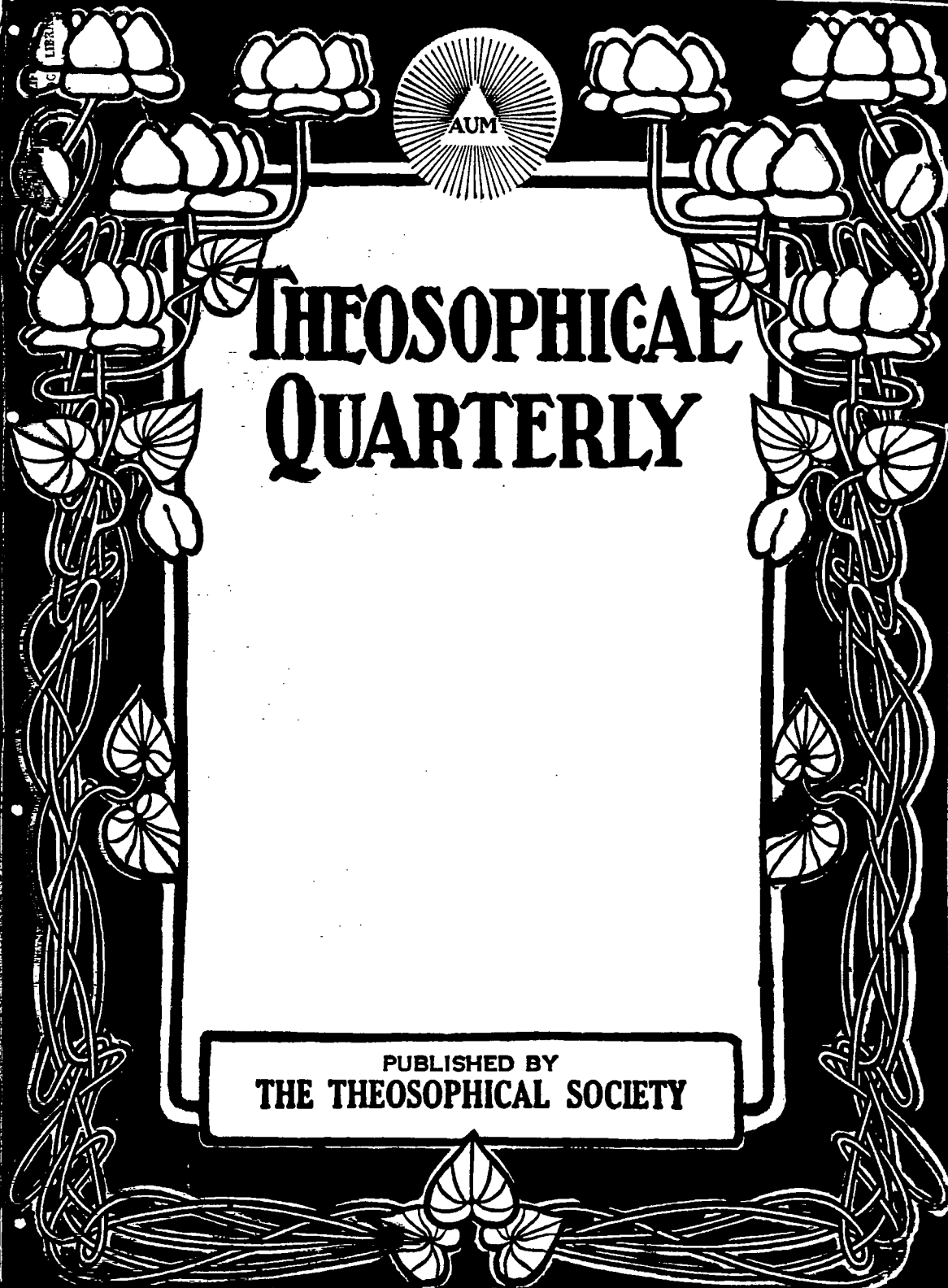
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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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.



JANUARY, 1935

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FACTS AND FANCIES

IN his latest book, *Experiment in Autobiography*, H. G. Wells, whose novels entertained the generation before the Great War, confesses that he prefers facts to fancies. He contrasts himself, in this respect, with George Bernard Shaw, who was, in the same far-off era, a popular dramatist.

To him [i. e. Shaw], I guess, I have always appeared formidably facty and close-set; to me his judgments, arrived at by feeling and expression, have always had a flimsiness. I want to get hold of Fact, strip off her essentials and, if she behaves badly, put her in stays and irons; but Shaw dances around her and weaves a wilful veil of confident assertion about her as her true presentment. He thinks one can "put things over" on Fact, and I do not. . . . I have no delusions about the natural goodness and wisdom of human beings and at bottom I am grimly and desperately educational. But Shaw's idea of education is to let dear old Nature rip. He has got no further in that respect than Rousseau. Then I know, fundamentally, the heartless impartiality of natural causation, but Shaw makes Evolution something brighter and softer by endowing it with an ultimately benevolent Life-Force.

We have no desire to take sides in any argument as to the superior merits of Shaw or Wells. It is equally difficult to imagine Shaw as a benevolent old gentleman or Wells as a disinterested spectator of truth. Both of them, in their different ways, are intellectual mountebanks, whose chief asset is unbounded satisfaction with their own performance. The passage quoted is interesting because it suggests the two ways in which men habitually react to the pressure of facts upon their consciousness. Wells reacts, or rather poses, as the brutal realist, who describes things as they are, especially hard and disagreeable things which shock our sensibilities. He does not disguise his contempt for poseurs of the other species, the sentimentalists, whose vision of facts is clouded by their own fancies, and who cultivate the delusion that dreams can come true.

BRUTAL REALISM

The brutal realist does not understand that he also is a victim of fantasy. He fancies that the material world comprises the whole of the Real. He fancies

that he is describing a fact when he is only sketching the appearance of its surface. This crude materialism, which colours so much modern literature, is rooted in a misconception of the experimental method which is a legitimate instrument of thought in physical science. Scientific calculations depend upon the exact measurement of concrete, objective phenomena, upon accurate definition of the conditions in which similar sequences of events recur. The appropriate object of scientific experiment is the inorganic world, where causation appears to be rigidly determined and calculable. It is not the function of the scientist as such, to enquire into the metaphysical nature of this determinism, or to take account of the possibility that there is a spiritual impulsive force and purpose underlying the superficial mechanism of matter. He can predict eclipses and design engines by applying without question the principles of mechanics, as these have been shaped by centuries of mathematical theory and physical experiment. The study of the atom suggests that the mechanistic hypothesis does not work in the field of the infinitesimal; but that does not affect its usefulness in its own domain. It is obviously a device of the human mind for acting upon gross matter, a scientific fiction, symbolizing a very fragmentary view of Nature, but serviceable in so far as it enables man to forecast and control the action of the brute forces that encompass him.

Scientific fictions become dangerous when they are seriously accepted as philosophical propositions and are adopted as explanations of things to which they do not apply. When scientific mechanism is extended beyond its appropriate sphere, it dislocates the mind. The vogue of brutal realism may be largely attributed to the dissemination of the notion that only physical facts are real, and that when these have been weighed and measured they have been fully described. This is equivalent to the denial of consciousness, that is, of the one fact in the Universe, the reality of which is beyond dispute.

An author who believes that his pencil is more real than his soul, stores in his mind a very lop-sided image of the world. Thus when Wells remarks that he knows "the heartless impartiality of natural causation", he deceives himself and others. All he knows is that on the plane of physical sensation certain processes can be defined in terms of rigorous mechanical causation. But there are plenty of facts within common human experience which cannot be interpreted in this way. The epic of organic evolution and, in particular, the dramas of human life, point to a deeper mode of causation which is neither heartless nor purposeless. In brief, brutal realism is not realism at all. It is the expression of an excessive attention to the external aspect of Nature, with a corresponding indifference to all that is implied by the self-evident existence of consciousness.

MAGNESIUM AND SOCIAL-MINDEDNESS

In justice it should be said that many scientists, like Eddington and Jeans, are acutely aware of the limited zone of truth to which their methods give access. It would seem that popular authors, like Wells, have done more to fortify materialism in public opinion than all the men of science combined. However, from time to time one reads extraordinary statements by men of

science, notably by members of the medical profession. There is Professor E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins, for instance, who is apparently convinced that the human race can be morally reformed by a proper diet. A little while ago he reported that manganese stimulates mother-love. He now declares that "you can't have a sweet disposition without magnesium". It is worth while to quote the ironical conclusion of an editorial on this "discovery" in the *New York Times* (October 30, 1934), for it shows that the worst enemy of materialism is common-sense.

As all the psychologists know, there is no connection between mother-love and human kindness. Mother-love is a selfish, dominating and destructive force which must be severely frowned upon. It would be terrible if the female parent of a young child mixed up the magnesium and manganese bottles in the medicine chest, and stimulated her mother-love instead of her benevolence and social-mindedness.

SOME IDEAS CONCERNING ANGELS

The brutal realist—whether he be a man of science or a man of letters—resorts to the most bizarre hypotheses to explain away the evidence of spiritual powers. He seeks the origin of ideal qualities, like honour and chastity, in the *taboos* of savages. He classifies religion as a manifestation of inherited animal instincts which have not yet been suppressed by human reason. He diagnoses St. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus as an epileptic seizure. He describes the healing science of the Master Christ as a primitive form of psychiatry, assuming that the Master used the methods of a modern psychopathic ward.

A curious example of this materialistic self-satisfaction appeared on the editorial page of the *New York Herald Tribune*, November 1, 1934. In semi-serious vein, the writer considers the source of the immemorial tradition that when celestial beings appear to man, they come clothed in garments of light. His little essay was, doubtless, intended as a bit of fine writing, and nothing more; but it suggests how remote and unreal the angels seem to modern man and how limited is his conception of light.

The Dark Ages were literally so in the homes of man, and later ages, too. It is hard for us who live in cities long ago made incandescent by Edison to understand how beautiful light must have been to those who first imagined and portrayed the heavenly beings as creatures of unearthly splendour. In the comfortless, doleful Northern winter, through unnumbered centuries, abundant light seemed a worshipful thing. . . . The pagan and the Christian supernatural host came robed in glory, with swords of lightning. For light then was rare and costly. Perhaps if electric lamps had been invented before angels were imagined, the conception of their supreme beauty would have been quite different. In nights that can be made brighter than noon by lifting a finger, mediæval angels would not be conspicuous in any external way. St. Michael's famous blade would fall to an airport beam.

One might enquire, in the same semi-serious vein, why the Egyptians identified their greatest divinities with the Sun, and why the brightest angels were "imagined" in Italy, when neither Egypt nor Italy was afflicted with doleful Northern winters. Why must we assume that the Host of Heaven have no existence out-

side the human imagination; that their aureoles of dazzling light signify nothing more real than the need of man to formulate a mental image which quiets his fear of cold and darkness? Theosophy affirms that the part of Nature which we contact through the physical senses is but an infinitesimal fraction of the Whole; that there are forms, modes of being, dimensions of substance, states of consciousness, so far beyond our ken that we cannot dimly represent what they may be like. However, this does not imply that there can be no intercourse between man and the "Hierarchies" of invisible Nature. To deny such intercourse, one would be forced to reject the testimony of all races and of all ages. Inevitably men have seen the apparitions of "Gods" and "Angels" through the prism of imagination, translating—as it were—their ineffable aspects into conceivable images. Thus men have adorned Divine Messengers with emblems of physical light. But why should not these emblems be symbolical of the truth? If the Heavenly Host be associated in tradition with the idea of light, may it not be because their essence corresponds to the light which we know on earth? Terrestrial light itself is a Divine Messenger, for it is the supporter of organic life and the matrix in which the first forms of physical sensation are born.

Even on earth there are ranges of radiation which are as darkness to our sight, which no Edison has made visible. We cannot perceive the ultra-violet colours which are within the vision of many insects. According to Theosophy, those ranges of invisible light have an infinite extension, and the noumenon of light is life. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Thus the Kabbalah taught that the words of Genesis, "Let there be Light", refer to the formation and evolution of the Sephiroth, the Creative Logoi, the Divine Architects of the Universe.

THE SUBSTITUTION OF EMOTION FOR THOUGHT

In some respects, brutal realism is less exasperating than sentimentality. It is also easier to combat, for it is more tangible, less "subjective", and its absurdities and bigotry are often painfully manifest. Moreover, although the tough-minded materialist may be purblind in the presence of spiritual truth, he is capable of describing accurately and honestly the "matter" which he can see. If he be a man of science, he cannot be dishonest or fanciful in his laboratory reports, and remain in his caste. Modern science has a rugged code of truthfulness which is enforced without compromise.

The sentimentalist, however, does not look squarely at facts of any order. Both spirit and matter are beyond his horizon, and he becomes aware of them only as mirages or reflections in the atmosphere of the dream-world where his personal consciousness is concentrated. Because he habitually substitutes emotion for intellection, his logical faculty does not have a normal development. His reasoning processes start from false observations, and one cannot be sure of the conclusions in which they will terminate, for they do not necessarily obey the laws of the syllogism. Between the spiritual or physical reality which confronts the sentimentalist, and his mind, is suspended a veil of psychic stuff, a web of fancies, which is what he actually contemplates when he pretends to look at facts.

Doubtless, all human personalities enwrap their consciousness in glamour of one kind or another. The most brutal realist has private illusions which he cherishes. The sentimentalist is only distinguished from other men by his greater reluctance to admit that he has illusions. When the nature of things forcibly contradicts his mental picture of them, he does not alter the picture but denounces Nature.

ECCLESIASTICAL SENTIMENTALITY

If the sentimentalists would only keep their dreams to themselves, one could afford to let them slumber in peace, until life and Karma finally aroused them. However, few of them have the gift of silence. Some are in a position to do incalculable harm, for they hold governmental posts in many lands. Many are Utopians, potentially if not actually, with an avowed or secret desire to reform both man and Nature. In general, the clergy seem to be especially subject to waves of sentimentality, perhaps because they are forced by circumstances to talk almost continuously about spiritual things which very few have directly experienced. In any event, the mind of the average clergyman is full of what Spinoza calls "inadequate ideas". Again and again he confuses spiritual principles with their psychic counterfeits, seeing good where there is evil and evil where there is good. Although he professes his faith in the primacy of the spirit, he is capable of posing without dignity as a materialist, of arguing that human vice and misery are products of adverse material conditions and would disappear if the conditions were changed.

The recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops at Atlantic City provides melancholy evidence of this ecclesiastical sentimentality. With certain notable exceptions, the Bishops showed a deplorable misconception of their Master's teaching and standards. They were as susceptible to changing moods as a political convention. Immediately after they had endorsed birth control, they prepared for publication a Pastoral Letter denouncing the decay of morals and the "menace of Reno", with particular emphasis upon the selfishness of "conscienceless and godless parents". This kind of logic is characteristic of the general order of thought in the document. It reflects not only mental and psychic confusion, but moral cowardice. Too many of the Protestant clergy are desperately afraid of being thought old-fashioned, of not being considered modern and up-to-date; and this fear impels them to compromise and hypocrisy.

We quote a few sentences from the Pastoral Letter which illustrate a very common sentimental delusion. The House of Bishops, disapproving the processes of Nature in general, refuses to admit the spiritual and natural necessity of war.

War is murder on a colossal scale. The only armed force, whether on land or sea, which is justifiable is a constabulary designed to regulate and safeguard those interests that have to do with the prosecution of an orderly social and economic life. The testimony of the great war shows the wicked folly of such a struggle and its aftermath has shattered the world's hope and issued in confusions and disorder. . . . The Christian Church cannot and will not deny loyalty and fealty to its Lord by being partners in any scheme, national or international, that contemplates the wholesale destruction of

human life. It refuses to respond to that form of cheap patriotism that has as its slogan: "In times of peace prepare for war." It regards as wicked the waste of the nation's wealth in the building of vast armaments and the maintenance of greatly augmented forces on land and sea.

The whole pacifist argument depends upon the validity of the generalization that "war is murder on a colossal scale". Without doubt, some wars have been murderous feuds, and nothing more; but the statement as a universal proposition is meaningless. One might as well say that a man who protects a woman or child from assault is as guilty as the assailant, because he also uses violent methods. The Great War proves the "wicked folly" of Germany which started it in open defiance of civilization. Do the Bishops seriously pretend that Belgium was wicked and insane, when she rejected the criminal proposals of the German Chancellor; or that England would have behaved like a Christian nation, if she had broken her pledge to defend Belgian neutrality? Are the French to-day wickedly wasting their wealth, because in times of so-called peace they prepare for war, knowing that the Germans, who have so many times crossed the Rhine, are making ready to cross it again?

To believe that such courses of action are evil, is to betray the principles of Christ, who gave his life for the helpless and oppressed. It is no wonder that in all the Occident, multitudes who still believe in fundamental distinctions between right and wrong, have turned in disgust from the Churches. The supreme tragedy of Christianity is that the ideal image of the Master has been distorted beyond all recognition, until to the average man it suggests the polar opposites of its veritable qualities, weakness instead of strength, the spirit of compromise instead of the spirit of honour.

THE END OF WAR

The pacifist is blind to the basic truth that no era of enduring peace can come, until the virtues of the warrior have become an integral and permanent part of human nature. It would be agreeable if these virtues could be acquired without effort and sacrifice, without the need of cultivating them through experience of discomfort and horror, pain and death. Unfortunately these are the conditions which are presented and enforced by Nature. We must learn to recognize the light of the immortal spirit shining through the outer hideousness of the suffering and dying body.

"Nothing is better for a warrior than a righteous battle", says Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita*. It is interesting and stimulating to find this theme resumed in a recent work by Colonel Charles de Gaulle of the French Army, *Vers l'Armée de métier*. The author comments upon the mission of the soldier, which is not merely to kill the enemy, as the pacifists insinuate, but to sacrifice himself completely and joyfully to a cause which he recognizes to be greater than himself. Therefore, the true soldier longs, in a certain sense, for war, because only in battle can he fully give himself. "Between the fictitious activity of an army in times of peace and its latent power, there is a deceptive element, of which the soldier cannot become aware without pain." It is not that he enjoys the spectacle

of the battlefield, with its confusion and carnage. He looks beyond all warfare to the ultimate peace, but he knows that this peace is the dynamic consummation of life, and that only by the way of war can it be attained. Colonel de Gaulle has restated, in his own terms, a fundamental principle of real Christianity, that freedom from pain is the reward of those who use pain to rise above it.

If war is in essence destructive, the ideal of the warrior is, however, economy, the minimum of slaughter for the maximum of victory. It turns to account death and suffering and terror, the sooner to attain its goal and to bring them to an end. . . . In truth, the military spirit, the art of the soldier and his virtues constitute an integral part of the capital of humanity. . . . The self-sacrifice of the individual for the group, the glorified suffering by which troops are formed, best fulfil our æsthetic and moral ideals; the highest doctrines of philosophy and religion have chosen no other goal.

THE WORLD-PICTURE OF MODERN PHYSICS

To return to our general theme, the brutal realist and the sentimentalist suffer from a common delusion, that it is easy to discover and to reveal the truth. The ultra-modern physicist is at least freed from this kind of self-deception. In his efforts to interpret the bewildering paradoxes of "sub-atomic" behaviour, he has reduced the universe to "a stormy sea with the sea taken away and only the abstract quality of storminess left—or the grin of the Cheshire cat if we can think of a grin as undulatory". Tangible things do not exist in the scheme of wave-mechanics, and the physicist has practically abandoned the search for them. He refuses to speak of anything more definite than a "probability".

However, from time to time, some leader of advanced scientific opinion ventures to speculate upon the nature of the world-picture which may ultimately emerge from the void in which the classical Newtonian universe has been dissolved. In his Presidential Address before the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir James Jeans suggested that the one certain fact in the world is the existence of our own minds. His thesis represents a return, in spirit if not in letter, to the starting-point of modern philosophical speculation, the famous *cogito ergo sum* of Descartes.

There is nothing new under the sun. It is wise to keep this ancient apothegm in mind, whenever we read a newspaper. The press habitually describes every event in the most sensational terms possible. Thus the newspaper accounts of Jeans' speculations imply that his ideas have no precedents in the history of the human mind. Moreover, Jeans himself lends colour to this delusion by apparently imputing to his predecessors a general naïveté which is quite incredible. Doubtless, a gross and crude materialism has been fashionable in certain strata of society during the past two centuries; but one wonders how many real men of science have believed that they were "studying an objective nature which had its own existence independently of the mind which perceived it".

For instance, there was Sir Isaac Newton. In the *Principia*, he carefully explained that he did not use the word "attraction" in a physical sense; that his conception of natural forces or "agents" was purely mathematical. In

his *Third Letter* to Bentley, he said: "That gravity should be innate, inherent and essential to matter, . . . is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man, who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it." A hundred years after Newton, Cuvier, the great zoologist, remarked in the *Révolution du Globe* that "it is not certain whether natural forces are not after all spiritual powers (*des agents spirituels*).” In 1870, when Victorian materialism was at its height, Thomas H. Huxley wrote in his *Lay Sermons*: "After all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter', except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? . . . Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel more, or less, than knowledge of states of consciousness." Certainly, Jeans is not the first scientific thinker who has concluded that "the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas".

The following is quoted from the report of Jeans' address in *Science*, September 7, 1934.

The old physics imagined it was studying an objective nature which had its own existence independently of the mind which perceived it—which, indeed, had existed from all eternity, whether it was perceived or not. It would have gone on imagining this to this day, had the electron observed by the physicists behaved as on this supposition it ought to have done. But it did not so behave, and this led to the birth of the new physics, with its general thesis that the nature we study does not consist so much of something we perceive as of our perceptions; it is not the object of the subject-object relation, but the relation itself. There is, in fact, no clear-cut division between the subject and object; they form an indivisible whole which now becomes nature. This thesis finds its final expression in the wave-parable, which tells us that nature consists of waves and that these are of the general quality of waves of knowledge or of absence of knowledge, in our own minds. Let me digress to remind you that if ever we are to know the true nature of waves, these waves must consist of something we already have in our own minds. Now knowledge and absence of knowledge satisfy this criterion as few other things could; waves in an ether, for instance, emphatically did not. It may seem strange, and almost too good to be true, that nature should in the last resort consist of something we can really understand; but there is always the simple solution that the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas. . . .

His [the Victorian scientist's] objective and material universe is proved to consist of little more than constructs of our own minds. To this extent, then, modern physics has moved in the direction of philosophic idealism. Mind and matter, if not proved to be of similar nature, are at least found to be ingredients of a single system. . . . This brings us face to face with the fundamental difficulty which confronts every form of philosophical idealism. If the nature we study consists so largely of our own mental constructs, why do our minds all construct one and the same nature? . . . I would suggest that physics itself may provide a possible although very conjectural clue. . . . Atomicity and division into individual existences are fundamental in the restricted space-time picture, but disappear in the wider, and as far as we know more truthful picture which transcends space and time. In this, atomicity is replaced by what General Smuts would describe as "holism"—the photons [or units of radiation] are no longer distinct individuals each going its own way, but members of a single organization or whole—a beam of light. . . . The biologists are beginning to tell us, although not very unanimously, that the same may be true of the cells of our bodies. And is it not conceivable that what is true of the objects perceived may be true also of the perceiving minds? When we view ourselves in space and time, we are quite obviously distinct individuals;

when we pass beyond space and time, we may perhaps form ingredients of a continuous stream of life. It is only a step from this to a solution of the problem which would have commended itself to many philosophers from Plato to Berkeley, and is, I think, directly in line with the new world-picture of modern physics.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE INTELLECT

Many details in this brilliant philosophic design recall the world-picture of Theosophy. The student of Theosophy also believes that "the nature we study consists largely of our mental constructs", and that mind and matter are "ingredients of a single system". However, the two pictures are far from being identical. There is a depressing quality which pervades the "real world" of Jeans' system. It is, indeed, "a stormy sea with only the abstract quality of storminess left". It has as much warmth and vividness as a mathematical formula, and is admirably adapted for the habitation of such entities as the square root of minus one. Certainly this is not the "real world" of Theosophy. It is a fundamental theosophical principle that the universe, if we could see it as it truly is, would reveal itself as infinitely more vivid, more concrete, more varied in beauty, more individual in its forms of consciousness, than we can remotely conceive. As one of the Upanishads tells us: "Who could live, who could breathe, if the heart of being were not joy?" It is our own world of illusion which, by comparison with the real, is abstract, vague and empty. But the truth and beauty which we find and love here, are re-discovered on all the planes of reality, for they are of the essence of universal being. "There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for that which exists."

Jeans reduces the universe to a basic substance which is either mind or of mind-like nature. But what does he mean by mind? The word itself has so many connotations, that it is almost impossible for anyone to use it twice in exactly the same sense. Jeans appears to have some conception of a universal consciousness of which human consciousness is a specialized manifestation or microcosm. But he clearly identifies this "consciousness" with the intellect. It is, indeed, open to question whether the ideal intellect which he attributes to God could be associated with any state of consciousness. The mind of Nature or of God, as he half-seriously postulates it, is devoid of everything except the ultra-abstruse figments of pure mathematical theory. It is the intellect of a super-mathematician.

As Jeans makes clear, it is irrational to conceive all things, including our minds, as permutations and combinations of an objective and material stuff extended in space. But we find it no less difficult to imagine any process whereby a mathematical formula could be transformed into the concrete universe to which our souls and bodies belong.

Even the limited introspection of which we are capable, demonstrates that the intellect is not itself a creative power. It is an instrument of consciousness, a vehicle evolved by Nature, as the physical body is evolved, for the purposes of soul. Wherever consciousness is immediately present, the twin powers of perception and will are active. In the oft-quoted phrase of Plotinus, con-

sciousness is contemplation overflowing into action; as the mystics have so often repeated, consciousness and love are one and the same. But the intellect *per se* is incapable of perception and will and love. It is in its own nature as passive as a robot; its function being to register and to preserve the images presented to it by the perceptive powers, and, under the impulsion of will, to formulate in logical order plans which can be translated into effective action.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN SPIRIT AND MATTER

Theosophy, following the most venerable of metaphysical traditions, proposes a solution of the coexistence of subject and object in one universe, by postulating that they are aspects of "an Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable Principle on which all speculation is impossible".

Parabrahman, the One Reality, the Absolute, is the field of Absolute Consciousness, i. e., that Essence which is out of all relation to conditioned existence, and of which conscious existence is a conditioned symbol. But once that we pass in thought from this (to us) Absolute Negation, duality supervenes in the contrast of Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter, Subject and Object. Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter are, however, to be regarded, not as independent realities, but as the two symbols or aspects of the Absolute, Parabrahman, which constitute the basis of conditioned Being whether subjective or objective. The Manifested Universe, therefore, is pervaded by duality, which is, as it were, the very essence of its *Ex*-istence as Manifestation. But just as the opposite poles of Subject and Object, Spirit and Matter, are but aspects of the One Unity in which they are synthesized, so, in the Manifested Universe, there is "that" which links Spirit to Matter, Subject to Object. This something, at present unknown to Western speculation, is called by Occultists, Fohat. It is the "bridge" by which the Ideas existing in the Divine Thought are impressed on Cosmic Substance as the Laws of Nature, . . . the dynamic energy of Cosmic Ideation (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 43-44).

It is suggested that man, in his turn, can build a "bridge" between soul and body, between subject and object, between the perceiver and the perceived, a "bridge" which may be said to correspond to Fohat and to be formed of spiritual intuition and will. Not unnaturally it is unknown to Western speculation, for it is manifest in the lives of the very few. However, according to the occult tradition which Madame Blavatsky transmitted, no real understanding of the simplest fact is possible until that "bridge" is completed by man. The mind, relying on the physical senses alone, and distracted by self-will and emotion, can speculate endlessly, but it cannot contact the living truths of greater Nature. It is this "mind" which is "the slayer of the real". The intellect is the mirror of consciousness, whether this be high or low, and only the spiritual man can possess an intellect which reflects things as they are.

FRAGMENTS

THOU hast started upon the Quest, O Soul: hast thou the lion's heart that it requires?

Nay, quoth he, no lion's heart have I. I am weak and fearful, but I love.

Hast thou strength, then, for the rigours of the Way,—the heavy burdens thou must carry, the rough, steep climb, the bitter winds, the peril of a slip to faltering feet?

Nay, I am all weakness, as I said; know not how to climb, have a poor back for burdens, and always stumble when I walk.

Then hast thou light and vision to supplement this weakness, something to show thee where the turnings are upon the road; where, through the mists, the chasms lie concealed; where, under newly-fallen snow, are rolling stones or sheets of slippery ice? Vision thou must have, or else sure knowledge of the Way.

Nay, neither have I: I tell thee I have but love, and what I love I seek. Forbid me not, for I can die of love, so weak I am. The body matters little, but who could slay his heart?

If thus thy love be all, O Soul, and if thy heart were slain, where wouldst thou be upon the Way? Consider well.

Nay, cease thy questioning. O thou, Tormentor of my craven soul, leave me, that I may pass along. Or, if thy blighting presence must stay with me, come thou; I parley here no more. I love, and follow where I love.

Then was the troubling voice dissolved in music, and on the strains of music came the words: Pass on, blest Soul; he who has love has all the rest, or finds them waiting for him on the Way. Pass on, whatever may betide, to certain Victory.

CAVÉ.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

THE concluding words of Judge's letter of December 19th, 1895, from Aiken, S. C., were: "No more and we shall meet" (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1933). I was at Macon, Ga., where, on December 22nd, the very active local Branch, in spite of Macon's comparatively small population, provided an audience of over 600 people, in the Academy of Music, to listen to my lecture on Theosophy. Newspaper reports were friendly, and Judge, when he heard of it, was pleased, for in those days, numbers and publicity still counted. We were sowing widely, scattering seeds of the Ancient Wisdom in every corner we could reach. Not many of us realized then, as Judge did, that out of the thousands who not only listened, but for a time joined the ranks of the Society, it would have been against the order of Nature for more than a handful to bear fruit.

As soon as I could leave Macon, I joined Judge at Aiken, and had the delight of spending two weeks with him in the boarding-house where he and Mrs. Judge were staying. Judge's voice was very weak; it hurt him to talk; but as the love of his life was the Theosophical Society and the Movement, he not only *had* to know the particulars of my lecturing tour, with impressions of the members I had met, but *had* to comment for my information, and "for the future", as he put it, when I begged him not to tire himself in this way. (It should be remembered that he died on March 21st, only three months later.) He used to come to my room and sit on the bed, cross-legged, yogi fashion—the soles of his feet turned up—and talk of things he wanted me to know, of things inner and outer, vital in the real and often hidden life of the Movement. Already showing signs of exhaustion, constantly struggling with his cough, it seemed none the less as if he could not, would not die, so strong and steady, clear and one-pointed, was the inner flame of his purpose; and always the same marvellous smile, springing from his eyes,—quiet, like sunrise behind hills. Uncomplaining, single-hearted, he fought on, hoping to live that he might complete the work he had begun. Often we talked of the book on Occultism, for which he had asked me to collect material: it was needed, he said; there were so many perversions, misunderstandings, of the real thing.

He had not a spark of vanity in him: and that, above all, was the trouble with his enemies, as it is the trouble to-day with those who discuss him from a pedestal of superiority, deciding where he was right and where he was wrong,—in an effort to show, by hook or crook, to a little circle of admirers, their own acumen, or "spiritual" attainment, or vast experience, that in any case they may shine in their own eyes, and, if God be good, in the eyes of others also. How small they are, against the memory of his greatness!

He was still able to take short walks, and occasionally we tried the streets of Aiken for this purpose; but they were "full of niggers", as he said,—which

would not have mattered if it had not been for the amazing rudeness (at that time, in any case) of the coloured population, and for occasional attempts to jostle us off the pavement, which both of us found intolerable. So we deserted the streets and took to the woods, agreeing that the North is often unfair to the "Southern attitude" toward negroes, Northerners failing to recognize the difficulties which arise when white people, outnumbered, live side by side with a race which, as a race, is inferior (the exceptions, both ways, merely emphasizing the rule).

No man ever worked harder for the ideal of brotherhood than Judge; but he was not one of those addle-headed dreamers who think that all men are born equal, or that distinctions of race, creed, sex, caste and colour, properly accepted, are any obstacle to a genuinely theosophical relationship.

Judge's personality was Irish, and, racially, on the plane of his personality, he disliked the English; but his dislike of the English on that plane was nothing in comparison with his dislike, on another plane, of the Irish in himself: "that Irish boy", he called it privately, with disgust. He was, in other words, incapable of real prejudice,—able to see things for what they were, recognizing inferiority here and superiority there, with entire detachment. Standing with him once on a balcony of the old Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond in England, we saw Queen Victoria drive by in an open landau. He had not seen her before, and was deeply interested. "A remarkable woman", he said; "a very remarkable woman"; then, after a pause: "She has extraordinary *presence*". It was no small tribute, coming from him. How he would have hated the tribe of present-day, professional belittlers!

Judge left Aiken on January 9th, and, after spending two weeks in Cincinnati with Dr. Buck, and over a week in Fort Wayne, arrived in New York on February 3rd. I had been obliged to leave Aiken in time to lecture in Washington on the evening of January 7th, proceeding from there to Pittsburgh, then to Wilkesburg, to Philadelphia, and so to New York, where I arrived on January 19th, most gladly accepting Mr. Griscom's kind invitation to his home.

While in Washington I received this,—Judge's mind still intent upon "things to be done", but with a twinkle in his eye as he bestowed on me yet another sobriquet.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., January 7th, 1896.

Dear Orator,

I forgot to say that we wish to bring out a pamphlet, same series as *Devachan*, on Reincarnation, to be made up from *Path* articles, etc. The last one, "Doctrine of Rebirth", is a good one; and there is one by [Dr.] Anderson. You will have to look these up also, when you get to New York, and let me know about it.

All well, as ever,

24.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, O., January 16th, 1896.

Important and Confidential.

Dear Ernest,

There is a small room on the top story of 144 [Madison Avenue] which has a Yale lock. In it are the following: . . .

Now then: I want to give up the room to the Trustees. Take large sheets of wrapping paper and twine (Look out for ——'s curiosity). Do up the old robe and ask Griscoms (Mrs.) to take charge of it for me.

Nobody knows what's in the room, no matter what they may suspect; so don't tell them.

Well good bye and

As ever,

2.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, O., January 19th, 1896.

Confidential.

Dear Ernest,

Without waiting to hear from you: I have thought over the matter of the Chickering Hall lectures [Claude Wright had been lecturing there, every Sunday morning], and my opinion is—you had better, if asked by W. [Wright] to take part or take up, *refuse*.

If he is going to give up, he should be allowed to do so. I do not think they are of enough consequence to call for the expenditures they require of all sorts to make them go right.

As ever,

2.

Nothing definite about plans. My throat bad, and cause of aphonia discovered therein—three months old.

To understand the reference to Mrs. Besant in the next letter, it is necessary to keep in mind that K.H. ∴ had written to Olcott in August, 1888, that he had not written to or communicated with anyone, *except through H.P.B.*, since 1885; that Sinnett, suspecting H.P.B.'s integrity, but still believing in the existence of K.H., had been determined to establish his own independent line of communication with K.H., and, with that end in view, had mesmerized his wife and others, putting them into "trances", and had thus secured what *he* regarded as authentic teaching and guidance from the K.H. of *The Occult World*,—all the more authentic, in Sinnett's estimation, because the instruction, thus obtained, invariably confirmed Sinnett's preconceptions and prejudices, especially his rooted conviction that the planets Mars and Mercury belonged to the Earth chain of globes, and that he was supported in this by K.H. as against H.P.B. On the appearance of *The Secret Doctrine* in 1888, Sinnett had bitterly resented

H.P.B.'s correction of his views on this subject; relations between them had become very strained, and for some time before H.P.B.'s death, in May, 1891, Avenue Road and Sinnett's group had kept at arms' length. Very shortly after H.P.B.'s death, however, Annie Besant privately approached Sinnett. She did this because, "all intellect" and not in the least spiritual (as H.P.B. had written of her), she was avid of phenomena and had resented Judge's refusal to indulge her craving and his insistence that she must seek and find the "inner light" and thus become a "self-moving wheel". For a brief period, Sinnett captured her, as so many men had, and as so many were still to do. Thus it came about, as an after-effect of Sinnett's influence, that in *Lucifer* of December, 1895, Annie Besant reversed her earlier statements (see *The Path* of December, 1893, p. 270), "corrected" H.P.B., and, incidentally, led me to explode against her in a letter to Judge, to which he replied as follows:

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, O., January 20th, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

Will you please attend to the enclosed matter of German application. I enclose my reply written in copying pencil, so that it can be press copied.

Claude [Wright] has pretended to attend to these European matters, but I have no confidence. I asked him to get (a) book to enter matters done as President of T.S.E., (b) copying book for these letters. Find out if he has them, and use them. The record should have quite a number of entries. But he has never informed me about it. If he hasn't them, then you procure them please.

Yours from Philadelphia received. It is amusing; they are amusing.

But may I ask if you thought it a reply to my request for copy [to write me] re squashing B. [Mrs. Besant]? I don't see *Lucifer*. You must write me the stuff and I'll alter to suit me [This was done. See *The Path*, March, 1896, p. 362]. I wish to ignore her, but I can't ignore the point. It is vital in the philosophy. I would not name her other than "editor of *Lucifer*".

I am feeling badly all the week with stomach and throat. Latter no better. We shall leave here in a few days and go up to Fort Wayne.

— of Philadelphia writes a mawkish note deploring the correction made in *Path* about American Section and bolters. Is he the duck you spoke of?

As ever,

24.

P. S. Think of the European laxity. It is now six months since Convention, and I have had no copy of adopted form of charter or diploma. If I had it, I could reply better to Reuss.

[Postmarked] FORT WAYNE, IND., January 29th, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

Am too sick to write. You are too previous about sending a delegate to London in July. That is not occultism. Not the time to think of it now.

Received the stuff *re* Mars and Earth, and will use it when I get better.

N. B. The yellow stone in the little flagree box is *not to be handled*. Tell the Gs [Griscoms] if they have it.

Coryn: My letter in reply from him is to the contrary. He is pleased. Says that's the sort of one he likes. I tell you there is too much disposition to *make* friction and to get even.

Watch C.F.W. [Claude Wright] when around and tell me if he seems overburdened with work.

Weather here very nice and warm. I found out where the robe is o.k., so you need not bother. Thanks for all the trouble you took.

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] FORT WAYNE, IND., January 30th, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

Re letter to — of India. Better point out also the affiliation clause in our Constitution and say that can be done. If they would take a bold stand, there might be a good deal done there. Suggest it. He and his Branch would have as much right as a thousand to declare themselves an Indian T.S.

Just received the *Path* article and the Bernhardt matter. Thanks. Am a little better and will read them soon.

We need a pamphlet (in the "envelope series") and I wrote Page [manager, under Judge, of the Publishing department] on it—about Reincarnation. It will consist of reprints from *Path*, e.g., Miss Wakefield's article and some of mine and Anderson. Please ask Page if he wrote Miss Wakefield.

I don't know what headway you are making with all the various things, as you don't say. Nor do you send any note or memo of anything for "Screen". Has no point arisen at all?

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] FORT WAYNE, IND., January 31st, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

We leave here on Monday and shall arrive Tuesday at Grand Central. Please meet me with a carriage to hold you also. I would rather that the people did not come to the station. Will probably go to the Lincoln House and do not care on Tuesday to have anyone but you and possibly Griscom call. I am worse—in voice—than at Aiken, and positively cannot speak.

Will give you particulars in telegram before leaving, as to time of arrival.

If Claude says he wants to come up, I do not care to have him as I shall have to write what I want with him. But don't tell him this.

As ever,

24.

It was on February 3rd, at 6 p. m., that he arrived in New York, driving from the station to the Lincoln Hotel, where he had decided to stay until a suitable apartment could be found for him. He was far more ill than when I had left him at Aiken some three weeks earlier: he was much weaker, his cough was more frequent, his digestion gave him greater pain, he could barely whisper. But he insisted upon my spending an hour or more with him daily, while he went over details of the Work in its many ramifications. When he could, he whispered his comments or directions; at other times he wrote notes on scraps of paper,—such as: "*Forum*. If possible relieve C.F.W. of the *Forum*, and take entire charge of it, either at once or by degrees." "*Path*. You must attend to it. Articles to come are yours and Buck's. I can't finish mine I fear. I have Miss Hillard's. You must write Screen of Time." He thought of everything; I must have a desk at 144 Madison Avenue, then our Headquarters; so another note says: "Your desk is to be in Correspondence Class room, 3rd floor. Desk belongs to W.Q.J. Use it." He was indefatigable, unconquerable; and the explanation was simple: his zeal, springing from so great a love for the Work that so long as he could think he must think first of that, always of that, and then, from the same source, find strength to pass on to others, by some means or other, the thought he willed into action. I can imagine a dying mother, unable to move, still tending her little one like that.

No matter how ill, he always got up and dressed as usual, refusing to stay in bed; but, with rare exceptions, he could not receive visitors. He sent for Mrs. Griscom, wanting to see her, and he saw Mr. Griscom, so loyally devoted to him, several times.

While Judge was at the Lincoln and I was spending part of every day with him, reporting on what had already been done to carry out his instructions, upon what remained to be done, and receiving further directions from him—every branch of the work being covered—I did not realize that he was dying. I did not even think of it as a possibility: he was so intensely alive in heart and mind, so vibrant with energy. Nor did I realize the extent to which his long illness had frayed his nerves; if I had, I should not have allowed myself to become rather discouraged at times by my inability always to please him. His patience and self-control were really marvellous, but I knew that my inexperience and stupidities were occasionally a trial to him, and then doubtless I looked as well as felt crestfallen.

This childish reaction was stopped completely by a letter which I received, addressed to me at 144 Madison Avenue, postmarked February 20th, the

envelope of which was in Judge's writing. The "letter" itself was in a modified script which I well knew, and read as follows:

"Ernest—Never mind his nerves which have been exposed a long time. He is really pleased with what has been done and especially with the way you did the Screen. Δ"

I had the grace to be ashamed of myself for making such a message necessary, or, if not necessary, for having drawn on the compassion of one whose generosity is unending but whom I might have spared.

It was a relief to Judge when, finally, an apartment had been found for him (he hated hotels), and his furniture had been moved into it. It was on the third floor of 325 West 56th Street. He, Mrs. Judge and I drove there on the afternoon of February 22nd. From that day he grew weaker and weaker. Some two weeks before his death his doctor warned him that unless he would consent to give up all work, he would throw away his only chance to recover. Judge consented, but the first effect of such a change in his whole life's practice was to make his condition worse: there was danger of an immediate collapse. His cough was incessant; he could no longer lie down; he would doze with his head on his arms on the back of a chair. Absolutely uncomplaining, he never lost his magnificent power of endurance and self-control.

On the morning of March 19th, I had gone to the T.S. Headquarters at 144 Madison Avenue as usual, although much worried by Judge's appearance (as already stated, I occupied one of the rooms in his apartment). In the early afternoon I received a telegram: "Go to Twenty-Ninth Street railroad office; get full particulars all Florida resorts, trains, tickets, sleepers; then come home. —W. Q. Judge." When I returned, he whispered that if he could "only get to some place where he could sit in the midst of sunshine and flowers", he might yet perhaps recover. Not long afterwards, while I was sitting by the sofa on which he half sat and half reclined, watching him as he dozed, the "Rajah" suddenly came to the fore, and with his unmistakable force said, among other things: "There should be calmness. Hold fast. Go slow".

On Friday, the 20th, Mrs. Judge and his sister, Miss Emily Judge, persuaded him to have a professional night nurse. She came, but he would not have her in his room! It made me laugh; it was so characteristic; it was one of the things in him that I loved.

In the afternoon he got some broken sleep. It was after this that he told me he was "away most of the time"—had I seen him "come back just then?" That night, Miss Emily Judge was obliged to go home, and as Mrs. Judge badly needed rest, it became my privilege to sit with him from about ten until about three o'clock on Saturday morning. During that time he dozed, though rousing himself every half hour regularly for his medicine. He was fighting to the last ditch: it was his duty. Unselfish to the end, he told me every time I gave him his medicine, to go to bed at once; what was I up so late for?—with that rare

smile of his. Numerous excuses were invented, at which he again smiled his old smile. At about three, Mrs. Judge took my place, but at six she called me, saying that Judge wished to see me at once. When I went to him he whispered asking me to go immediately to fetch a doctor, a specialist, who had been called in previously to consult with his regular physician. I realized now, if I had not done so previously, that we were at the last ditch; so I tore through the streets to the home of this famous specialist, and, when no one answered the door-bell, rang it furiously for half an hour without ceasing, until at last he appeared,—only to refuse to see Judge on the ground that to do so in the absence of his regular physician would be contrary to professional etiquette. I pleaded, breathlessly; but the fact that a man's life was at stake did not affect him.

Hurrying back to the apartment, I found Judge in the same condition, sitting bolt upright on the sofa—facing it. Telling him the result of my call, I suggested the name of another specialist; but now he refused to see any doctor. At about 8:30 I left his room to ask the nurse if she thought anything could be done, but at about ten minutes to nine Mrs. Judge rushed in, calling us to come at once. I found him still sitting upright, but with the clear mark of approaching death on his face. In three minutes he quietly breathed his last.

Thus seemed to die "the greatest of the Exiles",—a warrior of the Lodge. As I wrote at the time: "He passed from comparative inactivity into the full use of his powers; from constant physical pain into a state where *that* pain was only a memory. For him, death had no terrors, brought with it no separation. So we who loved him have no cause to mourn, but instead should rejoice that he is set free at last."

The truth is that Judge, "dead", went out of his way to make it evident to some of us that he was very much alive. We could not have doubted it, but his generosity of love demanded expression, and found it.

The debt we owe him is beyond calculation. The existence of the Society to-day is due primarily to his labour and sacrifice, and to the light he passed on. H.P.B. had hewn a track through primeval forest, and, to do so, had been obliged to use dynamite and axe. Judge turned her track into a paved road: he was the great consolidator. Both built their own memorials: H.P.B., her *Secret Doctrine* and *Voice of the Silence*; Judge, that living nucleus, one of the fruits of which is the thirty-two years' existence and growth of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, and the continuance, so far into the twentieth century, of the Work of the Lodge which Masters inaugurated in 1875. In Palestine, many centuries ago, the Master Christ dominated cyclic law,—in his case, *a major cycle*. Not since then has even the hundred-year cycle been over-ridden, until that which Judge left behind him, as the flowering of his effort, became the means of similar opportunity.

Gratitude is never easy to express, but the least I can say is that I personally owe him, directly or indirectly, all that I value in life.

E.T.H.

PERCHANCE HE SLEEPETH

THERE was no trace of arrogant pride in his voice or bearing. You wondered if he had a true appreciation of the greatness that is his, and came to the conclusion that he had not. You were sure that he had no conception of what he meant to the millions who had watched him, but also to those countless other millions to whom he was but a great and glamorous name. And you were very sure that he did not know the wonder and the magic bound up in the words he was speaking."

The above is an item copied from a New York daily paper of late date. It is not written of any adept or initiate, or of any great pioneer in art or science. It is written, believe it if you can, of Babe Ruth. In the next column an advertisement for cigarettes begins: "It would make a camel laugh". It is well that camels have a sense of humour, for now they can use it.

Kali Yuga, into the further murk of which we seem to be so blithely marching, must mean a state of consciousness in which everything is not merely standing on its head—that is to be looked for in a world of reflections—but is also so ludicrously out of drawing that it would make a whole menagerie laugh. But laughter or no, of the many strange gods this strange world has worshipped in its time, the least inspiring of them all is the great god Speed under whose chariot wheels thousands are not only metaphorically but literally casting themselves. Speed is spoken of in the New Testament once, when that doomed herd "rushed violently down a steep place and there perished". It sounds as a modern motor race looks.

Some years ago Charles Johnston of beloved memory, in an address to The Theosophical Society, emphasized the limits of the physical plane and the certainty that we must proceed on other planes if we are to proceed at all. Nerve and muscle, he pointed out, can be trained and over-trained almost to work miracles on their own terms. A horse will trot a mile in a surprisingly small number of seconds, and next year he may, with luck and youth, do it in a second less. An athlete will run a mile, breaking all former records; but what physicians call a "follow-up" may find him under treatment for a dilated heart at forty; a silly girl will swim half across the Channel and then be dragged frozen and semi-conscious into the boat that has pursued her with a reviving flask; while as to what the degenerate days call "Marathons", debasing the beautiful Greek word to cover pitiful exhibitions of exertion carried beyond the danger point, the less said the better; perhaps the poor things are doing it for their daily bread, and one would keep a charitable silence except toward the law that permits it. The point is that stress is placed increasingly on the physical; the plaudits of the crowd are for its triumphs, the ludicrous dithyrambs of the newspaper reporter are poured out in its honour, and those who "play the game" are the inspirers of such reverent awe as prompted our opening paragraph.

There would seem to be a natural corollary to this, to be found perhaps in a holy law that life lived on the physical plane alone, breeds a distaste for life; for these people do not love it. They love many of its by-products, but not life itself, and one wonders what another type of "follow-up" would disclose; what aftermath of weariness is born finally of high living and low thinking; what shadows haunt these "heroes" who day by day must have life less abundantly? When the physical plane betrays physical people they are at once in bad case, for where shall they turn? Complacency being the last outpost, they continue to pat themselves on the back, but they do so with uneasy eyes, and looking round for someone else to blame, they decide that God will do. So the "man in the street" shouts defiantly that he never asked to be born, and could not be convinced that he had clamoured for it, or that, so far from having a grievance, it was a granted boon and he was living from breath to breath under the clemency of a spiritual moratorium to which only the bookkeeping of Paradise could be equal. No—this cock-sure, three dimensional world is not enjoying its own chaos.

The language of revolt can be very eloquent, and blaming God has always been an inviting pastime. It lends itself to an inexpensive philosophy, to facile exuberance of expression, and either to romantic resignation or to heroic defiance—rôles in which man fancies himself. It follows that an ever-easy way to the great public heart is to mirror it in prose or rhyme stiffened with a little water-starch of philosophy. Some of us remember the day Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* came to its welcoming American public. Its beauty was its obvious passport, but oh! how youth responded to its insolence! Here was an arraignment of Providence in good round confident quatrains—if there is such a thing as a round quatrain. Here were those reflections we had coquetted with now and then, echoed back to us in lovely seductive verse that everyone could quote—and everyone did. To quote is agreeable, but to be quoted to is horrid, and we fled our friends down the byways. Then people went home and translated it all over again—the poets must have smiled. Novelists headed their chapters with its most challenging lines, and it was set to music of course and sung *ad nauseam* by quartettes who yelled that they wished to remould "it" to the heart's desire, while the baritone, who was only that and nothing more, robustly declaimed that with "Doctor and Saint he did eagerly frequent". It was felt that the mills of the million grind exceeding small, and Providence was getting its come-uppance at last.

(For the purposes of its argument this article must ignore the interpretation of Sufi mysticism, against which Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat*, in a verbal sense, appears to lean backwards.)

There is another poem, not so well known or so often quoted, which the present writer loves,—and loves this opportunity to quote. Unlike the *Rubaiyat*, it does not leave its passionate questionings unanswered, but passes with quiet triumph to their spiritual solution. Anna Hempstead Branch is the poet, and "The Descendant and the Id", the poem:

The scholar in his book you know
 Talks of ids and biophors, and so
 Makes much rebellious dreaming come and go.

This rebellious dreaming carries the poet back into the dark abysses of time to face "some dim Forefather of my birth", and together they arraign the principle of heredity from the outlook of common victims. Then appear those "melancholy pilgrims", the poet's immediate ancestors, and the terrors of inheritance grow ever more vivid; for between them all they have betrayed the past, cheated the present, and mortgaged the future. (The poor things do not seem to bequeath good Karma.)

Heredity, that drives the weak and great,
 With hostile lips I kiss thy robes of state.
 Such homage wilt thou ask of me, O Fate!

The case would seem to be desperate from the fatalist standpoint, did not presently the inner self intervene; did not speak "that rapt Philosopher, who bore the little, restless, splendid Biophor", bidding the poet "look you, with curious eyes, upon the Id", for—

"Here is thy will, thy war, thy heavenly fire,
 Thy dust, thy want, thy labour, and thy hire,
 The dream, the anger, and the old desire. . . .

What dream hast thou of what thyself might be?"

"*What Dream hast thou?"* Then with a heart of trust
 I felt the sharp and exquisite swift thrust
 Of swords of angels, flashing through the dust. . . .

Slowly I felt the ancient custom fall
 Like shattered rain from off a steady wall,
 And great "*I will*" is stronger than them all.

For if those hordes that terribly must ride
 Drive through my heart and leave their grief inside,
 God also wanders there at eventide.

Man from the dust and woman from the bone,—
 But oh, we were not wrought of these alone!
 God, with His Heavenly Spirit, breathed thereon.

And so, by this path and by that, we come home once more to the Ancient Wisdom, and it has a still small voice. It says to the level of the physical, "thus far and no further"; it whispers in the Hall of Learning, "pass on", and links its over-worked lures to a weary distaste. The soap-box orators of the city square shout it down in vain, and in vain is it denied from city pulpits. Those few who listen can hear it always, as Job heard it when he cried from his cross of initiation—I know that my Redeemer liveth and that without my flesh I shall see God!¹

L.S.

¹ See *The Holy Scriptures, A New Translation* (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia).

ONE PATH TO THE GOAL

IT is a well known fact that the records of mystical experience—the experience of those who have lived the inner life to the point of finding the Inner Light—show striking unanimity, whatever the period of history represented, and whatever the race or creed. It is equally true, however, that the mystics of different creeds, and frequently those of different nationalities, contribute, as groups, each their unique note. The mediæval Spanish mystics (the group best known to the West, perhaps) made the discovery that love of the Ideal, when developed to a certain high degree, can transmute and unify every element in the nature, and can then tap the very sources of being, drawing on a new life-force, and lifting the lover to undreamed-of heights of consciousness. Closely related to them, and in certain ways influencing them, the mystics of the Mohammedan faith (the early Sufis) laid an equal emphasis on love, and also found in it the means to attaining the Goal; but while they sounded that same note, all the overtones and undertones (to use a musical analogy) were subtly different.

Persian or Arabian as were most of the early Sufis, they lived at the meeting point of East and West, possessing national characteristics which made them susceptible to the many influences which converged there. Orthodox Mohammedanism, oriental mysticism, the Gnosticism professed by many sects in that locality, and a large admixture of Neo-Platonism, all became blended with the original Sufi quietism—furthering largely thereby what seems to have been the plan of the Lodge for opening the great storehouse of oriental thought to Spain and the West, through the conquering Moorish advance in North Africa and the Iberian peninsula. Unlike the mystics of the western world, who were compelled to fit the revelations they received into the narrow moulds of the Roman Church, the Sufis enjoyed considerable freedom, due chiefly to the general belief of their compatriots that all things, supernatural revelation included, are governed less by religious law than by the personal, moment-to-moment will of Allah. They became skilled in aligning their public teachings with orthodox views, and while there were, it is true, cases in which unorthodoxy paid the extreme penalty, since it exceeded even the supposed possible will of Allah, for the most part there was opportunity for remarkable breadth and profundity of thought—the more remarkable when it is remembered that Mohammedanism is one of the most rigid religious systems that the world has known.

The outstanding characteristic of the Sufi teachings lay, perhaps, in their complete recognition of the fundamental unity of all things. It is both implicit and expressed, in their thinking, their writing, their whole attitude toward life. It is just beneath the surface throughout such a work as the great *Masnawi* of Jalálu'd-Dín Rûmí, which has been termed the roots of the roots of the roots of the Mohammedan faith. This extraordinary poem is a collection of tales from every-

day life, with all the flavour of the Moslem East—episodes of the streets and bazaars, the palace and the hovel; fables of beasts and birds; all the colourful existence best known to the West through the *Arabian Nights*, but with a wholly different purpose in the telling. The stories have always in mind the reality lying close beneath the outer aspect, the jewel within its homely setting. The simple conduct of daily life, usually with little or no moralizing, but merely with the skilful turn of a line, is made to yield its lesson and reveal a world within worlds, and the reader is expected to bear this in mind and lend himself to it:

O brother, collect thy wits for an instant (and think): from moment to moment (incessantly) there is autumn and spring within thee.

Behold the garden of the heart, green and moist and fresh, full of rosebuds and cypresses and jasmines;

Boughs hidden by the multitude of leaves, vast plain and high palace hidden by the multitude of flowers.

These words, which are from Universal Reason, are the scent of those flowers and cypresses and hyacinths.

In following up that scent, entering the garden of the heart, and finding there the heart's Beloved, lay the whole meaning and purpose of life for the Sufi.

Borrowing from Neo-Platonism, the Sufis made their own the idea that the universe is the reflection of the Real. By a series of emanations the Divine Light, streaming downward, fell upon the darkness of not-being, every atom of which reflects some attribute of Deity—man reflecting all the attributes. Implicit in this is the belief that God is in every atom,—its essence. "He is a hidden treasure, and the visible world is a means whereby we may discover Him." He is not only Being, but Will, the motive power of all action, the spirit, the life of the world. "O God, I never listen to the cry of animals or to the quivering of trees or to the murmuring of water or to the warbling of birds or to the rustling wind or to the crashing thunder without feeling them to be an evidence of Thy unity and a proof that there is nothing like unto Thee." From this, it is only a step to the belief that every atom is seeking to find its way back to Unity. Every creature is longing for Him; the heart is athirst for Him; God is the goal toward which all things are moving.

The heaven itself revolves in silence, consumed by its yearning to look upon Him. The sun, as it goes on its orbit, is seeking to solve the mystery; the moon and the stars as they wax and wane, are craving for union with Him. When the flames of the fire rise heavenwards, it is from their longing to meet with Him. The wind, without foot or pinion, mounts aloft in its search for Him. The water rushing by in every stream seeks to find its rest in Him. For His sake the mountain is cleft into range upon range, so that in every spot it may keep its watch for Him. Even the sea, when thou seest it raging so furiously, is seething with yearning for the Friend.

The place of man in this scheme of things—that is, of the real man within us, is essentially and potentially, that of divinity itself. The Persian, 'Attar, has expressed it:

Man, what thou art is hidden from thyself.
 Knowest thou not that morning, mid-day, and the eve
 All are within thee? The ninth heaven art thou,
 And from the spheres into this roar of time
 Didst fall erewhile. Thou art the brush that painted
 The hues of all this world—the light of life,
 That rayed its glory on the nothingness.

But realization of such a heritage is far distant. In his present state, man is but a prisoner, the bird in its cage, the pearl in the oyster. There is that splendid poem by Avicenna (Ibn Sina), relating to the soul, quoted in an earlier QUARTERLY:

Lo, it was hurled

Midst the sign-posts and ruined abodes of this desolate world.
 It weeps, when it thinks of its home and the peace it possessed,
 With tears welling forth from its eyes without pausing or rest,
 And with plaintive mourning it broodeth like one bereft
 O'er such trace of its home as the fourfold winds have left.

Man, then, like every other atom in the universe, is seeking to find his way back to his source, but is ever held down, ever kept separate by the self, blinding and deluding him and leading him astray. One typically eastern expression of this concept comes also from the *Masnavi*:

O camel, on thy back is a bale of roses, from the perfume of
 which a hundred roseries grew within thee.
 Thy inclination is toward thorn-bushes and sand:
 I wonder what roses thou wilt gather from worthless thorns.
 O thou who in this search hast roamed from one quarter to another,
 how long wilt thou say, "Where, where is this rose garden?"

To accomplish the "passing away" from self, which was obviously necessary, the Sufis pursued a course of discipline, extending over many years, with extremes of austerity such as alone seem to satisfy the eastern temperament. The aspirant in all too many cases, as in other oriental systems, attained only to some unfortunate part-way stage on the long journey, and there became mired in psychism of various kinds and degrees. The East is miracle-loving, and at times its avidity in that direction has been abundantly fed; but fortunately, among the early Sufis there were many whose quest was truly spiritual, who regarded "miracles" as a temptation, a hindrance to reaching the shrine of Truth, and who saw, as one of their number expressed it, that the greatest miracle is the substitution of a good quality for a bad one. By such men as these, the passing away from self was sought in its most complete sense. They strove for a degree of identification with the Real in which there could be no "Thou" and "I", the very thought of "I-ness" being swallowed up. One of the characters in the *Masnavi*, addressing the Deity, says,

Thou didst contrive this "I" and "we" in order that Thou mightst play the
 game of worship with Thyself,
 That all "I's" and "thou's" should become one soul and at last should be sub-
 merged in the Beloved.

As these lines suggest, it is not *death* to self that is stressed, but *life* in the Real (a distinction which orientalists might well recognize in their efforts to explain Nirvana), and the one power which can achieve this end is love, that fire in the heart consuming all save the will of the Beloved.

O heart, haste thither, for God will shine upon you,
And seem to you a sweet garden instead of a terror.
He will infuse into your soul a new Soul,
So as to fill you, like a goblet, with wine.
Take up your abode in His Soul!

"'Twere better that the spirit which wears not true love as a garment had not been," writes Jalál; "its being is but shame. . . . All mankind are children except him that is intoxicated with God." Here again, as in all other mystical records, it is abundantly shown that the love of which they speak is not the love ordinarily known to humanity. The latter, even at its best, is only the A B C of real love. "The beloved who is not everlasting is better far away and out of sight." The higher love is the rapture of the seer, just as it is in every mystical record; it is equally the courage of the martyr, the faith of the saint. Expressed in action, it is self-renunciation, self-sacrifice, self-abnegation—the giving up of wealth, health, honour, will, life itself, for the sake of entering into and becoming one with the Beloved. "Love is a God-sent grace which must be sought by ardent prayer and aspiration." The mystic's concept both of love and of peace (two *states of consciousness* so grossly misunderstood in the world to-day) might advantageously be blazoned where all men must see, on the chance of bringing home to them the nobility and beauty of the reality they are unconsciously drawn by, and its contrast with the poor counterfeits they consciously seek. However, with better judgment no doubt, and in conformity with the long-ago warning about casting pearls, a celebrated Egyptian Sufi, Dhu'l-Nún, declared that Divine Love must not be spoken of, lest it come to the ears of the vulgar. He added, "True knowledge of God is not the knowledge that God is One, which is possessed by all believers; nor the knowledge of Him derived from truth and demonstration, which belongs to philosophers, rhetoricians and theologians; but it is the knowledge of the attributes of Divine Unity, which belongs to the Saints of God, to those who behold God in their hearts in such wise that He reveals unto them that which He revealeth not to anyone else in the world."

The relation worked out by this intensely beauty-loving people (as many of them were) between the Love of God which they sought, and love of the beautiful, is worthy of note. Among aspirants in the West, the more characteristic attitude is to turn away from the beautiful, to renounce it, perhaps to condemn it, at any rate to regard it as one of the "weights" to be laid aside in pressing toward the mark. The Sufi, on the contrary, sought it, embraced it, dwelt upon it, realizing that everything in the universe is as "a jug that is filled to the brim with wisdom and beauty", and that that beauty must be used as fuel for the flame of love he was striving to kindle. Out of this attitude grew the large body of poetry making symbolical reference to human beauty, of which the following from the Rubaiyat of Hafiz is representative:

"Thy lips?" I ask'd; quoth She, "Water of
Life is there!"
"Thy mouth?" I ask'd; "'Tis sugar sweet
beyond compare!"
"Thy speech?" I ask'd; "Hafiz," quoth
She, "hath said it is
The joy of those who use the mystic speech of
prayer!"

There was entire recognition of the danger of lingering in the outer form, of failing to pass from the visible beauty to the Beauty within it.

Alas! thou in the picture wert so much
absorb'd
Thou didst forget the Painter Who the picture
wrought.

Music affords a good illustration of their recognition of this point. Its effect was recognized and studied, and among the dervish Orders, it was extensively and effectively used. But while referred to (by Dhu'l-Nūn) as a divine influence, stirring the heart to seek God, there is the warning added that those who listen to it spiritually attain to God, while those who listen to it sensually, fall into unbelief.

Jami summed up the attitude toward the æsthetic element when he wrote, "Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone." It resolves itself again into that teaching of the fundamental unity of all things, wherein beauty and Beloved are one, just as lover and Love and Beloved are one. Beauty of outer form is a veiled expression of the Beloved within and behind it. "If gnosis were to take visible shape all who looked thereon would die at the sight of its beauty and loveliness and goodness and grace, and every brightness would become dark beside the splendour thereof." And the commentator compares a passage from Plato's *Phaedrus*: "For sight is the keenest of our bodily senses; though not by that is wisdom seen; her loveliness would have been transporting if there had been a visible image of her."

A recent book by a Latin American tells of the author's search for an authentic image of the Master Christ. Impelled by a longing to look "into the very eyes of the Lord", he wandered far and wide, always hoping to discover, in oratory or library or museum, some early sculptured or painted likeness that would satisfy his longing. "I carried on these roving," he says, "not for the vanity of knowing the historic truth, but for the need of possessing the mystic truth." It is a need—the need for the Real—which all mankind feels, even though he be conscious of it only as the vague unrest and discontent which urge so many on to ever-new excitement or sensation. And satisfaction lies in this discovery of the Sufis: He (or That, or whatever we may prefer to call the Real) is the Beauty in all beauty, the Soul of souls, the one infinite Being in which all are united, the source of all love. "'Tis the sun's self that lets the sun be seen." Jalāl is quoted as saying that the soul's love of God is God's love of the soul . . . in loving the soul

God loves Himself, for He draws home to Himself that which in its essence is divine. "Our copper has been transmuted by this rare alchemy."

There were many among the Sufis who sought (and found) ecstasy. A few tell of a still higher level of consciousness,—a mystical, unified consciousness, "the little corner where joy is"; a state in which they can say truly, "The centre is within me and its wonder lies as a circle everywhere about me." This higher level they term *Riza*, or the quintessence of love—re-phrasing it as "joyous submission". Certain critics, not having experienced it, claimed there was no such thing—submission, perhaps, but what joy could one find in that! In refutation, and in explanation characteristically oriental, a story is told (one of the Christ legends in which Mohammedan literature abounds):

It is said that Christ once saw a blind, forlorn leper who was praying: "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast saved me from such maladies which have overtaken many of us!" "Art thou not in misery?" asked Christ. "Tell me which is that malady which has not overtaken thee?" "Thank God", cried the leper, "I am not like him who does not know God!" "You are right," said Christ. "Give me your hand." And the breath of Christ instantly healed the leper, and he became one of his followers.

Regarding still higher stages and the ultimate destiny of man, there was no apparent uniformity of thought. The tenets of orthodox Mohammedanism denied the very possibility of many of the states which the Sufi actually experienced. The interpretation of these states, and the exoteric teaching, accordingly varied with the degree of orthodoxy required at any given period; varied also with the foreign religious influences most active at a given time, and with the degree of enlightenment of the individual teacher. One suspects that there were almost as many varieties of Sufism as there were Sufis,—certainly an extraordinary elasticity and fluidity and inclusiveness. Esoterically, of course, there may have been more uniformity. That there *were* esoteric teachings, there is no doubt, and *The Secret Doctrine*, it may be remembered, suggests that part of them at least, were of Chaldean origin. However, for the present purpose, the main point is that the sect embodied and kept alive in the world the knowledge that Love has the power to raise mankind from animal to angel, and thence to "what no mind e'er conceived"; also that Love, rightly understood, is an infinite, creative force, emanating from the source of all Being, streaming downward to non-being, gathering up all sentient things in its life-giving current, purging the dross from those who will to enter its consuming fire, and, impelling incessantly onward and upward, raising them to new life, new consciousness,—which, for man, can mean the ascent from mortality to Life Immortal, to Divinity itself.

J.C.

If thou dost not desire to be dust under the dust, then must thou look away from the dust.—'ATTAR.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

I HAVE heard of the Great Lodge of Masters as having sentinels, whose duty it is ceaselessly to survey mankind in the hope of discovering, now and then, one with whom it seems the Lodge may take a chance. When an individual is thus singled out by these "eyes" of the Lodge, I can imagine him being watched for a period of years or of incarnations, until some useful quality of his becomes dominant enough for the sentinel to report on it to his superior. If the sentinel's report is acted upon favourably, the Lodge then takes a chance with that soul. Unless this or something like it is so, I do not know why I joined The Theosophical Society, which was founded by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. William Q. Judge and others, at the express command of the Masters as the present outer expression of the age-old Lodge Movement.

Somebody in the Lodge evidently has seen fit to take a chance on me. Of course, it must be figured that all this happens in accordance with the working of Karma. Under the operation of this law of justice one receives exactly his due. Apparently, then, the Masters accept chances under the operation of Karma. Nevertheless, the chances thus accepted and taken are in no wise lessened. So much for the real reason, or cause, of my joining The Theosophical Society.

Now let us look at the surface working of this reason, or cause, during my present incarnation. I shall mention only two facts concerning my babyhood and early childhood. I was such a puny infant, that the doctor in attendance at the time of my birth told my father I could not live more than a few hours. Despite this advice, my father sent numerous telegrams announcing the arrival of a fine boy. Whether due to these telegrams, or to Karma, or to my mother's unremitting care—she practically maintained a twenty-four-hour vigil for several hundred days—by the time I had reached the tender age of three I could have taken a prize for robustness at almost any baby show. I know, for I have seen a picture of myself at that age.

The second episode I wish to mention is of my early childhood. When I learned there was no Santa Claus, I told my mother she might as well there and then tell me there was no God, and that there never had been such a person as Jesus of Nazareth. I had so linked Santa Claus and Christmas and Him that when I learned there was no chubby old chap who whisked about with presents each Christmas Eve, I figured that the other person connected with the day was a make-believe creature also; hence, the Father too. The word illusion was not part of my vocabulary at the time, so I just wondered how much of everything was make-believe and how much was not, and this "wondering" continued for a number of years.

I pass now to the last three years spent at boarding-school. Having been such a puny infant, all energies, both parental and at school, seemed to unite to turn me out an especially physically fit boy and youth. Moreover I had an aptitude for games such as football, baseball, hockey, and the like, so that during these years I found myself representing the school in practically all branches of athletics. How could it be that the puny infant had developed into a boy athlete? The more I asked myself the question, the more I was drawn back to the Santa Claus episode, and reminded of that other figure with whom Christmas is associated. I used to think: If He and the Father are make-believe, whence comes all this? In my youthful mind I had decided that my aptitude for athletics was a matter neither of accident nor luck. I was certain there was more to it than just my own prowess.

At night, when the lights were out and we were all supposed to be asleep, I used to ponder these things. We had compulsory chapel service each morning, and service with a sermon on Sunday mornings. Whether visiting clergy or the school clergyman preached the Sunday sermon, the trend of their remarks was always the same: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. This and much more I pondered, as I lay awake at night. With churches throughout the country, even in the small hamlets near the school, all founded on the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, and all proclaiming that teaching, could it be that He was nothing more than my childish conception of Santa Claus had been? Could it be that one day I should be told that the New Testament was fiction? If so, why did the old people as well as the younger go to church? Surely they did not go to learn about and to worship a myth. Even my immature mind could not accept that theory. Had any one been sent to prepare the way for Santa Claus as John had prepared the way for Jesus? Had any one given up all to follow Santa Claus as had the twelve, and Paul, for Jesus? Then would follow what to me was the vital question: Who was it, or what Power was it, that had made a puny baby and frail child grow into a sturdy, athletic boy?

It seemed to me that I owed something, somehow, to the Trinity. So, at the same time that I asked myself these questions, I used to try to reach up to God. I had an idea that if I could do so, I should be able to straighten out what I could not as yet unravel. This effort to reach God I tried only at rare intervals, because it left me quite shaken. I seemed able to reach up but a certain distance (I expressed it that way to myself) when I would be enveloped in utter darkness, such darkness as I believed could not exist anywhere. When I found I could not penetrate it, I tried to reach around it, so to speak, and approach from the rear. It was this rear approach, especially, which used to leave me shaken, because I would try to make it by endeavouring to get back of God; that is, by trying to vision things before God was and then lead from there to God. But that left things just a blank. I preferred the darkness to the feeling of blankness, of absolute nothingness. So I stopped, deciding to leave the reconciliation of the whole of my problem until later years.

I was not a freakish lad. On these inner problems I kept my own counsel. I was a hale, hearty, vigorous, normal boy. Yet I had been told that by all

the so-called regular rules of life I should have died a few hours after birth, instead of which I found myself a physically fit person able to give and take all manner of physical punishment. I was trying to account for this, feeling sure that it was not my strength alone, but something I was being permitted to use. I had had one ideal, one mould, that of jolly old Santa Claus, knocked into a cocked hat, and I was trying in my boyish way to rescue the other ideal. I wanted God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for if there were such Power as that, I could account for what otherwise was a mystery to me. Particularly I wanted my ideal of Jesus of Nazareth, but having had this ideal shattered by the Santa-Claus episode, I was rebuilding it in my own way, and with various details, that were at variance with the orthodox conception.

With the ending of school-days, my mode of life underwent a complete change. For the first time I found myself living in a city, subject to the confinement of a city both during and after business hours. Used to the country and to vigorous exercise, I naturally felt shut in and restrained. Also I missed routine, for though I had to be at the office during certain hours, apart from that, I did not have any set schedule as had been the case at school, for there I had followed fixed rules from the time I rose until I went to bed at night. One thing was a distinct relief, however, and that was not to have to be an athlete. But I had worked up a certain bodily appetite for exercise and this, apparently, had to be satisfied. I became restless, and soon drifted into doing that which offered an antidote for my restlessness. I had formed the habit of exercising the body far more than the mind, so as invitations to dances began to arrive, I accepted them with alacrity. The more invitations I accepted and the more dances I attended, the more frequent the invitations became. The next several years were a veritable round of dances.

Thus the boy athlete became a dancing-youth-about-town. True, this took care of the physical exuberance which had to be worked off, but it seems a peculiar way of preparing to join The Theosophical Society. Nevertheless, it has a great deal of bearing on the subject. I became so surfeited with all that goes to make up a dancing-youth's existence that I awakened one morning determined to stop it at once. This determination was not reached an hour after awakening, nor even five minutes after, but was a part of what I awakened to on that particular morning. At the same time I found myself thinking of those nights at school when I had lain awake trying to reach up to God's pavilion. I had not given that matter much thought of late. Dancing days, or nights rather, are not conducive to that sort of thing. So then and there I made up my mind that I wanted no more of the froth of life. Like the spindrift of the wave, it led nowhere. I had been too long away from considering my ideal of Jesus of Nazareth, and on that particular morning I was thinking very much about that great figure, and how disappointing it must be to Him to have to see one expending strength on frivolity. This was more poignantly emphasized as I, who was expending it, had not considered it as wholly my own for some time past. So I determined to renew my search and to conserve strength for the journey. The first thing to do was simple—just to decline invitations. This was

done, and it was a surprisingly short time before they ceased to arrive at all. The other part was not so easy, and for that fact I was and am truly grateful, because in some way or other it had already been impressed upon me that what is easy of accomplishment is rarely worth while.

Here then was the one-time boy athlete with the athletic contour, both inner and outer, somewhat disarranged by the activities of the dancing youth, by laxity of schedule and the absence of regularity. Thereupon the young man, at the start of his journey, laid down a set of rules, and devised a daily schedule suitable to the application of the rules.

These rules were simple. In forming them I had in mind a threefold purpose. First, to rid myself of all that the recent irregularities had brought to me. Secondly, to put back certain of that which my earlier athletic training had built up. Thirdly, to put that back in such a way as to have it available for a purpose other than athletics. Therefore the rules were calculated so as to turn out an instrument fit for a long journey, and at the same time to give me authority over that instrument. Recalling the way in which athletic trainers had handled me, I placed myself in a similar position of authority over the instrument and handled it to suit the end in view.

By this time I was convinced that I had certain qualities which belonged, at least in part, to some other Person or Power. In some way, which was not yet clear, I had the firm conviction that these qualities were associated with the Trinity, and that the "Associates" had something to say about what should be done with them, and particularly that representative of the "Associates" who had gone the way of the Cross for mankind. I no longer had any doubts as to the reality of Jesus of Nazareth. It seemed to me that His life on earth opened a way to an *entente cordiale*, but my conception of it differed in certain details from the orthodox conception as I had heard it set forth. I still could not account accurately for my conviction, although I had started my schedule according to my simple rules, had girded myself for a long journey, was already on my way and did not purpose to stop.

Up to the present, life had been serene, because all that I had done was to toy with it. Now I was dealing with it, and straightway it began to deal with me. Life and I were no longer playing a game. We had entered the lists for a life-and-death struggle, and outwardly for a long, long time it looked as though life would win. Blow after blow fell; often in such rapid succession that there seemed hardly time to catch sufficient breath to go on with the struggle. Yet my rules, my schedule, and especially my *entente cordiale* required that I gain the ascendancy over life; life as the world knows it. Without that ascendancy in view my rules might as well have gone into the scrap basket, my schedule been abandoned, and my *entente cordiale* relinquished in favour of some mundane existence.

As a boy I had learned that no contest is lost until the umpire sounds the whistle which terminates it. As a dancing youth I had learned that mincing steps engender mincing ways. So the man-with-the-rules lengthened his stride as each blow fell, and kept on his way, for as self-imposed umpire his equipment

did not include the whistle. Life kept on raining blows. I kept on: blundering, stumbling, falling. Had the stake not been so serious, the whole series of performances could have been catalogued either as disgraceful or as ridiculous. Perhaps they are so catalogued. At any rate down I went and up I got. Thanks to the *entente cordiale* I would not, or could not, stay down. Not that there was anything majestic in the way I fell nor in the way I arose. Simply that the strength was at once mine and not mine.

Right in the thick of it I unexpectedly met an old friend—a friend out of the past. Out of the past? Why not? I had heard her mentioned for the first time but shortly before we met. Does one recognize a stranger at first glance? Do strangers meet and speak as friends at first meeting? Does a stranger calmly enter the lists of life-and-death-struggles with you? She, herself, if you ask her, will tell you there was instant recognition. We spoke of it then, and have referred to it many times since our marriage, about two years later.

At the time we met, I did not know my contact with The Theosophical Society would be established through her. She was not a member, but it was with her that I attended my first meeting. Later, we joined the Society together. What I did know from the moment we met, was that my course was being better charted. She was able to make it clearer to me. In some way, too, she seemed to be connected with my *entente cordiale*. Not that life ceased dealing with me; not that the blows stopped; but the harder they rained, the steadier was her vision and understanding. Something told me to keep very close to that friend. I did. So, when I found she wanted to go to a meeting of the local Branch of The Theosophical Society, it was perfectly natural for me to accompany her.

If I live to be a thousand, I shall always remember passing through the little door and entering the small room in which the meeting was held. I had not the slightest notion of what I was going to hear, but as I looked around, everybody and everything seemed to betoken that it would be worth while. In a few minutes the meeting began, and one speaker after another unfolded aspects of a philosophy that sank deep. Now and again I glanced at my friend. How was it with her? I could see that she was satisfied. That made it doubly all right with me. Before that meeting was over I felt that I *belonged* to The Theosophical Society. Not that I applied for membership then and received a certificate. I simply considered myself as belonging, as the little finger, if it could think, might regard itself as belonging to the hand.

I acquired some of the theosophical literature, which I read, and attended meetings of the local Branch as circumstances permitted me to do so. The more of these meetings I attended, and the more of the literature I read, the more it was impressed upon me, that through the wondering of the boy athlete, the experience of the dancing youth, and the combat of the man with the rules, I had been prepared for what, thanks to my friend, I was to find in the theosophical philosophy.

Thus the Lodge has its way of guiding us.

U.U.

WITHOUT CENSOR

IV.

THE winter of 1917-1918 was exceptionally cold and severe, and while we were comfortable enough in our quarters at Camp Upton, the building itself was so flimsy that, whenever there was a strong wind, all the heat in it was blown to the opposite end of the structure, so that it was somewhat like sleeping out of doors in those rooms which received the full force of the blast. Our mess, however, was at the far end of the quarters, so that we did not have to go out for meals, which was a great convenience. Often, as I looked around the table at the officers gathered there, I thought that, through the luck of the draw, there was among them a far higher degree of ability than was necessary to run an Ammunition Train. We had lawyers, bankers, business men, many of them with experience of affairs in a large way; they lacked only that military experience, which they were now acquiring daily, to become thoroughly efficient officers. As a matter of fact, several of them, after they had arrived overseas, went from the Ammunition Train into either the line or the staff. Our Colonel had sized them up rapidly and accurately. Never before had he had so many officers of so high a type under his command. He saw at once that they were all going to work hard and work well, that they only needed guiding and advice, and he realized, too, that the better the result of their work and of their effort, the more it would redound to his own credit as commanding officer.

The Colonel, in addition to being an excellent judge of men, continuously kept a much closer eye on things than I at first realized, and he was a strict disciplinarian. He was a charming companion when off duty, with a fund of stories and anecdotes, and a long experience in Army methods and details. He had not, however, kept up with the times in a military way, and, as an infantry officer, was entirely unfamiliar with the modern methods of infantry warfare then practised on the Western Front. He had one rather ancient book by some German General, whose name I have forgotten, which he read constantly, to the exclusion of everything else of a military nature, except the current Divisional Orders. But he knew how to get work out of his officers and men, and they all liked him. When the Colonel's visits to New York began to be frequent, he sent for me and said, "Captain, I don't want the Majors messing into things when I am in town, or assuming the functions of the second in command, or anything of that kind. You handle things while I am away, issue any routine Regimental Orders necessary, and write any letters that can be written by my authority. If it is a case of immediate letters to officers who rank me, see what you can do yourself personally about handling it. If you have to, get me on the telephone, and I will come right down to Camp; and hold things until I get there." This plan worked very well, and although the Majors sometimes became inquisitive and insistent when the Colonel was absent, it was a fine exercise in tact and diplo-

macy to keep them in their proper place. As his Adjutant, the Colonel frequently took me with him to the military talks for regimental commanders and field officers, which were often given by officers of the Foreign Armies, straight from the Western Front and detailed for that purpose, and all this was most interesting and helpful. The Colonel was an eminently fair man, and loyal to his officers and men, and as quick to appreciate as he was to rebuke, and his many good qualities, together with the high level of ability among the officers, and the hard work which was being done by all ranks, produced in the course of time something in the form of an organization in which we began to take pride.

We were greatly hampered, however, in our work of training the men, by the fact that we were almost entirely without the *matériel* to which we were entitled under our Tables of Organization. An ammunition train has a large number of motor trucks and animal-drawn caissons and wagons; we were never given any of these at Camp Upton, and it was not until we had received them after we arrived overseas, that we were able to train the men in their use. We did receive the six hundred odd horses and mules which we were supposed to have, and established schools of equitation, and taught the men how to care for the animals. All of these horses and mules were branded with the regimental mark, and were shipped overseas in advance of our unit, but upon their arrival they were diverted to some other division, and we had to start all over again when we reached our final training area in the south of France, with an entirely new lot of horses and mules which came from Spain, and which were distinctly inferior to our original animals in size and in strength. Apart, therefore, from the training with the animals, there was no other technical training possible for our men while at Camp Upton. As most of them were armed with the rifle, we turned, therefore, to infantry drill, both close and extended order; to interior guard; and to ceremonies, as the only other means of training, available or practicable; and by keeping hard at it along those lines, we really evolved, in the course of time, instead of an ammunition train, a fairly efficient infantry regiment.

We all had, of course, other military duties than those connected directly with the training. Personally, as Adjutant, I was always more or less submerged with a mass of paper work, which seemed to grow as time went on. It increased to such an extent throughout the Division that a Board of Officers was finally appointed by the Division Commander to inquire into ways and means of reducing it. The first act of this Board was to call for written suggestions from all units as to possible methods of reduction, and for written estimates as to the amount of paper work which we were already doing; so the first and only effect was to give us more paper work to do than ever, and nothing constructive in the way of reduction was of course ever accomplished. We had trouble with one of our captains, and, in order to get rid of him, we asked for a Board of Officers to be appointed by Division Headquarters to pass upon the question of his efficiency. I remember sitting beside the officer in question during the investigation, and giving my views on the subject, which were far from complimentary to him. French classes were started, and, to the unbounded glee of my family and friends when they finally heard of it, knowing as they did my entire lack of

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qualifications, I was appointed one of the instructors. Fortunately, there was a complete absence of any previous knowledge of French on the part of my class, but, I regret to say, there was almost as complete an ignorance when I had finished with them.

We held several General Courts Martial, upon all of which I sat. Our first case was that of a soldier who had broken camp, and had absorbed an inordinate quantity of hard liquor in one of the nearby small towns. The cold air had minimized the effect until he was once again within barracks, when the heat from the great stove in the centre of the sleeping quarters had set him completely off his head, and, seizing a razor, he had tried fairly successfully to carve up his next-door neighbour because he did not like his looks. The Court, after mature deliberation, decided that this could not be allowed to recur, that it was very subversive of morale; and in order to make an example for its effect upon the other men, we found the accused guilty upon the several charges and specifications, and awarded a sentence of ten years confinement at hard labour in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, which sentence was later approved by the Division Commander. I said, after mature deliberation. It took us for ever to try that first case. We were entirely unfamiliar with the Court Martial Manual, and were obliged to consult it constantly as the trial progressed, in order to find out what to do next. We did not like to do so in the presence of the prisoner, as it did not seem quite dignified; so each time the necessity arose we sent him out of the room with his guard, and had him in again after we had found out what we wanted. From time to time, the Colonel would open the door and look in upon our deliberations, and, seeing us still at it, would invoke the Deity in a harsh voice, and slam the door again. He told us afterwards that we had taken several hours to do something which should have been accomplished in an hour. After the War, President Wilson pardoned all military prisoners. Some of us who had sat on that Court wondered whether or not that particular prisoner would be able to remember the names of those who had sentenced him, and hoped that, if he did, he had not retained his former propensity for carving.

The 77th Division had been brought to full strength by the draft, and the air was full of rumours to the effect that political influence of the strongest kind had been brought to bear in Washington to send us over as the first division of the National Army, because we represented the largest city in the United States. Nowhere is rumour, often entirely unfounded, more rife than in the Army; nowhere does real news travel faster. We did not really know what to believe, but hoped for the best, and speeded things up by every means in our power so as to be ready to go. Colour was added to the rumour by several Divisional inspections of each unit; as the Division Inspector was a great friend of our Colonel, we were always tipped off in advance, and made a good showing each time. But Washington had a change of heart, and instead of orders to proceed to the Port of Embarkation, we received orders requisitioning men from the 77th Division to fill up certain other Divisions at various points all over the United States. Politics was obviously at work, and was about to destroy an incipient efficiency built up with much labour. We hated to let men go upon whom we had spent so

much time and work. However, having by that time been in the Army long enough to have become proficient in the art of "passing the buck", we passed out first all of our conscientious objectors, all of our suspects with German names, and then those specimens which were undesirable for other minor reasons. It may be objected that to send our most undesirable men to other Divisions, without a word of warning as to their real character, was unfair, and that it did not free the Army of their presence. It was not possible, however, to get them out of the Army, for the War Department in its omniscience had issued a General Order to the effect that no soldier could be dismissed from the Service for any reason, unless he had committed an act which made him liable, under the Articles of War, to trial by a General Court Martial. Any such overt act our undesirables had steadfastly refrained from committing, although we had been watching them all hopefully. Moreover, we had come to the conclusion that to send away our suspects with German names was really a most constructive act, since it would break up any traitorous connections which they might have already formed in their present surroundings, and would force them to start their activities all over again under increased difficulties and under new conditions, and that they would be sure to be found out anyway in the long run. We parted with our first requisitions, therefore, with a certain feeling of relief, but the drain continued until our unit, and in fact the whole 77th Division, was down to about half strength. About this same time, too, we were forced to surrender a number of our best non-commissioned officers, who were ordered to Officers' Training Camps and Schools, and given there the chance to earn commissions. All this had a serious effect upon the training of those men who remained; but it also had most harmful results as far as the general morale was concerned, and in the early part of the year 1918 we were thoroughly discouraged and disgusted. We felt that the departure of the Division had been put off for many months because of these withdrawals, and feared that the War would be over before we could arrive overseas.

After the first pressure of work in connection with organization was over, and after things had settled into a regular routine, the Colonel had been most kind about allowing me to go to New York for week-ends. There was no training or instruction, nothing in fact but routine formations, between noon on Saturday and early Monday morning, so there was really very little to do at Camp in the interval, especially when the ground was covered with snow and ice. In consequence a general exodus took place early on Saturday mornings, in which I joined whenever I could, going up to town in my Ford, and driving back late on the Sunday nights. To facilitate my movements in this respect, the Colonel used sometimes to invent imaginary regimental business for me to attend to in the city, especially on those Saturdays when he himself wanted a seat in the Ford for the trip. This general exodus had the hearty approval of the War Department and of the Division Commander, the theory being that the morale of both officers and men was maintained and improved by these frequent visits to their homes, and that their periodic presence there inspired in their families and in their friends increased enthusiasm for the War. Be that as it may, these visits were very wel-

come breaks in the monotony of the life, for they not only enabled me to attend to various family and business duties, but also to see my friends in the Movement, to keep in touch with the progress of the Work itself through hearing of the latest developments, and, above all, to draw new inspiration and fresh strength from these all too brief contacts with T.S. Headquarters.

As the winter wore on, and as spring drew near, there was greater activity in the Division, and a definite atmosphere of preparation. It did not take long for the same old rumours in regard to an imminent departure overseas to spread; but this time they were true, and they were speedily confirmed by events, and by orders we began to receive. After all, we were to be the first National Army Division to go. Recruits began to arrive, and the Division began to fill up again. This time we received draft men from the country districts as well as some from New York; our particular unit took in men from the upper part of New York State, many of them boys from the farms, and well set up specimens physically. Officers were required to reduce their personal equipment to about one-half of what they had expected would be allowed. The Division Inspector started his nefarious activities all over again, aided and abetted by two officers from the Inspector General's Department in Washington, and any deficiencies in equipment revealed by these inspections were supplied with a promptness and a speed which left our Regimental Supply Officer breathless, as he had never before secured anything in the way of supplies without waging a pitched battle first, and not always then. Detailed directions as to the packing and marking of equipment not needed on the voyage were issued and carried out. Everything conceivable was stencilled to show that it belonged to the 302d Ammunition Train. Officers' trunks reposed in rows around the quarters, after having been painted with the broad red stripe of the Artillery. (We were theoretically an Artillery unit, although all our officers were commissioned in the Infantry!) Identification tags, to be worn on a thong, around the neck, were issued to all ranks, and it was this light touch which, more than anything else, seemed to bring home the fact that we were really on the move at last. All leave for enlisted men was stopped, although fortunately no restrictions were placed upon officers. The strictest secrecy in regard to the preparations was enjoined. An advance party, consisting of the Division Commander, most of his Staff, and one officer from each regiment in the Division, disappeared suddenly from public view. Finally one morning we awoke to find that one brigade of infantry had entrained overnight—for Halifax, as we found out later—and that the remainder of the Division was under the command of the remaining infantry Brigadier.

In order that the restrictions upon further leave for enlisted men should not work too great a hardship, their families were still allowed to come to Camp to see them on Sundays. Of course, any secrecy in regard to what was going on was impossible in the circumstances. The visitors ranged all over the place, saw all the preparations for departure, heard all the gossip and rumours, and went back to town and repeated everything, with embellishments. It was too ridiculous. When the orders for embarkation arrived, visiting, as well as leave,

should have been stopped at once, and a double line of sentries thrown out around the entire Camp, to prevent all communication. These visitors completely demoralized the men. The most heart-rending farewells would be exchanged, and then the whole thing would be gone through all over again on the following Sunday, and again on the Sunday after that. As we were one of the last units to leave, the whole business seemed interminable. Weeping mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and children had to be herded *en masse* on Sunday afternoons out of the Ammunition Train area, to ensure their making the last train out, and that none of them would be left in Camp. It was pathetic; but we lost sight of the pathos in our concern for the effect which this was having upon the general morale. By Sunday evening of each week our men were reduced to pulp, and it was the following Tuesday at the earliest before they had recovered and were functioning normally. The Colonel continued to allow me to slip up to town each Sunday until the very last; and each time I said good-bye to my friends in the Movement, and told them all over again that this was probably my last appearance. Each re-appearance was, therefore, in the nature of an anti-climax, and must have produced somewhat the same effect and feeling as the visitors at Camp inspired in us there. I remember, upon what turned out to be my final visit, that the first person whom I saw when I arrived at the Sunday Morning Service was Mr. Griscom. After greeting me, he smiled and said that my presence would be a great surprise to my friends, as they had been thinking of me all the week as being on the water, and had been having the Prayers for Those at Sea for my benefit. I asked him if he thought it would be wise for me to withdraw unobtrusively, before anyone else saw me, but he did not seem to think so; so I stayed, with the distinct understanding, however, that the Prayers were to be continued at the proper time. I knew, although I had obtained them under false pretences, as it were, that I was going to need them very much indeed before many more days had passed.

Unit after unit of the Division left in turn, and finally we received our orders. I just had time to send two telegrams to New York, announcing our departure in terms carefully worked out and agreed upon beforehand. We entrained at Camp Upton early in the morning of April 26th, transferred to ferry boats at Long Island City, and reached the pier at Hoboken where our transport was awaiting us shortly before noon. There was a long wait on the pier, for some reason or other, before the troops were allowed on board, but, fortunately for us, the Red Cross was on hand with coffee and sandwiches, and tided us over the interval to the evening meal on the ship. We remained at the pier all that night, and did not cast off until early the following afternoon, but there was an infinite amount of detail to be attended to, and numerous orders which had to be understood and which others had to be made to understand, and the time was all too short as it was. Strict orders had been issued to the effect that, during the trip down the Bay and through the Narrows, no one in uniform was to be seen on deck, the theory being that then no one could possibly have the slightest idea that the ship was a transport loaded with troops. As a matter of fact, we proceeded on our way to the accompaniment of shrieking whistles and lowered flags from

everything afloat along our course, while the Staten Island ferry stopped and everyone on board crowded over to one side to get a good look, producing a heavy list. But there was a strange feeling of unreality about those last glimpses of the city in which one had lived all one's life. That phase of living seemed over, as it were; heart and mind were intent upon the problems of the moment, and upon that new life and those new experiences to which one was bound.

Once well outside, our transport, the *Northern Pacific*, was joined by the transport *von Steuben*, which had been awaiting us, and we proceeded in company, both vessels being heavily camouflaged with the usual paint effects. We had no convoy of destroyers until we neared the French coast. After the first two nights out, all ranks slept fully dressed, minus only head gear and pistol belt. Boat drills were organized at once, with frequent rehearsals, so that, after two days, we were able to have every last man up from the lowermost regions of the ship, and in position, beside his designated life-boat or raft, in something over two minutes after the alarm gongs had started to sound. Those stand-tos were cold and dreary and silent affairs. They started one hour before sunrise, and one hour before sunset, and lasted until the sun was well up or until darkness had actually fallen. At those times, and in those half lights, the bulk of a ship loomed large against the horizon from the periscope of a submarine, and presented an exceptional target. All officers were armed with the pistol, and orders covering the possibility of panic or stampede, or any attempt to rush the boats, in the event of a torpedoing, were most drastic. As a matter of fact, the stand-tos were all entirely uneventful; but we were fired upon twice in the middle of one night, as we approached the French coast, by a submarine which must have happened to rise to the surface just as we came along. Apparently it was a hurried proceeding on the part of the enemy, for one torpedo went past us, and one went astern, and no damage was done. No one but the watch and the two Commanding Officers—Ship and Troops—knew about it until later. We were going fast, and our speed probably saved us from further attentions. At night, both vessels ran with no lights showing, and about half a mile apart. Orders in regard to a possible display of light were very strict; no smoking was, of course, allowed on deck, and even wrist watches with luminous dials were forbidden. One night another vessel, also running at full speed without lights and bound westward, passed between the *von Steuben* and the *Northern Pacific*, and within three hundred yards of the *Northern Pacific*, so near that the watch on each vessel were able hastily to hail one another. We felt aggrieved when we heard of this; surely, we thought, the ocean was large enough to avoid that unnecessary kind of thing, and why couldn't we be let alone? The nights were long and dreary and uncertain affairs; owing to the darkness on board and to the crowding, there was not much to do after mess except to lie out in one's berth, until sleep came, followed by a sudden, rude awakening, when the stand-to gong rang in the morning. I had the upper berth, and at the first sound of that gong I would drop to the floor, not really awake at all, usually on top of the Captain who was my room-mate, who would be emerging from the lower berth at the same moment. After we had disentangled ourselves, there would be frantic and hurried

searchings for head-gear, pistols, and overcoats, which we usually found mixed together on the floor, no matter how carefully we had laid them out the night before; for the *Northern Pacific*, while fast, was long and narrow, and proved to be a terrific roller with the following wind which we had all the way. And so, on deck for the stand-to, where the cold morning air blew the last vestiges of sleep out of us, and made us long for the party to be over, and for mess.

The days were busy enough, and started with an inspection by the Colonel and myself of the enlisted men's quarters; we always had with us the Company Commander whose area we were inspecting, so that criticism and suggestions could be noted. The men slept in triple-decker bunks, and were very crowded, and as the air was bad, many of them were continuously sea-sick. In spite of this, they were forced to come on deck for stand-tos and for their regular duties and for watch, and thus gradually overcame their feelings. We were given voluminous orders from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, which required the making up of all sorts of lists, the furnishing of a great amount of useless information, most of which had already been given by us, and the filling in of various forms. These had to be furnished in quadruplicate, and their preparation devolved upon me as Adjutant. A deck-house was assigned to us as a Regimental Headquarters, and in it a battery of typewriters was set up and this paper-work proceeded. Again and again, on rough days, I would see men gradually turn green; they would catch my eye, and at a nod, would disappear on deck for a space, and then come lurching back again and go at their typewriters once more. Never before had I had such a strenuous ocean voyage. The bright spots were meals; the food was good, and we used to sit together at table afterwards as long as we possibly could.

On the morning of May 4th, our seventh day out, we had just completed our usual stand-to and had gone below, when suddenly the alarm gongs sounded again. When we had once more taken our positions on deck, we could see, far off on the horizon, a wisp of smoke, but too distant for any indication as to whether it was friend or enemy. Within an hour, however, three American destroyers hove in sight, sent out from Brest to convoy us in. We were delighted to see them, for we knew that we were now in the real danger zone for enemy submarines, and were glad of the protection which they afforded. The decks were crowded that morning by all ranks, watching the manoeuvres of the destroyers. They were exactly like little terriers. One of them would suddenly dart off at an angle, to investigate a suspicious smooth spot on the water or some floating object on the surface, and, finding all serene, would veer around in a sharp curve and come racing back straight for us. Another would dash around and around the *Northern Pacific* in circles, while the third would encircle the *von Steuben* at the same time. As the morning wore on, we ran into a thick fog, and at the first indication of bad visibility the Commanding Officer of the *Northern Pacific* turned her in a circle and stood out to sea again. When we were clear of fog, we started for the coast once more, only to run into more fog and repeat the performance. This happened three times. Finally, around noon, the sun burned through, and when the fog finally lifted we saw the *von Steuben* about three miles

away to port, and our convoy of three destroyers grouped together an equal distance to starboard. We had been dashing about all this time in the mine-fields, going it blind, and it was really more due to good luck than good management that we escaped trouble. We resumed our previous formation, and soon the French coast came in sight, then Brest itself, still a long way off, and at the same time a blimp and two planes appeared, and hovered over us until we were safe in the inner harbour.

We tied up at a pier, and as we had received orders that no one was to be allowed on shore for the present, the Officer of the Day was directed to station sentries on the pier, and the Colonel and I paid an official call on the Commanding General of the American Base Port, to report ourselves and to receive our orders. The troops spent the entire next day on board alongside the pier; the Colonel and I, however, were able to think up some more official questions which we wanted to ask, and paid another call on the Commanding General, approaching and leaving his Headquarters, however, by circuitous routes which enabled us to take in most of the town and to see the sights, and so timing our movements that we arrived in front of the principal hotel exactly at lunch time. The following morning, May 6th, we disembarked the troops, and forming them on the pier, marched through Brest, the Colonel and his staff at the head of the Column, to Pontanezan Barracks three or four miles, I think, on the other side of the town.

This Camp was being used as a receiving depot for incoming American troops, where they were held until medical examinations had been made, more inspections had been held, and defects in equipment and other supplies had been remedied, after which the various units were cleared and shipped by rail as soon as possible to their appointed destinations. Pontanezan had been used as a camp at one time by Napoleon, and the small house occupied by the Americans as a Headquarters had once been utilized by him for the same purpose. The troops were under canvas, and did not enjoy their stay; they were looked over by so many different staff officers for so many different purposes, that they had no peace. It was quite cold still on the Brittany Coast early in May, especially at night, and the food was neither good nor plentiful. One of our men was heard to remark, "Huh! They call this a Rest Camp. The only thing that is getting a rest here is my insides." Personally, I had no rest at Pontanezan either, for we found that most of the lists which we had made up, and most of the forms which we had filled in with so much labour and trouble on the *Northern Pacific*, had been superseded by new lists and new forms. New orders had been issued by General Headquarters calling for new information, and most of our work proved to have been useless and unnecessary, and had to be done all over again.

The Colonel and I occupied a large tent, together with the Chaplain and the Supply Officer; we each had an army cot in a corner. The second night after our arrival, I was awakened in the middle of the night by a piercing yell. I sat up, dazed with sleep, trying to remember where I was and to imagine what had happened. The sound seemed to have proceeded from the Chaplain's corner, as there was still a peculiar whimpering sound emanating from that point. The Colonel and the Supply Officer were both awake; I could see two shadowy and

indistinct forms sitting up in their cots. There was a moment of dreadful silence. Then the Colonel said, in an awful voice,—“For God’s sake, Chaplain, what’s the matter?” I never knew whether the Colonel felt that mentioning first the Deity was the proper way to preface a series of remarks to a Father of the Roman Catholic Church, or whether the Colonel’s own alarm made him instinctively invoke Higher Authority. At all events, there proceeded from the Chaplain’s corner a series of gulps and gasps as from one who has succeeded in coming up to the surface again for air, and then a weak and tremulous voice, which stated that it thought it had had a nightmare. There was another moment of dreadful silence; and then the Army made a short address to the Church, in which the name of the Deity was again mentioned several times, perhaps for both of the above reasons, with the element of relief added,—it being explained to the Chaplain in clear and concise terms just how many different kinds of an idiot he was. I was shaking with laughter, but made no sound, as it did not seem possible to add anything to what had already been said. The Chaplain was a chastened man the next day; but no further allusion was made to the occurrence, and the Colonel seemed already to have forgotten it, his manner to the Chaplain being altogether charming.

A trip or two into Brest by the Colonel, accompanied by the Supply Officer and myself, served to complete arrangements for entraining the command for Souge, near Bordeaux, where there was a large artillery camp and range, and where we were to undergo our final training. On the morning of May 9th, a few days short of a year from the date upon which I had gone to Plattsburgh to the First Officers’ Training Camp, the Regiment was in formation and ready to march into Brest to entrain. When, at the Colonel’s order, I gave the command, “Battalions, Attention! Column of companies. First company, right by squads. March!”, watched the troops begin to move, and then hurried to take my place at the head of the column with the Colonel, I felt that we were really entering the last phase of preparation, and hoped that it would not be long.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

True it is that whoso cannot obey, cannot be free, still less bear rule: he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing.
—CARLYLE.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—LINCOLN.

MANAGING THE PERSONALITY

AS members of The Theosophical Society, many of us have attended its meetings for a number of years, and have heard numerous interesting and helpful addresses and discussions. If we have attended meetings of the New York Branch, we have heard contemplation discussed—contemplation of an ideal of life which transcends the life and interests of the personality—and also the transforming power of such contemplation. The idea may have seemed to us desirable. We may even have felt, in a general way, that we should like to make it our own. Then, after contenting ourselves for a time with what amounted to little more than a pious hope that some day, or in some future life, we might be able to attain it, we may suddenly have become aware that the barrier which has been restraining us from making a serious attempt to take the first steps on the Path toward such a goal, was our personality, and the fact that all our life we have allowed it to govern our thoughts and acts, and have habitually centred our consciousness in it and its concerns. Perhaps, following this realization, we decided to remain a slave no longer.

All of us are familiar with the analogy of the rider and the horse, used to describe the relation between the individuality (the enduring, reincarnating Ego) and the personality. In the *Phaedrus* there is that familiar passage which shows quite clearly that Plato understood the dual nature of man, as evidenced by his reference to the charioteer and the two steeds,—one of them “noble and of noble breed, upright and cleanly made; a lover of honour and modesty and temperance, who needed no touch of the whip, but was guided by word and admonition only”; the other, “ignoble and of ignoble breed, a crooked and lumbering animal; the mate of insolence and pride, hardly yielding to whip and spur”. This “crooked, lumbering animal”, then, is the creature which we, the charioteer, must tame and train. To the extent that we have made this truth our own, instead of entertaining it as a pious platitude, we shall have learned our first lesson in right self-identification.

In the first results of any such attempt, the experience of one is in a certain sense the experience of all, yet it is equally true that each man has his own problem. Let us suppose that “we”, in this case, are a business man with a family to support, and that we have hitherto regarded our occupation merely as a means to that end, albeit we have had, as it might be expressed, “quite a kick out of it” in the contest of wits, ingenuity and energy under the keenly competitive conditions of modern business. Facing our newly-made resolution, we now remember having heard it said that we must begin right where we are, and in the circumstances in life in which we are placed. A little reflection now shows the necessity of looking upon our business in a new light. No longer may ambition, desire for reward, or desire for sensation be our dominating motive. Instead, our business must be used (as it was meant to be) as an opportunity

for training. We begin by resolving to rise at a certain hour every morning, and to arrive at our office punctually,—an excellent resolution, if followed by right action. Instead, the very first morning after our laudable resolve, we oversleep, owing to having indulged ourselves by remaining up late the night before to finish a book which interested us. As a result, we hasten through our private devotions and our toilet, are rather cross during breakfast with our family, gulp down our food and rush off to the office. Arriving there late, we find that some important matters which required immediate attention have been undertaken in our absence by an associate. This man, whose methods we habitually find very exasperating, has handled the matter to the best of his ability, but in a way which we know will not further our company's interests. Instead of assuming the responsibility for this ourselves, seeing it rightly as the result of our tardy arrival at the office, we find fault with our associate, have words with him, and finally lose our temper.

So far, the day's experience, in this form or some other, is probably a familiar one to most of us. But let us suppose we are fortunate enough to have a friend, a fellow T.S. member, to whom we can confide, over the lunch table, the trials of the morning. Honest and frank confession often brings its own reward. At any rate, we get a glimpse of the situation through another man's eyes. In this case, we are reminded in the course of the conversation that we should learn through our faults and failures, because they are about all that many of us have through which to learn. It is pointed out to us that our exhibition of self-assertiveness in the events of the morning was a result of our having identified ourselves with the personality, beginning with the self-indulgence of the night before. Grateful for the object lesson, and much encouraged, we tackle our problem with renewed interest.

The next day, we find our task made easier. We have become aware of some of the danger points; we have learned to look down upon our two steeds from the charioteer's position above them; we are acquiring at least a bowing acquaintance with recollection and detachment. Accordingly, we rise at the hour determined upon—having refrained from late hours the night before. We do not hurry through our devotions; we eat our breakfast calmly, and, incidentally, with far better table manners than on the previous morning; we arrive at the office punctually, and the day starts well. But before long, we again become immersed in business, and for a time completely forget our resolution. After a while, we recall a suggestion made by our T.S. friend, that we "recollect ourselves" at least once every hour. We glance at the office clock and see that it stands exactly at noon. With a thought of gratitude to the friend, we take a fresh hold on ourselves. All goes well until our "unruly steed" begins to feel the curb of the rein, and responds by sulking and displaying "insolence and pride", as Plato warned—with the result that soon we catch ourselves indulging in sarcastic remarks. However, by pausing a few seconds before speaking, we are able to prevent further outbreaks of this nature during the remainder of the day.

Assuming that such are the typical results of initial efforts, it seems clear that,

intermittent and unskilled though these may be, they nevertheless prove our power to control and manage the unruly steed of the personality; prove that we *can* make our own the ideal offered in T.S. discussions,—though, for full success, one must concentrate upon the task, as is said in “The Elixir of Life”, without a single moment’s relaxation. The personality has been in control so long that it will not surrender without a violent struggle. The rider must be more determined than the steed, and we must be prepared to continue the struggle, and to keep on trying, although aware that we shall doubtless fail many times. We have heard it said that the only real failure is to cease trying, and the least experience shows us that we *must not fail*; that the issue, once joined, is one of life or death.

What will provide the motive power to carry us forward? A desire that transcends every other desire of our hearts for the realization of an ideal which we have seen as desirable above everything else in the world. When we have seen that ideal most vividly, and our pulses quicken in eager longing for its attainment, we may be sure that it is our higher nature beckoning to us and showing us the way. We have become able, for the time being, to identify ourselves with the charioteer, and the personality has been transformed into the “noble steed, who needed no touch of the whip, but was guided by word and admonition only”. Once we have been lifted out of ourselves, above and beyond the personality with all its self-seeking, desire for personal gratification and reward, we must push forward in obedience to the heavenly vision, as did St. Paul. When our vision of the ideal fades, or is lost sight of altogether, we may be sure that we have allowed the personality to gain the upper hand temporarily by having identified ourselves with it, and have become, for the moment, the “crooked, lumbering animal, the mate of insolence and pride, hardly yielding to whip and spur”. By this time, our experience should have taught us that we cannot hope to do battle with the personality on its own plane; we must rise above it. We must keep our attention, our desire and our will *fixed* in contemplation upon our ideal. As that inspiring book, *La Réponse du Seigneur*, warns: “Man, called to ever-increasing greatness, grows smaller and smaller unless he renounces himself.”

A Master has said: “He who does the best that he can, and *all* that he can, does enough for us.” How many of us begin to meet that test? Yet, those are words of encouragement, because more will not be required of us than we are capable of, no matter how little and insignificant that may be; but we must withhold nothing, and give our *all*. It is the effort and motive that count, and as we strive unceasingly and with ardour and enthusiasm to *become* our ideal, we shall find that as we live up to the light we have seen, we shall gain in wisdom and understanding, and thereby be enabled constantly to purify our motive. Steady, unremitting effort will enable us gradually to loosen the bonds of the personality, strengthened though they have been by past years and incarnations of mastery over us.

L'ILE=DE=FRANCE

France, mère des arts, des armes, et des loix.—JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

IF you wish to transplant a tree, you must dig it up very carefully, taking care not to injure the roots. If possible, it is best to take it up with a large quantity of the earth around it. Then, it must be replanted promptly in similar soil and in a similar climate, if it is to grow and flourish. In the Bestiaries of the Middle Ages we are amused to see deer that are part lichens, or strange goats that are plants. In modern scientific works we read about plants that endeavour to perambulate. Man, supposedly, has no roots. He can walk all over the continents and has made himself boats so that he can leave his native habitat of dry land. He can, if he have such bizarre desires, go up into the stratosphere in a balloon, with an oxygen bag on his head. But man, really, is a creature very much like the lichen deer. He is in two kingdoms at the same time. His body can roam about at will, but his roots grow upward, like those of the Ashvatta Tree, into worlds invisible to the physical eye. The higher up his roots go into the spiritual world, the more perfect a man he becomes. Nowadays, men try to assert that they have no roots, no history, no ancestry, no heritage, no race. Plants are watered by rain from heaven, and the same sun and moon shine upon the deodars of the Himalayas and the cedars of the Rockies. Universal powers nourish them. Man's roots are nourished by the universal powers, but that does not mean that they have no specific existence or place. The immediate roots of man are his family, his ancestry, his traditions, his country, his race, and his Master.

In this Dark Age, full of the winds of Internationalism, Pacifism, Proletarianism and other topsy-turvy doctrines, we meditate too seldom upon this aspect of human life. Instead, we think in terms of a kind of Protestantism: one leap, and we can talk directly to God; one denial, and we are detached from past humanity.

I have been thinking of these things because I have been reading a book by Edmond Pilon, called *L'Ile-de-France*, The Isle of France. This province, as you know, is the country surrounding Paris, and is the very heart of France and the cradle of the French Monarchy which was the incarnation of that heart for so long. Edmond Pilon's work, which is one of a series called *Les Beaux Pays*, Beautiful Countries, does not pretend to be anything but a little journey through this province. It is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs of the landscape, of castles, churches and works of art. Perhaps, if one has never been there and does not know "the feel" of the landscape, or does not love its history, one will not find the profound poetry, the deep significance, the spiritual splendour which I have found. Still, I feel sure that anyone who reads the book with attention will realize, intellectually at least, something of its richness and meaning.

This province is called an island because it is surrounded by rivers, the Seine, Marne, Oise and Aisne.

The Government of the *Ile-de-France*, as it survived in its political limits until the Revolution, was larger than the geographers describe it. Besides the *Brie française*, the *Goële* with Danmartin, *France* (Saint-Denis-en-France, Roissy-en-France) and the *Valois* to the limits of the *Laonnois* and of the *Beauvaisis*, it included the *Vexin français*, the *Mantois* (with Mantes), the *Pincerails* (with Poissy), the *Drouais* (with Dreux), the *Yveline* (Saint-Léger-en-Yveline, Rambouillet), the *Hurepoix* (Dourdan, Limours, Longjumeau), and the *Gâtinais*, composed of woods, marshes, heaths, the *Bière* (Chailly-en-Bière), Fontainebleau and its forest, the whole limited, circumscribed, as is fitting for an island, by the blue line of rivers. . . . All this, moreover, not without geological affinities, a related system of waters, a variety of stock and crops complementing each other: in nearly every part there are cereals, but wheat is grown more particularly in Brie and in Hurepoix in the direction of Chartres. There are flocks also in Brie, apples in the Vexin, honey in Gâtinais, vegetables in the Parisis and at Arpajon, grapes at Thomery, grapes at Fontainebleau, at Montreuil, peaches, and, between the two fresh valleys of the Bièvre and the Yvette, strawberries and more strawberries, so many that on certain summer days the air is heavy with a taste of fruit, with a warm, sweet sap, enough to intoxicate the bees.

If you will look at a map of France, you will see what a small section this is, and if you place the whole province on an American state, you will realize in what a little area so much diversity is contained. The great city of Paris is in the *Ile-de-France*, and all these quiet towns and hamlets, these châteaux and woods and little rivers,—all this deep country. But if many of these outlying spots are unknown to tourists, they, nevertheless, have an active life of their own and are beloved of the Muses. We have heard about the scientist who visited a South Sea island to study the snails there. Ravines run down the slopes into the sea, and in each ravine, separated by high ridges from their neighbours, different species of snails have developed. The isolation of the old days produced just such diversity of type and intensity of life in the country districts. Now, when we all use the same mark of toothpaste from Los Angeles to Bangor, and listen on the radio to the same jokes, in Quebec, Kansas, Seattle and New Orleans, is our life really enriched?

Pilon says that by following the roads, those roads which were Roman roads, the highways of Brunehaut, *le pavé du Roi*, the King's Highway, "twenty centuries of history rise with the stones from out the ages." He speaks first of those stones which survive from periods which are lost to us in the obscurity of time, of the megalithic monuments, vestiges of the ancient faith of Gaul. There are several of these menhirs and dolmens, great rocks which seem to contain within themselves the secrets of the lost mysteries. They sleep under an enchantment, like Merlin in the forest of Broceliande. What trumpet's blare will awaken them? What magic word cause them to speak, to utter musical sounds like the Vocal Memnon? How well I remember the first picture in my history book! It represented a Gallic warrior. "The Gauls wore breeches and long moustaches. They said they feared nothing save that the sky should fall on their heads." The Romans are represented in Paris by a number of remains, such

as the Arena, and the Baths now part of the Cluny museum. Julian the Apostate lived there. "My dear Lutetia", he called it. There is a street, *la rue Jules César*. Everyone feels that César has just as much right to a street or more than *le Président Wilson*. Everyone knows about César and has a connection with him. As for the Middle Ages, there are still great walls and towers and castles which we are going to see as we journey around the country. There are the works of the Renaissance, and all the beauties of the eighteenth century; there are the churches and the ruins of abbeys, there are the gardens.

As for Paris itself, it is the subject of numberless tomes. How could one describe all its beauties and its wealth of historical associations? Upon Montmartre there still exists the crypt of the Martyrs, at the spot where the first apostles of Lutétia, Saint Denis and his companions, Eleuthère and Rustique, were decapitated. This crypt dates from the year 375. There is Notre-Dame de Paris, a little too neatly restored by Viollet-le-Duc, but perfect in its silhouette at all hours of the day and night, against the gamut of blues of the Parisian sky. There is the church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont with the shrine of the Patron Saint of Paris, St. Geneviève. Candles are always burning before the shrine, for every one knows, even the unbelievers, that St. Geneviève takes an active interest in her city. Upon the wall of the church is a tablet which says that Clovis and his family were buried in the ancient basilica which stood nearby. Clovis! A picture in the history book showed him calling upon Christ at the battle of Tolbiac. There is the vast Louvre with its incalculable treasures and its memories. One sees traced upon the pavement of its court the site of the donjon of Philip Augustus, where the feudatories swore allegiance to the King. One sees the window from which Charles IX witnessed the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The Salon Carré was the bedroom of Henri III. The Venus de Milo is in Anne of Austria's bathroom. The Pavillon de Marsan is part of the Tuileries. The Princesse de Lamballe and Madame Elisabeth lived there before they were taken to prison. There is the Tomb of Napoleon. There are the houses of all the famous men of France and of Europe. There are the streets where they walked, and not only they, but also the heroes and heroines of fiction. What can one not see! The chair of Dagobert, the Hand of Justice of the Kings of France, the helmet of Bayard, the hat of Napoleon, the slippers of Josephine.

And the Place de la Concorde and—but no. If we do not start at once, we shall never get out of Paris. Perhaps we can start by going a very little way to places which were once in the country but are now practically in the city. We can go to Saint-Denis, Saint-Denis-en-France, for this is the province of France. The father of Hugues Capet was Count of Paris, Duke of France and Abbot of Saint-Denis. Pilon says: "Here at Saint-Denis are the starting point and the end: the cradle of the Capetian race and the sepulchre where it rests. . . . It is not possible to comprehend the other monuments, nor to understand anything about the other abbeys, castles, all the other edifices, religious, military or civil of the *Ile-de-France*, if one has not come here first, if one has not touched the foundations and the bases."

The crypt of Saint-Denis was probably the ancient chapel of the Virgin

built in 832, against the great apse of the Martyrium of the Carolingian church which contained the remains of Saint Denis. Dagobert founded the monastery, but it was Suger, the famous minister of Louis le Gros, who built the Gothic church. Suger has always been my favourite of all the ministers of France. A man of great religious devotion, he slept upon the floor of his cell, but he understood the splendours of the arts. The symbolism of the glass windows came from Suger, who was evidently an initiate in the Mysteries of the Master Builders. Saint Bernard, who was an acid soul as regards the arts, disapproved of Suger; but as Emile Mâle points out in his invaluable book on religious art of the twelfth century in France, Bernard's dead body was wrapped in the magnificent Byzantine silks he had despised. At Saint-Denis was kept the Oriflamme, the Battle Standard of France. Some say this banner was made of the cape of Hugues Capet. The Oriflamme was borne against the Germans by Louis VI, it went to the Second Crusade, it floated at Bouvines. In 1914, its reproduction was raised again in commemoration of Bouvines. Here were the funeral monuments of the Kings of France, most of whom were buried in the church. During the Revolution the tombs were opened, and the bones and dust of the rulers and princes were scattered. Napoleon began the restoration of the church, and Viollet-le-Duc continued it under Napoleon III. In 1918 a munitions factory exploded and damaged some of the windows and the façade, but many of the monuments are still intact. It is impossible to name all the kings and queens and princes and princesses who were buried at Saint-Denis. I name at random Dagobert, Pepin, Blanche de Castille, Charles Martel, Philippe le Bel, Charles VI, and Isabeau de Bavière (who had nearly a whole page in the history book to show her high, peaked headdress, the *henin*), the Constable Duguesclin ("All the women of France will spin for my ransom"), Louis XII and Anne de Bretagne ("Duchesse en sabots"), Francis I, Henri II and Catherine de Medici, and, in the crypt, Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette.

I know of few more desolate spots. Saint-Denis is a very commercial and ugly town. The church is like a museum. The tombs are empty. The forces of materialism, darkness, envy and hate are always trying to cut men off from their inheritance, from the spiritual wisdom they have acquired by past experience, from the examples of their leaders. When possible, they hurl themselves upon those leaders and put them to death. They vent their fury even upon the tombs of past rulers, endeavouring to wipe out every vestige of their existence and influence. And what do they put in their place? The corpse of a Lenin. Hundreds of years of history were preserved within these walls. The Kings were the incarnation of the destinies of the nation, and I think one can say truly that, whatever their faults, they loved France above all.

After Saint-Denis, of course, one thinks of Versailles. There are great men who are builders by nature. They not only build up the state, the morale, the laws, the finances, the army; they build roads and edifices. Suger was such a man, and so was Louis XIV. If Suger, as the Abbot of Cluny said, built for God, Louis XIV built for France. He wanted France to be the greatest nation in Christendom, and he wanted the palace of her King to express her

grandeur. No one, surely, can stand upon the great terrace overlooking the gardens without feeling that he succeeded. Magnificent as is the palace, with its splendours of marble, carving and gilt, the gardens of Versailles are what one remembers first. There are those who find them too formal, too designed, "not natural enough". They fail to see that in them "Nature" has been passed through the alembic of man's consciousness and has been re-created and synthesized. Its laws, its beauties have been stated so clearly, so logically, that they are too simple for the ordinary eye to perceive. Simplicity, which is the ultimate elegance of manners and of the arts, is almost always mistaken for insignificance by the uncultured. The classic is apt to seem formal and unnatural to the undisciplined. If Saint-Denis represents the deep religious faith of France which produced its churches, its ever-growing national life and its unity as a family under its king as under a father, the gardens of Versailles represent French thought, its logic, its clarity, its order. What design! What beauty! One can look down the vast vista of the terraces, down the Tapis Vert, down the Grand Canal to far-off distances. One can watch, entranced, a jet of water like a crystal column rising to the tops of the dark trees that surround the fountain. There is the lovely Grand Trianon whose rose coloured marble arcades seem mirrored in beds of roses and begonias. There is the exquisite Little Trianon, the least deserted of all the palaces; for here one can almost hear light footsteps, and when one enters a room, someone seems to have just left it by the other door.

There are other royal châteaux; Saint-Germain, with its magnificent terrace, its chapel of Saint-Louis, its memories of Henri IV, Louis XIII, of the sad, exiled Stuarts. The Germans destroyed the forest in the Franco-Prussian war, but it has grown up again. To Compiègne, Anne of Austria withdrew during the Fronde. Here Marie-Antoinette was received when she came to France, and after her Marie-Louise. Here Napoleon III gave to Eugénie de Montijo the four-leaved clover, jewelled with dew drops. German shells fell on the Château during the Great War. Jeanne d'Arc went to pray in the old church of Saint-Jacques at Compiègne before she was taken prisoner. The Kings of France were mighty hunters before the Lord. They hunted at Rambouillet, where one goes every May to pick lilies-of-the-valley. They chased the deer and boar at Fontainebleau. At Fontainebleau, too, Napoleon spent those tragic hours when he was betrayed by his Marshals, and here he said farewell to the Old Guard before his exile to Elba.

Houdan, Dourdan, Montlhéry, Montford l'Amaury, Vez, La Roche-Guyon, Pierrefonds, Maintenon, Anet, Chantilly, Vaux-le-Vicomte; their names evoke what memories! Every little, grey village, every farm is rich with associations. One summer when I was staying at the Château de Rozières, we sometimes walked three miles to the railroad to take the train to market at Senlis. We passed by one of those old farms, surrounded by walls like a little citadel. It had a tiny chapel, and, on the outside wall of the chapel was the tombstone of a crusader in full armour, with his sword, his hands joined in prayer.

Nothing sums up more completely or more movingly the centuries of human suffering, effort and faith than the little churches of France. Take Saint-Loup-

de-Naud in Brie. You drive along little country roads between wheat fields bordered with poppies and cornflowers and rosy corncockles. You see the grey tower rising above the cluster of trees. This church is one of the gems of twelfth century architecture. The apse of the building is Romanesque and there remain traces of frescoes. As Alphonse de Chateaubriant says in *La Réponse du Seigneur*, speaking of the little chapel in the woods, there is "a vague odour of saltpeter, of old wax and of old bouquets". The little churches of France are very poor now, but their espousal of Holy Poverty gives them another charm and nobility. At Saint-Loup-de-Naud the porch of the church is in the style of Chartres. In the tympanum is represented Christ in Majesty, surrounded by the four beasts of the evangelists. On either side of the portal are long, elegant personages, the King of Judah, the Queen of Sheba, etc. On the central pillar is Saint-Loup himself, in his bishop's robes, bearing his crozier. The hands have been slightly damaged, but the head, so humane, so benign, is intact. Saint-Loup was a bishop in the seventh century, and episodes of his life are shown in the sculptures of the vaulting. A precious jewel falls from heaven into the chalice as he celebrates the Mass. The devil is shut up in a vase. The great bell of Sens is carved there. Clotaire impiously carried it off to Paris; but Saint-Loup told it not to ring, and it obeyed him and was silent until it was sent back. Clotaire is seen kneeling before the saint, imploring his pardon. Emile Mâle says: "This mixture of puerility and of nobility did not shock anyone then. For the men of this time, nothing is great, nothing is small, for in every thing the presence of God is revealed."

Over the countryside floats the sound of bells. "Recollection, meditation, indrawal of the soul, hope and pardon, that is what the bells say, from huge Marie, the Great Bell of Notre-Dame, to the humble little bells of the churches of Arbonne, of Chailly, or of Barbizon, where Millet took the subject of his *Angelus*. These bells, do not forget, have sounded the tocsin of alarm, they have called to work, to combat, to prayer; they have calmed the passionate beating of many hearts and poured rest into many consciences."

Who can describe the varied landscape; its blue distances, its little rivers, its plains and heaths, purple with heather? Every inch of its soil is saturated with the love and thought of an immemorial past. Nothing is lost. It is a vast reservoir upon which to draw. It is a treasure of experience which enriches all its children. It is the culture of the race, which every man shares and which extends his consciousness far beyond the limits of his personal life until it can include all of its history. I remember experiencing this myself when I was quite young. I was sitting in a forest, at the edge of a hill overlooking the country around Nanteuil-le-Haudouin. Here Jeanne d'Arc fought a battle, and here the Germans were turned back in the Great War. As I sat there, all the history of France seemed to flow into me from the earth. I saw no visions with my eyes, but I experienced in my own consciousness ancient faiths and desperate battles. I participated in the being of hundreds of years. I remember exclaiming, It is all, all mine!

Now, I do not relate this because it was any proof of merit or an extraordinary

experience. On the contrary, this is the birthright of every Frenchman and of many who were not born in France this time, but who must have been privileged to be born there many times in the past. This is what racial culture means; not something intellectual, not education, not even being able to read and write, but being nourished by the spiritual deposit of faith and heroism, by the rich elements of the racial blood. If men deny this, they repudiate their ancestors. If they try to cut themselves off from the past, of course they cannot escape from its consequences, but they can deprive themselves of its benefits, its wisdom, its strength. If they could see what they would become! Something so denuded, so alone, so puny that their existence would be a matter of seconds! Something so hideous that a mosquito would be lovely compared with them! Westerners laugh at the veneration of ancestors as at a superstition, and, alas, many of their deluded pupils in the East laugh with them. If they realized even a little of what their ancestors have done for them, they would find burning incense before their portraits a very slight symbol of gratitude.

Funck-Brentano, in his superb book on the Middle Ages, describes the building up of the French nation after the confusion of the Dark Ages. During the ninth and tenth centuries, every city in France was destroyed. "Three do not meet two without killing them." The central authority lapsed. Invasion and civil war laid waste the country. Funck-Brentano says: "It was in this anarchy that was accomplished the work of social reconstruction, by the only organized force which remained intact, under the only shelter that nothing can throw down, because it has its foundations in the human heart; the family." This ought to be encouraging to us who live in an age of such confusion, when every institution is falling to pieces,—the family, it would seem, included. If men really studied history, they might profit from its lessons, and, perhaps, avoid the dark age into which we seem to be entering. Thus, the family extended its protection to its dependents; it joined other families; it became a clan. It protected other clans or fought them. Gradually, the clans gathered cell by cell around the centre, the royal family, the King, the father of his people. "The King," says Hugues de Fleury, "is the image of the father." With the sceptre, the Kings of France carried, not the sword, but the Hand of Justice, because they were the incarnations of Justice. "The King treats his subjects and metes out justice to them, as a father to his children." The feudal system, the hierarchical system, is built upon duty and responsibility; the responsibility of the lord to his serf, the duty of the serf to his lord; the duty of the lord to his overlord, the responsibility of the overlord to his feudatories; the loyalty of the overlords to the King, the impartial justice of the King to all his vassals. The King, who sums up and incarnates the spirit of his people, is in turn responsible to his Lord, and his responsibility is his Divine Right. When societies are turned upside down as to-day, rights without responsibility or duty are what people clamour for, as though such a thing could exist.

Now, of course, the French nation is far from perfect, and in the course of its evolution has been full of strife and hate and evil. The barons have fought the Kings and oppressed the people; the Kings have lacked wisdom. The dregs of

the nation rose up in the Revolution and attempted to submerge everything. Some of the dregs are still floating around on the top. Yet, because of the real unity of France, because of the heroism, the devotion, the faith of the past, it is to-day a nation which cannot be destroyed, which, when it is attacked, rises like one man to defend its soil and its inheritance and performs those acts of sublime valour which we saw in the Great War.

This gradual formation of the individual is the same for man and nation. It is only accomplished by loyalty to principle and by union of consciousness. There can be no universality of consciousness by any other process. A thin, rootless internationalism is the exact inversion of this. Certainly, all humanity will share in one spirit some day, but it will be because men have become individual cells in individual nations which, in turn, are united in a spiritual hierarchy. That day is a long way off and cannot be attained simply by flying around the globe in forty-eight hours, or, even, by killing off everybody but the "proletariat". Thus, we see that by performing properly and with love the rites and duties of everyday life, in our families, in our relations with our friends and companions, with our ancestors and with our nation, we arrive at a state of consciousness which includes our spiritual race and lineage. By looking at one little province with all its past and present, we are led beyond its image to the real abode of the soul. Perhaps we do not appreciate these things until we are taken away from them. Is this not the reason for the long exile of the soul, that it may yearn for all it has lost and turn back to its source?

La, est le bien que tout esprit désire,
La, le repos ou tout le monde aspire,
La, est l'amour, la, le plaisir encore.

La, ô mon âme au plus hault ciel guidée!
Tu y pouras reconnoistre l'Idée
De la beauté, qu'en ce monde j'adore.

"There is the good which every heart desires; there is the rest to which the world aspires, there is love, and there is pleasure also.

"There, oh my soul to highest heaven guided! There thou canst recognize the Idea of beauty, which in this world I adore."

SAUVAGE.

*Once I saw mountains angry,
And ranged in battle-front.
Against them stood a little man;
Aye, he was no bigger than my finger.
I laughed, and spoke to one near me,
"Will he prevail?"
"Surely," replied this other;
"His grandfathers beat them many times."
Then did I see much virtue in grandfathers,—
At least for the little man*

Who stood against the mountains.—STEPHEN CRANE.

LIVING PICTURES

RECENTLY I found in an old trunk a forgotten collection of photographs, treasured in my boyhood. Opening the package, first came my likeness at the age of four, standing with a basket of flowers in one hand; on the top of my head a fat curl; on my chubby face a look of happy expectancy, as I watched "for the birdie to come out". I always rather scorned this picture on account of the fat curl. Not so with the next picture, showing me as a boy of twelve in cadet uniform, a soldier! The small rifle, boy's size, is grasped firmly in both hands, bayonet fixed. Most important of all, there is a medal—a solid gold one—conspicuous on my breast. No veteran could be more proud of his decorations than I was of mine, despite certain mean insinuations of jealous rivals to the effect that my father's close friendship with two of the three Judges at the Competitive Drill had had bearing on the award of this coveted prize.

Next a photograph of our baseball nine, of the same period. Nothing formal; just a dozen small boys squinting in the bright sunlight, and displaying as many bats, gloves, masks and other paraphernalia as were available at the moment. True, I was only a substitute, but that did not show in the picture, which at any rate proved conclusively that I was a ball player; destined, no doubt, for larger things later on.

The fourth, an impressive view of myself as a musician, with violin in one hand, bow in the other, the whole given dignity by a painted landscape, apparently the gardens of some chateau, for a background. I fancy I look more musical in this picture than I sounded, but the violin is a difficult instrument, and takes years to master, so what could people expect. Everything has to have a beginning!

Besides other portraits of myself and some of my boy friends, there was a considerable number of snap-shots; dogs and horses, boats and bicycles, and all the centres of interest of boys of that day and age; and also views of favourite places and scenes at home, in the mountains and at the seashore.

As I gazed, musing, at these reminders of years long past, all but forgotten, it seemed to me that they symbolized my own personal consciousness and the typical dynamic images of my mind, at that time of my life. It was such mind pictures, vivified by ambition and desires, which spurred me on to corresponding wishes, intentions and actions. For a boy they were probably the normal thing, resulting in an average kind of boy's life.

Continuing the same line of thought, I remembered how, as time passed, many of these pictures had faded, more or less gradually, from my consciousness, being replaced by or transformed into others, as I myself was transformed physically from boy to youth, from youth to manhood. Changes of surroundings, different occupations and associates had resulted in the abandonment or revision of many once-cherished images. But certain pictures, though modified in detail, long continued as vivid and dynamic as ever. These were mainly of two classes,

those animated by self-love, and those fed by self-indulgence. I must have a good time; I must be admired.

So I passed on mentally to the time in my life when I heard of Theosophy, became interested, and ultimately joined the Society. New pictures were then introduced into my inner gallery; pictures of service and a Cause, of Discipleship, of Chêlanship. With these, many of my older pictures were discordant. I began to sort out and select, rejecting a number of the old ones automatically. But there were certain of them, the largest and most vivid, which proved difficult to dispose of, even though they did seem to clash with the new ones. In some part of my nature I was attached to them; willing perhaps to have them modified or reduced, but not to abandon them utterly. I had put so much into them, for so many years, that they seemed my very self; I identified myself with them.

As I meditated on these things, *Light on the Path* came to mind, and its drastic requirements for those who would be disciples: "Kill out ambition (the first curse); kill out desire of life—desire of comfort—desire for sensation, . . . and then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man will seem to be utterly dissolved. This ordeal must be endured. . . ." Surely the destruction of all those once cherished personal pictures would be one aspect of this necessary ordeal; with their complete disappearance or their final rejection, the familiar personal life would seem to be utterly dissolved; one would indeed be sunk in an "abyss of nothingness". But not until one "has learned to dwell in this abyss, and has found its peace, is it possible for the eyes to have become incapable of tears",—the first of the Rules.

How prone we are to compromise and straddle, to postpone. We may at times remember the oft-repeated injunction to keep constantly before our mind's eye our highest ideal for ourselves, and that this positive attitude, instead of a negative one, will itself help greatly to free us from subservience to the wrong ideas and desires. It seems likely that few of us do all that we should in this respect. In any case there are few who do not need to resort to a courageous purging process, to a more complete elimination of old pictures. Should we not review, one by one, all the surviving ideas about ourselves which still minister, subtly perhaps, to our self-satisfaction and self-love, or which keep alive old desires that should be relegated to complete oblivion?

One trouble is our lack of conviction that the process must be thorough, the decision final; that half-way measures will not suffice. We forget that "the snake of self must be not only scotched but killed;—when it is only lulled to sleep it awakes again." How often we have found ourselves in difficulty because we disregarded this truth! Do we not know that as long as we keep these mind images alive, they only await suitable conditions to reflect themselves again in outer actions; to incite us to new folly?

Possibly it would arouse our somnolent wills to remember that our own private collection of "pictures", which we so hate to part from, appears as immature and absurd to our friends, on both outer and inner planes, as our childhood photographs seem to us when we contemplate them, from a somewhat wiser standpoint, thirty or forty years later.

A. WOODBY.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE subject of the last "Screen" appears to have interested greatly those of our readers who are members of the Society; many of them wrote to say so, others have written helpful comment,—and the Recorder begs to express his appreciation of their courtesy and kindness. But we have readers all over the world who are not familiar with theosophical literature, who know little or nothing of occult tradition, and for whom, therefore, the subject of Lodge Messengers, except as a general proposition, necessarily is puzzling if not incomprehensible. With this in mind the Recorder was determined, when his friends again met, to begin in any case with the discussion of more mundane topics; so he saved a clipping from a morning paper which he believed would serve as a mental stimulant, if not as an irritant, and which he summarized, for their benefit, as follows:

"A news despatch from Washington announces that Mr. Hopkins, Relief Administrator, wishes to set up a Federal Work Relief Corporation with an appropriation of from eight to nine billion dollars of taxpayers' money, to provide the unemployed with homes, and with land and tools to enable them 'to raise part of their own produce'. The despatch says in explanation: 'Convinced that industry cannot yet take up the slack of unemployment, and that the government must, therefore, make work, Mr. Hopkins in his programme calls for a permanent civil works administration.'

"'Industry cannot take up the slack of unemployment'; this means that there are too many men and not enough jobs: America, in other words, is over-populated. How did this happen? It is clearly part of our function, as students of Theosophy, to try to discover the cause of the world's present maladies, our national maladies included. There can be no real cure until the cause is removed. Palliatives have their place in every right system of medication, but a palliative is not a cure, and when a doctor, confronted with an ulcer, prescribes a palliative the ultimate effect of which is likely to destroy his patient's heart, 'liver and lights', my own choice, if I were the patient, would be to die a natural death. However; I return to my question: how has it come about that America is over-populated?" And the Recorder turned to Historian No. I.

"My answer is,—through greed", was the response. "As a nation we are suffering the consequences of greed piled on greed; we are reaping what we have sown. Karma, the universal law of cause and effect, is a fact, not a theory: to-day we are experiencing the Karma of our past.

"Other nations likewise are victims of their greed; we do not stand alone. But this was an undeveloped and potentially very rich country, so that the temptation to get rich quick was unusually great, and Americans of every epoch jumped at it. What say you?" This was addressed to Historian No. II, who

looked as if he were mentally collecting the ingredients of a bomb-shell, and whose answer to the question fully justified the inference.

"We must remember, in the first place," he said, "that while many early settlers came here in the hope of securing religious freedom, others, and probably a majority, left their homes in Europe for reasons entirely mercenary. Nor is this surprising, since the facts of history, not ordinarily presented, show that it is the result of centuries of encouragement.

"When America was discovered and pre-empted for Spain and Portugal by the Papal Bulls of 1493, the English people, socially and economically, were in a dreadful state of distress. Seeing the possibility of relieving conditions by a western migration, Sir Thomas More put forth his *Utopia* which, when carefully examined, appears as the foremost economic treatise of the sixteenth century. Here in the 'Golden West' or the so-called 'New World', the impoverished masses of England might find unlimited opportunities to acquire easy wealth. Nor could the execution of More, the leader of English imperialism, divert the thoughts of the English people from America, any more than the excommunication of Luther and Henry VIII could put an end to the Protestant Reformation. During the next few decades, *Utopia* was not only published again and again in England, but in every country of northern Europe. The massacre of Coligny's colonists in Brazil and Florida in no way stemmed the tide. Following the reaction of Mary and Edward VI, Elizabeth was compelled to legitimize piracy as the only means of upbuilding the sea power of England. Soon the old sheep-growing gentry of England, reinforced by the Dutch, were threatening Philip's domain of the sea. With a new 'easy wealth' pouring into England from the Spanish Main, at last Elizabeth was compelled, in 1578, to choose between granting the demands of her seamen and open revolt by the imperialists. They had promised her an empire of gold. The lure was irresistible. The charters to Gilbert and Raleigh followed.

"The Armada, and the massacre of Raleigh's first colony, merely delayed the seizure of Virginia. Before the death of Elizabeth, Raleigh had further inflamed the popular imagination with his *Travels in Guiana*. Thoughts of the western El Dorado were in every English mind. It was useless for Roman influences to try to turn the tide of English imperialism to the East. Hakluyt's *Discourse on Western Planting*, passing through numerous editions, but magnified the glories of *Utopia*. In vain Raleigh was imprisoned by James I upon the demand of Philip and the Medici. America had been thoroughly prospected by Cabot, Gilbert, Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Grenville, Cavendish, Frobisher, Baffin and Davis. In 1605, aided by Bacon, Drayton, Jonson and Shakespeare, the English imperialists were staging plays in London, depicting the El Dorado of the West. Indians were being paraded through the streets to prove their friendliness. At last the charter of 1606 was extracted from the reluctant King for the two great joint stock companies that had promised the English masses fabulous profits. The first task assigned the founders of Jamestown was to find the gold which the Spaniards and French had been monopolizing. The whole English nation thought of gold, talked of gold, dreamed of gold. When

Newport, Smith, Delaware and Dale failed to find it in the South, Smith was sent to seek it in New England. In 1614 appeared his amazing picture of the wealth to be had there. During the next two decades the great Puritan migration set in. Moral considerations had completely broken down. Even the preachers from their pulpits invoked the sanction of the Old Testament for the revel of rapine and murder which followed in the name of God. It was the story of the promised land, all over again. God had commanded them, they were told, to seize what the heathen had to yield.

"The story of what followed has often been told. Following vain attempts to enslave the Red Race after the manner of the early Spaniards, the Anglo-Americans resorted to every known form of violence and debauchery. In vain the native leaders pleaded for justice. This practice continued even after the present Constitution was adopted, in spite of the fact that the tribes had been given the legal status of wards of the nation. Thus, while a hostile shot has never been fired against the tribes of Canada by the British Government, there have been fifty-five official wars waged against the tribes of the United States. In her *Century of Dishonor*, Helen Hunt Jackson drew an appalling indictment against the American people. Only three instances of wholesale governmental robbery and murder need be mentioned to support the consensus of opinion among historians that the martyrdom of the Red Race by the American people is without parallel. When, early in the last century, gold was discovered in Georgia and the Gulf States, the five so-called Civilized Tribes, including the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, were occupying the Gulf States, under formal treaties of peace and amity with the United States. They had fought under the American flag against Great Britain in 1812. They were peaceful agriculturists. Congress compelled them to enter into new treaties providing for their removal to the trans-Mississippi desert, where they were allotted the Indian Territory, to be theirs for ever, administered by governments of their own creation. During the process of removal by the Army, over half of the seventy thousand emigrants perished from starvation and hardship. Within fifty years oil was discovered, and the Indian territory was soon abolished. To-day, half the land is in possession of the whites, and the inordinate wealth acquired by a score or more of Indian individuals is cited as evidence of the liberality shown those of the five Civilized Tribes who managed, despite their transportation, to survive.

"When gold was discovered in California, in 1849, there were over two hundred and fifty thousand Indians on the Pacific Coast, occupying the immemorial domains to which their right had been recognized by both the Spanish and Mexican governments. Most of them had been Christianized by the Franciscans, and with few exceptions were agriculturists or stock raisers. None of them had been on the war path for over half a century. Within two years, less than seventeen thousand remained, the survivors being confined to small reservations in the desert. To-day, they are less civilized than they were in 1849.

"In 1857, the Sioux agreed by formal treaty to abandon Minnesota, and to accept a definite domain along the Missouri in exchange for their ancient hold-

ings. Within twenty years, gold was discovered in the Black Hills. Thereupon, numerous armies were employed to drive the Sioux from their lands and confine them within their present reservations.

"Although the five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma, the eighteen tribes of California, and the Sioux, have each in turn resorted to the Supreme Court of the United States for redress, so far they have never been compensated for the land taken from them, or even been paid what was promised them under the formal treaties violated by the Government.

"In these circumstances, it is not unnatural that the late Lord Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*, like Lyman Abbott and Carl Schurz before him, should have branded the Indian system of the United States as unconscionable, adding that apparently the only solution of the Indian problem of which the American people could conceive was the complete destruction of the race.

"The smug explanation of what befell the Red Race in the past is that it was inevitable, that it was beyond the power of any Government to save hostile savages who, unamenable to civilization, stood in the path of its advance. In a recent work, *The Red Man in the New World Drama* (1931), Colonel Jennings C. Wise has presented the politico-economic history of the Red Race for the first time, and shown conclusively that there is no foundation for the view mentioned. The truth is, according to the ethnologists, the American Indians were the most peaceful race by nature known to history. In fact, there is no instance in which a tribe resorted to the war path against the whites until every reasonable effort had been made to render this unnecessary. The Indians were a 'Stone Age' people, to be sure—retrograde, not advancing—but their history shows that they were anxious and willing to adopt the ways of European civilization, and that their generosity alone made possible the colonization of both Virginia and New England. Over and over, they saved the white settlers from their own stupidity. The only difference between the Indian system to-day and during the past century, as shown by the present Congressional investigation into Indian affairs, is that a destructive governmental system, characterized by Lyman Abbott as a 'Russian bureaucracy', which consumes most of the tribal revenues, and which is subservient to local interests, has succeeded to the old reign of murder and pillage. It is an unwritten law in Congress that the conduct of Indian affairs shall be left to the dictation of western congressmen. No eastern congressman would dare interfere, lest he be penalized in the matter of his own interests by the western group.

"To-day, the Indian trust funds yield the beneficiaries less than three quarters of one per cent in revenue, and the expenditure of this income is completely under the control of the governmental bureaucracy. How it is expended is illustrated by the case of the Navajo. These people were peaceful agriculturists, occupying the rich valley of the Rio Grande. Under the compulsion of the whites and the threat of certain destruction, they accepted, in lieu of their ancient holdings, a desert domain in New Mexico, where at least they might be free for a while from violence. Under the treaty of removal, they required that part of this domain be sold, and the proceeds invested in an educational fund for

their benefit. Education was the last thing the local interests wanted the Indian to have. Therefore the schools built with this fund were placed at the edges of the Navajo domain, at an average distance of forty miles from the centres of Indian population, and open to the whites at the expense of the Indians. As time went on, despite the fact that the Government failed to extend to these people the advantages of education, they developed the sheep-growing industry through which they managed to survive. Every effort is now being made by the local whites to gain control of their domain. The current Congressional investigation shows that only recently part of the Navajo educational fund was employed to carry out a vast highway and bridge construction project for the benefit of the whites. The Governor of New Mexico testified before Congress that a certain bridge, costing over two hundred thousand dollars, and connecting a tourist hotel with the highway system, would not be used by a dozen Indians in a year. While such things as this were taking place, the National Red Cross was compelled to come to the relief of these people as well as the other tribal groups who were being ground out of existence by the governmental system. In contrast with all this, the British Government utilizes its military forces to protect the natives of Canada and South Africa who, with such protection, are able to prosper, and require little aid from the Red Cross. Knowing the facts, the present Indian Commissioner, Mr. John Collier, with truly humanitarian instincts, is making a desperate effort to compel Congress to amend its methods. The indications are, however, that he will meet with little success, and that nothing will save the remaining Indians—about two hundred and fifty thousand, including mixed breeds—from complete destruction at the hands of the American people, whose will is but reflected by the governmental system. West of the Mississippi River the common idea, though not as freely admitted as in the past, still is that 'a good Indian is a dead Indian'.

"The opportunities open to the Anglo-Americans during three centuries for the pillage of the helpless Red Race were not the only influences which tended to promote a greed for 'easy' wealth. Just a century after the appearance of the Pilgrims in New England, Law's great South Sea scheme of speculation was launched in England, Scotland and France. To be sure, the South American and Louisiana bubbles burst in 1720, but already the Scotch-Irish had begun to cross the Atlantic. Hating the English, determined to be free, through the seaboard settlements they passed to the frontier. Soon from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf extended the urgent civilization which they founded along the ever-receding frontier. Again in the pulpits preachers taught that the 'creatures called Indians' had no more rights than the buffalo. These white settlers had come to America in quest of new homes and of those opportunities which the seemingly unlimited wealth of the West offered them. Efforts to restrain them by imperial laws, to tax them in the common interest, to deny them free access to El Dorado, led to the Revolution. Once they had achieved independence, the old revel started all over again with the opening up of the Northwest Territory and Louisiana. Before long the industrial revolution, and the opening of the world market to American commerce by the War of 1812, created a demand for

the American staple,—cotton. In this situation the cry for cotton was added to that for gold. Now, despite the earnest efforts which Washington, Jefferson and others had made to abolish the unprofitable and injurious institution of slavery, the increasing demand for cheap labour entrenched slavery more firmly than before, so that while it was being abolished voluntarily in other countries, American commercial interests appealed to the Old Testament for its sanction. Only a bitter fratricidal strife sufficed to end the traffic in human flesh.

"Coincident with all this came the discovery of gold in the West in seemingly unlimited quantities. At last El Dorado had been found! Again Europe was crazed. A new, unprecedented and unrestrained migration set in. Uncounted thousands came without capital to find the 'easy wealth' America afforded. Those in the East, also without capital, who were displaced by this cheap labour, pressed westward. For a time, railroad and city building absorbed them. Soon however, Populism, Bryanism, Socialism, Communism and anarchy raised their heads. The ills of middle age were appearing, though there was still an economic frontier to absorb many of the surplus hands. Then the Spanish-American War and a programme of imperialism intervened. This allayed momentarily the growing unrest which, however, had again become acute even before the World War involved the whole of mankind in economic disaster.

"In America, at first, an artificial prosperity induced by the demands of Europe ensued. Meantime several centuries of economic profligacy had had their effect. A nation cannot prosper inordinately, as the American people had done, at the expense of two races inferior in the capacity of self-protection, without paying a penalty. The American people had grown morally weak under the influence of centuries of 'easy' wealth. In comparison, the 'South Sea Bubble' was as nothing to the gambling which culminated in 1929. It is useless to blame crooked bankers and brokers for this. Like the tax-evaders and gangsters, they were but the outward expression of the system which had been developed through many years.

"When, inevitably, the last bubble burst as the result of a worldwide economic deflation induced by the calamity of the Great War, several factors added to the distress of the United States. For the first time in its history there was no economic frontier to absorb surplus hands. Not only this, but women, determined to share in the fruits of an artificial prosperity, gradually had invaded the field of employment. Consequently, when deflation came, there were not only fewer jobs, but a vastly increased number of persons demanding them. So the problem of unemployment was magnified. Finally, the industrial section of the country, through the medium of the existing income tax, was called upon to meet in disproportionate measure the cost of relief, since that section contributes the larger portion of Federal revenue. Therefore, capital found itself not only overburdened, but alarmed by threats of new levies, just at the time when confidence on its part was essential to insure the economic readjustment necessary to the general welfare.

"The truth is, of course, that the bounding, reckless days of America's youth had passed for ever, and those who promise to restore it are but deceiving the

country. The real problem is to readjust our system to the needs of maturity. This being so, what we need is less legislative experimentation with economic makeshifts, and more willingness to face the facts of our situation. There must be a moral as well as a financial accounting. Without this we must flounder on to self-destruction."

"Might it not be inferred from what you have said", asked one of our visitors, "that Malthusianism supplies the best way out?"

"Why yes, that might be inferred", Historian No. I replied dryly,—“just as it might be inferred that our paternal government, in the circumstances, should painlessly poison some thirty per cent or so of our population, excluding, of course, all who belong to Labour Unions and have paid their dues. Personally I see very little difference, as to ultimate Karmic effect, between the one method and the other,—between wholesale poison and race suicide."

One of our number, who is of English birth, now turned to the Recorder and remarked rather grimly: "Kindly explain, if you use in the 'Screen' what has been said about the treatment of the American Indians, that Historian No. II is one of the most genuine of American antiques, and that *I* am innocent!"

We were greatly amused, but the Recorder promised.

Someone then asked if the American Indian, as a fighter, had not proved himself both treacherous and horribly cruel.

"It would be a mistake", was the reply, "to speak of Indians in the lump. The tribes differed greatly, both in origin and in their customs. Some were cruel, some were not; but the worst of them were not more cruel than the Arabs of Morocco in recent wars against the French—the Arabs always tortured their prisoners to death—and at the time of the early Indian wars on this continent, it is only fair to remember that the so-called civilized races of Europe were barbarous in their treatment of prisoners, as they were in their judicial punishments. People were burned alive for expressing unpopular opinions. Always in the name of God,—three thousand persons were burned as 'heretics' by the Inquisition in Andalusia in 1481; some five hundred 'witches' were burned in Geneva, in three months, in 1515; nine hundred were burned in Lorraine between 1580 and 1595; Calvin burned Servetus in 1553—always in the name of God. Even to-day mobs of white men can be diabolically cruel, although, thank heaven, judicial punishments, in the more civilized countries, have become more humane. . . . It should be remembered also that the American Indians, savage as they often were, acted under terrible provocation."

There was a pause. The Recorder then said that he had another question, sent to the editors by a member in Germany who had asked if it might be discussed in the "Screen": "What is the difference between true and false humility?"

It was the Engineer who volunteered, not to answer the question, but to obtain answers from others. "Your conundrum," he said, "was solved long ago by Teresa of Avila, that most practical of saints, and, if you like, I will look up what she wrote on the subject, while the Philosopher explains the Theosophical principle underlying her replies." Whereupon the Engineer disappeared toward the library.

The Philosopher, thus designated, made this reply: "The Theosophical basis for humility, as I understand it, is the realization that our personalities are only the larvæ, as it were, of the human beings into which we may develop. As yet we are not even fledgelings, not even ugly ducklings. Masters alone have reached the human kingdom. Realization of this truth would make it impossible for the personality to think itself superior or adequate or wise. One larva may be wormier than another, or a shade less squirmy; but there is not much to brag about in that, especially if we look up to the *imago*, the fourth or perfect state, to which someday we may possibly attain. Like all else in nature, we are divine in essence; but there is a vast gulf between potential and actual attainment, and much of the trouble in the world to-day is due to larvæ having the 'big head',—mistaking themselves for the finished product. It is nothing new, of course; history is full of it. The wiser among us recognize and accept our limitations, and are thankful for all the light and guidance we can get from those who are really human—from those who can see where we are blind, can hear where we are deaf, can understand where we are full of vain imaginings,—Masters of wisdom, Lords of compassion, who, having passed long since through the larva stage, have reached 'the terrace of enlightenment'. They are always willing to guide those who honestly and without reserve desire their guidance, while if, like most half-wits, we prefer to pick and choose—obeying in one direction and not in another—we can dig such guidance as we want from the sacred books with which Masters have provided us.

"Christ, like all Avatars, was 'the first-born of many brethren'; but we are not obliged to think ourselves his equals—yet!"

"Really", exclaimed one of our visitors, "only a lunatic could do that!"

"You are mistaken", the Philosopher replied; "that is, unless you include among lunatics the multitude of those who think we know more to-day than the greatest and wisest of the ancient world. Let me give you a case in point: I am reading a book on Mesmer, by a Miss Margaret Goldsmith. It is an interesting book in many ways, and presents a much more attractive portrait of Mesmer as a man than anything I have previously read about him. The author, however, is modern, is highly educated, and almost inevitably accepts the latest in western Psychology as the last word in human understanding. Consequently, she rather pities Mesmer for his lack of opportunity and extends the same kindly indulgence to Jesus of Nazareth and his 'miracles', not blaming him at all for his errors and limitations, seeing that he was born before modern psychology had explained things. She is, indeed, quite good natured about it, remarking that although, like other groping ancients, 'he believed that diseases were cured by the intervention of a supernatural agency, his cures were a step in the direction of modern psychotherapy.'"

The Student exploded with laughter. "That is delightful", he said. "Such conceit, and so totally unaware of it! So thoroughly typical of the pseudo-scientific approach! You did not say so, but doubtless she used those blessed words 'suggestion' and 'auto-suggestion' as sufficient explanation of all the wonders he performed ["She did", interjected the Philosopher]; and it never

occurred to her that her words explain nothing, any more than it occurred to her that Christ may have understood many things, even about the cure of disease, of which she knows nothing. Best of all, though, is the concession that 'his cures were a step in the direction of modern psychotherapy': I shall not forget that in a hurry; it is worthy of the Brain Trust".

"How can a larva, which does not know it is a larva—that is to say, which refuses to recognize entities more highly evolved than itself—how can it fail to reduce the universe and everything in it to terms of its own larvaship? Wisdom, unless based upon humility, is impossible. . . . But here comes the Engineer, prepared, I hope, to tell us what St. Teresa the elder had to say in answer to our question: 'what is the difference between true and false humility?'"

"She said a good deal", the Engineer responded. "It was evidently a live question among the novices and nuns of her convents, and her answers, as you will see, were aimed at the weaknesses with which her long experience, both of herself and others, had made her familiar. It is possible, of course, that her language would strike unlettered people as quaint, but students of Theosophy in any case, trained to read all religious experience in terms of the spirit rather than of the letter, will not find this an obstacle.

"In her Autobiography, chapter xxx, she says:

[That false humility is the work of Satan] is clear from the restlessness and discomfort with which it begins, and the trouble it causes in the soul while it lasts; from the obscurity and distress, the aridity and indisposition for prayer and for every good work, which it produces. It seems to stifle the soul and trammel the body, so as to make them good for nothing.

Now, though the soul acknowledges itself to be miserable, and though it is painful to us to see ourselves as we are, and though we have most deep convictions of our own wickedness,—deep as those spoken of just now, and really felt,—yet true humility is not attended with trouble; it does not disturb the soul; it causes neither obscurity nor aridity: on the contrary, it consoles. It is altogether different, bringing with it calm, sweetness, and light. It is no doubt painful; but, on the other hand, it is consoling, because we see how great is the mercy of our Lord in allowing the soul to have that pain, and how well the soul is occupied. On the one hand, the soul grieves over its offences against God; on the other, His compassion makes it glad. It has light which makes it ashamed of itself; and it gives thanks to His Majesty, who has borne with it so long. That other humility, which is the work of Satan, furnishes no light for any good work.

"Then, on page 51 of her *Interior Castle*, I find:

It is very injurious never to raise our minds above the mire of our own faults . . . while we are continually absorbed in contemplating the weakness of our earthly nature, the springs of our actions will never flow free from the mire of timid, weak and cowardly thoughts, such as: 'I wonder whether people are noticing me or not! If I follow this course, will harm come to me? Dare I begin this work? Would it not be presumptuous? Is it right for anyone as faulty as myself to speak on sublime spiritual subjects? Will not people think too well of me, if I make myself singular? Extremes are bad, even in virtue; sinful as I am, I shall only fall the lower. . . .' Alas, my daughters, what loss the devil must have caused to many a soul by such thoughts as these! It thinks such ideas and many others of the same sort I could mention, arise from humility. This

comes from not understanding our own nature; self-knowledge becomes so warped that, unless we take our thoughts off ourselves, I am not surprised that these and many worse fears should threaten us. Therefore I maintain, my daughters, that we should fix our eyes on Christ our only good, and on His saints; there we shall learn true humility, and our minds will be ennobled, so that self-knowledge will not make us base and cowardly.

"Finally (so far as I am concerned) she says in chapter xxxix of her *Way of Perfection*:

Beware, daughters, of a certain kind of humility suggested by the devil which is accompanied by great anxiety about the gravity of our past sins. . . . Everything such a person says seems to her on the verge of evil, and all her actions appear fruitless, however good in themselves. She becomes discouraged, thinking that she can do nothing right, for what is good in others she fancies is wrong in herself. . . . At one time it may be humility and a virtue to think ourselves thus sinful, and at another time it is a most dangerous temptation. I know this, for I have passed through this state myself. However deep humility may be, it neither disquiets, wearies nor disturbs the soul, but is peaceful, sweet and serene. Although the sight of our wickedness grieves us and proves to us that we deserve to be in hell and that in justice all mankind should hate us, so that we hardly dare to beg for mercy, yet if it is a right humility this pain is accompanied by suavity, content, and joy, and we do not wish to be without it, indeed, it ought to be prized since it results in self-knowledge. It dilates, instead of troubling or depressing the soul, making it more capable of serving God. The other sorrow which distresses the mind renders it uneasy, completely subverting it and causing great pain, so that there is no possibility of calming the thoughts. You may feel certain that this is a temptation and not humility, with which it has no connection. I believe that this is a plot of the devil to make us think we are lowly, and at the same time to lead us to distrust God.

"Once more", concluded the Engineer, "the test is: By their fruits ye shall know them. If humility, so-called, tends to fix attention upon self, it is of the devil; on the other hand, if we have a vivid sense of our *personal* unimportance, with a great desire to serve our Master and to fit ourselves for his service, we shall, I think, be on the right track."

"Yes", added the Ancient, "and more than that; for if the desire to serve be real, we shall set to work—and it will be hard work at first, until love makes it easy—to give that Lord of Life the utmost of our interest and attention. This, before long, will lead to a desire to use all our faculties and senses (by no means forgetting our senses) as he would wish, as his instruments, for his purposes, instead of for our selfish gratification. People used to ask Judge, as they asked H.P.B., about occultism, about the acquirement of 'powers'; and always the answer was the same: get rid of selfishness, make your heart pure, and a Master could and would teach you occultism in three months; but no Master of the White Lodge (only of the Black) would help you to acquire any occult power, little or big, until that necessary preparation has been completed: and humility is its foundation."

Said the Student: "I doubt if many people will understand the 'why' of what you have just given as the statement of H.P.B. and Judge."

"Yet the reason is obvious enough. If men use such powers as they already possess—their mental powers, their sight, hearing and all else—for selfish ends,

they would certainly use greater powers in the same way, to the injury of others as well as to their own undoing. Further, until selfishness has been left behind and the personal nature has been dominated, any occult power acquired would be psychic, not spiritual (for spiritual power can be exercised only from the spiritual plane) and no Master of the White Lodge would permit that. On the other hand, there are countless 'gurus' and 'yogis' in India and elsewhere, who possess occult powers of a psychic nature, and who are willing to impart their knowledge to others whose moral preparation is at best superficial, and is sometimes a minus quantity. This of course proves conclusively not only that the attainments of such teachers are psychic, but that, instead of belonging to the White Lodge, they have one if not both feet in the Lodge of 'the Brothers of the Shadow'. In the past, many students of Theosophy, particularly those who have visited the Orient, have been misled—always through lack of humility, always through thinking themselves 'ready'; while others, alas, have *not* been misled, but have wanted 'powers' right or wrong, convinced at first, perhaps, that they would be quite well able to decide for themselves when and how it would be proper to use them. Invariably, in all these cases, the result has been disastrous. Annie Besant went that way,—although, poor thing, she never got what she wanted, the only 'power' she ever acquired being the ability to make herself receptive to the suggestions and mental projections of men like Leadbeater, deliberately lending herself to this for love of power. She was monstrously vain."

"What", someone asked, "do you suppose is the motive that leads the gurus and yogis of whom you were speaking, to impart their knowledge to others? Is it money? Are they paid for it?"

"Comparatively few of them accept money, though many accept presents. You must remember that nearly all of them believe sincerely in themselves, imagining they are great lights, and that their psychic experience is next to the last word in spirituality. Vain-glory is the ordinary motive. One of the most childishly vain men I have ever encountered was a widely renowned yogi who lived in Benares, next to a shrine erected to himself, with a photograph of himself as its chief decoration. He beamed with delight as he exhibited it. Thousands of Hindus worshipped him as a god, chiefly, so far as I could discover, because he wore no clothes. But he, I believe, was entirely harmless, while some of them are forcefully, aggressively bad."

"Still another question", the Recorder now said. "It was addressed to our 'Question and Answer' department, but I purloined it, as I thought it would suit the Student. I will read it to you:—"The scathing denunciation of Protestantism in the closing paragraph of "Notes and Comments" for July includes among the "*unnatural* doctrines" which it condemns, internationalism. The official statement which follows the title page of every issue of the *QUARTERLY* declares that: "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". Why then the condemnation of the international point of view, or is the word internationalism here used with some narrow cant or technical significance not obvious?"

"What is your comment?"

The Student instantly responded. "I am a Protestant", he said, "and Protestantism was rightly denounced in 'Notes and Comments' for its infidelities. In the past, the two institutions which have worked hardest for internationalism, usually by underground means, are the Church of Rome and Latin (Godless) Freemasonry. Protestantism denies its own principles when it imitates either of them. The Church of England is a national Church. Its equivalent here is 'The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America'—its official title. Rome wants to govern the whole world; so does Latin Freemasonry. Protestantism, properly understood, has no such ambition: it wants Christ to govern the nations,—a totally different aim. The Protestantism denounced in 'Notes and Comments' is the *false* Protestantism which, as was there said, 'has become one of the subversive influences in the modern state,—an ally, a despised ally, of the communists and socialists, and an agency for the dissemination of unnatural doctrines—pacifism, internationalism, class warfare and the "redistribution of wealth", birth-control, etc., etc.'

"But that is not your questioner's main point. He quotes the principal aim and object of the T.S., and infers that it upholds internationalism as an ideal. It does not. He has overlooked the significance of 'the nucleus'. I am not a biologist, but if he will consult any encyclopædia he will learn that a nucleus is separated from the surrounding cell substance by a membrane; that it differs markedly from that substance, and that it is the nucleus, and only the nucleus, which gives the cell continued existence. It is the chief purpose of the T.S. to discover among mankind, 'without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour', those few men and women who are born 'nuclear' by nature, or who have the capacity to become so. If you will wait just a moment, I will look up 'Cell' in the Recorder's encyclopædia. . . . Here it is, and this, among other things, is what it says about the nucleus: it is composed of two different elements, one of which 'is handed on from generation to generation', and 'contains a large amount of a phosphorus-containing substance called nuclein'. 'Within the nucleus there are often bodies called nucleoli . . . whose nature and function are not well known.' We need Dr. Torrey to enlighten us. But there are analogies: we might learn a great deal from analogies in this case.

"The 'international point of view' has come to mean that all men are alike; and they are not. They are no more alike than horses are like rabbits. It has come to mean that all men are equal; and they are not: no two men on the face of the earth are equal in any sense and never will be. Infinite variety is the characteristic of Nature; only man, in his depravity, is capable of turning out a standardized product.

"A mother, with an 'international point of view', allows her children to play in the street with all the little toughs of the neighbourhood. Another mother, with a national point of view (or what corresponds to it) selects companions for her children with the utmost care and discrimination,—and then watches them. Which has the higher ideals? Which, of the two, is the more 'brotherly'?

"The Y. M. C. A. would have us love all men equally—Germans, Irish,

French, Russians, Americans, Chinamen, what not. That is not an ideal; it is a nightmare. Some men are bad, some good, some noble; the badness in bad men ought to be hated; the nobility in others ought to be loved and revered; the goodness in some others, endured."

This delighted the Philosopher who, feeling that the Student had "got going", and afraid that the subject might be changed prematurely, asked him what he had meant when speaking of men and women who are born "nuclear", or who have the capacity to become so.

"All sorts of things", the Student answered. "In the first place they must be able to laugh at themselves, for otherwise they will never be admitted into the kingdom of heaven, the denizens of which cannot tolerate bores. In the second place, they must have open minds and open hearts: they must be open to the truth regardless of its source, and they must be eager to share it with others. They should be passionate but controlled; enthusiastic but not effervescent; wise but not pedantic; so highly educated that they begin to see the extent of their ignorance; ready to die without a moment's hesitation for everything worth while."

"Stop!" said the Engineer. "What are you doing? Telling us what ought to be the character of T.S. members if they are to become an integral part of the nucleus? If so, I resign!"

"If I thought you meant it", the Student retorted, "my reply would be,—the sooner the better. I said: 'who have the capacity to become so'. Do you deny your capacity?"

"I'm in no mood to deny anything: go ahead."

"To deny your capacity would be to claim a knowledge both of yourself and of God which, my friend, you do not possess. I am dogmatic; but I am on sure ground, because a man who has any real knowledge either of himself or of God, knows that his capacity is infinite. A woman with her child, a man in battle, a writer with his pen—when love inspires them—can keep going not only well but better and better, though they started from absolute exhaustion. To confront the impossible and conquer it, is the first step toward manhood."

"The *first* step!" exclaimed one of our visitors.

"Yes, the first step. We shall not be *men*, until that conquest has become a habit. Masters became Masters in just that way. As *personalities* we are vile worms and all the rest of it; if we did not start from there, we could never attain to divinity. A member of the T.S. may start from anywhere; to become part of the nucleus, however, he must be prepared to butt his head against the first 'impossible' he encounters, with fell determination to come out on the other side."

"All of which is distinctly cognate to a letter I received on the subject we discussed in the last 'Screen'," said the Recorder. "There are other letters, which I shall reserve for our next meeting, as they require more discussion than we could include in this issue. But the first and most significant paragraph of this letter, you have, in a way, already answered. Here it is"—and he read as follows:

"I hope and request that more be said concerning the Lodge Messenger in

the next 'Screen'. I have heard indirectly that some people have interpreted what was said in October in the most pessimistic terms, virtually assuming or seeming to assume that the future for the T.S. and its members is so hopeless that nothing can be done about it. . . ."

"You will remember", the Student commented, "the opinion expressed in the last of the letters printed in the October 'Screen',—that 'the material that fills the T.S. is for the most part soft'. What you have just read to us, suggests that *some* of the material is *so* soft, that if you needed to lean on it, you would be leaning on a moan, an ectoplasmic moan, and nothing else. Discouraged! *Dis*, I believe, means 'not', and *courage* means 'courage.' If that were all we had, we *should* be in a mess!"

"I have not seen any letters expressing pessimism or discouragement", said the Recorder, "although that proves nothing: people do not write that sort of thing as a rule,—not to the QUARTERLY; and, as I have produced the worst, it is only fair to read you two brief and far more typical comments on our October discussion, one received from Venezuela, the other from an old member who lives in Dorchester, Massachusetts. The first writes: 'To me personally, the October "Screen" has been a direct, vibrant call to preparation for service and to self-examination'. The second writes: 'The opinions recorded are bound to revive the drooping spirits of any of our members who in any way may be apprehensive as to the future of the T.S.' How is that for an old war-horse! It is *battle* that *they* scent from afar and quiver to take part in; long ago they learned to leave results to the Lord."

The Philosopher was amused. "It seems to have stirred things up in any case", he said, "and anything is better than to think that if we just toddle along we shall get there."

The Ancient, so far, had remained silent. Now he said with some finality: "What the Student said about the 'nucleus' is comment enough. No man is conquered until he thinks he is conquered, and when he knows he is fighting on the side of the angels, to think he is conquered is treachery." T.

A diamond demands to be cut, a block of marble needs to be carved. Man tries to do this to himself. . . . Alas! scarcely ever has he the courage to strike hard enough. God, to help him in the work of his perfection, sends him suffering. This completes the hallowing of souls, and is why the most saintly are the most tried.—IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

Watch yourself for self-pity. The man who feels sorry for himself has morally turned up his toes.—THE BOOK OF UNPOPULAR PRECEPTS.



The Essence of Plotinus, Extracts from the six *Enneads* and Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*, based upon the translation by Stephen Mackenna; edited by Grace H. Turnbull; Oxford University Press, New York, 1934; price, \$2.50.

This book responds to a genuine demand, for in recent years there has been a notable revival of interest in mysticism and in Plotinus as the greatest of mystical philosophers during the Christian era in the West. The study of the Neoplatonic sage, however, has been much neglected, partly because of the scarcity of translations. The Greek text is difficult and imperfect, and the average scholar has lacked intellectual sympathy with the doctrines which the *Enneads* set forth. There can be no doubt that the world is the richer for Mackenna's life-long devotion to Plotinus. His translation may be said to rank among the classics of its order, although it might be argued that his style is sometimes too florid, too "Irish". There are "purple passages" in the *Enneads*, but the mystical enthusiasm which they record is not emotional. It is a sign of Plotinus' self-discipline and self-control, that his mind remained austere and cool and clear, even when it was overshadowed by the memory of spiritual ecstasy. Plotinus was not a "psychic".

Miss Turnbull has made excellent use of Mackenna's work. Her selection of essential passages reveals an admirable editorial judgment, and her paraphrase of the original translation is amply justified by her purpose. Of this purpose she writes in the Preface:

Since this work is intended for the use of those who have not already made a special study of Plotinus as well as for the students who in great concentration on the letter of his philosophy may have lost something of the fine flavour of his spirit, I have tried to free Plotinus the philosopher and mystic from the veil of metaphysical subtleties and outworn science which have too long obscured him from our view, and to show the shining soul of him alone. Hence I have barred those tractates of the *Enneads* which, because of over-technicality of treatment or of theme, do not hold the general reader; of those that still speak to the spirit I have preserved the passages of the most mystical and ethical appeal—here a page, there a paragraph or phrase, hoping to delight your souls, as I have delighted mine, rather than weary you with the jargon of the schools.

There is a Foreword by Dean Inge, an annotated Bibliography, and an Appendix, giving some of the Platonic and Aristotelian sources on which the *Enneads* were based, as well as a series of quotations testifying to the influence of

Plotinus upon later mystics, poets and philosophers, from St. Augustine and Dante to Emerson and Tennyson.

Miss Turnbull's paraphrase of Mackenna's translation should be read in conjunction with Thomas Taylor's version. For some reason which is not clear, Miss Turnbull underestimates Taylor, even omitting reference to him in her Bibliography. It is the part of wisdom not to underestimate Taylor. His terminology and language are frequently obscure or obsolete; but his commentaries on Neoplatonic literature suggest many things which modern scholars overlook. Taylor was convinced that Plotinus and his successors were not lonely adventurers in some transcendental realm of the spirit. Instead, he linked their teachings with the truths which had been preserved and guarded by the Greater and Lesser Mysteries, at Eleusis and elsewhere. Students of Theosophy would agree with the thesis that the great Neoplatonic philosophers were cautiously divulging truths which had been cherished in the Sanctuary since the dawn of history. S.V.L.

Dogs of War! by F. Yeats-Brown; Peter Davies, London, 1934; price, 6s.

The author of the *Bengal Lancer* and *Golden Horn* writes this book as an antidote to the silliness of English Pacifists, including Beverley Nichols and Sir Norman Angell. We especially like the chapters relating his own experience of the use of armed force in the neighbourhood of the North-West frontier of India, proving conclusively that the prompt and courageous use of force is the only way, in many circumstances, to prevent the wholesale massacre of innocent people.

We wish that the author had called attention to the *cause* of the pacifist movement, namely, a materialistic view of life: death, the supreme if not the only evil; comfort, the supreme if not the only good. This view is held, not only by avowed materialists, but by many so-called Christians, with ministers of all denominations and of all ranks (up to that of Archbishop) in the lead.

Captain Yeats-Brown is an interesting writer always, and the contradictions in his own view of life—his jumble of Hatha Yoga, psychoanalysis, and a fine idealism—do not make him less so. None the less we wish, for our own peace of mind, that he would not confuse Freud's subliminal self with "the world within man . . . known to the mystics of all great religions",—for this is more than we can endure politely. Freud, a Viennese Jewish doctor, having first discovered a cess-pool within himself, proceeded to discover similar cess-pools in his patients—not a difficult thing to do, considering who most of them were. From this he inferred and taught that all men and all women are vile in ways more vile than the most depraved minds of the past had even imagined. In brief, Freud is responsible for more evil-thinking, and for the suggestion of more evil, than any other writer of modern times, which is saying a good deal. Captain Yeats-Brown, who knows something of the Vedanta, must surely realize that there are heights as well as depths in man, and that to confuse the soul, or the *Atman*, with their perverted reflections in matter—worse still, with their perverted

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reflections in the imagination of Freud—is unphilosophical, misleading, and, we believe, quite the opposite of what he intends. T.

The Vision of Asia; an Interpretation of Chinese Art and Culture, by L. Cranmer-Byng; John Murray, London, 1932; price, 15s.

Cranmer-Byng is the distinguished editor of the "Wisdom of the East Series", small volumes of excellent translations of the scriptures and literary treasures of China, Japan, India, Persia and Egypt. He himself has contributed to the series the *Rose Garden* of the Persian poet Sa'di, the *Book of Odes*, and two anthologies of Chinese poetry.

The Vision of Asia is "an interpretation of Chinese art and culture", but it is also much more. Cranmer-Byng speaks of the image-laden descriptions of the Buddhist Paradise as instances of "jungle-mindedness". His own style is an almost impenetrable jungle of images and metaphors, of ideas over-running ideas. It is with the utmost difficulty that one traces the basic structure of the book. There are enough ideas for several volumes condensed into this one, pell-mell, with numerous repetitions, until one's brain reels. One should certainly not complain, however, at a time when most authors have scarcely one idea to spin out through all their works.

Cranmer-Byng writes of the confusion and materialism of the Western World to-day, which have led to its economic collapse and to the menace of communism that threatens to wipe out all of its spiritual heritage. With this he contrasts the attainments of Chinese wisdom in the T'ang and Sung dynasties, and in its further transformations in the great epochs of Japanese civilization.

China has tried everything. Young China has neglected its own history, or it would be less lured by the delusions of Western social theory.

Wang An-shih, the statesman who lived in the Northern Sung dynasty from A. D. 1021 to 1086, has been regarded by many scholars as the father of Socialism in China. . . . In his own words, "The State should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with a view to succouring the working classes and preventing them from being ground into the dust by the rich." Certainly in his methods he was surprisingly up-to-date from a modern collectivist point of view. Heavy taxation of the rich, total exemption of the poor, old-age pensions, unemployment dole, State loans to farmers, a comprehensive land tax which would make the mouth of an English Chancellor water, restriction of copper export, tampering with the currency, and the establishment of State Banks, which also carried on the functions of pawnshops and markets, are some of the enactments of Wang An-shih. Like all reformers in a hurry, he made the pace too hot to last, and "Socialism in our time" came to an end with him, although spasmodic attempts at revival on the part of hordes of superfluous officials kept the movement going for a few years after his death.

Fortunately for China, it still had ingrained in its consciousness the Way of Heaven of the Tao and the Mahayana, and the Way of Man of Confucius. Statesmen and officials were primarily trained in ethics in preparation for their tasks. Traditionally they were supposed to perform all their outer duties

with scrupulous attention and care, while preserving in their souls the consciousness of the unity of all being in one spiritual life. This "Life-Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of things", is the first canon of the arts as given by Hsien Ho, and its perception may be said to be the fundamental canon of Chinese thought. All Nature is created and moved by this Life-Movement of the Spirit, and man is but a part of Nature. The Chinese mystic and philosopher constantly looked for the signs of this divine stirring in all created things, as the enduring reality and substratum of being. He endeavoured to perceive its laws and to conform to them, in his own conduct and consciousness. It is in the works of art that remain, that we see the visible embodiment of his victory, of his profound reverence, and of his tranquillity. These works of art contain for the West the lesson of this mystical vision and transcendent faith. The sages who attained to immortality during this life by transmutation, not by death, are described thus:

When they trod upon the hoar-frost or the snow, they left no foot-prints; when the rays of the sun fell upon them, they threw no shadow. They climbed aloft on spiral gusts of wind; they passed over hills and streams, treading in the air and soaring higher than the Kwan-lun Mountains, bursting open the Gate of Heaven, and entering the Palace of God.

Li Po expresses this companionship of man with his surroundings in his charming poem:

Flocks of birds have flown high and away,
A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone, wandering on.
And I sat alone with the Ching-ting Peak, towering beyond.
We never grow tired of each other, the mountain and I.

What does the sage do when he has attained the experience of union? Why! says someone, in Suzuki's book on Zen, he sits down on the grass and drinks tea! In no eccentric conduct, in no overbearing zeal, but in the simplest acts of every-day life, he embodies the force and rhythm of the universal life. He is *That*. This is, of course, one of the central doctrines of Zen, the Chinese and Japanese aspect of the Mahayana.

It is this awareness of the reality of the spiritual world, this immovable affirmation of its supremacy, which has been the strength and immortality of the East, and, let us not forget, the force of the West also, its inheritance from Egypt. The West to-day cannot see the lessons of its past any more than can Young China or Young India see in their past the truths so essential to their continued existence. Perhaps, however, the Occidental may recognize something of these truths in the unfamiliar forms of Eastern painting and poetry. It is possible that he is actually less dazzled by the illusions of materialism than the modernistic Oriental.

Cranmer-Byng is clearly aware of the great benefit which the West can derive from an acquaintance with Eastern thought and art, and his book is part of his attempt to make these more accessible.

St.C.LaD.

... law nor can they change the main tides of history.
... mass upon which it

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Orphism, by J. R. Watmough; Cambridge University Press, 1934; price, \$1.25.

Orphism is a very elastic term. The Greeks and Romans themselves used it in many senses. Strictly speaking, it refers to the Bacchic or Dionysiac Mysteries, said to be based upon the secret teachings of the heroic bard, Orpheus. Partly because of the identification of the Bacchic sodalities with other groups of Initiates, Orphism became virtually synonymous with mysticism or occultism in general. As Watmough says: "On the religious side it has become associated with the worship of Dionysus in Thrace and Demeter at Eleusis: on the philosophic, with Pythagorean mathematics and Platonic metaphysics. . . . Orphic, Bacchic, Pythagorean and Egyptian almost meant the same" (p. 15).

One's attitude towards the Orphic tradition is necessarily determined by one's view of the Mysteries of antiquity. Did the Initiates possess genuine knowledge of the hidden processes of Nature and understand the art of bringing to birth the Spiritual Man; or were the Mysteries mere survivals of savage magic which the civilized Greeks re-interpreted and refined, without suspecting that their Initiates were merely glorified "medicine men"? According to Theosophy, the Mysteries were primitive only in the sense that they were coeval with the human race; they embodied the wisdom which man inherited from the "Gods" who descended on earth in the Golden Age; they were a link between the human and the divine. Therefore, the student of Theosophy seeks a spiritual meaning within the myths which were dramatized in the ritual of initiation. He does not deny that a materialistic and gross interpretation may be read into every sacred "fable", for the spiritual and the material correspond to each other, the material being the shadow or reflection of the spiritual. But why must one search first for the darkest aspect of a parable? For example, it is most reasonable to assume that the duality of human nature and the way to human redemption are symbolized by the death and re-birth of Dionysus, although only a fragmentary outline of the great Bacchic myth has come down to us.

The "Orphics" introduced a complicated myth by which *Eros*, "the Spirit of God, moving over the waters", created the world; while the Dionysiac and Titanic elements accounted for good and evil. The most commonly accepted story is this: first came Time, from which sprang Ether and Chaos. Out of Ether and Chaos, Time formed a silver egg. Out of the egg sprang *Eros*, or in other versions, Phanes, god of light. The development of the world was a self-revelation of this power. Phanes was next swallowed by Zeus. The latter, by Persephone, had a son Dionysus. Dionysus was pursued by Titans and took the form of a bull, which the Titans rent to pieces. Athene saved the bull's heart, which Zeus swallowed in order to beget a new Dionysus. The Titans, stained by the blood of the bull Dionysus, were struck down by the lightning flash of Zeus; and out of their ashes sprang the race of men—which thereby contained both the Titanic elements (the spirit of evil) and the Dionysiac (the spirit of good). This myth . . . appears, by inference, on the golden tablets of lower Italy, in such verses as, "I am a child of earth and of starry heaven, but my race is of heaven alone" (pp. 53-54).

Orpheus was, as Diodorus says, of the race of Dionysus. One tradition actually identifies him with the Indian prince, Arjuna, (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 266). It is significant that his human life repeats the tragedy which had been enacted by his "Father in Heaven". Orpheus, like Dionysus, was a messenger of

Light, and was immolated by the Mænads, the earthly counterparts of the Titans and emblematic of the unredeemed passional nature of the animal man.

Watmough has little respect for the Mysteries as such, or for the Orphic version of their divine origin. He is too much impressed by current anthropological theory, even though he scarcely goes so far as to accept Salomon Reinach's notion that Orpheus was a "fox totem". Watmough's main thesis is that Orphism appeared as a movement of religious reform in the Sixth Century B. C.; that above all it represented an effort to establish a standard of subjective morality, a more humane social order, and a personal relationship between God and man, in opposition to the political and purely formal modes of worship which were regarded as sufficient in the "state churches", the cults of the Olympian Gods. There is evident truth in this theory, for even in its most exoteric forms Orphism held before the devotee the possibility and the ideal that he might "become like God". Watmough, however, confuses the issue by drawing all sorts of fanciful analogies between Orphism and modern Protestantism. The obvious analogy is between Orphism and the Christian mystical tradition which has certainly flourished as vigorously in the Catholic as in the Protestant denominations.

However, Watmough's little treatise has a real value and significance. Not only does it bring together a number of ancient "sources" which have hitherto been quite unavailable to the average reader; but Watmough himself, in his concluding chapter, reveals a deep appreciation of certain aspects of Orphism and an understanding of its spirit which should be enlightening to every student of the subject. He suggests that if this spirit could be revived in the modern world, we should be better and happier.

Viewed as an abstract idea, "Orphism" strikes three major notes on the scale of our appreciative sense—the note of mysticism, the note of light, and the note of tranquillity. All these are of immense value for the present day. . . . There is nothing romantic about the real "Orpheus". His tranquillity is, above all, restrained and sober. It is a state of peace which flows naturally from the life of self-discipline and communion with the source of infinite *Eros*, losing its coldness in brotherly affection, and its austerity in tenderness to brute creation. Bacon is nearer to the truth when he says that the tale of "Orpheus" "may seem to represent the image of philosophy" (pp. 77 *seq.*).

L.V.

The Gospel of the Hereafter, by the Rev. J. Paterson-Smyth; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, new edition, 1930; price, \$1.00.

This volume, first published in 1910, by an Irish-born clergyman of the Church of England who is now officiating in Canada, is a valuable book to put into the hands of orthodox Christians,—those who respect the Scriptures while taking home to themselves very few of the truths and promises there revealed. It is a useful book for others, also, who, though they sincerely endeavour to live the truth as they see it, are sometimes vague as to what that truth may be. The book is said to have grown out of the experience of the author, after the death of a son, and certainly gives the impression of being written from the heart. It

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aims to amend the pagan attitude of much of Protestant Christendom which weeps, grief-stricken, over a dead body, and, after the interment, conscientiously avoids mention of one who is "now no more".

Confining himself to the little that is said in the Old and New Testaments—for on this subject of the state after death, the author admits that the Bible is reserved—he nevertheless finds that little sufficient to make a persuasive argument for the continuity of consciousness. For clarity of argument, he divides the time after death into two periods, one, the final period after the Last Judgment, with which Judgment, he says, Heaven and Hell proper, really begin. The other period, up to the final Judgment, is the "intermediate" state—intermediate, that is, between earth life and Eternity; and he calls that period the "Near Hereafter". This period, the intermediate, is the real subject of the book. Restricting himself to the testimony of the Bible and of a very few early Fathers—Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian—Dr. Paterson-Smyth presents this intermediate period as an opportunity for "growth and purification", words which suggest the old teaching about Purgatory, not as that teaching is popularly misunderstood, but as it is set forth by such a mystic as Dante, in the *Divine Comedy*.

Because of its sincerity and, perhaps, of its narrow restrictions, the book has circulated widely, one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies in English alone, apart from translations. The wealth of mystical literature, Western and Eastern, could of course have been drawn upon to elucidate and support the argument, but the use of mystical writers might have weakened the authority of the book among those for whom it is intended—those who respect the Bible, the whole Bible, and little else. Even without the corroborative testimony of the great mystics, the volume seems likely to find a welcome from many members of The Theosophical Society. Called upon, in an hour of grief, by those who cannot understand theosophical views of life, members of the Society are sometimes at a loss for literature suited to the need of their friends. This book, small in size and easy to read, would seem to meet many needs. C.

Metamorphism, A Study of the Transformations of Rock-masses, by Alfred Harker; Methuen & Co., London, 1932; price, 17s. 6d.

Although this is a highly technical book, if we read between the lines it will prove of great value because of the many striking analogies with the processes of life as a whole. All students of Theosophy are interested in the architecture of the Cosmos, in the upbuilding of the Universe (we could hardly read *The Secret Doctrine* and remain indifferent); therefore we must also be interested in the sculptures of our earth, for that is what the magnificent rock-masses which constitute its crust really are—sculptures of such infinite variety, such marvellous workmanship, that no two are ever alike either in composition or in form. Perhaps, however, it is too often our habit to consider only what appears to us the sublime immutability of our great rock-masses, typifying, as they do, life's transcendent Realities, and to forget that, while they symbolize the Change-

less, they are not immutable, far from it; we know, in fact, that they are for ever changing, for ever interchanging; that there is a constant ebb and flow at work, a ceaseless liberation and re-absorption of their life-forces; we know that they are *growing* (though in so vast and leisurely a way as to be imperceptible), as the whole of creation is also growing; that they are evolving as we too are evolving; that they share with us the life of "becoming". We look at our great mountain ranges spread before us, towering above us, and our spirits are uplifted to the pure snows which crown their summits; their power and superb isolation become a part of our inner life. That is what they do for *us*; but do we often stop to think what in return we might do for them to help them on their long journey upward—in sympathy and true understanding? For such states as this are surely reciprocal, and rocks or mountains feel our sympathy as we feel their strength; and just as there is an interchange, throughout the universe, of material atoms—streaming from rock to plant, to animal or human being, and back again—so there must be, or should be, the constant, intuitive exchange of these finer, invisible forces which we call harmony or states of shared consciousness, however varied in degree that consciousness may be. Back of the material appearance lies an intangible realm in which these splendid cyclopean creatures of Nature's so-called lowest kingdom live, and that they *do* live, that they are actually and literally alive in their own degree, that there is a philosophy of rocks as there is of other phases of life, the student of Theosophy is convinced.

In the esoteric Teaching, older than the ages, we learn that our terrestrial globe, with its central consuming, transmuting fire, is an *entity* of a septenary nature, and that every portion of our earth is throbbing with life—*The Secret Doctrine* teaching that the entire universe is a mirror of the Divine. Speaking in strictly geological terms, there are two main factors in metamorphism: heat and pressure, and in his book Dr. Harker concerns himself not so much with the classification of rocks, as with the fundamental chemical and structural changes which take place within them when subjected to the influence of these agents, changes, moreover, which are distinctly evolutionary in tendency. "Metamorphism is here conceived, not as a status but as a process; viz. a progressive change in response to changing conditions of temperature and stress." And again: "It is fundamental to a true conception of advancing metamorphism that a new mineral generated at appropriate temperature does not thereafter remain passive and lifeless. If not consumed in reactions producing higher minerals, it retains at all higher temperatures the power of rejuvenation." The student of Theosophy will at once be reminded that in the spiritual life, the "heat" of aspiration and the "pressure" of the spiritual will are the two great factors necessary to progress, to interior growth, and that it is because of these that spiritual transformations occur. He will realize also that, on lower planes, the withdrawal of heat (friction) and pressure from a man's life, results in stagnation and death. We *live* because of these two forces, and one of the differences between a chela and a worldling is that the former applies them to himself, from within—a deliberate process—while the worldling is acted upon by them, and usually resents the opportunity for growth thus given him.

but they are limited by cyclic law, nor can they change the main tides of history. . . . between their genius and the mass upon which it

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The actual physical force of crystallization is dynamic; the energy and power manifested is tremendous. In metamorphism, moreover, the crystal grows from within, not by accretion as in the case of a mineral separating from an igneous magma: "the crystallization or recrystallization of minerals in metamorphism proceeds, not in a fluid medium, but *in the heart of the solid rock*," (it is quite literally interior), "the growing crystal must make a place for itself against a solid resistance, and is to be conceived as forcibly thrusting its way outward from its starting point." It is the formation and birth of the new crystal individual, the result of heat and stress, and the actual "structure" or "texture" of the original rock is fundamentally altered, for "the term 'metamorphism', i.e. change of form, is understood in geology as having reference to atomic and molecular configuration."

Physical science talks of inorganic matter, but how could all these transformations take place unless there were *life* within the rocks? How could a rock change as it does, from one state of matter to another, unless there were life capable of response to the "direct invasion of the earth's internal store of heat"?—using Dr. Harker's own words. A stone could not even disintegrate or crumble, it could not "decompose" (as, for instance, felspar does when changing into kaolinite) were it a "dead" thing. Esoteric science teaches that every atom in the universe has a consciousness of its own; that, as *The Secret Doctrine* tells us, "each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—is a life". As the great rock-masses of our earth are composed of incalculable millions of rock-forming minerals, what unimaginable crores of millions upon millions of these infinitesimal "lives" must there be in every rugged headland or rough mountain side. Finally, the ancient Wisdom also teaches the progressive development of everything in the Cosmos, from a speck of dust to a planet, and it is perhaps because we find something of this same idea in Dr. Harker's theory of "advancing metamorphism" that his book will be of such interest to students of Theosophy. The fact that he also introduces the theory of "retrograde metamorphism" is notable, for creation is known to have its failures—in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as in the human. Therefore in reading what Dr. Harker has to tell us, we find ourselves constantly recalling the fact that "everything in the universe follows analogy". The book is richly illustrated with exceedingly interesting drawings (made by the author himself), of several hundred microscope slides. A careful study of these illustrations will be an education in itself, for by their means we can trace many of the processes of change, of structural rearrangement, which have taken place within the mineral. T.D.

Saints of Chaos, by Peter Oliver; William Farquhar Payson, New York, 1934; price, \$2.50.

Like many of his contemporaries, Peter Oliver is unfavourably impressed by the state of the world. Wherever he looks he sees disorder, discord, wasted energy, confusion of counsel. The pilots of modern civilization cannot agree on any course or destination, and there are ominous symptoms of mutiny among

the crew. As Oliver points out, the modern world must somehow reform itself or it will disappear from existence. No superficial economic or political readjustment will save it, for the cause of the trouble is deep. There must be a moral and spiritual renaissance, a conversion which will reawaken in a sufficient number of human beings the virtues that are proper to human souls. The Russian Berdyaev, in *The End of Our Time*, suggested that humanity might have to pass through the experience of a new Dark Age, in order to recover the use of certain spiritual faculties which have been generally dormant since mediæval times. Oliver abstains from prophecies, but he practically draws the same moral from history as Berdyaev. He believes also that mediæval civilization was, in many ways, on a higher level than our own; that the material progress of the past four centuries has been purchased by the atrophy of the finer powers of consciousness, including the power of conscience itself, the elementary sense of right and wrong.

We are dwellers in the tents of confusion. We of Europe and the Americas, though we consider ourselves, and with some reason, the leaders of the world, still we are divided on almost all matters of importance. There is never, in any society, complete agreement between all people, but there has been at times in the past, agreement between the people of good intent. Socrates, living in the last years of one such time of agreement, called this that was its basis, the "common consent of good men". . . . Some thousand years ago St. Augustine wrote in *The City of God*, "We are our love". This is interpreted to mean that human society tends to realize any goal recognized by the Socratic common consent of good men. To-day with our divergent and conflicting "loves" there is no answer, satisfactory to more than one group, to the question of whither what we call our civilization is tending. Differences of opinion are perhaps desirable, but differences of conviction on fundamental matters can lead only to the break up of society. . . . Bearing in mind what St. Augustine says, that we are our love, if we turn back to history we observe two great phases. The first is a phase of Unity when men agree on what they know, when, in other words, men know the things they love; the second a phase of Diversity when men do not agree, when there is conflict between the abstract ideals toward which men aspire. . . . The last great unity was that of mediæval Christendom, and this was the greatest of all. The pillars of the old Grecian unity were truth and beauty, this one stood higher and more firm on a new element that had been added to life and knowledge, unselfish love. The Middle Ages civilized Europe; religion, science, art and politics were met and joined together in the great Catholic and Apostolic Church. . . . Martin Luther was the high priest of the new diversity, the father of our modern world. Less and less since Luther lived have we known the things we loved. . . . Religion, which is concerned with love, in Martin Luther led the way. Science and art, having to do with truth and beauty, followed. As Luther broke the old religious unity, Galileo, with his homemade telescope began the new science, and Beethoven, the new art.

The "Saints of Chaos" are Luther, Galileo, Beethoven, James Watt, whose steam engine inaugurated the machine age and the industrial revolution, and the Seventeenth Century political economist, Thomas Hobbes, who foretold the tyranny of the modern democratic "nation-state" in the *Leviathan*. Oliver might have chosen five other "saints", but the list as it stands is apt enough. It is our impression that in a sense he exaggerates the power of the *ordinary* man of genius. There are always great men, both good and bad, in the world,

but they are limited by cyclic law, nor can they change the main tides of history. There must be sympathy between their genius and the mass upon which it acts. In theosophical terms, a great man affects the society in which he is born to the extent that it is the *karma* of that society to be so affected. He is then, as it were, the vehicle through which some revolution, subconsciously desired by the multitude, is accomplished.

This amendment of Oliver's thesis does not affect the historical truth which he makes evident. Luther, Galileo and Beethoven were born during a period of critical transformation. The life was departing from the marvellously unified organism of mediæval civilization. Reform was as necessary then as now. The future depended upon the quality of the change which was certain to come. The tragedy is that the work of the reformers did not bring about a restoration of vital unity, but was turned towards the building of a new world doomed from its birth to division and internecine strife. There was a great opportunity, but the fashioners of the modern cycle did not live up to it.

Oliver gives an enlightening definition of this failure. Among the many delusions of the modern mind, perhaps the most serious is this,—that the Good, the True and the Beautiful are not known as co-existent aspects of a Divine Unity, but are falsely imagined to be capable of separation from one another and from God. Since the Middle Ages, religion, science and art have tended, more and more to go their divers ways without reference to the unity which should include them all. For this mutilation of the Platonic trinity, Oliver blames, in particular, the three major characters of his book, Luther, Galileo and Beethoven.

Martin Luther is the example of the great and good heart frustrated by the little mind; in Galileo the picture is reversed. His mind is great, his heart is little. Had he been good enough, he could have loved the essential Truth and Beauty of the Church with which he struggled, and still, we believe, could his mind have found the outlet he needed in the subject he loved. But only the blameless and selfless work miracles. . . . The music of Beethoven from 1800 to the end, is his own life, told in his art. Except for occasional moments, it was not a happy life; it is not, except occasionally, happy music. The art is infinitely great, the life is a poor thing. . . . The great accomplishment of these changers was that by splitting the fabric of the unity that was mediæval Christendom, they separated in the minds of men, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Luther, changer of religion, of the Good, forgot the Beautiful and True. . . . In Science, since the Change, Truth has been severed from Goodness and Beauty. . . . Modern art has followed a single star, in its case Beauty, oblivious of all else. And Beauty can help man no more than Truth and Goodness, unless the relation of all three be remembered. Modern art has forgotten Truth, which is the objective quality of Art, has forgotten Goodness, the unifying quality, which gives sense, and which our mediæval ancestors called Grace. . . . It is our firm belief that since the end of the mediæval unity the chief cause of our continued frustration in our search for happiness has been that we have failed to realize that the Good, the True, and the Beautiful are one.

This we lay to the door of the three great Changers, Luther, Galileo, and Beethoven. They saw the old institutionalized unity so intent on its institutional form, that men were losing all sight of the material and spiritual aspects (and these may not be overlooked!) of Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty. They turned to these three ideals, to seek them out, and we have followed, but with such haste and blindness, and with such excitement

of discovery, that we have lost sight of the fact that it is in the recognition of the existence of the three together that we shall preserve our souls.

Oliver can diagnose better than he can cure. Only one who has discovered an infallible remedy for our present difficulties is entitled to condemn him for the inadequacy of the "New Unity" which he proposes. Nevertheless, we wish that he had remained in his rôle of disinterested spectator, for the reforms suggested in the concluding chapter are vague and obscure, when they are not shown by experience to be impractical. He says, for example:

The greatest of our problems, and the one for whose solution the whole world is clamouring, is the question of how, without discarding or at least threatening what we have come to consider as the established order of things, there may be a redistribution of the world's wealth. In its commonest form this question concerns itself with the search for a peaceful method of giving to labour a part of the too large share of produced wealth which now goes to capital.

There is no reason why this problem should worry Oliver or anybody else. It is as old as the world and is being solved for us daily. Nature is engaged continuously in the redistribution of possessions and powers in all her kingdoms. In so far as the administration of human justice conforms to natural law, the transfer of wealth is effected without social disorder. Serious trouble becomes possible, when we try to accelerate or retard this normal process. As history has proved again and again, it is not a solution of life's difficulties, to take from the rich because they are rich and to give to the poor because they are poor. This is robbery, nor can it be morally justified by any number of fine phrases.

It has been said that most revolutions are caused by abstract nouns which become charged with emotion in proportion as they are emptied of meaning. We shall be wise to consider what ideas are signified by the abstract nouns, "capital" and "labour". Everyone can speak for himself, but one person at least is willing to admit that when he speaks or hears these words they usually mean nothing at all. What is "labour", for instance? The sum-total of all those who work for a living? But Nature distinguishes not only between those who work and those who do not work, but between those whose work is good and those whose work is poor. The good workman whose craftsmanship consistently improves is, doubtless, entitled to a larger share of his employer's profits. Indeed, he gets that larger share now, unless the trades unions succeed in suppressing him. No society can survive which is founded on the spurious principle that the incapable and the lazy and the dishonest should be paid more than they are worth, merely because they represent "labour" as opposed to "capital". Truly the labourer is worthy of his hire. Modern economists are invited to meditate upon that phrase which was held in such high respect by the guilds which built Chartres and Amiens.

S.V.L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 391.—*When the Churches pray for the dead they specify those "who die in the Lord"; those who are "numbered with the saints"; the "faithful departed". But most hearts are breaking for their dead who do not die in the Lord, and who have no part with the saints. Can our prayers for them be efficacious, and what form should they best take beyond a cry for mercy?*

ANSWER.—It would seem a mistake to try to separate the "faithful", even those who are faithful to only a limited extent, into categories of sainthood, or otherwise. It would seem more helpful to think of the prayer in the Litany: "Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners", because we are all sinners in varying degrees. If a heart is breaking for a departed loved one, if one consecrates the suffering and weaves it into one's every-day living on behalf of the loved one, the sins of the loved one may be vicariously atoned for in a most real and complete way.
G.H.M.

ANSWER.—How can we tell whether or not our dead have "died in the Lord", whether or not they have any "part with the saints"? Many a man who has all his life scoffed at the Churches, who has appeared outwardly to follow only his own inclinations, may at the same time have been a fighter, for principle, for the right as he saw it; may have influenced many to right action; may have been, in fact, close to the heart of real Religion. It may well be that, at the end, he is conscious of a Presence which says, "Well done!"; it may well be that he finds himself, after all, in the blessed company of all faithful people.

We have been told that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. We hesitate, perhaps, to think of ourselves as righteous. We can, however, take that saying to mean that a "right" prayer may avail much, a prayer from the depths of the heart, in which we ask nothing for ourselves, in which our sole concern is for our dead; a selfless prayer, which can contain nothing which might perturb or disturb the incarnate soul. Surely the fine spiritual force called forth and directed by pure prayer can be efficacious, can reach the spirit of our friend.

We have been told, too, that "the dead, meaning by this, souls in Devachan and in the preliminary states leading thereto, are under the guardianship of certain classes of Masters, who most certainly do render help to the dead, just as their illustrious colleagues of another class render help to the living." Can we not evoke this help?

A cry for mercy, yes, if we think that mercy is required. But a cry, from the depths of our soul, that our friend, now, may be helped to see where formerly he was blind; that there may be dissolved and broken down in him everything of self that kept him from the light; that, when the purpose of his Lord has been accomplished in him, a voice may speak to him across the darkness, that he may know that he is no longer alone.
C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Except for extreme cases, I do not agree with the latter part of the querent's statement that "most hearts are breaking for their dead *who do not die in the Lord*", and so on. It would be difficult to convince many who have lost father, mother, husband, wife, or child, that their dead are not of "the faithful departed". Perhaps it is well, for in the broader sense they are correct. Theosophy teaches that man is a creature of seven principles: the upper imperishable Triad and the lower Quaternary. Following death, and after a longer or shorter

period as the individual case may be, the imperishable principles are freed from the lower or transitory principles. The former constitute the real man, the Ego, the Soul, which then goes on to Devachan or heaven. It is this Soul which, through countless series of births, deaths and rebirths, gradually pushes its way toward immortality. The churches pray for all the *potential* "immortals" who quite conceivably "die in the Lord", are "numbered among the saints", and "the faithful departed", though the churches may not analyze their prayers in just this way. The Soul does not die with the flesh, and it is for the Soul's welfare and progress we pray, or should pray. For peace and rest for the Soul, yes; but also for the strength, the courage, the vision, with which to meet and overcome the obstacles, the difficulties, the temptations in its path of progress next time, and which are necessary to the Soul's advancement toward immortality. Surely the divine mercy turns a willing ear to such prayers.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—Madame Blavatsky tells us in *The Key to Theosophy* (p. 150) that, "We are with those whom we have lost in material form, and far, far nearer to them now, than when they were alive. And it is not only in the fancy of the *Devachanee*, as some may imagine, but in reality. For pure divine love is not merely the blossom of a human heart, but has its roots in eternity." And again (pp. 161-2), "Death comes to our spiritual selves ever as a deliverer and friend. . . . At the solemn moment of death every man . . . sees the whole of his past life marshalled before him, in its minutest details . . . the whole chain of causes which have been at work during his life. He sees and now understands himself as he is . . . and knows the justice of all the suffering that has overtaken him."

Theosophy brings a hope and solace here which are too rarely found within the teaching of the churches, for it shows us how love, through the intermediation of the Masters, can reach and aid the dead. In a new birth, a new chance awaits the soul; and those who love that soul can so treasure the image of its divine potentialities, can so war in their own natures against all which betrayed and injured it, that the truths the soul itself saw in the moment of death may be engraved deeply in the astral light, to remain as the moulds for the new incarnation.

B.

QUESTION NO. 392.—*What is the difference between concentration, contemplation, and meditation?*

ANSWER.—In Christian terminology, meditation usually is considered as preceding, and as leading to, contemplation. In occultism the order is as listed in the question. From the occultist's viewpoint, briefly, in concentration, the consciousness is pointed to a given object; in contemplation it dwells uninterruptedly on it; in meditation it is merged with the object and becomes at one with it.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—These three powers are spiritual, and are steps in the process of becoming, for man becomes what he contemplates: as he thinks, so he is. The great majority of mankind drag down and use these powers for purposes of the personality, or lower self, instead of for those of the soul. In theosophical literature these terms are used in addressing those who have an interest in, or are actually striving for, discipleship. Thus, in Mr. Judge's pamphlet, *Culture of Concentration*, the term "concentration" is stated to mean that which "in the Indian books is called Yoga, which is translated also as Union, meaning a union with the Supreme Being". Likewise, "contemplation", in theosophical terms, is an act and a state of consciousness far higher than that employed by people in the world, who use this mighty spiritual power for personal ends. "Concentration" is a power which must be gained in the acts of daily life, as Professor Mitchell points out in his pamphlet, *Meditation*. It consists in an act of the will in directing and controlling the attention and the powers of the mind. On the higher plane of consciousness, reached as a result of meditation, contemplation involves an action of the heart, which through love and a yearning for the object contemplated, overflows into action. Concentration of the mind upon the object or subject to be meditated upon,

and contemplation of it, lead to meditation, in which the consciousness is merged with the ideal we have contemplated. The "spiritual bouquet", mentioned by religious writers upon meditation, corresponds to the higher contemplation already referred to, involving the heart and overflowing into action through the keeping of a "resolution" arrived at as a result of meditation.

G.H.M.

ANSWER.—The terms have been used differently in different schools of thought. Thus Patanjali uses "concentration" as the all inclusive term, and there is an almost complete reversal between Theosophic and Christian usage in the positions assigned to meditation and contemplation. In Theosophic parlance, concentration, contemplation, and meditation (proper), are three successive stages of meditation, in the more general sense. (1) Concentration is the taking of the mind from other matters and placing it exclusively on the chosen subject. (2) Contemplation, the second step, consists in keeping the mind *fixed* on the chosen subject. (3) In meditation, the third step, the personal consciousness, no longer confined to the mind, becomes (a) part of, or at one with, the chosen subject, and (b) *follows on with it*. Thus it is that the life of discipleship can be a life of continual meditation, for complete meditation implies movement; it is never static or negative, as is often erroneously supposed, both in the Eastern Yoga and among Christian "Contemplatives". A useful analysis of meditation, setting forth its successive stages, as well as some of the difficulties that may be encountered and the effects that may result, can be found in the pamphlet on the subject by H. B. Mitchell.

Q.

QUESTION NO. 393.—*It is said that a Lodge Messenger can only appear if and when his disciples make it possible. The Bhagavad Gita says, "Whenever there is a withering of the Law, O son of Bharata, and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest Myself." How reconcile these statements?*

ANSWER.—Pages could be written on this subject. Briefly, the Lodge works for the eventual salvation of mankind and, in so doing, its representatives of one or another degree come, or are sent, in accordance with the operation of Cyclic Law. The representative known as the Lodge Messenger ordinarily appears during the last quarter of the one hundred year, or century, cycle. I have always thought of the passage quoted from the *Gita* as referring to the manifestation of an Avatar, the coming or sending of whom would be governed by the operation of a much larger cycle than that of one hundred year periods. Likewise, mankind is affected by Cyclic Law, under the operation of which certain preparations are made for the work to be done by the prospective Lodge representative. Evidently one set of conditions under which an Avatar manifests himself is "a withering of the Law, . . . and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides."

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—These two statements do not seem to be in any need of reconciliation. "An uprising of lawlessness on all sides" does not preclude the possibility, or even the probability, that the disciples of a Master should be in incarnation at the time of, or even in the midst of "lawlessness". On the contrary, it is not at all unlikely that they may be there *because* of it, since that might be the very time when they could be of the most service in their Master's Cause; "lawlessness" might be the very evil which, *united*, they were called upon to combat. Consider the present conditions in the world: was ever lawlessness more widespread? Yet, have we not been told (even did we not see it for ourselves), that the ranks of the Theosophical Movement are more solidly welded together than they have ever been before? Is not the "nucleus" here, for the preservation of which and for the growth of which both H.P.B. and Judge gave their lives—has it ever been so potent for good? And could this be, unless the Master were behind it all, and guiding it all?

T.A.

ANSWER.—When a statement is quoted, it is often wise to ask who said it, under what circumstances, and exactly what was said. We have never heard that the coming of a Lodge

Messenger depends upon his disciples. It depends upon cyclic time. In the last quarter of every century, the Lodge sends a representative, a "Lodge Messenger", to try to bring to men the truths of the Ancient Wisdom. It has, however, been said that sometimes a "fore-runner" comes in advance to prepare the way for the Messenger, and it has been suggested that in the 18th century, St. Germain was such a forerunner. It has further been intimated (See report of the 1929 Convention in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1929) that man possesses the power of evocation, so that, if there were sufficient desire in the world, God-instructed men could be drawn from the Lodge to govern the nations on earth.

J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—The verse in the *Gita*, following that quoted, reads: "For the salvation of the righteous, and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishing of the Law I come to birth in age after age." A mere handful of earnest seekers after Truth, through whole-hearted devotion and passionate longing for "the firm establishing of the Law", might well evoke an emissary from the Lodge. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The lawlessness so manifest on all sides to-day clearly shows how great is the need; a deep realization of that need on the part of a few can draw down "the blessing which the world unknowingly awaits".

G.H.M.

ANSWER.—The question is based upon a misunderstanding, for nowhere is it said that a Lodge Messenger can appear only as his disciples make it possible. H.P.B. told us that such a messenger is sent into the world in the closing quarter of each century, when the normal cyclic tides make possible a new outgiving from the Lodge for the help and guidance of mankind. She told us, too, of agents of the Lodge who constantly move about the world, unknown for what they are, save to such as have within themselves the power of recognition; and of other emissaries who come in answer to special needs, or at special cyclic times. The questioner may well have heard it said that if the hearts of men yearned truly for the coming of a Master, that yearning might itself modify the cycles, and enable a Master to appear at a time when otherwise he could not. But, in addition, there would have to exist an ability to safeguard and use rightly the gift of spiritual force his coming would involve, of which even the Masters are but the trustees.

Z.

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 12th and 26th
February 9th and 23rd
March 9th and 23rd

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

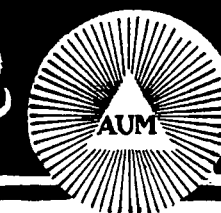
"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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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.



The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.

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.



APRIL, 1935

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A NEUROLOGIST'S VIEW OF GENIUS

AT the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Neurological Institute of New York, Dr. Joseph Collins, one of its founders, predicted that neurologists will find a way to make even men of genius happy. We quote from the *New York Herald-Tribune*, December 21, 1934:

Psycho-neurotics are the only persons who have ever accomplished anything enduring in the world, but medical science might have spared them the mental agony they suffered without impairing their creative abilities, Dr. Collins said. . . . Dr. Collins did not bring out the point clearly in his address, but later in a conference with reporters he said that he believed neurologists might yet discover a means by which Leonardo da Vinci might have been made happy while remaining a genius. He said that Edgar Allan Poe and da Vinci "produced their masterpieces the way Paul produced the Christian religion—in agony". He denied that his thesis, if possible of fulfilment, would lead to a world of "happy mediocrities".

"Do you think that if you had kept Swinburne sober, he wouldn't have produced the same masterpieces?" he asked, "or that if you had taken alcohol away from Edgar Allan Poe, he wouldn't have written 'The Raven'?" Dr. Collins said he thought they would have succeeded as well without their stimulants if they had received the proper neurological treatment.

Doubtless medical science can, in some instances, check or eradicate certain psychoses and neuroses, abnormalities of imagination and desire that are often associated with functional diseases of the nervous system. Poe might have been cured of alcoholism, the immediate cause of much of his "agony". But who can say to what extent his literary accomplishments were dependent upon stimulants? To answer that question, it would be necessary to know who and what he really was. What was the source of his inspiration? What was the nature of the inner visions which moved his imagination and impelled him to write? With what planes or strata of the psychic realm did he hold intercourse? Was he a true seer, half-blinded by neurasthenia, or was he a neurasthenic because he was a visionary, an irresponsible dreamer, a victim of illusions? Probably, like

many other artists, he was part-seer and part-visionary. His tragedy was not unlike that of unredeemed humanity in general. He had a higher and a lower nature, and the higher was oppressed and frequently dominated by the lower.

TWO SOURCES OF POETIC INSPIRATION

Inspiration is said to come to most poets from the psychic plane, the so-called "astral light", the magic mirror of the world which reflects all things above and below, and can image all possibilities, both good and evil. Every inspiration bears the mark of its point of origin. In his lower moods, the poet is fascinated by images flowing from the inferior levels of the astral light, by memories and anticipations of the earthly and the transitory. Too often he has the fatal gift of investing these *eidola* of mortality, these "images of images", with glamour, with a charm that they do not reveal when seen truly. He then pretends that the shadows of physical facts are more real, more vital, than the facts themselves. It is not astonishing that he should become a "psycho-neurotic", that he should suffer, and seek relief by means of drugs or alcohol, for he has doomed himself to a series of disappointments. How could it be otherwise, when his notions as to what the world should give him are contradicted at every turn by the actualities of the world as it is?

However, men of this order are not the true poets. True poetry is the revelation of a world of spiritual essence, more real than anything on earth, since the things of earth are only its imperfect symbols. In the *Isha Upanishad*, the Creative Logos, the Formative Power, is named "the wise Poet, the Seer". Contemplating the Eternal Thought reflected in the "waters of space", the "divine astral light", the Great Poet is represented in Eastern scriptures as imagining the form of Nature and impressing this form upon gross matter. As Theosophy teaches, every spiritual ideal must pass through the astral or psychic plane and be reflected there as a form or image, before it can be embodied in the manifested world. In their highest moments, the artists and poets of the race have co-operated with the Great Poet in this work of embodying the real. They have been inspired to create by visions of divine beauty and truth, mirrored in some domain of the higher psychic world to which their consciousness has had access.

TRUE AND ARTIFICIAL GENIUS

Like other terms which once had a sacred signification, the word genius has been distorted and vulgarized. Although Dr. Collins may be unaware of the fact, it is blasphemy against the divinity within man to affirm that "psycho-neurotics are the only people who have ever accomplished anything enduring in the world". According to the ancient definition, genius is the spirit or principle that presides over the formation of the individual human soul. It is the Higher Self, a ray of the Logos containing within itself the potentiality of all the powers which create and sustain the Universe. The veritable man of genius differs from the ordinary man in the degree to which he recognizes and identifies himself with this divine life that is the substratum and essence of his individual

being. It is characteristic of the true work of genius that it is invariably individual and unique, and also that its message is universal, addressed to all men. It is evident, therefore, that only the very greatest of mankind can be called men of genius, in the fullest sense, for these alone have completely embodied their genius.

In *Lucifer*, V, 227-233, Madame Blavatsky draws a clear distinction between real and artificial genius:

Genius, as Coleridge defined it, is certainly—to every outward appearance, at least—"the faculty of growth"; yet to the inward intuition of man, it is a question whether it is genius—an abnormal aptitude of mind—that develops and grows, or the physical brain, *its vehicle*, which becomes through some mysterious process fitter to receive and manifest *from within outwardly* the innate and divine nature of man's over-soul. Perchance, in their unsophisticated wisdom, the philosophers of old were nearer truth than are our modern wiseacres, when they endowed man with a tutelary deity, a Spirit whom they called *genius*. The substance of this entity, to say nothing of its *essence* . . . manifests itself according to the organism of the person it informs. . . . [The flame of genius] is the very nature of the Spiritual Entity itself, of our *Ego*, which keeps on weaving new life-woofs into the web of reincarnation on the loom of time, from the beginnings to the ends of the great Life-Cycle. This it is that asserts itself more strongly than in the average man, through its personality; so that what we call "the manifestations of genius" in a person, are only the more or less successful efforts of that *Ego* to assert itself on the outward plane of its objective form—the man of clay—in the matter-of-fact, daily life of the latter. The *Egos* of a Newton, an *Æschylus*, or a Shakespeare, are of the same essence and substance as the *Egos* of a yokel, an ignoramus, a fool, or even an idiot; and the self-assertion of their informing *genii* depends on the physiological and material construction of the physical man. . . . That which makes one mortal a great man and of another a vulgar, silly person is, as said, the quality and make-up of the physical shell or casing, and the adequacy or inadequacy of brain and body to transmit and give expression to the light of the real, *Inner* man; and this aptness or inaptness is, in its turn, the result of Karma. . . .

Between the true and the artificial genius, one born from the light of the immortal *Ego*, the other from the evanescent will-o'-the-wisp of the terrestrial or purely human intellect and the animal soul, there is a chasm, to be spanned only by him who aspires ever onward. . . . The words of the poet who asserts that the lamp of genius—

"If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare—"

—can apply only to artificial genius, the outcome of culture and of purely intellectual acuteness. It is not the direct light of the Manasaputra, the Sons of Wisdom, for true genius lit at the flame of our higher nature, or the *Ego*, cannot die. That is why it is so very rare.

GENIUS AND HAPPINESS

It would be well if physicians as a class had more of the saving grace of humanity. After all, medical science, even in its most modernistic phases, has limitations imposed by Nature. It is inconceivable, for instance, that anyone—let alone a man of genius—will ever be made happy by anything which a medical practitioner can do to him. Physical suffering may be alleviated or suppressed, but only the crudest of materialists would pretend that freedom from bodily pain is equivalent to the state of consciousness which is called happiness. Have we never met or heard of people who radiated an inward joy in spite of

sickness and privation? The true soldier is happiest in the agony of battle. The saints have acknowledged no bliss save that which is inseparable from the most intense sorrow. As the Buddhist mystics have taught, the Buddha knows at one and the same time the ineffable delight of eternal being and the anguish of compassion for those of his children who still stray in the jungle of illusion. It is his great sacrifice and his supreme glory, that he does not turn away from this anguish and live only for the bliss to which he is entitled by right of conquest. As is written in *Light on the Path*, the disciple enters "into a partnership of joy, which brings indeed terrible toil and profound sadness, but also a great and ever-increasing delight".

INNATE IDEAS

There is the following passage in a letter attributed to the Master K. H. and received by A. P. Sinnett in 1881:

[The highest Planetary Spirits] appear on Earth . . . at the origin of every *new* human kind. . . . They remain with man no longer than the time required for the eternal truths they teach to impress themselves so forcibly upon the plastic minds of the new races as to warrant them from being lost or entirely forgotten in ages hereafter. . . . The mission of the Planetary Spirit is but to strike the *Key Note of Truth*. . . . The vibrations of the Primitive Truth are what your philosophers name "innate ideas".

In the Tragedy of *Prometheus Bound*, Æschylus symbolizes the attempt of the Divine Host to create a Self-conscious spiritual Humanity, by the myth of the compassionate Immortal who sacrificed his heritage of bliss to bring the gift of creative fire to the darkened consciousness of mortal man. For this act the Titan was cursed, doomed to æons of torture, like Lucifer and all the other "Light-Bearers" who have sought to impress the eternal truths upon the minds of men, or who have tried to re-awaken in the world some recollection of those truths. As Madame Blavatsky points out, Prometheus is, in one sense, the spark of divinity, the germ of immortal life, in the human soul. He is the "innate idea", the ideal form which man is intended by Divine Nature to become. But though from time to time men of genius have risen above the mass and have embodied that paradigm, it is painfully apparent that the gift of fire has been the cause of sins and woes innumerable. *The Secret Doctrine* suggests, indeed, that by meditation upon the fate of Prometheus one may begin dimly to understand the meanings hidden beneath two of the "mysteries" which have been more or less travestied by all the great exoteric religions of the world,—the Fall of the Angels and the Fall of Man.

It is a theosophical axiom that all things in manifestation are the result of an interaction between the "above" and the "below", even the most evil and the most hideous images invented by the human fancy being distortions, perversions, inverted and blurred images of the "innate ideas" which constitute the essence of that part of our nature that belongs to the human Kingdom. If egotism and sensuality could not prey, like vultures, upon the heart of Prometheus, they would instantaneously disappear; for the powers of evil, as has been

said, cannot create anything; they can merely corrupt and invert that which already exists.

INDIVIDUALISM AND COLLECTIVISM

It is apparent that the most fundamental of our "innate ideas" is the ideal of the perfected man, the genius in full command of all his faculties. The perfected man may be described as a complete individual embodiment of the divine form or archetype which all human entities are invited to imitate and which all souls can become, if they persevere to the end. It is an excellent practice for everyone to ask himself what he would desire above all else to be. Does he seek to embody the qualities and attributes of his genius, or is he attached to earth-bound images which invert and deform the ideal outline of his divine possibilities?

There seem to be two major misconceptions concerning the nature of the perfected man, and the human mind tends to move back and forth from one of these delusions to the other. They arise from the difficulty of understanding the idea affirmed by every great teacher, that the perfected man is both individual and universal, both personal and impersonal. Our little minds are seldom capable of grasping and holding more than one phase of a truth at the same time, with the usual result that each mental reflection of truth resembles an image in a distorting mirror. The sense of an original, harmonious unity is lost, and one aspect of the whole is emphasized out of all proportion to the rest.

The misconceptions in question are illustrated by the two extremes of doctrine associated with the names of Nietzsche and Karl Marx. The Superman, the personality which defies all laws, human and divine, has no more place in Nature than the human ant-hill which is the Utopia of the socialist. Nothing is more barren than a dispute as to whether man should pattern himself upon a beast of prey or an insect.

Great centuries, like the Nineteenth, have often been marked by a strong individualistic spirit. It may seem incredible to the "bright young people" of to-day, but during the Victorian Age self-reliance, initiative, force of character were generally held in high esteem. It should be added that the most representative leaders of thought, who insisted with emphasis upon the inalienable "rights" of the individual, did not ignore the fact that the individual exists in a state of society with other individuals towards whom he has certain equally inalienable duties and responsibilities. Their argument, which cannot be answered, was that no real society can exist, unless it be composed of real individuals who collaborate with a minimum of centralized regimentation and compulsion. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Emerson and Carlyle, were not anarchists.

One might suggest, however, that many of the best minds of the Nineteenth Century were deluded by the idea that human progress is inevitable and constant. This optimism naturally led them to take a more hopeful view of so-called human nature than is justified by history or experience. Nietzsche was not alone in his identification of individual rights with the claims and

pretensions of the animal man. Throughout Western Europe and America, the truth that only the fittest can survive in the struggle for existence was interpreted by multitudes in the most downright materialistic sense. It is not difficult now to see the error of this perverted individualism, for many of the horrors of the machine age are its handiwork. It was consistent with such a doctrine to regard the successful man of the world as the climax of evolution, and to conceive of Nature as merely a source of wealth, an object of exploitation by the ruthless and the greedy.

The pendulum of opinion is now swinging towards an opposite error, even more pernicious, for there is some stimulation in the notion that every man must learn to stand on his own feet and to fight his own battles. It is a typical irony of history, that the "collectivism" which is now crippling individual initiative, is a natural product of the democratic system which the moral materialists of the Eighteenth Century invented as a means of overthrowing the aristocratic code inherited by the modern world from the Middle Ages.

The purposes of "collectivists", especially in economics and education, are made very clear in a report on "Social Foundations of Education", published for the American Historical Society under a grant by the Carnegie Foundation, and prepared by Professor George S. Counts of Teachers College, New York. Dr. Counts believes that it is the mission of educators to "bring the mentality of the American people in accord with their surroundings and to prepare them for life under profoundly altered circumstances".

The age of individualism in economy—the age that nurtured the young republic—is patently drawing to a close. The age of corporate, social, or collective action in economy is opening. The modern corporation may be regarded as almost symbolic of the decline of the rôle of the individual in economy.

Dr. Counts' argument is that a new collectivist society is emerging out of the ruins of the "old deal", and that the American public schools must prepare the coming generation for the battle which "the mass of the people" must wage against the "rights" of individual property-holders. In other words, he looks forward to an era where everything will belong to everybody in general and to nobody in particular. With the tact which is characteristic of American radicals of his species, he does not call this stage of blessedness communist or socialist, but corporate, social or collective, for these words have not yet accumulated so many explosive connotations. It is needful to understand, however, that all these terms have come to mean the same thing, the sacrifice of the individual to another entity which is variously styled "society", "the totalitarian state", "the average man", and so on. When a cynical Soviet chieftain talks about "the rule of the proletariat", and a sentimental clergyman pleads for "social justice" and "social-mindedness", they are propelling mankind towards a common goal, though they may differ widely as to the appropriate means of attaining it.

SOCIAL-MINDEDNESS

Strange as it may seem to the "social-minded", it is possible to desire sincerely

the ultimate salvation and union of the whole human race, and at the same time to be unalterably opposed to any form of rule by "the mass of the people". Anyone who is at all humane naturally sympathizes in some measure not only with himself and with his family and friends, but with the whole mass of anonymous humanity afflicted by the world-depression. Nevertheless, it is well to be honest in these matters. We are not Buddhas and Mahatmas whose hearts naturally overflow with equal compassion for all creatures. Charity must begin at home; and it is safe to assume that a man's love for his wife and children is not very profound, if their illness does not affect him more immediately than the newspaper report of a famine in China. The average capacity for real sympathy is very small, and if we scatter it abroad to the four quarters, it will be spread out very thin indeed.

A little reflection suggests that a true, as opposed to a hypocritical or imaginary social-mindedness only exists, when the members of a society consciously share a common purpose and harmoniously co-operate towards its fulfilment. Partially and casually this occurs in some families and tribal groups, in some religious communities, in some friendships, in the lives of some nations during a war or under the ascendancy of a great leader. But as Theosophy teaches, perfect unity of heart is impossible between two or more ordinary human personalities. The ideal community is a community of real individuals, united in the love of the same principles of truth, beauty, and virtue, each expressing those principles according to a mode unique and peculiar to himself. Thus a group of disciples can attain brotherhood through the unifying power of devotion to a Master. The Theosophical Society exists for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood by the only means whereby this can be realized,—by the free co-operation of individuals who dedicate themselves, severally and collectively, to the principle that "there is no Religion higher than Truth". Students of Theosophy believe that in the Great Lodge, the assemblage of the *real men of genius* of all the human races, there already exists a veritable Brotherhood, a Communion of Saints, and it is because the highest ideal of fraternity is actually embodied there, that men dream of it here below.

THE FORMATION OF WHOLE

The spiritual unity of mankind is the highest conceivable expression of a law which can be observed in operation wherever one searches in Nature. Physicists and even biologists are beginning to note the fact that in all the natural kingdoms there is a tendency of units or particles to come together and to co-operate—as it were—towards the formation of systems or groups or "wholes". Thus the atom is "created" through the combination and collaboration of various corpuscles or wavicles. In essence, however, the atom is something more than the sum of its parts. It has its own measure of "individuality" and is a distinct entity. By an analogous process atoms are grouped into molecules, molecules into living cells, and so on, until organic evolution reaches a sort of culmination with the production of the marvellous and complex multicellular bodies of animals and plants. The general conception of evolution as a process

of integration of groups, has been popularized by General Smuts' theory of "holism".

It is reasonable to assume that a corresponding massing of "consciousnesses" proceeds in Nature, *pari passu* with the evolution of the series of physical "wholes". In the human body, for instance, there is a general consciousness embracing, but also separate from, the consciousness of the various organs. There is evidence that certain animals act differently when they are alone and when they are in a group, as if there were two sets of instincts, one for the individual creature and another for the flock or herd. In the bees and ants, it almost appears as if the community had acquired a definite independent nature of its own. We speak of the "consciousness of the hive", and are sometimes tempted to think of the individual bees as mere cells or instruments of a superior organism.

If this "holistic" tendency be universal, it must be a dominating force in human history. All things come from the One, as Plotinus said, and aspire, in their inmost nature, to return to the One. Men tend to come together in groups, to incorporate themselves in social organisms. To a large extent, this process goes forward without personal choice, for an individual cannot as a rule help being born in the family or class or nation to which he belongs. But the nature of the larger unit into which he enters may be said to correspond to certain elements of his own personal nature. Thus a group of bad or weak men become a gang or a mob, whereas a group of strong and good men can grow into a disciplined army or a veritable brotherhood of disciples.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF A CONGERIES

It would seem that meditation upon the formation of wholes can guide us towards the solution of the problem that has perplexed so many generations of philosophers, the problem of the relation between the individual and society, between the particular and the universal. We should have learned long ago that the intellect as such cannot possibly comprehend this enigma, for it is an absolute mystery that either the Universe or the individual should exist. But by observation and experience, we may discover in some degree how individual consciousness tends to grow or expand into full self-realization in so far as it becomes genuinely representative of a larger social consciousness in which it is integrated.

How precise and true is Plato's expression, how profound and philosophical his remark on the (Human) Soul or Ego, when he defined it as "a compound of the *same* and the *other*". . . . It is "the same and the other", as the great Initiate-Philosopher said; for the Ego—the "Higher Self" when merged with and in the Divine Monad—is Man, and yet the *same* as the *other*; the Angel in him incarnated is the same with the Universal Mahat (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 92-93).

We may test this truth on any plane of human activity, the highest that we can conceive, or the lowest, for even the lowest of the worlds is a distorted image of the highest. The entities composing any congeries participate, in greater or lesser measure, in the consciousness of the congeries as a whole, but that collective consciousness is also a thing in itself, something more than the sum-total of

the "consciousnesses" of its components. Both good and evil potentialities in an individual are accentuated, in the degree that the individual acts as the agent or vehicle of a group-consciousness. As Gustave Le Bon has shown, a mob is capable of crimes, of which relatively few of its constituents, if acting alone, would ever be guilty. On the other hand, disciplined troops, acting collectively, perform feats of sustained valour, of which few soldiers, acting as individuals, would be capable.

THE LAST PHASE OF A CYCLE

These considerations are not merely interesting as abstractions. They have a direct bearing upon the most vital question of our time,—whether our civilization can be saved from a ruin as complete as that of the Roman Empire. As Sir Flinders Petrie has demonstrated, the civilizations of the past have been subject to a cyclic or rhythmic law as definite and as rigorous as that which presides over the rise and fall of the tides and the succession of the seasons. No great race or nation has been able to evade the dominion of this law, for there is no attested way of escape save one—to become established in a state of consciousness which cannot be affected by the cyclic changes that prevail upon the planes of ordinary experience. Tradition testifies that such a transmutation of the mortal into the immortal has been accomplished by individuals, but never by a racial or national group.

Sir Flinders Petrie's deduction is, therefore, significant. According to the available historical evidence, extending through eight great periods, the advent of democracy in a civilization normally denotes that the apex of a cycle has been passed, that a "day" in the life of humanity is turning towards its close.

When democracy has attained full power, the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilization steadily decays, until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people. The consumption of all the resources of the Roman Empire, from the second century when democracy was dominant, until the Gothic kingdom arose on its ruin, is the best-known example in detail (*The Revolutions of Civilization*, p. 124).

Democracy is not fundamentally a system of government but a state of mind. It prevails in a civilization when the standards of the undifferentiated mass—the people become dominant in all the major forms of human activity, not only the political and the economic, but the scientific, the artistic, the moral and the religious. For instance, it was pointed out fifty years ago by the English historian, Lord Acton, that the average man does not really want liberty but "security". He demands the assurance that he will be fed and sheltered and amused, and is willing to accept almost any debasement to attain what he fancies to be this end. As a matter of fact, he can never be guaranteed even the minimum of security, and the demagogues who promise it are illusionists. But any dealer in quack remedies is certain to have some following, and in the final phases of a democratic society he meets almost no opposition except from dealers in other nostrums. Lord Acton foresaw that under such conditions the

state tends to assume the form of a dictatorship, the chief function of which is to placate the mob, to keep it as quiet as possible.

It can be shown, as in the instances of Athens and Rome, that the decline of a civilization is marked by two phases. First, there is an era of unrestrained and worldly individualism, which is followed by a period when individual initiative is increasingly suppressed, as authority passes ever more completely into the control of the representatives and exploiters of the masses. If anyone should chance to note certain resemblances between such a period and the era in which we are living, he is free to draw his own conclusions; although the continued existence of The Theosophical Society and its nucleus, distinguishes our cycle from those that preceded it, and makes the situation far from hopeless.

VULGAR RELIGION

However, we shall be wise to look at the dangers, without quailing, but also without sentimental delusions. Not only spiritual but economic conditions are going to grow steadily worse, if there be a continued transfer of authority from those who have some sense of honour and responsibility—if only a little—to those who have none. Not the least of the dangers is the devastating wave of vulgarity which is sweeping into every corner of our lives, and which levels all before it. It has already inundated a large portion of the clergy.

We refer almost at random to a survey of social conditions made by Dr. Harry F. Ward of the Union Theological Seminary, and Winifred L. Chappell, secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service. The authors are distressed because the New Deal after all its promises has not abolished poverty and economic inequality, and conclude that the experiments of the "brain-trust" have "brought the bankers back into control of the government". This will be news to the bankers, but if it were true, there is no reason why it should embitter anyone who confesses his faith in the words of Christ. The Master Christ stated as lucidly as possible that his Kingdom was not of this world. That Kingdom can come in the midst of destitution and discomfort, nor should it matter in the least, as regards its advent in the individual soul, who is in control of the government. Even governments would improve if the Master were permitted to rule in the hearts of those who profess to be his followers. To imagine otherwise, to believe that material well-being must precede spiritual re-birth, is to reveal a crude worldliness typical of the "average man" in an advanced stage of moral decay. It is virtually equivalent to an assent to Lenin's assertion that "Religion is the opiate of the people".

MACHINISM AND CIVILIZATION

Without doubt the peril of spiritual bankruptcy is intensified by the fact that we are living in an age of machines. The machines which modern man has invented have reacted disastrously upon his inner life. Modern man lives encompassed by mechanical devices which toil and spin for him, attend to his needs, amuse him, never relaxing their hold upon his attention. It is no wonder that whole populations are coming more and more to resemble exhibits of machine-

made models. A few observers are beginning to realize the extent to which Americans in particular have standardized and stereotyped themselves in recent years. Millions of them dress alike, eat the same foods, read the same trash, listen to the same broadcasts, and—so far as one can judge—are subject almost simultaneously to the same moods of elation and fear. Contemporary America actually gives one a presentiment of what a collectivist society would be like.

It is significant that the Bolshevik leaders deliberately use the machine as a means of reducing all minds to a dead level. They have discovered the affinity between mechanism and communist states of mind. As was shown by the recent exhibition of the Soviet educational system at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the central theme of their schools is mechanistic. Even pre-school children are trained to work with small tools. The object, as Dr. John Dewey suggests, is to produce "human beings inspired with social purposes". Anyone can imagine what John Dewey and his Russian friends mean by "social purposes".

In the *Mercure de France* (November 15, 1934), M. Léon de Poncins published some replies, with his comments, to a questionnaire which was sent to a number of industrialists, economists, and scholars. They were asked whether they believed the impact of the machine upon civilization to be good or evil. It is of great interest that the majority of the respondents express without equivocation their conviction that the growth of modern industrialism is "a disaster and a calamity". As M. de Poncins' "inquiry" is international in scope, this majority vote has more significance than if it had been French only, for France has always been the least industrialized of the great nations of the Occident.

We paraphrase some of M. de Poncins' comments:

The Russian communists are practically the only people left who are blind and fanatical partisans of the unlimited development of machinism. Even the Americans have lost their original enthusiasm. . . . The advantages of machinism are immediate and obvious: it is more agreeable to have instruments which make quick and easy a task which was once long and painful, and which thus create or which ought to create, great material prosperity. The disadvantages are more remote and more subtle, but they are none the less redoubtable; we begin to perceive them to-day. The machine contains potentialities of good and of evil. If one may judge by the experience of the past five hundred years, the potentialities of evil increase more rapidly than the potentialities of good, in proportion to the development of machinism. . . . Modern man has used the machine in accordance with his ideal and his dominant mentality; it is this mentality which is responsible for the evil results which we see to-day. . . . However, this modern mentality is of quite recent origin; its first symptoms began to be manifest during the Renaissance; under the influence of Jewish and Puritanical conceptions they were developed by the Reformation and were definitely established by the French Revolution of 1789. The new conceptions introduced industrial mercantilism into the economic domain, equalitarian democracy in politics, and materialistic rationalism in religion. . . .

"So long as tendencies of a material order were not predominant in man", says the Orientalist, René Guénon, "he never dreamed of consecrating all his time and all his efforts to the invention and construction of machines. It goes without saying that the successes obtained in this domain have subsequently amplified and generalized these same (material) tendencies, but these tendencies are the point of departure." There is a fact which will doubtless astonish many of our contemporaries, so infatuated with the

dea of progress: the principle of the machine was known in remote antiquity among very diverse peoples. But then, you will ask, why did they not produce an industrial civilization comparable to that of to-day? "The only answer which I can think of", writes the American, Stuart Chase, "is that they didn't do it, because they didn't want to" (art. "*Machinism et Civilisation: Résultats d'une Enquête Internationale*").

Are we to conclude that what is called "modern progress" is really a colossal mistake, a violation of Nature? Some may be inclined to think so, and to admire the sagacity of the wise men of antiquity who did not tell everybody all that they knew. However, the machine age is here and we must live in it, making the best of it, using its opportunities for discipline and the cultivation of fortitude, charity, and all the other innate virtues of man which do not have a mechanical origin. Also, we can dwell with insistence upon the idea that Nature and man are not machines, but are living, purposeful, and in essence divine. We can think thus, and can seek and find evidence that this idea is true.

A WAY OF LIBERATION

Theosophy suggests a way of liberation from the deluge of vulgarity and mechanism. It is not a return to a spurious "individualism" which was worldly and materialistic, a glorification of greed and the "heresy of separateness"; nor is it a surrender in any sense to the "collectivism" which, as in Russia, means a pooling of the lower natures of many human entities and the control of what is bad in a population, by what is worst.

Theosophy proposes and makes possible the formation of Groups of Disciples, who can gather around themselves a disciplined army or hierarchy of followers. This is not in contradiction with the fundamental tenet that the first object of Nature is the production of real individuals. Individuality does not mean isolation. The real individual completes the self-consciousness he has already acquired through his recognition of the Divine World and its expression in the Lodge of Masters, as the fruit of free and ardent co-operation with all that is highest and best in other men, for the highest and best in others is one in essence with the highest and best in himself. There is a true and harmonious relation between the spiritual man and the society of which he is an undivided part. But in order that such a relation can exist, he must be an indispensable and unique factor in that group. A symphony becomes a cacophony unless every note be sounded clearly and distinctly. Thus it is said that the higher one ascends in the scale of being, the more individual one becomes.

The existence of Groups of Disciples would allow the Lodge, the Higher Self of Humanity, to intervene more directly in human affairs. The Masters who have embodied the innate divine idea of the perfect man, could surely offer guidance and inspiration with more expectation of response, if there were in the world definite assemblages of men animated by a common determination to extend the ancient virtues of honour and good faith, of "noble living and noble dying".

FRAGMENTS

NO possible combination of circumstances can make you happy,—not heaven itself. Happiness depends upon your reactions to circumstances. The Masters cannot make the world happy by changing the conditions of the world. God placed man in Paradise, and this world is what man has made of it. If God made a second Paradise, man would do the same.

There are three things that make for happiness: understanding, acceptance, co-operation.

Could you see as the Masters see, you would find happiness. The vision of the *reality* of your life, would be a thing of such surpassing beauty, that, as you are now, you would die of it. So much for understanding.

Or if, in perfect faith and love, you could accept the Master's will for you, and accept all things as his will, then you would find happiness,—absolute peace, unshakable serenity.

If, finally, with imperfect understanding, inadequate acceptance maybe, you could, nevertheless, rouse your will to co-operation with your circumstances, going out gladly to them as to welcome guests, entertaining them, even the most painful of them, as messengers from on high, laden with priceless gifts and golden instruction—if you met them thus, I say, studying the veiled beauty of those gifts, reading and following, as best you could, those instructions, then, *then* you would be happy.

Ah, you say,—I wonder.

Could I but persuade you to put it to the test, to give it honest trial for one day! How many long years of suffering it might spare you, what piteous waste of force and time and tears. For some day you will do it, when the torture of every other kind of living has become unbearable.

But O the bleeding Heart of your Master that must await that day!

It has been decreed, in the magnanimity of the Law, that we shall have our part in the great plan of our salvation. So the Masters wait upon our willingness, wait for our consent to co-operate with them, wait, how often! upon our leisure. They respect our decisions with a majestic courtesy, leaving the hour to us so long as the day may last. Meanwhile, with an unalterable patience, they hold in their hands the gifts they long to bestow.

On all sides we are surrounded by wonders, but above all other wonders is

the wonder of their love. Every provision is made for us, every path is opened, no possibility is denied. Where there is denial, we have made it; where a path is blocked, we have placed the obstacle there, often with careful toil. But all the cunning of man has never devised a means by which that provision for us could be lessened or turned aside.

It is we who create conditions, we who have built up the circumstances at which we now rebel, we who have crossed the lovely pattern the Lords of Karma had invented for our weaving. What we have to-day, we fashioned in long-gone yesterdays; what the future will bring, is taking shape as the minutes of to-day slip by.

Ah, you say,—I wonder.

And I, too, wonder. Further words are useless; better to leave you with that wonder in your heart and the perfume of its undying nostalgia. Lay it away where you will, in the most hidden recess of your consciousness, the scent will cling there; and at any slightest disturbance of its hiding place, wafts of its penetrating fragrance will float through your nerves to tingle them, into your brain to fill it again with images and dreams.

O ye men of Myalba, tarry not too long! The day is passing, the day must have an end. Soon comes the long night of forgetfulness, and the dawn of another day will find your spirits where they fell asleep. What mighty progress may not others have accomplished, awake to inner things, in this same period of your oblivion? Trust the Compassion that broods over you. Hasten, before the darkening curtain falls upon the sunset embers of *this* day of opportunity. Never can it be the same. O ye men of Myalba, tarry not too long!

CAVÉ.

RICHNESS OF LIFE

KARMA AND THE CAPACITY FOR JOY

ONE evening many years ago, under the brilliant star-lit sky of the Philippines, an old army officer, veteran of many campaigns, recounted for the benefit of his youthful second lieutenant, some of the fruits of his long experience in handling men. One of the things he said was that, while he had never been cruel enough to do it, if he ever had wanted to make a punishment really intolerable, he would have condemned the culprit to a term of hard *and useless* labour. He would, for instance, have compelled him to dig a long, deep ditch through a difficult, rocky place and, when it was finished, make him fill it up again until all was as before. The cruelty of the punishment would have lain in the culprit's realization that all his pain and effort were utterly useless.

It is just this sense of futility that makes the pain and suffering in life seem intolerable to so many people. Seeing neither purpose nor justice in them, they think of pain and suffering as not only hard but useless, and of life itself as only a series of accidents, with some pieces of good luck, but many more cruel blows from blind chance. They thus inflict on themselves the punishment the army officer thought too cruel for his most hardened offender. It is one thing to work or to suffer for a keenly desired end, and a totally different thing to believe oneself whipped into exactly the same labour or suffering for no end at all. Few things do more to lighten pain and misfortune than the perception that they have a purpose and lead to a goal that we ourselves greatly desire.

It is this gift, with many others, that Theosophy brings to those who study and who try to live by its teachings. Through their own observation, they come to see that life has purpose, that things do not happen by chance, and that nothing at all ever happens that cannot be used for good, for the growth of the soul and the development of character. A great many things happen that, in fact, are not so used, but this is because man has free will and can, if he choose, refuse the gifts that life seeks to give him. Some understanding of the beneficent purpose of life is essential to peace of heart, and without that peace there can be no happiness. Life is not in the least interested in providing easy, comfortable or "happy" outer circumstances for mankind. It is tremendously interested in increasing man's capacity for a blessedness that is both wisdom and joy, that these may be his, irrespective of outer circumstances. Such joy is a quality of the soul, and man experiences it to the degree to which he has succeeded in clearing the channels from the soul to his personality. Every act done from principle, for the right, for the highest that he can see, against his personal self-interest or inclination, every choice of "the better" rather than "the dearer", tends by so much to clear those channels. Every act of self-indulgence, every

choice of the dearer rather than the better, clogs them. If they were completely blocked, joy would be impossible.

With all the world seeking happiness, it is remarkable that so little attention has been paid to the fact that one class, and only one, has ever claimed to have attained it,—the saints and mystics of all ages. Without exception, they have testified to a happiness that words were quite inadequate to express. Outer circumstances certainly had nothing to do with it, for they lived, for the most part, in the utmost poverty, many with wretched health, some never passing a day free from pain, others spent years in prison. By the conquest of their lower natures, they gained some touch of the radiant joy of the soul's consciousness, a joy that no suffering, or hardship or persecution could take from them. The purpose of life is, in the course of millenniums, to bring all mankind to the full splendour of that consciousness.

The first step is to bring man to choose of his own free will (for he must not be dragged, even into heaven) to tread the path that leads to that goal, and to turn from those that lead away from it. The function of Karma is to make each man realize the consequences of wrong choices, so that next time he may choose more wisely. That is one reason why things have consequences. Karma literally means the law of action, the way in which things act, and all things are designed to act so as to carry out the purpose of life. Every act done, every thought or feeling entertained, even though not carried out in action, has its inevitable sequel. A force is thereby set flowing in a certain direction, leading to joy or to pain in accordance with its nature. The only way to avert the effect, is to set in motion a stronger current in the opposite direction. Selfishness, for example, has certain invariable results which can only be obviated by greater self-sacrifice. Even in that case, the selfishness has its effect, though it may not be noticeable, for the power of sacrifice that ought to have taken the man toward his goal, is in part expended in checking his wrong momentum.

When Madame Blavatsky first brought the law of Karma to the attention of the western world, even those who accepted it tended to think of it as a mechanical and outer law, a kind of celestial book-keeping requiring the payment of debts in kind. If I stepped on someone's toe, the Karmic consequence would be for someone to step on my toe, and so on. One incurred a debt to the law which had to be paid. There is truth in this. Debts to the law must be paid. Every act is a cause and its consequences are sure and inescapable. But it has also come to be realized that the Masters, who are the Lords of Compassion, are also the Lords of Karma; that Karma is compassion; that the universe is not mechanical but Infinite Love, and that Karma itself is poetic justice.

This is a far truer view, but it also has its danger. The mind is very skilful in producing excuses for self-indulgence, and its nature is to feel that somehow or other in its particular case, unpleasant consequences can be averted. If the mind could be really made to believe that there is never any escape from the results of actions, it would be far more careful of what it permitted itself to suggest. If, for instance, a man knew beyond the faintest doubt that every time he gives way to irritation, he must suffer for it, it would act as a most powerful deterrent

to his bad temper. That he does so suffer is the fact. It is also poetic justice that he should suffer; but the moment poetic justice is mentioned, the mind seizes on it: "Ah! Poetic justice, that lets me out. It would be anything but poetic justice if one of my excellent good intentions should be made to suffer, merely because I lost my temper under such great provocation", and so on. Those who find themselves so arguing, would do well to go back to the mechanical view of the inevitableness of consequences. It is not true compassion to let anyone "get away" with deliberate disobedience.

There is also a tendency to limit one's conception of Karmic effects to outer circumstances. Karma does affect one's outer circumstances, but this is secondary. The primary effects are inner. Outer circumstances, in any case, are only of importance to us for their influence on our inner states, our thoughts, feelings, sensations, etc. What that influence is to be depends far less on the outer event itself than on the individual concerned, on his past Karma and his present will. There are few more wide-spread or more pernicious errors than the current belief that a man's inner state, his happiness or unhappiness, depends upon his outer circumstances. "No man can be religious if he is hungry", is a typical statement of this point of view,—one often adopted by modern clergymen, who appear quite ignorant of the use of fasting, in all ages and in all religions, as an aid to spirituality. Consciousness is not, as science sometimes assumes, a by-product of matter, nor is its character necessarily determined by material conditions. A man may have very little immediate control over what happens to him, but he may acquire almost infinite control over his own reactions to those events. It is the character of these reactions, the kind of thought, feeling or sensation with which he responds, that matters to him, not the outer occurrence itself. He may react to a given situation with irritation or with sympathy, with craven fear or heroic valour. The choice lies in his own hands, and in accordance with that choice will be the nature of his consciousness, and according to the nature of his consciousness, will be his happiness or unhappiness. This is part of what is meant by the statement in the *Idyll of the White Lotus* that, "Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or doom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment."

Our point is that every action, every choice made by the will, brings its own immediate reward or punishment in the kind of thought and feeling that it engenders within us, and which thus becomes our mental environment, colouring with its colour, distorting with its distortion, everything that reaches us. Suppose, for example, that a man is frankly criticized by a friend for some wrong course of conduct. He has his choice between feeling and expressing gratitude or resentment. He chooses to give way to resentment. The Karmic punishment is not that his friend—or some one else—will, in turn, express resentment to him, although that may very well happen. The Karmic punishment occurs at once and inevitably. It consists in the resentment itself, inside the man. He has admitted it, created it, and, for a longer or shorter period, he must live *in* it, surrounded by it, imprisoned in that type of feeling. He may not realize it as punishment, but it is. Its sourness and bitterness, its killing effect upon all

joy, is not any less sour or bitter or killing because some elemental inside him persuades him that he is right in feeling resentful. Naturally also, reactions of that kind tend to repeat themselves with increasing intensity.

If, instead of resentment, the man chooses gratitude, he fills himself with the light and joy of gratitude, and reaps at once his reward. Gratitude drives out lower types of thought and feeling. No one, for instance, can feel gratitude and self-pity simultaneously. Whatever his choice may be, the Karmic result is immediate and inevitable in its effect on his consciousness.

There are other results. Each choice a man makes opens him to other influences at the same level. Like a radio receiver, man can tune himself to different pitches, so that he receives and responds to, wave lengths of various rates of vibration, high or low. The owner of a radio can choose between a great variety of possible programmes, low and vulgar, or perhaps high and inspiring. When his radio is set for a certain wave length, that—good or bad—is admitted, and all others excluded. In just the same way, each man is surrounded continuously by psychic influences from the astral world around him, pressing upon him, like the waves around a radio, or like water pressing against the bottom of a boat. These influences are of very different rates of vibration, so to speak, or are on very different levels, from the filth of the gutter to the music of the stars, and all between.

If we tune ourselves to the level of resentment, all on that level and nothing higher, can gain admittance to our thought and feeling. If we tune ourselves to gratitude, we open ourselves to the level of gratitude, a quality of the soul, and that which is on the plane of the soul can flow in, closing the door to what is below it. Each choice of the will tends to tune us to its level, opening us to corresponding influences both from the psychic sea in which we are immersed, and also to certain reactions from the outer world of events.

It is a matter of everyday experience that a given occurrence has one effect on us when we are in one mood, and a totally different effect, or no effect at all, when we are in a different mood. The type of effect is a part of the Karma of the choice that resulted in the particular mood we were in. Moods themselves are Karma, the result of past choices of the will, usually made unconsciously it is true, but made none the less. A man feels gloomy. Why? The chances are a hundred to one that it is because he has been thinking about himself instead of his work, or of others, or of something that would interest his real self instead of his personality. All that happens to him as a result of his gloom, and it may be a great deal, is a part of the Karma of thinking about himself. We ought to train ourselves ceaselessly to ask: Why? Why did this happen? Because of that; yes, but why was that and why that, until we have pushed it back to the moral cause at the root of it all, and to what needs to be done in ourselves about it. There always is a moral cause and always something that ought to be done about it. We have, let us assume, failed to carry our point, a sound one, at some meeting. Why did we fail when we were right? Because we had been interrupted six times while we were preparing for the meeting, by subordinates with questions that had to be answered. In consequence we were irritated, flustered and in-

sufficiently prepared. It was not our fault; anyone would have been. Perhaps, but why were we preparing just before the meeting, why had not the questions been answered earlier? Perhaps the trouble was procrastination several days before. Perhaps it was lack of firmness in not refusing to answer unnecessary questions at that time. Irritation is frequently due to indecision or lack of firmness. Whatever the cause, it should be found and steps taken to correct it.

The effort to see the cause and to guard against its recurrence in the future will often take most of the sting from a defeat. A man's mistakes may be turned into most valuable assets by understanding their causes, so that he will not make them again. It removes the sting because it leads us to attack our fault vigorously. To do this from a right motive is to align oneself with the soul, and thus to share in the courageous, unresentful consciousness of the soul. Every right action ought to have its immediate reward in consciousness. Every step on the road to heaven ought to be heaven. This is not to say that sacrifice is not very real and very hard. "The heart will bleed and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved." The spiritual life calls men, not weaklings, and calls them to heroic valour, not to beds of ease. The Masters turn back from the threshold of unutterable bliss, sacrificing themselves for man; and those who would serve them, must, in their place and degree, learn to follow in their footsteps. Every soul must learn sacrifice, but sacrifice should bring its reward. That, in our case, it does not always do so, is because we have not yet learned to be whole-hearted, to give ourselves completely in love and devotion to the Masters' cause, the cause of the soul. "To go half-way is misery but all the way is heaven", does not mean that we must attain to adeptship before we find heaven. It means that to find joy we must do whatever we do with all our hearts. When we look back, like Lot's wife, with regret to what we are leaving, that which should have been our joy, turns to salt in our mouths. Those who, like some of the saints, have learned to give themselves wholly, have found rapture even in martyrdom.

Even though the immediate reward be missed, it remains true that every right action tends to clear the passages from the soul to the personal consciousness, and so to increase the individual's capacity for joy. The mind is open to thoughts, feelings, impulses, from above and from below. According to the habitual nature of these thoughts and feelings will be the character, the "colour" of the mind, its sensitiveness and clarity, or its denseness and callousness. Just as a given shade of colour applied by an artist to the picture that he is painting, will appear light or dark depending upon the background against which it is seen, so the effect in consciousness of any given outer event varies through an almost infinitely wide range with the colour of the mind and heart experiencing it. Every impulse from above, entertained and made one's own, makes the nature that much finer, more sensitive, clearer, keener, more appreciative of beauty, more capable of enjoyment. Every impulse from below, similarly entertained, has just the reverse effect, making it duller, denser, less capable of feeling, and so requiring coarser and coarser stimulation in order to feel alive at all. It has been said that every mental deficiency, without exception, is due to

some moral disobedience in the past, perhaps in some other life. It should not be forgotten, however, that the past of every man includes many, many lives, and much good as well as much bad Karma has usually been accumulated. A man leading a degrading life may have brought over from some former incarnation a keen appreciation of beauty which he has not yet had time to destroy completely. From one point of view, it is fortunate that we usually change so slowly, but we do change. There is nothing that we cannot change.

If the effects of Karma on consciousness and thus on the powers of appreciation and enjoyment, were better understood, there might be less complaint of injustice in the world. There are those whose faith in an over-ruling Providence is shaken when they see one man, with callous selfishness, dishonestly accumulate a fortune, while another, working hard and honourably, remains in poverty. Surely, they think, if the doctrine of Karma were true, the dishonest man would lose his fortune to the other. Perhaps he will, in some other life, perhaps not. Karma is not interested in a man's bank account but in the development of his soul. Wealth and poverty are merely the means by which lessons are taught, not ends in themselves. Often the best way to show a man that he does not really desire something he thinks he wants, is to give it to him. That is a method life frequently uses. If leaving a man with an ill-gotten fortune will teach him his lesson more rapidly and effectively than taking it away, why take it away? We tend to think of unpleasant or painful outer consequences as the Karmic punishment for wrong doing, and to feel, if no such consequences are visible, that justice has somehow failed. The fact is that the inner effects are the penalty, and the outer results are Karmic compassion, sent to jar the man from his insensibility, that by pain and suffering he may be turned from hell toward heaven. But for the pain that his wrong choices cause him, he might continue deadening himself and sinking lower and lower indefinitely. As it is, the pain, usually a gentle warning at first, goes on increasing until, if unheeded, it becomes unbearable, and the man is forced to turn or go mad. This process must often take a number of incarnations for its completion. Sometimes, particularly with such sins as drunkenness and gluttony, one can see the entire cycle take place in a comparatively few years.

As we have said, the effects in consciousness of any given outer event vary almost infinitely with the "colour" of the mind experiencing it, and this colour depends on the man's past, on his Karma. Karma is poetic justice. It does a man no good to see each day, from his beautifully landscaped country place, a wide view of entrancing loveliness, if by self-indulgence he has ruined his ability to appreciate beauty, or by lack of mental control, has so filled his mind with irritation or resentment that he has made himself blind to all else. (If anyone doubt this, let him test it for himself and see, the next time he is filled with violent resentment, how much appreciation of beauty can get through it.) We do not mean that no one enjoys ill-gotten wealth. Many certainly give every appearance of doing so, for the coarsening process is a gradual one. Furthermore, very few people are consistently bad. But in the end, the utterly selfish man's state becomes that described in "The Parable of the Persian Beggar" in the

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for October, 1932, the story in which a drunken beggar is made Caliph for a day by Haroun-al-Raschid. Made Lord of the wide realm of Persia, with all its opportunities for giving and receiving joy and gladness, the one thing the beggar was capable of desiring was to drink himself into insensibility. That was all his day as Caliph brought him.

On the other hand, each step nearer to the spiritual world, all growth in selflessness, greatly increases the capacity for joy in little, commonplace things. A simple walk in the country, the arching of meadow grasses, the colour of buds, the grace of a bird's flight, a fairy garden of moss, grasses and gentian on a hummock in a stream, the mysterious charm of woods, the golden sunlight of late afternoon, may give the keenest delight to a recollected mind. When the mind is self-absorbed, the very same things may produce no effect whatever. Greater appreciation of natural beauty is, of course, only one of many forms of spiritual delight with which Karma rewards selflessness. One might, to take another illustration, contrast the intense joy of whole-hearted admiration for some nobility of character in one we love, with the sourness of envy which the same quality can so easily arouse—as the Pharisees, and many others since then, have abundantly proved. The power to look up with unstinted admiration is one of the great gifts of life. "Hero worship of the worthy is salvation." What we admire, that, in time, we become.

Beauty can be truly appreciated only when it is used as a door to the spiritual world, the home and source of all joy. Far more than the mere artist, it is those who, as Fray Luis de Granada put it, "mount by the staircase of the created world to the contemplation of the beauty and wisdom of its Creator", who are enraptured by the loveliness of nature. Luis de Granada, himself a mystic, found delight at every turn. The "noble bearing" of a horse, the structure of a sea shell, an ant, a bee, the majesty of the stars at night, the charm of meadows, the grandeur of mountains, the delicacy of a lily, great things and small, all gave him keen joy, and all led him to adoration of the omnipotence and beauty of their Creator. "Our thought", he wrote, "must break down the walls of Heaven, and pass beyond—contented with knowing not only that which it can see, but also that which is invisible." J.F.B.M.

The Buddha said: You yourself must make the effort. Buddhas do but point the Way.—DHAMMAPADA.

The fountain of contentment must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He who postpones the day for living as he knows he ought to do is like the fool who sits by the river and waits till it flows by; but it glides and will glide on till all time.—HORACE.

A LAY SERMON¹

THE WAY OF LIFE

IN the eighth chapter of Romans and the sixth verse are these words:—"For the minding of the flesh is death, but the minding of the spirit is life and peace."

This verse from the Christian Bible plainly defines two lines of thought and action diametrically opposed to each other, and the result of following either.

The teachers of all religions have told us that we cannot serve two masters, and that we must choose either one or the other—either God or mammon. So here, St. Paul, the initiate, tells us that going in one direction is the way of death, and going in the other is the way of life and peace. It would naturally be thought that there would be no hesitation in the choice between these two courses of action; but what do we find? We find people choosing the way of death rather than the way of life. There must be some reason for this. We shall therefore need to examine our verse more closely, that its meaning and application may become clear.

The verse, as a whole, certainly stresses one important factor which is a key to its understanding, and that is the dual nature of man—the higher representing that which is pure and noble, and the lower the opposite of these. Man being endowed with mind is a responsible being and has to work out his own salvation. The extent to which he does this depends entirely upon another part of his nature, and that is the principle of desire. It is apparent that we must first desire a thing before we exercise the will to obtain it. We see that the two ways indicated in the verse have their root in desire, and this will remind us of the teaching, "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also". So it would seem that our desire will be according to our view of life. If we think that we are in this world merely to gratify self in one form or another, our hearts will be set in that direction. If, on the other hand, we think there is a much higher purpose to be served, we shall act accordingly. It will be noticed that the verse is emphatic in both directions, that action either way produces the corresponding result. As we go along in daily life we see the effect of the minding of the flesh in various ways; consciousness is centred in one or more forms of gratification to the practical exclusion of all other interests and purposes. Such selfishness and enslavement of the will are certainly death to any consideration for others, and to all higher thoughts and feelings generally. The minding of the flesh is death physically, mentally and spiritually. We see people losing their physical health and vitality long before the maturer years of life are reached; we see a depraved mental outlook which is the victim and slave of low desires; we see the lack of the sense of moral obligation, and the wholly material view of life, which lives

¹ An address given at Unitarian Free Church, Sunderland, England.

only for the moment, and recognizes no Divine guidance or order in anything. Such is the result of going in the direction of the flesh, and the consideration brings with it a sense of grave responsibility, so far as we ourselves are concerned. It is said that "the sin and shame of the world are our sin and shame, for we are a part of it".

There are people who would like to help the world but who say they can do little or nothing for lack of ability, position or time. But no poverty or circumstance can prevent right thought and right action. Strong, positive thoughts for good can contribute greatly to the world's uplifting; they can strengthen the moral tone generally, and help some individual to withstand the wiles of the tempter, the sleepless adversary. Is it not an encouraging thought that we are placed just where we are needed most, and that each of us in our own way can play our own useful and most necessary part? There is no need to ape the ways of others. It is much better to do our own duty well—humble though it may be—than to want some other duty which is not within our scope, and for which we are not fitted at this particular time. We have our own special task which others cannot perform. We contact and so can influence a certain number of people who cross, or go along, our pathway, where others do not reach. On the other hand, those others contact still a different number whom we could never touch; and so the world is benefited and enriched by individual effort and sacrifice.

Let us look for a moment for the reason why so many choose the way of death. First, perhaps, it is due to lack of self-control, lack of will-power to dominate the lower desires as they appear, or, in other cases, lack of effort to try again when we have failed to stand the test. For ages, the psychic trend of thought has done much to strengthen and increase low desires, until what is really perverted function is even regarded as natural. We are often the victims of such glamour. Second, it is lack of vision to some extent. We may have heard that we are the children of God, but we may not realize the spiritual unity of mankind,—that mankind, in essence, is divine, and that it should be man's object to express that divinity in daily life. Man has for so long regarded himself as a separate personality, with no definite fundamental relationship to other personalities, that he lives from the point of view of self-interest, self-assertion, self-preservation. He does not see that he is his brother's keeper, in fact his very self. So he acts, as a rule, from the standpoint of diversity, instead of from that of unity. The dual nature of man is, therefore, the key to the understanding of this verse, the second half of which we may now consider.

There is no doubt that the minding of the spirit does give life and peace, to all who live thereby. Some experience this in quite a simple, humble way, while others have a deeper vision of its reality. But, whatever the understanding, all sincere effort brings a corresponding result. Our effort and application in the minding of the spirit, must be according to our vision. The minding of the spirit to many, might consist mainly of those "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" without which the world would be a sorry place indeed. The minding of the spirit might also mean a trusting in God or Providence regarding the affairs of life. There is a faith in things Divine, blind though it

sometimes is, that has the conviction of experience, and that tides people over many a crisis of sickness, hardship or want.

The minding of the spirit is the cultivation of the things of the spirit—and there are no things more valuable to cultivate. Faith is one of these things, whether blind or enlightened, though, even with the latter, trust is necessary before certainty arrives. The disciple must have faith that the Master is there, before spiritual contact can be made. So we have been told that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen". This faith or trust in things Divine, gives contentment and peace in spite of all trials and difficulties. There is too little nowadays of, "Ask the Master to help you, He will carry you through", and too much of personal, worldly struggle. As the minding of the spirit gives faith and peace, so it gives life, and in more ways than one. It gives zeal and energy to do life's allotted tasks, for now we strive to do with our might, with our whole heart and soul, what our hands find to do, and consequently we work much more accurately. And we find a satisfaction in our efforts, so that in this striving and attaining a greater measure of life is gained—a dim reflection of that immortal life looming in the distance.

As we cultivate the things of the spirit, we find that this positive attitude is the best way of eliminating the things of the world. The more concerned we are with the higher things of life, the higher nature, the less shall we be feeding and strengthening the lower aspect, the lower nature. It is not that we are to run away from the world, but that we should be in it and yet not of it. Such effort is always a battle, a warfare, until the final victory is gained; so it is said that "he who conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city". We have a great example in the Christian Master, who withstood all temptation, and vanquished his enemies by utterly refusing to depart in any way from spiritual principles. In speaking of these enemies it is well to remind ourselves that there are two great forces in the world—the force for good and the force for evil—and thus it will be rightly assumed that those enemies belonged to the evil Powers. The force for good needs helpers and workers in the world, and it is encouraging to remember that as we cultivate the things of the spirit we contribute to the spiritual, the real, welfare of mankind. This is true service, the opposite of self-seeking in any form. We can become so lifted out of self that we cease to have personal rights and wrongs, and work solely for this glorious Ideal.

If such a life is a life of warfare, as it undoubtedly is, how can it be "life and peace", it may be asked? The life of the spirit is a fuller, wider, deeper experience than the question supposes; it transcends the purely personal, and reaches up to that which is permanent and everlasting. "The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit." The peace that is gained is the Master's peace—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It is not "peace at any price", nor the cessation of inner or outer conflict. It is that oneness of heart and purpose whereby the Master's will is done at all costs. As a house divided against itself cannot stand, neither can a man who is pulled this way and that by the winds of fancy and desire. This peace is that state of mind and heart whereby the whole life is

placed in the hands of the Master and the Divine Law. The circumstances and conditions of life are accepted and made the best of, for the man knows that they are the wisest and most suitable at any given time. There is certain work to do and there are certain lessons to learn, and it is remarkable how our circumstances and conditions provide the necessary scope and opportunity. As has been said, this peace is no cessation of inner or outer conflict; trials and difficulties arise from without, from contact with the world, and temptations assail one from within, through the mind and imagination, where the battle-ground really lies. But in spite of all, there is this peace and strength, which enable a man to face confidently, with poise and without fear, whatever may come to him.

Perhaps we now see that "the minding of the flesh *is* death", and that "the minding of the spirit *is* life and peace". The former is a life of self-indulgence with all its attendant evils. It unfits man for his work and degrades him. Selfishness is truly a living death. The minding of the spirit is a life of service and wise helpfulness; a life of infinite expansion. As a man strives to *be*, to embody his knowledge, his life and thought become much more valuable to his fellows, and his influence for good is greatly increased. Such a life *is* life, for it reaches to the higher realms of being, and realizes, in ever increasing degree, the beauty and grandeur of the universe, and man's purpose and place in it. Such a life *is* peace, for it is life lived from the spirit; it depends not on worldly struggle or natural advantage, but on Divine Law. It accepts whatever is its lot with genuine faith and detachment. It is, therefore, a life lived as an Immortal, true to its real nature, true to its God, one that alone makes possible the vision of the Gates of Gold and the ability one day to pass through them.

We have doubtless made our choice as to these two courses of action; it but remains for us the more vigorously to pursue our pathway.

"Remember, moreover, that only to those who are deaf is life a cry;—it is a song; and if this be true of life in general, it is also true of life in particular, of your life and of theirs. We are closest to the heart of things when we are happy!—when in spite of trials and adversities a fountain of joy and gladness springs within us. The trials are ephemeral and will pass; the joy is immortal and divine, and endures for ever. And when I say 'accept', I mean no passive condition, but rather what St. Paul implied, when he said, '*Let us lay aside every weight*, and press toward the mark' " (*Fragments*, Vol. I, p. 31).

"There is but one way that a man shall live, and it is this: to face the circumstances of his life, whatever they may mean of sorrow, pain, or renunciation, and in the midst of them courageously and cheerfully to fulfil his duty and carve out his destiny. Upon the footsteps of such a man the angels wait, and all the divine powers of the universe acknowledge his commands. When a man has been able to master his own heart, and at the behest of duty has put aside that which is dearest, that man has conquered the world" (*Fragments*, Vol. II, p. 129).

"As that star blazes out on the night sky, so should your life shine in the material world about you; pointing the way, for those who can see it, to where the Christ may be found" (*Fragments*, Vol. II, p. 130).

E. HOWARD LINCOLN.

WITHOUT CENSOR

V.

THE distance from Brest to Bordeaux was something under four hundred miles by rail, but the journey took us two days and two nights. The regiment travelled in several sections. The men were packed in the usual box-cars, each marked "40 Hommes-8 Chevaux", and were very crowded, it not being possible for all the men in a car to lie down at the same time. We distributed the officers among the various trains, the ranking officer on board being the commanding officer of each train. The Colonel and his staff travelled on the last section. The travel ration had been issued to all ranks, drinking-water bottles had been filled, and the men had provided themselves in one way or another with various unauthorized additions to the ration; but the only hot nourishment they had during the trip was the coffee which the French Red Cross served whenever we stopped at one of the larger towns. Sanitary and washing facilities on the trip were non-existent. The men were so cramped in their box-cars, our progress was so leisurely and there seemed to be so little hurry, that two or three times a day we would have the train stopped between towns, send back a guard along the track to flag anything coming up in our rear, and turn the troops out for twenty minutes or so in the fields to stretch their legs. Each one of these stops was the subject of violent expostulations from our French engineer. He would leave his engine, come back along the track to the Colonel's carriage, and break into a torrent of excited and voluble French. The Colonel, who could not understand a word of what was said, would inquire what it was all about, and when told that the engineer was concerned lest we should be run into by another train from behind, this fear being the constant and predominant one at each stop, would tell us to quiet the man down again, remarking that, if everything else on the line travelled as slowly as we did, there was not the slightest danger of an accident, adding with some heat that personally he would be inclined to get out and walk the rest of the way, were it not for the fact that he was not expected before the arrival of the train.

The Colonel and his staff were not much better off on the trip than the enlisted men, except in the matter of food. There were six of us all told, and we occupied an old railway carriage that was meant to hold four with some crowding, and which had no upper berths. Four of us managed to sleep on the two seats, by so arranging ourselves that our feet overlapped in the middle; this necessitated a skilful preservation of balance, as the seats were narrow, and no abrupt change of position was possible without kicking one's bunkmate. The remaining two slept on the floor between the seats, where as a matter of fact they were really more comfortable. During the day the train stopped at almost every town and village for some minutes, and once we realized that this was a regular custom, we took advantage of it, when we became unbearably hungry, to rush across in

turns to the *estaminet*—there was invariably one directly opposite the railway station at each stop—hastily bolting an omelet and some hot coffee, after having first thrown out a guard to prevent the men from leaving their cars, and after having placed another guard over the engineer to make sure that he did not go on without us.

The real purpose, however, of the guard at the stations, was to prevent the troops from mingling with the crowd at every stop, and from becoming scattered in their warm response to the friendly and enthusiastic greetings which we received from the French all along the line. We should never have collected them, had they been allowed off, when we started again, and should have been sure to have left some of them behind at each place. We were travelling on a Saturday and a Sunday, and the Saturday was a Saint's Day, and consequently a holiday. Our earlier sections had already gone through before us, and word had been passed about in the towns that Americans were coming in force; indeed, it is easy to see that even one regiment, distributed among several trains, would create an impression, however unwarranted, of several times their actual number. Consequently, the entire population of each town had apparently come *en masse* to the railway station, and had spent the day there to see the Americans. Women and children predominated; almost all of them were in black; there were only a few old men. They received us in a most moving way. As we drew slowly into a station, we would hear the strains of the *Marseillaise* being sung, and would be struck by the preponderance of women's voices and the high treble of children; the deeper note was missing. As we stopped, the singing would die away, and they would cheer us with real emotion, and with a brave waving of the tri-colour and of handkerchiefs. Once we were stationary, the crowd would break, surging around the box-cars, stretching out their hands to grasp the hands of our men; offering them, of their scanty store, fruit and flowers and even chocolate; trying, in spite of the difficulties of language, to tell us, to make us feel, how glad they were that we were there. Our men would sit in the opening of the cars, and lift the children on their knees and hold them, while the older ones crowded around close, until surrounding each "door" there was a solid mass of people, rapidly cementing the most friendly relations, commenting favourably upon the youth and vigour and freshness of our men. The very sight of us brought them a new strength and hope, and brought as well many sad reminders. Tears were running down the faces of many of the women, and I saw tears in the eyes of many of our men. It was a royal progress that we made, something far above and beyond anything that either we or our country had deserved; and yet it was well that it was so, for it brought to us all, as nothing else possibly could have done, what the War had meant and still meant to these people who were welcoming us with their whole hearts. It brought, as well, a fresh resolve and a new consecration.

During the first day, the journey was enlivened by one of the lieutenants, who became ill and delirious, and who was obviously running a high temperature. The two Regimental Medical Officers were both on sections in advance of us; but I sent a telegram ahead, and one of them dropped off at his next stop and

awaited our arrival there; and by the time we reached Bordeaux at about 1 a. m. on the morning of April 11th, our patient had almost recovered. Our Senior Major, who had gone overseas with the advance party from Division Headquarters, and who had been spending the intervening time making the necessary arrangements for our arrival at Camp Souge, met us in the railway station at Bordeaux in the middle of the night, and we found there, as well as on various sidings, our advance sections which had preceded us. After being shunted about the rest of the night, we finally disentrained at a little village west of Bordeaux, formed the regiment in column, and marched three or four miles to the Camp itself and took possession of our new quarters.

Camp Souge was half way between Bordeaux and the sea, in that flat and sandy stretch of country called the Landes, and was an immense affair, a permanent instruction camp, and capable of accommodating two brigades of artillery. We found already there the three artillery regiments comprising the 152d Artillery Brigade, of the 77th Division; our divisional infantry were on the British front, technically in support and reserve, but actually receiving their final instruction and training; later on, we were all to join up together again in a quiet sector in the Vosges, so that the Division could undergo, as a unit, its first experience in holding a part of the line. We had been sent so far south in order that our artillery, after actually receiving their guns (there had only been two or three field pieces available for training purposes for the entire Artillery Brigade, during all that long period at Camp Upton) might have intensive training in their use, and also the experience of actually firing them on the artillery range at Souge under simulated combat conditions. A short distance inside the main gateway of the Camp, which was constantly guarded, were the officers' quarters for our entire Brigade, a collection of one-story huts in a grove of trees, each housing three or four officers in separate rooms; and nearby were the Officers' Mess and the Camp Hospital. A long, sandy road led to the main part of the Camp, half a mile away, where were the men's barracks, each building holding a company or a battery, and each regiment having its own area. There the men lived under the command of their non-commissioned officers. The barracks were large, airy, and cool, which was important, as we had come into distinctly warm weather so far south. Twenty-four hours saw us settled, after the usual appearance of turmoil and confusion, which is so misleading in the Army, for throughout it things are always rapidly being accomplished.

The first two or three weeks were busy ones for me. We got our instructions direct from our own Artillery Brigade Commander, so we did not have to present ourselves officially this time to the American General commanding the Base Post of Bordeaux. But, through our Brigade Headquarters, a steady stream of orders, instructions and memoranda poured in, from General Headquarters, A. E. F.; from the French, under whose direct supervision we were; from the City of Bordeaux, in regard to certain civic laws and regulations. All of these had to be adapted for regimental use, or otherwise complied with, and regimental orders had to be issued explaining them and directing this compliance. New local rules and regulations covering the Camp and our own regimental area

had to be issued. The great docks on the Garonne, which the American Engineers had assisted in building, were covered with war materiel of all kinds, and the Ammunition Train received, with a minimum of delay, the ammunition trucks, caissons, and various wagons and vehicles to which we were entitled, and with which, up to now, we had only been familiar on paper. The work of obtaining these devolved largely upon the Colonel and the Supply Officer, but, once acquired, more regimental orders were issued in regard to their use and the training which they necessitated. There seemed no end, at first, to the paper-work in which I was involved. It tapered off, however, after a while; and once the training, which included the working out of tactical firing problems with our artillery, and the actual supplying of ammunition during the problem, got well under way, it devolved mainly upon our battalion and company commanders, so that my principal share in it was to accompany the Colonel on horseback, while he observed and criticized what was done. We attended a number of lectures, by French and American instructors, not only on the handling of the different kinds of shells, but also, in conjunction with the Artillery officers, upon strictly technical points in connection with their arm of the Service.

While we really acquired thereby a very considerable general knowledge of the functions of the artillery, it by no means made us competent to act as artillery officers; and we were consequently thrown into consternation to learn that every Ammunition Train which had so far arrived in France had been officered by men commissioned in the Artillery, and that there was every likelihood of our being transferred in a body to that arm and re-commissioned in the same grades. The theory in the old Regular Army had been that, once a Captain, an officer was competent to function, as a Captain, in any branch of the Service. This was true in so far as graduates of West Point were concerned. But it was far from being true in this War in respect to men fresh from civil life, with no previous military experience; men who had had only a few months training in their particular arm of the Service. We were filled with forebodings as to what would happen if we were called upon, as artillery officers, ten days after being re-commissioned, to fire a battery in action, knowing no more about the technique of the artillery and its practical operation than we did. We were worried not about ourselves and about personal failure, but because of the inevitable inefficiency which we should display, and the effect it would have upon the lives of other men. I began to realize that an Ammunition Train was neither one thing nor the other, neither infantry nor artillery; and I commenced, from that time on, definitely to turn my mind and attention to the consideration of ways in which I might work myself out of my present assignment, into a larger sphere of action. Up to the time when I was finally transferred from the Ammunition Train some weeks later, no such re-commissioning as had been suggested had taken place; what happened after my departure, I never learned.

One of my duties had been to read and to censor the letters written home by the men of the Headquarters Company. Some of these letters were pathetic and revealing, and it was often possible to do something, indirectly or otherwise, to meet the need which had been disclosed. But many of them contained nothing

but stuff and nonsense; the writers were obviously trying to "put it over big" with the folks at home and prove that they were heroes. I remember one letter from a soldier to his best girl, in which he explained that, although the shells were shrieking overhead, he was faithfully writing to her just the same, in spite of the great danger. The shells *were* shrieking overhead, but it was merely the artillery firing over the Camp and on to the range, in a practice problem. A friend in New York sent me a clipping from the *Evening Sun*, containing extracts from letters from two sergeants in companies of the 302d Ammunition Train, which painted "a vivid picture of a train rushing to the gun pits with a supply of ammunition. No matter how much shell fire is sweeping the roads, the wagons go. The real praise belongs to the horses, who become terrified when the firing starts, and in many cases they race to their destination only because of their fright." When all this balderdash was written, these two men were safely at Camp Souge, and had never been nearer the front than Brest. I had already become very tired of acting as censor, but this kind of thing was the last straw. I conceived a really brilliant idea as to how to rid myself of this chore, and suggested to the Colonel that, after all, the Chaplain was the one to censor the Headquarters' letters, because, through reading them, he would become more familiar with the spiritual needs of the men and so be better able to minister to them. The Colonel heartily approved; so I told the Chaplain that the Colonel had decided upon this in order to extend his sphere of usefulness, and the good man was delighted, and so was I.

I have said that the powers that be, had, in their wisdom, seen fit to assign us a Roman Catholic priest as Chaplain, probably because we had so many Protestants and Jews in our organization. The usual method seemed to be to try to pick out a Chaplain of a different denomination from the majority of his flock; I heard of one regiment, composed largely of Roman Catholics, who had a Christian Scientist as their spiritual director. However, we were fortunate in the man assigned to us, as he was a thoroughly good sort, did excellent work, and was liked and respected by the men. He had proved so useful to me over censoring letters, that I began to cast about in my mind for other ways in which he could be of service. A great many cases arose among the men which required drastic disciplinary action, not possible for the company commanders to take. Each of these cases was tried by a Special Court Martial, which consisted of five members, and was less cumbersome and quicker in action than a General Court Martial. Even so, these Courts took a great deal of my time; and in order to expedite matters, I suggested to the Colonel that the Chaplain should be appointed permanent counsel for the defence in all Special Courts. The Colonel approved, and from then on the administration of justice ran on greased wheels. The Chaplain would talk beforehand with the accused, and, whenever he found extenuating circumstances, was usually so delighted and surprised that he brought the facts out at once at the trial. If, however, the Chaplain began to talk in general terms about the accused's previous good record, and what a good son he had been to his old mother at home, we knew that there was nothing more to be said for him, shut the Chaplain off with two or three sharp

questions, and awarded a speedy sentence. As good a way as any; and justice was usually done.

As the training of the Regiment progressed, and the initial flood of paper-work subsided and became a routine flow, I found that I had more spare time on my hands than I liked. It was too much like Camp Upton all over again, in a French setting, and was not at all my idea of getting on with the war. Not that many days were not pleasant enough. Every morning either my horse, or a motorcycle side-car, would be waiting for me at the officers' quarters after breakfast. After proceeding to Regimental Headquarters in the Camp itself, and after completing my duties there, I had time for a ride around the range, which covered several miles, if the artillery were not firing; if they were, one could ride out to observe, and to hear the criticisms of the French officers. The dry grass on the range caught fire from bursting shells about once a day in the hot weather, and men had to be hastily packed into trucks and rushed to the spot to put it out. In the late afternoons we would practise with the pistol; several of us wangled a lot of pistol ammunition, and borrowed an Ordnance Sergeant from one of the companies, who set up targets for us in an isolated corner of the range, and called the shots. When gas masks were issued, we not only practised wearing them for short stretches in what we called the lethal chamber, which was filled with either phosgene or chlorine gas, but also wore them, on and off, for several hours at a time while we were performing our routine duties, in order to become entirely at home in them. I can remember wearing mine on horseback, and while driving a motorcycle over the Landes, and again while sitting at my table at Regimental Headquarters, this last being a great bore. About this time friction developed between the Colonel and one of the Majors, and as Adjutant it became necessary to call upon all of such diplomatic attributes as I possessed to keep the peace; it was a question of talking with each of them separately after a ruction, of smoothing them down again, and of calling the attention of each to the other's good qualities; of saying the right thing at the right time in the right way at Mess; of making each of them appear in a favourable light when the other was present, and of creating a friendly atmosphere again. There were other instances, too, when tact was needed. One of our Captains persistently allowed his company mess-hall to become dirty and unsanitary. The Regimental Medical Officer spoke to me about it more than once, but, in spite of my suggestions to the Captain, there was no improvement. Finally, the Medical Officer said to me that, in his judgment, conditions were sufficiently menacing to health to make it his duty to go to the Colonel without any further delay. This I was anxious to avoid, as in all other respects this particular Captain was a very efficient officer. So, after talking it over with the Medical Officer, I hit upon a plan. Short conferences were about to take place three times a week between the Colonel and the senior officers of the Regiment, in which we were to discuss among ourselves, and to adapt, the instruction we had been receiving. I issued the order for these conferences, and stated in it that they would be held in the particular mess-hall which had been under criticism. I went to the first conference with great eagerness, anxious to see how my plan had worked; the mess-

hall was spotless, sweet, and clean, and smelt strongly of soap; one could have eaten off the floor, and this pleasing condition continued from then on.

All this sort of thing was absorbing and interesting, and it was the keenest pleasure, as well, to observe the highly satisfactory way in which the entire command was responding to the thorough training which was being given; but personally I did not feel that I was working at the high pressure which I had anticipated and wanted. It became increasingly possible for me, with my motor-cycle side-car, to go into Bordeaux, sometimes during the week with messages or dispatches for the Base Port Headquarters, upon which occasions I always stayed as long as I could there, but more often on Saturday afternoons, when, usually with several other officers, I would put up at an hotel for the night, returning to Camp Souge on Sunday afternoon. Upon one of my first visits I went to a *coiffeur*, to repair the ravages which lapse of time had made in my personal appearance. It was a little shop, with a family atmosphere, presided over by *Madame la patronne*, who sat at her desk by the door. I was duly enveloped in a voluminous sort of winding sheet, and was undergoing a *friction*, and trying to prevent the *coiffeur* from emptying every highly-perfumed lotion in the shop upon my head, when my attention was diverted by a conversation which was being carried on beside me, and I freed the nearest ear from its wrapping of towels to listen. In the next chair was a French Colonel of Infantry, apparently an intimate friend of the management, for *Madame la patronne* had left her stool and was standing beside him in an attitude of absorbed attention. It transpired from the conversation that the Colonel had had two sons killed in the War, and the third had recently been captured by the Boche. Madame had come over to inquire if there were any news of him. No, there was none. The Colonel's voice sounded tired and broken as he described his anxiety and his grief. It became firmer and more vehement as he animadverted upon the Boche in general, and upon several *sale* qualities which they possessed in particular, in which Madame most heartily concurred with increasingly rapid interjections. Finally, in a resounding voice, he exclaimed, "But, with the help of our friends, the brave Americans, we shall beat them yet!", and, swathed as he was in towels and sheets, and with lather on his face, he got down out of his chair and advanced towards me with his hand outstretched. I rose to the occasion, and, removing the towels from my head, descended to the floor, and grasping his hand, assured him that we were going to do our best, and that such very sad and painful experiences as I had just had the privilege of hearing him relate, only made us all the more determined, and that we were happy to be here with the French, whose courage we so greatly admired. At all events, that was what I intended, and tried, to say; what actually was said, is another matter. Fortunately for me, we had quite an audience by this time, as we were surrounded by the entire personnel of the shop, while a couple of friends had come in from the street as well; and they were all commenting favourably upon the proceedings at the same time, which had the effect of somewhat obscuring my remarks. It must have been an extraordinary sight—we two, swathed in towels and trimmings, with our right hands clasped, each with his left hand on the other's

shoulder. I have laughed about it often since, but never without a tug at the heart at the same time. That splendid Colonel was so typical of the best of France,—of all that she had been willing to offer, of all that she had endured, of all that she was ready and willing still to give, of her brave and indomitable spirit, of her gratitude to us for coming when she was so hard-pressed, we, who had come so late!

A Captain, a great friend of mine whom I had known for years in New York, and I, discovered simultaneously that our uniforms were commencing to show signs of wear and hard usage. We decided that it would be the part of wisdom, in view of the fact that we were near a large city where such work was possible, for each of us to have a spare uniform made for use later on. Accordingly, we repaired together the following Saturday afternoon to Bordeaux, and found a tailor with quite an impressive establishment on one of the principal streets. Upon entering, however, the usual state of affairs presented itself; the proprietor and all his male assistants, being of military age, were at the front, and the business was being conducted in his absence by his wife and her sister, assisted by one old man who was both cutter and fitter. Nothing daunted by this, in fact all the more resolved in view of the circumstances to give them a helping order, we examined cloths, which were of excellent quality. While measurements were being taken, the conversation became quite general. From where, from what part of the United States, were we? Were we always of the Army? No? Were we, then, of the draft? No? Ah! then, *engagés volontaires!* And of what ages were we? Did we have families? Enthusiasm was rapidly mounting. Our call began to take on the aspect of an extremely friendly social visit. Two or three friends who looked in were urged to enter, and it was explained to them that these two Americans, far beyond draft age (we began to feel like octogenarians!), with families and dependents, had volunteered to come and help France. Uniforms were about to be ordered; that reminded them, for a moment or two, of the business in hand, and measurements were resumed. But only intermittently; for my friend had to tell them all about his four children, their names and their ages, and to furnish a wealth of other detail in response to rapid questions. We could not have escaped, unless we had been willing to relinquish the idea of new uniforms, which we were not. It was impossible, in the face of this spontaneous, warm-hearted interest, to be either hasty or abrupt. There we were, and there we remained for some time, until at last our orders were completed and arrangements had been made for fittings. Finally we effected our departure, surrounded by beaming, kindly, smiling faces, and followed by good wishes called to us from the doorway. We were old friends from then on; and we were sorry that our own lack of time and the very efficient tailoring that was done, made our later visits fewer than we could have wished.

Signs of mourning were everywhere in Bordeaux, in the streets, in the shops, above all in the churches; four out of every five of the people that one met were in black. It was heartrending, until we remembered, and took consolation from the fact, that all this was, perhaps, less significant than it would have been at home. Always, over there, even "in-laws" and remote cousins have gone into

streamers and things that look like widow's weeds, when a family connection has died. Nevertheless, it told the story of the toll which almost four years of war had taken; of all that France had endured. It was in the churches that one realized this most vividly, for there one would find gathered the real mourners, the brokenhearted who had come to be healed. I spent all the time I could in the Cathedral at Bordeaux, and I loved the place, because it was real, particularly the Lady Chapel behind the High Altar. For there, in the half-light, were gathered together those who had come to pray in secret, perhaps to weep in secret: old women and young girls, come to lay for a time all that they were carrying at the foot of the Cross, before they took it up again and went bravely on; soldiers *en permission*, leaving soon to go back to the lines, there to commend anew to Divine watchfulness and care those whom they were to leave behind, to gain for themselves new courage and fresh strength; children to light a candle, and to say a prayer for the soul of, perhaps, a father, before they went out again to responsibilities far beyond their years, which they knew would be crushing without this help. The angels seemed to be thick in that place, left there, stationed there, because of real prayers. The atmosphere was alive; it must have made it easy for Him to be present. Those people *knew* that He was present. Faces, drawn and tired and stained with tears, were luminous and shining, as one after another rose from their knees and walked quietly away. One realized, at such times, all that France had endured. But one realized, too, all that France could still endure, all of the fighting force and driving power still latent in a people who had such faith and such devotion, to whom the unseen world was so forceful and so living a reality.

It is commonly believed in the Army, and it is true, that association with horses and mules has the peculiar effect of breaking down all reserves of language, and of inducing in hitherto blameless individuals a freedom in conversation, and an indulgence in continuous swearing, that becomes startling as that association continues. When men of all kinds live together under conditions such as obtain in the Army in war-time, it is inevitable that blasphemy should be almost universal. The bars are down and the restraints of ordinary living conditions are absent, and it was not our horses and mules alone which were responsible for these expressions in our men, for many of them were fluent enough at the start of their military careers. Nor was such talk confined to the enlisted men; that sort of thing is catching, and officers were by no means blameless in this respect. While at Camp Souge I received a letter from a friend in the Movement, in which he said: "I was thinking the other day about the swearing, regretting it. I have been reading that the English troops in particular hardly open their mouths without blaspheming. But then I realized that by using the name of Jesus as they do, as an expletive, as emphasis,—they unconsciously do Him honour, because it's the biggest and most 'meaningful' word they know. It is a recognition of His supremacy, of His greatness. One would wish for something better, and for real recognition. But in any case they cannot ignore Him." I wrote my friend in reply, and told him that I must, without realizing it, have sensed something of what he had expressed in his letter; that always I had felt that

unrestrained blasphemy was an unconscious evocation of a tremendous force, called forth and turned loose as it were, a power for good or for evil depending upon the conditions and circumstances. I told him that, since I had been in the Army, I had trained myself, whenever men blasphemed, whenever a sacred name was so spoken, instinctively to bow my head and to repeat that name inwardly, as an act of devotion, of atonement, of extenuation, because I felt sure that in some way this act of mine would not only counteract the potential evil in what had been said, but would turn it into a constructive force, into something which could be actually used in the inner world. Later in that summer my friend replied,—“Certainly, whenever you do as you say about misuse of sacred names, —that in itself would nullify the wrong done. It is one of the things that impresses me most about ‘the Providence of God’: the way He uses evil, not only for the increase of good, but as a way, through others, to convert evil.” This confirmation was a great help. Had I needed other assurance of the power that is unleashed through blasphemy, I could have found it in its effect upon those men. Always it was as if virtue had gone out of them, as if a void were left within, which had to be filled again.

Sometimes we would vary our week-ends by engaging a private motor, which it was not easy to do in France in war-time, as there were very few private cars which had not been requisitioned for military purposes, and there were restrictions upon the use of petrol; but we were able to manage it occasionally, and motored through the country around Bordeaux, either to some little village set in the vine-covered hills, or to some resort on the coast. The coast resorts were later put “off bounds”, because of the suspected presence in them of German spies, who were anxious to find out all about the American units training in the south of France. We spent one delightful afternoon, visiting an artillery regiment of another Division which was billeted in the country south of Bordeaux, waiting until we had left to move into our Camp. The officers were quartered in a château, owned by a French Countess of Irish birth; she entertained us at tea under the trees on the lawn, and talked charmingly to us, a mixture of French and English, in the use of which last she was quite rusty, and with a delightful brogue! But while this kind of thing was all very pleasant, it was not getting on with the War. We did it because we had the time, and because we needed some relief from the monotony of Camp; but we began to long for the everlasting training to be completed, and to get to the front. This feeling was accentuated by the fact that the great American Base Hospitals near Bordeaux began to receive men who had been wounded in the fighting north of Paris; we would meet walking cases, officers, in the streets of the city, and hear from them of the fine showing that the American troops were already making, and of the progress of military events, of which we, of course, were entirely ignorant, remote as we were, and seeing only an occasional newspaper which had been carefully censored.

All this time I had been doing a good deal of serious thinking about my own military future. I had definitely reached the conclusion, as I have said, that the Ammunition Train was neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, and that to stay in it, once I had gained a certain amount of military background and experience,

would simply mean doing hard work at the beck and call of all the other combat units in the Division, without having any opportunity of really knowing what was going on. I had been assisted in reaching this conclusion by the fact that the Colonel was beginning to show certain signs of deterioration. The close proximity of Bordeaux, and its accessibility, now that we had at last received the Dodge limousine to which we were entitled, proved too much for him, and he spent a great deal too much of his time in the cafés and hotels in the city. An order had come through from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, requiring all regimental commanders to report the names of officers considered qualified for assignment as battalion commanders, and the Colonel had sent my name forward with three others, recommending me for promotion. Good enough, as far as it went. While we were at Camp Souge, the Colonel had been advanced to a full Colonel, and one day, shortly after his promotion, he called me in and told me that he had been informed that the promotion of colonels in France was proceeding quite rapidly, and that he had reason to believe that it would not be long before he received his star as a Brigadier General; that then he would be given an Infantry Brigade; that when that happened he would be in a position to move things about as he wanted, and that he intended then to have me promoted to Major and to make me his Brigade Adjutant. Of course, I thanked him warmly for his kindness and expressed my delight at the prospect. But I decided on the spot that, if I was going to hitch my wagon to a star, it was not going to be his star. It would have been one thing to have commanded an Infantry Battalion under him as Colonel, as he had suggested at Camp Upton, for he would have been restricted to some extent by his Brigade Commander, and he would have relied largely upon the judgment of his picked Battalion Commanders, just as he had always relied upon certain officers in the Ammunition Train. But to run an Infantry Brigade under his direction was quite another proposition. I realized that he did not know enough about modern Infantry warfare to hold down the job, and that I did not either, —after spending ten months, during which I ought to have been acquiring experience as an Infantry officer, in helping him to run an Ammunition Train. If things went right with his Infantry Brigade, he would get the credit; if, however, they went wrong, as they certainly would, I should get the blame, and then I should be sent back to the rear areas for re-classification, and given a job counting crates on a wharf at some Base Port for the duration of the War! I got quite worked up over this agreeable picture! However, things seemed to be on the move again, and the whole current of events was clearly setting away from the Ammunition Train, which was wholly to the good.

Things moved still further shortly afterwards. Another order came through from General Headquarters, requiring regimental commanders to submit the names of all officers in their commands qualified for Staff positions. This seemed to present the opportunity for which I had been looking. I showed the order to the Colonel, and asked him whether he thought I was qualified, and, if so, whether he would recommend me. Somewhat to my surprise, he received the idea with real enthusiasm, and not only sent my name forward, via Headquarters

77th Division, but wrote as well a personal letter to the Chief of Staff of the Division on my behalf. He also wrote personal letters about me to the Division Judge Advocate and to the Assistant to the Division Chief of Staff, enclosing copies of the letter which he had sent to the Chief of Staff himself. He could not have been more complete in his effort for me or more generous in what he said, and I began to be sorry for some of the rather harsh judgments which I had been forming, and to dwell again upon his amiable qualities, which were many. I was elated over all this, and felt that as a result something was really going to happen. It did; but I was not to know it for three weeks, not until after we had joined up with the rest of the Division in the sector at Baccarat in the Vosges.

Our time at Camp Souge was drawing to a close, and we began to arrange things with a view to an early departure for the front. On the Fourth of July, our 152d Field Artillery Brigade paraded in Bordeaux, as infantry and without their guns, which would have been difficult to move into and out of the city, and in the circumstances they made a very good showing. I viewed the proceedings with the Colonel from the reviewing stand, and several French officers and their wives made very kind and gratifying remarks about our march past. Immediately thereafter we started inspections again, and repaired any slight deficiencies in equipment, and were ready to move several days before our orders came. Soon our artillery regiments entrained, one by one, and departed; as usual, we were the last to go. We sent off first our motor trucks, which proceeded by road in two convoys, in command of the two ranking captains. Our animals and materiel took up a great deal of space, so that when the balance of the command was finally entrained, five sections of about sixty cars each were needed, each section, as before, having its commanding officer and a carefully organized staff to assist him. Again the Colonel and I travelled in the last section. We were waiting to pull out of the station in Bordeaux, on the 13th of July, and were bemoaning the fact that again we had drawn a perfectly terrible old railway carriage, when we happened to see on a siding near by a fine modern carriage; we at once investigated its interior, and found that it had staterooms and a shower-bath. We decided to travel in it, and sent for the Chef de Gare. He told us at some length that it would be perfectly impossible to change the cars; but he changed his mind, and the cars too, for a financial consideration, and we finally pulled out in the highest spirits. It had taken a long while to get to the front, but we were bound there at last.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

TWO ANCIENT RECORDS

AS far back as we can grope our way in the history of earliest Egypt, we come upon records (often, alas, mere fragments), which tell us of the appearances from time to time, in the world of men, of great Beings from higher spheres. Sometimes the account concerns a tradition only—a tradition brought over from the far past; again it is a detailed description of an event, written shortly after it had taken place, telling us in glowing, living words just what had happened. Usually, though not always, the great "Shining Ones" appeared in moments of impending national danger, or when some important national decision was about to be made; usually also, it was to the reigning Pharaoh that they revealed themselves, though simple peasants, pious and devout, were occasionally vouchsafed a heavenly vision. In those wonderful days, the Lodge was very near to earth, and men's hearts were so attuned that the Masters could easily be evoked; and in the late dynasties, when written records were so numerous (we might almost say endless), we are continually coming upon allusions to the appearance or command or intervention of one of "the gods"—one of the Masters as we should now express it.¹

Thus Hatshepsut, the great Queen of the XVIIIth Dynasty, tells us of conversations with her "god" when she enters the sanctuary of the beautiful, colonnaded temple which she had built for him, close under the towering, rugged cliffs which, on the Lybian side, bound the vast plain of Thebes. She tells us of the great temple garden which she had laid out and beautified with sunny terraces of myrrh trees, brought for the purpose from the distant land of Punt—"just as he commanded me"; and she adds, with a graphic touch: "It is large for him, he walks abroad in it."

One of the most celebrated and detailed of these ancient records (though Egyptologists invariably seem to regard it as merely fiction) is on a votive stela erected by Thothmes IV, immortalizing an experience which had come to him when a young prince, long before he ascended the throne. It was an appearance of the god Ra-Horakhti, close beside the sphinx—the sphinx which had been consecrated to him from of old; the sphinx which already, even in the time of Thothmes IV, was half buried under the drifting desert sands. This vision occurred in the full light, the blinding noon sunshine of an Egyptian day, yet the light of the god as he stood there was so powerful that it dissipated the rays of the sun, as the radiant splendour of dawn will scatter the dark shadows of night. Tradition tells us that the Sun-god had already been seen (though at long intervals), in this same place, which was a likely one for such visions, being holy ground, set apart, sacred to Ra-Horakhti himself. The huge red granite commemorative stela still stands on the very spot where the vision was seen, directly in front of the sphinx, between the gigantic forepaws; and although the

¹ The translations of the texts used here, are those of Maspero or of Breasted.

inscription, recording the event, is now so badly damaged that at least a third of the narrative is lost, what has been preserved bears the unmistakable stamp of reality and truth.

Thothmes IV was the son of Amenhotep II, of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and he lived, roughly speaking, about 1430 B.C. He was not the heir-apparent at the time of the vision, although later, owing to several deaths among his brothers, he became King. As a boy he was headstrong, adventurous and brave; he was much beloved by the entire army because of this, and he gave promise of some of the remarkable physical strength for which his father, Amenhotep II, was so celebrated. Devoted to the chase as to all other manly sports, he was often seen racing across the desert sands in headlong pursuit of game, outstripping all his attendants; he was not easily held in leash. The story on the stela runs as follows:

When Thothmes was still quite a youth, "Behold he did a thing that gave him pleasure, upon the highlands of the Memphite nome, upon its southern and northern road, shooting at a target with copper bolts, hunting lions and wild goats, coursing in his chariot, his horses being swifter than the wind; together with two of his followers, while not a soul knew it." And toward midday, when the heat became overpowering, he halted in his sport for the purpose "of giving rest to his followers", and he himself, as was his wont on such occasions, retired into the cool shade "at the shoulder of Horakhti—he rested in the shadow of the great god", and there he fell asleep. Then "a vision seized him at the hour when the sun was in the zenith", and Thothmes heard, close beside him, the voice of Ra-Horakhti, "speaking with his own mouth, as a Father speaks to his son, saying: 'Behold thou me! See thou me! my son Thothmes. I am thy Father who will give thee my kingdom on earth at the head of the living.'" As the boy lay there, intently listening, he must have been startled by this prophecy, for at that time he had no royal expectations whatsoever. But the heavenly voice continued, giving definite counsel for the future, telling him what was expected of him when at last he sat upon the throne. The god's command was, of course, couched in allegorical form, as was always the case—he spoke of Egypt's need as he would speak of his own. "Thou shalt be to me a protector, for it is as though I were ailing in all my limbs. The sand of the desert upon which I am, has reached me; turn to me to have that done which I desire, knowing that thou art my son, my protector." Egypt had slipped away from the ancient ideals upon which she had been founded; already she was buried under an accumulation, centuries old, of ever-increasing materialism, piling up in mountainous drifts like the encroaching sands. She must be saved, unearthed, set free to serve the gods, the Lodge, as in days of yore, and the young Prince Thothmes was the one chosen by the gods to attempt this gigantic task. A promise of heavenly assistance was quick to follow: "Behold I am with thee, I am thy leader", Thothmes is assured. The narrative then concludes: "When he [Horakhti] had finished speaking, the King's son awoke; he understood the words which the great one had spoken, and he kept them secret in his heart." But he hurried home to make a vow in the temple that if ever he

became Pharaoh he would remember and be true to his vision. He did become King, but unfortunately he did not live long enough to accomplish all that had been hoped. There can be no doubt, however, that the effort to clear Egypt of that which was engulfing her, was definitely and consciously carried on by some of the Pharaohs who followed, not so much perhaps by Amenhotep III, the son of Thothmes, but certainly by Akhenaton his grandson, whose religious revolution was one of the greatest protests against the lowering of ideals that Egypt ever saw.

For more than a century the fight went on, with varying success, few of the Pharaohs who followed being of the calibre to make much headway against the growing evil. In most cases each regarded his own glory as of more importance than the glory of Egypt; the old-time singleness of purpose had passed away. Of course, there are records of the appearance and intervention of the gods during this interval, but most of these records are rather academic, and do not carry the hall-mark of actual experience. Then, with Rameses the Great (1292-1225 B.C.), we come upon the last whole-hearted and sustained effort to save Egypt from her approaching fate, and had a few more men of his stamp succeeded him on the throne, the course of Egypt's history would undoubtedly have been much altered.

Rameses II came to the throne when still a very young man, and from the first, his warrior qualities, his power, his force, manifested themselves, and his long reign had hardly begun when he, carried along on the tide of his fiery impetuosity, hurled himself upon the Hittites who were swarming in the north-Syrian provinces, threatening to creep still farther south. The Battle of Kadesh on the banks of the Orontes, is one of the great battles of the world, the *first* of the world's great battles of which we have any tactical details, and, thanks to the records, we can follow the disposition of both armies all through it. We owe our information to what is known as the "Poem of Pentaur"—a poem in rhymed strophes, very long and full of minutest particulars. Whoever the true author of this poem was (for Pentaur was only the scribe who did the copying), he must have been present during the entire campaign or have heard all about it from Pharaoh himself, for even after the lapse of thirty centuries, this epic is still vibrant with life. Briefly, the events immortalized in it were as follows:

Toward the end of April, 1288 B.C., Rameses started north with an army of veterans—approximately 20,000 men. This was composed of four divisions: of Amon, Ra, Ptah and Sutekh. Pharaoh, at the head of his troops, led the way in his glittering chariot of electrum, followed at a short distance by the division of Amon which was under his immediate command. The other divisions marched in the order given, with about four miles between them. This long line of troops (a large army for that day), pressed steadily to the north, sometimes along the Phœnician coast road, sometimes turning inland, and after a march of about a month, the Egyptians reached the east bank of the upper Orontes—"the heights to the south of Kadesh"—looking all the while for the enemy, but failing to find any trace of him. Here they encamped.

Kadesh, of great strategic importance, and then a garrison town of the Hittites, was perched high above the valley of the Orontes, a fortress on a hilltop. The banks of the river were both precipitous and lofty, and there was only one narrow passage along which the Egyptian army, foot soldiers and chariots, could pass, mostly in single file. It was therefore impossible to see the Hittite forces which were waiting silently and expectantly on the plain beyond Kadesh—the Pharaoh was in total ignorance of their whereabouts. He commanded his officers to discover the position of the enemy, which they evidently failed to do, reporting that, in terror at his approach, the Hittites had retreated to Aleppo. Rameses was further misled by false information given him by two make-believe deserters, sent out by order of the Hittite King for this express purpose, and, believing himself to be in complete control of the situation and with a misplaced sense of security, he rashly pushed on the next day, crossed the river by the ford at Shabtuna, passed through the Forest of Bay on the left bank, and far outstripping the main body of his army, and supported only by his body-guard, took up an advanced position on the plain to the north-west of Kadesh, hoping thus to cut off all lines of communication between the town and the enemy—the enemy which he thought to be a hundred miles away to the north. He was followed at some distance by the division of Amon; the three other divisions (that of Ra in the van), came on at a slower pace with about four miles distance between them.

The King's sense of security does not, however, last very long for, in his advance camp, "his majesty sitting in his tent upon his golden throne, surrounded by his staff", there arrives "a scout belonging to the service of his majesty, bringing with him two captured enemy scouts". These being cross-examined by the young King himself (so eager is he to learn, at first hand, the truth of the situation), they tell him that, as a matter of fact, the Hittites "together with many other countries", are only a few miles away. "See, they are standing, drawn up for battle just behind Kadesh. . . . They are like the multitudes of the sands; they cover the valleys and mountains like grasshoppers."

This terrible news "fills the King's tent with consternation", and Rameses in a towering rage, turns upon his officers: "Look you, how ye have acted! Ye have told Pharaoh that the enemy was in the land of Aleppo—that he had fled before my majesty on learning of his approach! And this is what I hear, at this hour, from these scouts—that the enemy has come with men and horses as numerous as the sands, and that he is drawn up behind Kadesh the Perfidious. And my officers knew naught of it!" Then the officers, cowed and terrified, begin to make excuses, putting the blame on others, but they are indignantly cut short; there is not a moment to waste, and the Vizier is ordered to send a messenger south, with the utmost speed, in order to hasten the arrival of the rest of his majesty's forces. On the temple reliefs (in Thebes) which illustrate the Battle of Kadesh, a lonely horseman is seen at break-neck gallop, going in search of the divisions which are still in the rear, and shouting as he hails them: "Forward! Forward! Pharaoh your master is attacked!"

While Rameses, in the royal tent, is holding his council of war, the division

of Amon comes up, and starts to encamp around the King, but the Hittites, no doubt knowing all about what is going on, and realizing that their moment for action has arrived, manœuvre their chariotry around Kadesh to the east, so that they still remain entirely hidden from the Egyptians—hidden behind the hill on which Kadesh stands. Here, on the right bank of the Orontes, at the ford a little to the south of the town, the Hittite chariots are massed for the attack, and when the division of Ra is seen, on the left bank, emerging from the Forest of Bay, 2,500 Hittite chariots, with three men in each, suddenly come thundering across the shallow ford of the river and, like a whirlwind, fall upon the right flank of the Egyptians "and cut in two the division of Ra, marching all unconscious and quite unable to reform its ranks". The fugitive Egyptians, driven like autumn leaves before an on-rushing storm (the Hittite chariots in hot pursuit), tumble headlong into the totally unprepared advance camp, the result being frightful confusion, and a scattering to all sides of the force already gathered there. Rameses in his tent, sees his defeated army fleeing past in wildest disorder and dismay; he makes a desperate attempt to stay the rout but is not heeded because his army has, for the moment, gone mad with fear. His officers (perhaps in an effort to stem the tide of retreat—perhaps to save themselves!), rush out of the royal presence, and the King sees the extended wings of the enemy close around him—he is completely isolated, unattended, solitary. All these changes have come about like the stroke of a hammer, and we can only wonder that Rameses is not cut to pieces or, far worse, taken prisoner then and there. One thing, however, saves the situation: when the Hittites realize that they are actually in Pharaoh's camp, they think only of plunder, and give themselves up to it riotously. Thus the King has time to re-adjust himself and to act.

It is at this point that Rameses, seeing the desperate if not utterly hopeless situation that he is in, turns to his god and, in a loud voice which "echoes as far as distant Thebes", invokes him imperiously, with a touch of reproach in his words: "Who art thou then, my Father? A Father forgetful of his son? I call upon Thee, O my Father! Behold me here in the midst of peoples so numerous that no man knoweth who are the nations leagued against me, and I am all alone! None other is with me! My numerous soldiers have deserted me, none of my chariot-fighters hath regarded me when I have called upon them; not one of them hath heard my voice when I cried to them. But I know that my Father is more to me than a million soldiers, than a hundred thousand chariots, than a myriad brothers or young sons; for numbers of men count for naught, but my Father prevaieth against them."

The deafening noise of the conflict is going on all around him: the clash of arms, the thunder of the horses' feet as they sweep past, the shouts of the victors, the cries of the wounded and dying. But he is not listening to these. His ear is trained on sounds not of this world; he is listening intently for the answer to his call. He hears it—just behind him, we are told—and wheeling sharply he sees his god, in the guise of Amon-Ra, standing there in a flood of light, and in full battle array: crested with tall plumes, the Sun-disc blazing on his fore-

head, one arm raised high above his head, the hand grasping the curved sword of the Egyptian warrior, the other hand stretched out to Rameses, while he "utters a cry of joy" at the sight of the young King, forsaken but undaunted: "See me here face to face with thee, Rameses Meriamon (my beloved!). I am with thee! 'Tis I, thy Father! My hand is with thee, and I am worth more to thee than hundreds of thousands. I, the Mighty One, who love valiance—I have recognized a courageous heart, and My heart is satisfied."

Rameses, his momentary uncertainty gone, regains his customary intrepid initiative, and with his own hand (since there is not a soul in attendance), he seizes "his adornments of battle, and arrays himself in his coat of mail . . . he betakes himself to his horses", he goes in search of his own chariot, "being alone by himself" he puts his horses into it with his own royal hands, and without a moment's hesitation, clothed in the radiant power of his god, he charges six times, furiously like a devouring flame, right into the thick of the fight, smiting and slaying to right and left. He strikes such terror into the hearts of the enemy (who think that he is Mentu, the god of war), that they flee for life before him: "His majesty hurled them headlong, one upon another, into the waters of the Orontes", says the chronicle. Having now, by his contagious and irresistible audacity, restored some order to his stunned and demoralized troops, and the division of Ptah having come up, a united charge is made. In one of the reliefs we see the Hittites and their allies struggling in the water, or being dragged out of it by their comrades on the opposite shore; the enemy perished by thousands in wounded, killed or drowned. Then at length, the Hittite King, realizing that night was coming on, and fearing the possible arrival of the missing fourth division—that of Sutekh—retires within the walls of Kadesh, leaving undisputed the field of battle to the Egyptians.

While the "Poem of Pentaur" continues for some time after the events just recorded (for the campaign was not yet completed), Amon does not again appear in the text. We are left to infer his protective, overshadowing presence throughout the rest of the conflict, though he is not himself made visible to us. But Rameses II lived to be a very old man, and his long and illustrious reign was full of war and rumours of war—it was one long fight, his "god" being ever present at his side. When at last the end of his life came and he died, it is not too much to say that the gods seem to have departed with him. There were yet many long centuries in the history of Egypt, but she was slowly dying through all that time; the reign of Rameses the Great marked the last uncompromising stand against the dark powers of evil. Many records have been left to us of those later days; they are, however, mostly of a very inferior quality; almost all lack the living touch which is so striking in the earlier annals. After Rameses II, the great "Shining Ones" seem more and more to have retired from the scenes of men: of the succeeding Pharaohs there was not one spiritually strong enough to call them back, and the twilight of the gods crept slowly over the "Beloved Land".

HETEP-EN-NETER.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

“THE man who loses his nerve, or whose nerves are ‘shot to pieces’ as a result of prolonged strain or crisis, is invariably a man whose belief in a spiritual world is merely nominal. In any case, that is what my own observation has taught me.”

It was the Engineer who volunteered this remark in the course of a conversation in which several of us took part. “I am speaking practically, from my experience in business”, he continued, “and do not hesitate to say that almost any kind of a faith, so it be real, is better than none. A man, for instance, faces the possibility, even the probability, of financial ruin, with his wife and children unprovided for; perhaps, in addition, he is responsible for the savings of others, his friends, whose ruin would follow his own. To pretend that this is not a terrible situation, humanly speaking, would be to condemn oneself as heartless and insensible; but what should be the reaction to it? Self-pity? Clearly not. As a matter of fact, while the fight is fast and furious, a man has no time for self-pity; but if, during intervals of pause or rest, he allows a stock of that poison to accumulate, it is almost inevitable that as soon as the crisis is over, or seems to be over, whether for good or ill, he will cave in physically and nervously, as the outer expression of his preceding inner and moral lack.”

“But what ought to be his reaction?” someone asked.

“The answer to that must depend upon the nature of his faith, of his convictions. The reaction of a student of Theosophy would not be the same as that of an orthodox Christian, or Mohammedan, or Buddhist, or Christian Scientist; but in any case a taint of self-pity would be fatal—and it is astonishing how rarely self-pity is recognized, not only as an enemy, but as a disgrace. So long as we are mortal, we shall be subject to its attacks; but if we deal with it as we might deal with thoughts admittedly vile, and passionately, or with loathing, expel it,—we shall have turned such ‘insults of the devil’ (I love that old-time phrase) into a moral victory, and therefore into moral strength.”

The questioner was not satisfied. “But if a student of Theosophy”, he persisted, “were situated as you have imagined, what ought to be *his* reaction?”

The Engineer laughed. “Again, it ‘all depends’”, he said. “It depends upon the individual approach, and especially upon the degree of spiritual insight which the individual possesses. It seems to me, however, that there are certain fundamentals which are common to all ‘faiths’. One of these is the conviction (and unless it be a *conviction*, it will be useless) that this life is a bridge, not to be built on, but to be passed over,—to quote one of the sayings attributed to Jesus by the Mohammedans; another is that the invisible world is more real, and infinitely more lasting, than the visible; yet another is that so long as we conscientiously strive to do our duty, as we see it, and in obedience to the divine law, nothing really harmful can happen either to us, or, as a result of our action,

to those we love or would serve. But that is not all, for one of the most important of fundamentals is the conviction that there exists a transcendent *and* indwelling Light, which some would call God, others, the Atma or Higher Self, others, Krishna or Christ, according to the Master or Avatar they recognize,—and that this Light ('the Masters and the inner light are not different', as Judge said),—that this Light is for us the embodiment of wisdom, love, and power,—truly a 'Father in Heaven'.

"Many people say they believe in such things, and perhaps honestly think they do; but, when the test comes, and their nerves get the better of them, what further proof is needed that they have built on sand, instead of on rock? Their faith, so-called, is unreal; they have not given it enough thought, enough attention, from day to day, to turn it into a conviction; they have not put it to the test in advance of their need. If they had, they would have found, from day to day, cause for ceaseless thanksgiving, and then, through times of storm and stress, would have found at least as much cause for it,—instead of an excuse for self-pity, or for inner, ill-concealed trepidation. . . . I repeat: for practical purposes, for stability in times of crisis, for the stamina which lasts through a period of strain and comes through on the other side, serene and smiling,—give me a man with any kind of real faith, and pity the man who has none."

"But surely a man's physical condition has much to do with it!" one of our visitors exclaimed.

"Not in the least", the Engineer answered, uncompromisingly. "I am assuming a nervous, high-strung temperament to begin with. A nerveless man may be able to go through a battle unmoved. I am not talking of such people; nor, as a matter of fact, do I remember having met any. Unsound physical condition may make a man *feel* 'jumpy' and irritable; lack of self-control may result in showing this at times, which is gravely wrong (most of us, alas, must plead guilty); but that is not the point. The point is: to what centre does a man react,—to one of stillness or of turmoil? Does he automatically revert to something above and greater than his worries, which (or who) sees the causes of his worries more truly than he can, helping him to extract the sting of self from them; or, for lack of the conviction that the 'above and greater than' himself exists, and that it is his heart's home, does he remain on the level of his worries, and merely try to divert his thoughts by reading a novel, by going to the pictures', or by similar means? The truth is that in hours of difficulty or danger, many a bed-ridden man or woman, with real faith, has been the moral support of all the able-bodied people within reach. Physical ill-health, instead of being an obstacle to the inner poise of which I speak, has often helped to establish it,—the need for support from within, tending to turn the attention and desire toward the world from which it flows. 'Demand creates supply', let us remember; but let us also remember that the supply of anything worth while takes time—that rocks are not created in a day—and that a sudden howl to heaven from a man who finds himself in a hole, cannot possibly give him that which only years of thought, of meditation, of prayer, of *experience*, can make immovable. To begin now, is the moral of it."

"What you have been saying," remarked the Historian, "is strikingly in line with some recent observations by General Weygand, one of the greatest soldiers the Great War brought to the front,—a man as remarkable for his personal disinterestedness and humility, as for his force and military genius. Interviewed a few weeks ago, on the eve of his retirement as Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, he was asked what he thought of the epoch through which we are living. This was his reply:

It is rather disquieting. There are many people who are intelligent, many who have talent. That is perhaps the worst of it, for they lead public opinion, and the intellectuals of to-day turn all their intelligence into 'research'. Their whole life is an investigation, and the result, in a single word, is *doubt*. Now it is perhaps interesting to doubt; I believe, even, that it is useful for a country to have some who do the doubting. But not too many. If everyone doubts, the country suffers from it, terribly.

"The editor of the paper in which I found this interview quoted, comments that many of these so-called intellectuals spread their plague of doubt over everything: is there any foundation in reason, they ask, for morality, for patriotism, for self-sacrifice, for honour, for government, for believing, even, that man really exists, or for believing in the past, or the future? This attitude percolates down to the man-in-the-street who, with a minimum of understanding, takes it for justification of anarchy, both inner and outer.

"Weygand's statement of conditions is very temperate, but he evidently realizes that the lack of inner conviction, lack of faith—*doubt*—is one of the major contributing factors in the decay of the modern State, just as the same lack deprives the individual of inner coherence and poise,—with the result of which you were speaking: loss of nerve or of nervous control, in times of real trial and trouble."

"I am wondering", said the Student at this point, "whether a man who was completely masculine, would go to pieces at such times, even though devoid of faith. My reason is that self-pity seems to me to be foreign to the truly masculine temperament, and I believe, as the Engineer seems to believe, that self-pity is the undermining factor in nervous collapse."

"First find your man who is completely masculine", laughed the Historian. "There have been such men; doubtless there still are (I am not speaking of members of the Lodge who combine *all* the qualities in balanced perfection); but you will agree, I think, that most of us, in this Age of Kali, are very far from being one hundred per cent anything, and that we simply must have an antidote within us if we are to survive the attacks of our own inherent weaknesses. In other words, we must have some sort of faith, as the Engineer concluded."

"I have been thinking of self-pity in another connection also", the Engineer now resumed; "that is, of the predominant part it plays in mourning for the dead. There are exceptions always. I have known of people who suffered agonies of remorse on the death of a relative or friend, blaming themselves bitterly, sometimes with reason, sometimes with none, for their sins of omission or commission where he had been concerned; and this was perhaps accompanied by unspeakable regret that it was now too late, or seemed to be, to atone, or to

tell him of their repentance. I can respect that, though personally I believe we can tell him of our repentance just as easily after he is 'dead', as before. It certainly does not follow that because we cannot hear him, he cannot hear us. On the contrary, I am afraid that in many cases the so-called dead, for some time following their departure from this world, remain closely in contact with it, and are deeply distressed by the grief of those they have left on earth, whom they strive vainly to reassure and to console. What I cannot respect is the attitude of those who declare their belief in a future life, and that it is a state of 'refreshment and rest'; who declare, further, that they have nothing with which seriously to reproach themselves in their past behaviour to the dead, and who, none the less, grieve as those only have a right to grieve who believe that death is the end of life, the end of mutual love, the end of all things. I cannot respect their feeling because, quite obviously, it is one of self-pity, and although none of us, at such times, can hope to rise above it entirely, we might at least have the grace to be ashamed of our weakness, instead of regarding it as a virtue or merit, as so many people seem to do. We should brace ourselves against it; not give in to it; and we should force ourselves, as soon as possible, not only to think but to speak of our dead, lovingly, cheerfully, as we might speak of those who have preceded us on a journey, and whose welcome when we join them is, as it were, just round the corner."

"Self-pity doubtless accounts for a great deal", the Philosopher commented, "but I think there is an even more childish element involved in the behaviour of many people who are supposed to be mourning their dead; that is, self-importance,—the desire to feel important, and to be recognized as important by others. Part of what we mean when we describe a person as common (very different from being vulgar) is that he is undeveloped, elementary, childish; and we know the lengths to which many small boys will go in their efforts to appear important in the eyes of their fellows. 'My father is dead', will be announced with more sense of importance than if the same small boy had won a prize at school. I remember, on one occasion, over-hearing such an announcement met with the counter-blast, 'That ain't nothing; I lost me father an' mother an' four brothers an' three sisters'. 'Liar', shouted the other boy, 'I seen your father this morning.' They tried to settle it with blows, but I did not wait for the decision. I do not think we allow sufficiently for the fact that the large majority of people, including numbers who ought to know better, never outgrow such childishness. We make the fatal mistake, all the time, of treating human appearances as human beings, when the truth is they are elementals, harmless perhaps, but entirely devoid of soul. The mental processes of the average man (incidentally, of ninety per cent of our voting population) are so primitive, so fantastically inconsequential and infantile, so utterly unrelated to truth in any form; his motives are so unblushingly those of a six-year-old boy,—that it should be easy to understand why a country like ours is in the condition of a nursery full of children, peevish, quarrelsome, noisy, miserable, without Elders to look after them, and without sense enough even to wish that Elders would look after them."

"But we were talking about death", complained one of our visitors, "and I wanted to ask a question."

"I did not change the subject!" the Philosopher smiled; "I enlarged upon it. What was your question?"

"Do you believe in wearing mourning?" "Certainly I do", was the reply. "It is a very convenient way of saying, 'Not at home'. Also it may be regarded as a symbol of respect for the dead. But the wearing of mourning is a matter of race, religion, class, period. There can be no universal or absolute rule."

"The subject of death bores me", the Sceptic suddenly interposed; "and you will bore your readers. Some of us are interested in Life; most of us are interested in how to get something for nothing, living or dead."

The Philosopher took him up instantly. "But death is as much a prolongation of life, as night is a prolongation of day", he said. "Either for that reason, or from an intense desire to postpone 'the end', the more interested you are in life, the greater should be your interest in death. It is a fascinating subject, I assure you."

"Is that why you want to talk about it? Rather sudden, isn't it?"

"No", said the Philosopher, "not sudden. I am manifesting Cyclic Law! Periodically—every ten years or so—I read some books on Spiritualism, just to see how it is getting along; if it is learning anything; and I have just finished the latest output. There was a noticeable revival of Spiritualism in England and her Colonies, following the Great War, just as there was in America after the Civil War. Innumerable sons, brothers, husbands, had been cut off in their prime, and those who loved them, longed for definite assurance of their survival. Too often, the consolation of the Churches was very vague, very uncertain,—while, in many cases, the War itself had shattered what had been a merely nominal faith; so grief, or distress, resulted in a rush to séances, the demand of course creating a supply. A somewhat later result was the publication of books, giving evidence of survival, some of it really striking, but all of it, without exception, tending to confirm the theosophical explanation of such phenomena, and, above all, to justify H.P.B.'s repeated warnings against participation in what is fundamentally unwholesome, dangerous and wrong. I went to a séance once, more than thirty years ago, and could not be hired to go to another, though I saw things then which I still believe to have been genuine, and which were certainly very remarkable."

This was too much for the Sceptic, whose curiosity—like that of all sceptics—is highly developed.

"What did you see?" he asked.

But the Philosopher was not easily diverted. "I have decided to talk about Death," he said, "and what I saw were phenomena not primarily intended to throw light on the problem of survival; primarily they were exhibitions of what, if I remember rightly, used to be called *apport*,—the transportation of physical objects, from a distance, through matter, by invisible means."

This made things worse instead of better, and the Philosopher quickly realized that the more important matters he wanted to discuss would receive no attention,

from the Sceptic in any case, until the *apport* business had been described—and side-tracked. After saying something to this effect, jokingly, he continued:

"I was in one of the big cities of Australia, where I happened to meet the American Vice-Consul, a man of some wealth, and brother of a man whose name was as well and as favourably known on the West Coast of our continent as the name of Brown is known in Rhode Island. My new acquaintance told me that he had visited Australia, on business, some forty years earlier, intending to remain there only a few weeks, but he had been so terribly sea-sick during the voyage, that nothing could have induced him to face such an ordeal again; so there he was, an old bachelor, in a comfortable home, with hobbies to keep him occupied and happy. He was a naturalist, and besides a large aviary, had formed remarkable collections of botanical and geological specimens. But his chief hobby was Spiritualism, though he did not mention this until he had met me several times and had made sure I was 'open-minded'. He then explained that after long search and experiment, he had found a most satisfactory medium, a man, whom he had every reason to believe was honest, and whom he had taken into his exclusive employment. He had conducted séances with this medium for several years before my arrival on the scene, with what he regarded as excellent results. In the first place, he had complete command of the situation, as the séances were held invariably in his own home, with no one present except his personal friends, and with ample opportunity to search the medium and to take every other precaution against fraud. In the second place, he had become able, in the course of time, to use his medium as a collector of botanical and other specimens. The explanation was this: one of the medium's 'controls' was said to be an Indian yogi, a 'wonder-worker' in his own right as it were. My friend would request this control to bring him, at their next meeting, a botanical specimen from the Andes or Himalayas, or from some equally remote region. As the 'control' appeared to know very little English and no Latin, it was often exceedingly difficult to make him understand the nature and appearance of the plant desired. On many occasions, wrong specimens would at first be brought, but my friend assured me that almost without exception, as the reward of persistence, the right one would at last be produced,—always a growing plant, with ~~earth~~ clinging to the roots. He had been careful, he said, to ask for plants which he had ascertained previously were not to be found in any of the Australian botanical gardens, so that, in his opinion, the 'test' he had devised was conclusive proof of the genuineness of the phenomenon. I asked him if birds or fish or other creatures had been brought in the same way, to which he replied in the affirmative, adding that as this had proved exhausting to the medium, he had very rarely requested it. Finally he invited me to attend one of his séances. I did so. The few other people present were strangers to me,—ordinary, respectable. There was no suggestion of a religious purpose or atmosphere, though I am told that at some séances, these are cultivated. The medium seemed to me anæmic, negative, timid,—a man of about thirty. The room was darkened, although I could still dimly see the forms of other 'sitters'. The 'control' soon took possession. He talked English badly, like an uneducated native of British India

(I was familiar with their 'lingo'). He appeared to be a typical, low-caste wonder-worker, hugely pleased with his importance, chuckling with delight at his own performances. I was more interested in him than in what he did. It seemed incredible that this 'control' could be a sub-conscious 'layer' of the medium's personality; I was much more inclined to believe that he actually was a Hindu, as he said: but was he a disincarnated 'spook', or was he the 'astral' of an incarnated, embryonic black magician? The atmosphere was detestable.

"To his outstanding performance, because heralded some minutes in advance, I gave my fullest attention: he announced that he would produce a live fish, taken straight from the ocean,—and all I can say is that I suddenly saw a fish, about fourteen inches long, curved like a bow, enveloped in water, dropping onto the table from about three feet above it. The water was phosphorescent, making the fish clearly visible as it fell with a loud thud, the water splashing the sitters, myself included. The fish flopped and flapped around, while the 'control' showed childish but impish glee at our momentary discomfiture. This ended the séance. Our host examined the fish, which he named as from tropical seas, and then removed it, in the matter-of-fact way of a collector, and as if fish fell around like that with the naturalness of rain."

"Could not the fish have been brought in a waterproof bag, concealed by the medium?" someone asked.

"I can guarantee nothing", the Philosopher answered. "I did not examine the medium. My host assured me that he invariably did so, as a matter of principle, as well as for his own satisfaction. Let me say, however, that it was a very lively fish—heavy too—and that, so far as I can see, it would certainly have struggled against confinement in a bag with water in it, and that this would have made a good deal of noise during the three-quarters of an hour preceding its release. There was no such noise."

"What is your explanation?" asked the Sceptic, sternly.

The Philosopher laughed. "I leave that to you", he said. "I can vouch for what I saw; no more. But the experience did not leave me with a desire to investigate further; it tended, on the contrary, to confirm, like all my reading on the subject, the warnings and explanations of H.P.B.

"In brief, if you want to learn something about the spiritual world, the world of reality, do *not* turn to Spiritualism; but if you want to learn about Kama Loka, the after-death state of earth-bound personalities, of the materially-minded, then, do not go to séances, but read some Spiritualistic books. For this purpose I can recommend *Gone West*, and *A Subaltern in Spirit Land*, by J. S. M. Ward, 'B.A., F.R.Econ.S., F.R.S.S., late scholar and prizeman of Trinity Hall, Cambridge'. He is, it is said, a trade expert of high standing, and only incidentally an explorer of the 'Unseen World', which he can enter in full consciousness, he claims, from time to time. However that may be, his *Gone West* presents one of the most vivid and realistic pictures of hell, which I have ever read,—by which I mean, of course, a description of that *state of consciousness* commonly called 'hell', but which students of Theosophy, adopting Eastern terminology, would describe as Kama Loka on its lower levels."

Asked one of our visitors: "Can you recommend a book of a similar kind that contains a description of heaven?"

"No such book exists", the Philosopher answered. "How can it? Only the heavenly-minded can appreciate heaven, or can rise to that plane; and souls in that state of consciousness, whether in the body or out of it, cannot communicate with those whose understanding is limited to material conditions. Adepts can function on all planes, but Adepts know better than to depict spiritual states except in symbols and in parables. Read the Bible, read the *Bhagavad Gita*, for proof of that. Communications through mediums and through psychics, invariably describe conditions which are just as material, even though 'astral', as conditions on earth; and it must be so in view of the fact that people do not suddenly change their natures, or the nature of their interests, merely because physically they die. A recent book, *On the Edge of the Etheric*, by J. Arthur Findlay, which has already reached its thirtieth edition or so in England, and which conservative English newspapers, such as the *London Morning Post*, have reviewed with high praise, gives an admirable exposition of the whole theory and practice of Spiritualism. The honesty, capability, and the sincerity of the author's belief in Spiritualism, are beyond question; further, all his explanations are 'scientific' (with much talk of wave-lengths and so forth), and therefore most appealing to the modern mind. But can any student of Theosophy fail to see the significance of Mr. Findlay's explanation of what he calls the Direct Voice,—fail to see that all the materiality of this world is attributed, *and rightly attributed*, to the *kind* of future life, and the only future life, which he has encountered? Listen to this: 'spirits', he says, who wish to speak at a séance, 'come down to earth and lower their vibrations by gathering round their mouth-organs what is called ectoplasm taken from the medium *and the sitters*'. Incidentally, can you wonder that H.P.B. advised us, though in other words, to keep our ectoplasm to ourselves! Then he explains that there must be co-operation between the 'spirits', as active agents, and the medium and sitters who are passive. So far as those who work 'beyond the veil', are concerned,—

A group of spirits expert in the handling of organic chemical substances work along with us. Immediately we assemble, they get to work to do their part. The group consists of a director of operations, one or more chemists [please see the point!], one who moves the trumpet in the direction a spirit wishes to speak, one who gathers the substances from the medium and the sitters by connecting them up with the chemist, who draws from them the necessary material. This extends from the medium and the sitters to a central point, and the substance drawn from them is gathered by the chemist into an etheric bowl into which he also adds etheric substances of his own. Another of the group helps spirit newcomers to speak, telling them what to do; others bring spirits into the circle, and Whitefeather [a 'control'], to whom I have already referred, a Red Indian, considers himself the most important of all, as he is detailed off to give warning when a séance is to take place, so that all the operators may be present and at their posts.

"After describing the difficulties to be overcome scientifically before the Direct Voice can be produced, Mr. Findlay says that by a series of questions and

answers, over a period of time, he obtained from the 'spirits' the following further explanation:

The chemist to whom I have already referred, after mixing the substances he obtains from the medium and sitters with his own ingredients, takes the finished preparation, and with it first materializes his hands, and then forms a rough mask in the likeness of a mouth and throat. This, when finished, is placed in the most suitable part of the room, often in the centre of the circle. The spirit wishing to speak then presses into this mask, slow in vibration, and with it clothes or covers his mouth, throat, and tongue. These organs then take on a thicker or heavier condition, the tongue requires more exertion to move, but with a little practice it all becomes possible. The spirit then, for the time being, has taken on the necessary conditions to make himself once more such as we are, so far as his capacity to form words is concerned. He is again to this extent an inhabitant of matter, slow in vibration, so that when he speaks he produces the same effects on our atmosphere as we do when we speak. He and we are in the same room, within a few feet of each other, he standing speaking to us, and we sitting, answering. He hears us and we hear him.

"Can you imagine anyone who has lost, let us say, his mother, wishing to drag her down into that ectoplasmic mess? The very idea is revolting."

"The whole thing is nonsense", said the Sceptic.

"No", the Philosopher replied; "you are wrong. I wish it were nonsense. The worst of it is the truth it conveys,—the picture of the only way in which 'dead' men can think and act, after a life on earth, not necessarily bad—perhaps, in the ordinary sense, very good—but none the less thoroughly material in interest and purpose,—empty of spiritual aspiration, devoid of Light."

At this point the Student interjected a remark, and a very interesting illustrative story.

"We do not begin to realize, I suspect, how exclusively material most of our interests are; how very few people die who are not 'earth-bound' in one way or another, and how long it must take to shed, as it were, these layers of materiality from our consciousness.

"I have been reading the reminiscences of Mrs. Will Gordon. The book is called *Echoes and Realities*. The author belongs to a distinguished Scotch family, is highly educated, widely known, and knows nearly everybody who is anybody. She has travelled extensively, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. 'I have', she writes, 'what we Scots call the "sight", a sixth sense, a faculty of sensing the course of events, a kind of instinctive insight into present realities as well as future possibilities'. This means that her mind is not closed to unusual occurrences. She relates the experience of an American friend, who for some time before her marriage had been a pupil in Vienna of the famous Letchetitsky. On one occasion, when Rubinstein came to Vienna, this American girl was chosen from among Letchetitsky's pupils to play before the Maestro. It was decided that she was to play his '*Valse Allemande*'. While studying it, she found that it slightly resembled the popular Bavarian folk-song, '*O, Du lieber Augustin*'. This amused her, and she worked the well-known tune interestingly into the *Valse*. When the day came, she could not resist the sudden temptation to play it to the composer in this way,—to the intense indignation of Let-

chetitsky. Rubinstein, however, was amused, and smilingly reassured her, saying, 'Ach, you make joke wid my music!'

"Several years after the death of Rubinstein, Mrs. Gordon's friend was entertaining at her country place near Washington, and played for her guests. She played, among other things, the '*Valse Allemande*', and almost unconsciously again worked into it the air of '*O, Du lieber Augustin*'. While playing, she felt as if something touched her, but she ignored it. Then, as she continued, it seemed to her that a firm hand was laid on her shoulder. She stopped playing abruptly, and closed the piano, to the bewilderment of her guests. One of them, however, 'a Miss Herbie, a well-known spiritualist, who had been brought to the house by friends, and who was a perfect stranger to the hostess, came up to the piano. "I can tell you", she said, "who touched you. It was Rubinstein, for I saw him distinctly. He stood by your side, smiling, and he said: 'Ach, you make joke wid my music'."'

"Earth-bound; wedded to his music! not a 'bad' devotion in any sense, but evidently, in his case, instead of a step toward something higher, something eternal,—an end in itself. In other words, to revert to the saying which the Mohammedans attribute to Jesus, quoted by the Engineer, Rubinstein built on his 'bridge', instead of passing over it—and thus, to use language more in line with modern understanding, became 'all gummed up' in his art, tied and bound to its material expression.

"How many so-called Theosophists are similarly bound, I wonder,—by interests, devotions, good in themselves, but which they treat, not as means to divine and lasting ends, but, because good, as ends in themselves."

"Duties, sometimes real, more often imaginary", commented the Engineer, sententiously. "Why will not people realize that even the most important of their duties can be no more than 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual' reality, without the recognition of which 'they labour in vain' who perform it. It may seem far-fetched, but they remind me of some of the lesser and more psychic of Roman Catholic saints, whose 'visions' of heaven centre in the Eucharistic ceremonial conducted by St. John, St. Peter and others, arrayed in the most gorgeous and elaborate of ecclesiastical vestments. Rank materialism, in both cases."

"Before we leave the topic of Spiritualism," the Philosopher now said, "I should like, if I may, to mention another of the books I have read recently under that head. It is called, *Open the Door!* and is said to have been 'transcribed' by Edith Ellis. It has an introduction by Claude Bragdon, who praises it to the skies. It is an American contribution to the same subject,—of interest to us because proving once more that the leopard does not change his spots by disincarnating, but a contribution which, if read as a statement of fact, would have to be condemned as iniquitous. The spook, calling himself Wilfred Brandon, whose wisdom is 'transcribed', is an ardent Pacifist (the book is advertized as 'perhaps the most drastic arraignment of modern warfare ever written'). Avowedly in order to terrify and thus obtain recruits for the cause of 'the New Dispensation of Brotherly Love, Fair Play, and World Peace', the 'author'

undertakes to reveal the horrible fate of the millions who died in the World War.

It isn't over when the White Cross is set up to mark the grave of the young body whose soul has been thrust out in a state of consciousness that makes his life a hell for years on this plane. That fact alone, if widely understood, would make war an impossibility. No parent would doom his or her son to such a fate. The pain, dirt, and misery of his life in war would seem little in comparison to what follows. If only death ended the suffering. The tragedy is that it is only the beginning of it. The mind brings over its strongest impression. One can easily believe that war effaces almost every other impression on the consciousness. Hate, fear, pictures of dead and wounded, memories of the unspeakably horrible sights and sounds, the despair and profound sense of the cruelty of men are what they bring with them.

"Can you conceive of a more abominable and blasphemous misrepresentation? The vicious spook is branding in their graves the very men who died that we might live. No moral factor involved, according to him: a good man or a bad man, a coward or a hero, of any nationality, granting that he dies in battle instead of in an automobile accident or in the atmosphere of a surgical ward (where most people now seem to die),—all, indiscriminately, spend years in hell. And he tries to enforce his claim to knowledge by assuring his readers that he has studied and worked in that other world—in *his* other world—for a hundred and fifty-two years, 'finally, in 1920, taking my degree as Master in the White Brotherhood'. Rama, Rama, and the holy Nâgas, as a real one is said to have sworn!

"Well, I will set my poor vision against 'Wilfred Brandon's' nightmare, and will assert that many a man left his body in battle, in an ecstasy of joy, in a blaze of splendour and of glory,—the reflection of a real Master's radiant blessing.

"Even as propaganda, the book makes the lowest and vilest of appeals. If there were nothing else to condemn the brood of Pacifists, this attempt to terrorize the superstitious, to harrow and horrify those who mourn their dead, and to impute to a soldier the destiny hereafter of a common criminal, ought to be sufficient to show how unscrupulous and inhuman and despicable they are."

"Why don't the Spiritualists themselves realize by this time", asked the Historian, "that there are just as many liars in Kama Loka as there are on earth, just as many devils among their 'spirits' as among incarnated men, just as many braggarts, sensualists, idiots,—and that logically it must be so? Spiritualists admit that some of their mediums are fraudulent, but as soon as they find one who seems to be honest, any sort of communication coming through him is at once attributed to a 'spirit', with the inference that it must be true. They seem to throw common-sense to the winds."

"Well", said the Philosopher, "enough of devils, of spooks and of Spiritualism. Let us turn from earth, and *from astral perversions of earth*, to the world of immortal youth and beauty. You promised" [this addressed to the Recorder] "that more would be said on the subject of the next Lodge Messenger and forerunner. You postponed it from the last issue of the *QUARTERLY*."

"You are right", the Recorder answered. "It was in the October, 1934, issue that several communications from students were printed, giving replies to these

questions: 'What do you think a Lodge forerunner or Messenger could do, (1) for you; (2) for The Theosophical Society; (3) for the world,—and how?' Letters received since then, show a good deal of misunderstanding, by the way, in regard to the standing and function of a 'forerunner'. Because, in the eighteenth century, Saint-Germain appeared on the scene a number of years before the official and outer Messenger, Mesmer (see H.P.B.'s *Glossary*), and because Saint-Germain was a great Adept while Mesmer was nothing of the kind—was merely an agent chosen to do certain limited, specified work—it has been inferred that all forerunners, including the next, must be of Saint-Germain's calibre. The fact is that Saint-Germain not only appeared in advance of the others, but remained on the scene, or behind it, longer than any of them. He was the supervisor, so to speak, of the entire effort of the eighteenth century, in all its ramifications. The next forerunner might conceivably have no other function than to open a few selected minds to the idea of the Lodge and of a Lodge representative,—possibly not working through the Society at all, but among people whose position in life would give the Messenger, when he comes, immediate access to those who, in a worldly sense, control the destinies of nations. Such a forerunner would not necessarily have to be conscious of his mission. On the other hand, it is equally possible that because The Theosophical Society and its nucleus have survived so far into this century—nothing like it, as we know, ever having happened before; and because the cycles have thus been considerably 'telescoped', the functions of forerunner and Messenger will be merged in one individual, perhaps, in the Lodge hierarchy, as great or greater than Saint-Germain himself. A wide-open mind is what my two possibilities are intended to suggest. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

"Another misunderstanding which this correspondence reveals is that because so many believe they would gladly die rather than fail the Movement, and are sincere in their belief, it follows that such devotion is a guarantee of its continuance, and, presumably, of the continuance on earth of its spirit, soul, and purpose. But any old thing can die; dying is as easy as falling off a log; as was said many years ago, 'the difficulty lies in dying at fitting junctures only'. More than that, to carry on the spirit and soul as well as the body of the Society, a sufficient number of its members must have right understanding, right perception, right impersonality; must be able to judge things and people with complete detachment from personal feeling, must be able to act without a shadow of self-seeking. Finally, there must be those who are at least in conscious touch with their own Master, whoever that may be, and, through him, with the Lodge. A belief in Masters, no matter how sincere, is not enough. We must be aware of mountain-tops within us if we would touch the heights where Masters dwell. Very few people are born with a *flair* for these things. Devotion is the best of all beginnings; it will lift us to 'the terrace of enlightenment'—in time, that is to say, in the course of several incarnations,—a prospect which the great St. Theresa, after years of experience with nuns and novices, perhaps overlooked when she declared that not even devotion could produce common-sense, without which, in her opinion, piety might be good enough for heaven, but not for earth.

"One or two of the communications received by the editors, commenting on the letters of reply printed in the October issue, suggested, not discouragement, but an effort to avoid it. Another contained the statement that if the substance of the writer's will and nerve was 'soft'; if, as had been suggested, his sixth sense or inner perception was as yet dormant, he purposed to accept this warning as an incentive for greater effort, and not as a door shut in his face, or in the face of the Society.

"Naturally, reactions differed widely. Here is a letter from a man whose membership goes back to Judge's day, and who is not an officer of the Society. If anyone finds his reaction depressing, I give it up,—while certainly he cannot be counted among the 'soft'.

"Possibly, if the subject should prove of interest to our readers, and they say so, it might be 'continued in our next' " (October, 1934, *QUARTERLY*).

It is not simply a matter of interest; it is a matter of concern; the advancing age of a large number of members may well cause them to feel, "What of the future?"

The question and answer treatment of the subject of a "new Lodge Messenger" in the October *QUARTERLY* shows that all believe more than they tell, hope for more than they will ask, have a presentiment of things they may not wish to express, and that all—all seem to fear to appear dogmatic, to venture an unqualified reply, to say something that cannot be proved.

Let us do that. Because the attitude for the future is an unqualified assertion and declaration for impersonality; a definite visualization and choice of alternatives, based on the history and experience of The Theosophical Society.

If we could ask the Lodge the questions which have been put, might they not say something like this?—

"You are disturbed by your apprehensions.

"You know that you are leaving your life behind you; that your 'leaders' must pass on, and that the objective and material means for sustaining the T. S. may be in jeopardy.

"Do not fear—do not worry.

"Place your apprehensions before you and look them square in the face—right there you can see the real Theosophical Society as it was, as it is, as it will be. Think of the unknown numbers who have gone before; of the many you do not know and of those you did know—of the thousands and thousands who are to come.

"Be quiet, be patient.

"Think of the colossal efforts made against almost insurmountable obstacles to found the T. S. and keep it going. Do you imagine that the cost of that effort was incurred without foresight, without anticipation of much more than that which fills you with alarm?

"Learn to endure your cares and your worries by contrasting them with something which makes them look trivial.

"If worldly, even narrow bigoted minds could, by patient research, persistent study and investigation, make some of the, what you call marvellous predictions, long before the events, of the World War, the depression, or what not, can you not be generous enough to credit us with at least an equal, possibly clearer vision of events as you just now begin to see them, or even as they may transpire long after you have gone?

"You know what faith you have, and the quality of that faith.

"Can you believe that the literature, illuminating as never before the ancient mysteries and religions, would have been given out without there being some good prospect of its continuing to be attributed to the right source?

"Do not be intimidated by your apprehensions—be silent.

"If your minds must work, let them cogitate on the fact that we would never sit idly by,

and permit those things which we all cherish in our innermost hearts, to fade and vanish, without lifting a finger.

"The confusion round about you is appalling? Because you can hear, you do hear—and, being unremittently distracted by the noise of the world, which incessantly rattles on your brains, you seldom have a chance to listen—to listen to some of those things which can only be heard without hearing.

"If you think of us, you can listen to us. You want help, sympathy, consolation, encouragement? You—of all the people of the earth, dare you ask for anything for yourselves?—while we beg you for unswerving patience and steadiness: to help those who, except for you, might not be able to turn to us.

"You have learned a great deal about discipleship. You have studied the lives of disciples. Have you ever considered that the races of the earth are disciples, that the vicissitudes of the inexorable cycles are the trials and training of discipleship for men in the mass, even though they know it not? That a cyclic period of great stress and disturbance is akin to a ceremony of initiation, when *all* are called to choose as they have chosen, to do as they have done, to be what they are and decide with their own decision?

"Be not confused by the siftings, shatterings, fragmentations.

"Some do see, understand and know; those will become and re-become if you only realized how you could sustain them by your unswerving faithful prayers.

"We could answer those prayers a hundred, a thousand times sooner than if you prayed for yourselves.

"Do not be frightened. Do not be swayed by your anxiety.

"You would be lifted and cheered by a sign of the 'Messenger to come'? What of the messengers you have? Are they not correctly posed in their own proper places? Would you expect us to supersede them, set them aside before the very last one has come to the last hour; before the last sand of the cycle, which they sustain, has run out?

"Once more—to the last minute of the eleventh hour, do not fear eventualities, do not flinch.

"That our messengers are still there, is that not a sign?

"The name Theosophy has been covered with opprobrium? What things named for us or by us have not been? If you changed all your names, changed your clothes, washed yourselves from head to foot with carbolic acid and rose water, you would go right out and shake hands with opprobrium.

"Your everlasting faith and confidence—let that be as strong as the fear and hatred of those who transgress our purposes.

"Do not be disconcerted by the furious roar of personality which deafens you to the silent poise of impersonality."

The accumulated tensions of much misapplication and misappropriation are now exhausting themselves. Elemental forces and entities are flying around in heterogeneous confusion, producing the objective effect of chaos—the concerted authority of other days has lost its grip.

The man or generation which acquires a material embodiment of spiritual force by industry, thrift, etc., and in doing that, attributes it to himself only, has tried in vain to cheat the Lodge. "He only robs, but to render".

A new Messenger, what would be his approach, his advance?

To endeavour to arouse men with an appeal to their faith in the abstract, to their piety, their unrelated sense of obligation to some authority? The lights of the age of feudalism are not entirely extinguished yet, but the prevailing characteristics of that period have changed with the exaggerated acquisition of "learning and logic" by men on the levels.

Would he not perhaps try, as a practical expedient, rather than to discredit intellect and learning, or ask for a blind faith or a servile acceptance, to capitalize learning and intelligence, and endeavour to persuade men to assign the powers and functions of the mind and personality to an impersonal reality, and to realize that their salvation must hinge, not on running away from themselves, but rather on consciously marshalling those

very human selves under an avowed and accepted standard of some Master of the Lodge?—which is the only possible way of escape from mean, small, self-centred individualism.

The concerted and desperate efforts being made on all sides to get things back to where they were in the ante-bellum days, are not the obstinate wilfulness of a people bent on going bad, but a mistaken sense of values, a spiritual blindness, a too great faith in minds, machines, test-tubes and file-cards. Do not the prospects for a new Messenger depend on whether he can get a sufficient number of worth-while sincere men to perceive that they have been worshipping false gods? We feel that the initial work and outpourings incident to the development of the T.S. are based on an anticipation of such an eventuality. Nevertheless, an ebbing tide cannot rise until it has run out.

"An admirable letter", the Recorder commented when he had ceased reading; "but no one ever wrote anything which was not open to misinterpretation, and I am wondering if some will say, 'Ha ha, what did we tell you! Look at this: 'You are disturbed by your apprehensions. . . . Do not fear—do not worry.' 'We are all right! All that talk about "softness" was pessimistic'.

"How I wish they *were* right, and there were not that fatal 'softness' among us! I have known people before now who quoted scripture to justify their laziness and to pass their responsibility to God. 'Take no thought for the morrow'—which, by the way, translated literally, means 'Do not worry about the morrow'—has been used as an excuse for leaving it to the ravens to feed you. Our members *are* responsible for the future, since they are responsible for the material out of which the Masters can mould the future. What is that material? It is the honest, strenuous, and persistent effort *now* to use all our energies for ends in harmony with the purposes of the Lodge,—especially the effort to replace whatever is 'soft' in ourselves, with the grit and force and steel-like stuff that ought to be there.

"None the less", the Recorder continued, "of one thing I am certain: that all is well provided for, including 'heavenly death'. Masters of Wisdom are not caught napping. They plan for a hundred years ahead, and longer. Always they have several plans in reserve. If possible avenues or instruments fail them, they use others in their place. 'Man is the creator of his own destiny'; so is a nation; so is a civilization. Masters are not omnipotent; they help; they will not, they cannot control. Their ability to help depends upon the genuineness of our desire to be helped, and upon the motive which prompts our desire. In the Golden Age, nations looked to Masters as children used to look to their parents; but as self-will, self-satisfaction, and the gratification of appetites, came to take first place, that ideal relationship ceased, just as family life is ceasing among us. To-day, as we know, the Golden Age is regarded as a myth; nations and individuals alike have forgotten that Masters exist, and would not tolerate them or their ways or their guidance, even if that guidance were offered.

"All that the Lodge can do during these times of darkness, is to divert some of the forces let loose by mankind, into spiritually constructive channels, while periodically forcing upon men's attention (as was done by H.P.B.) reminders that the Ancient Wisdom exists, that true knowledge is obtainable, and that if the blind lead the blind, it is not for lack of those who can see."

"But what do *you* people hope to accomplish?" one of our visitors asked. "To convert the world to Theosophy?"

"Just that and no less", the Philosopher undertook to answer. "But in some millions of years,—yes, in some millions of years. Meanwhile, little people will take little views, timid people, timid views, superstitious people, superstitious views; so it will not matter much what they believe, although I agree that any belief is better than none, so long as it gives people something besides this world to think about. What we are striving for to-day is to find the few, *the very few*, who are not little or timid or superstitious, who are not eaten up with self-love, but who are humble of heart and firm of will, hungry for light, soldiers in spirit, eager to serve the Warriors of God, once they recognize their existence, and who have the intelligence to see that just as service in any army requires training, so, if we would fight in this greater warfare without bringing shame on our cause, and without injury to our fellows, we must work for skill in the use of every earthly weapon, determined to wield it for the glory of those whose service is the joy of life."

"Earthly weapons!" exclaimed one of our visitors, whose interpretation had evidently been literal. "What weapons?"

"Every weapon in sight", the Philosopher answered, smiling. "Personally I have never seen or heard of a faculty, talent, or ability which I am not determined, someday, to possess. I want all the 'fruits of the spirit', as St. Paul lists them; I want sympathy, tact, wisdom, eloquence, the utmost of literary and artistic skill of every kind; I want the spiritual counterpart and synthesis of all my physical senses,—and lots more. I do not mean for one moment to exclude the weapons which our visitor had in mind; their use is extremely useful at times: to be a first class horseman, a crack shot, a skilled mechanician (very necessary in a mechanical age); to be physically strong and nervously inexhaustible, would be of immense value when doing work in the world. No, I am not joking. None the less, all of these things would be pitfalls, intelligence included, unless used from the right centre, with the right motive."

"And that is?"

"Each must answer that for himself", the Philosopher replied. "But I do not mind telling you what I *wish* to be my centre, my motive, now and always: boundless love of my Master, without trace of desire for reward or gain. I am far from it, but someday, with his help, I shall get there. People who not know a Master, will not understand this; those who do, will. Masters, as one of them wrote, are not desiccated pansies 'between the leaves of a volume of solemn poetry'. They are divinely human, with divinely human hearts, of infinite generosity, incredibly grateful for such love as we are capable of giving them; but, as I have said, they are the Warriors of God, they are Flames, and they do not waste their energies. We must turn ourselves into something resembling realities before Immortals would be justified in spending themselves on us. Yet, even to-day, if we have the courage, we can look up to them and claim our birthright and declare ourselves their sons. Then, if we live as the sons of Immortals should live, they will treat us as their own, and we shall know them, and though darkness be around us, we shall never lose touch with their Light.

T.





A LAND OF MYSTERY

These are the first two of a series of four articles under the same title, written by Madame Blavatsky, and printed in "The Theosophist" (then published in Bombay) in the March, April, June and August issues of 1880. To appreciate them at more than their face value—though that in itself is great—it should be understood that H.P.B. was preparing the way for the facts and figures which were not given out until the publication of "The Secret Doctrine" in 1888. She had to break, or in any case soften, the "moulds of mind" of her readers, especially of those who had received a scientific education, and whose preconceptions, therefore, were utterly foreign to those glimpses of the Truth which the Lodge had decided to reveal to the world through her. Even in 1880, many natives of India had been educated, either in Europe, or in Indian colleges where the curriculum was European and materialistic. Agnosticism, and contempt for their ancient religions and philosophies, were the fashionable pose of the younger generation of Indians. So it was not only for the benefit of her European and American readers that H.P.B. wrote; she was perhaps especially anxious to wean these young Indians from their folly, and, by such articles as these, to prepare their minds for the consideration, later, of their own Puranas, which, when interpreted in the light of occult knowledge, show that civilizations, in some ways far more advanced than ours, existed in all parts of the world for some millions of years before the beginning of our so-called historical period. Identifying herself with the people of her day, appealing to their interests (amusingly in one respect, as she makes a great point of "buried treasure"), she intimates clearly that more remained to be said, and that those whom she represented were in possession of the key to the mystery, the very existence of which the world had failed to recognize.—THE EDITORS.

I

WHETHER one surveys the imposing ruins of Memphis or Palmyra; stands at the foot of the great pyramid of Ghizé; wanders along the shores of the Nile; or ponders amid the desolate fastnesses of the long-lost and mysterious Petra; however clouded and misty the origin of these prehistoric relics may appear, one nevertheless finds at least certain fragments of firm ground upon which to build conjecture. Thick as may be the curtain

behind which the history of these antiquities is hidden, still there are rents here and there through which one may catch glimpses of light. We are acquainted with the descendants of the builders, and, however superficially, we also know the story of the nations whose vestiges are scattered around us. Not so with the antiquities of the New World of the two Americas. There, all along the coast of Peru, all over the Isthmus and North America, in the canyons of the Cordilleras in the impassable gorges of the Andes, and, especially beyond the valley of Mexico, lie, ruined and desolate, hundreds of once mighty cities, lost to the memory of men, and having themselves lost even a name. Buried in dense forests, entombed in inaccessible valleys, sometimes sixty feet underground, from the day of their discovery until now they have ever remained a riddle to science, baffling all inquiry, and they have been muter than the Egyptian Sphinx herself. We know nothing of America prior to the Conquest—positively nothing. No chronicles, not even comparatively modern ones survive; there are no traditions, even among the aboriginal tribes, as to its past events. We are as ignorant of the races that built these cyclopean structures, as of the strange worship that inspired the antediluvian sculptors who carved upon hundreds of miles of walls, of monuments, monoliths and altars, these weird hieroglyphics, these groups of animals and men, pictures of an unknown life and lost arts—scenes so fantastic and wild, at times, that they involuntarily suggest the idea of a feverish dream, whose phantasmagoria at the wave of some mighty magician's hand suddenly crystallized into granite, to bewilder the coming generations for ever and ever. So late as the beginning of the present century, the very existence of such a wealth of antiquities was unknown. The petty, suspicious jealousy of the Spaniards had, from the first, created a sort of Chinese wall between their American possessions and the too curious traveller: and the ignorance and fanaticism of the conquerors, and their carelessness as to all but the satisfaction of their insatiable greediness, had precluded scientific research. Even the enthusiastic accounts of Cortez and his army of brigands and priests, and of Pizarro and his robbers and monks, as to the splendour of the temples, palaces, and cities of Mexico and Peru, were long discredited. In his *History of America*, Dr. Robertson goes so far as to inform his reader that the houses of the ancient Mexicans were "mere huts, built with turf, or mud, or the branches of trees, like the [redacted] of the rudest Indians";¹ and, upon the testimony of some Spaniards, he even risked the assertion that "in all the extent of that vast empire", there was not "a single monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the Conquest"! It was reserved to the great Alexander Humboldt to vindicate the truth. In 1803 a new flood of light was poured into the world of archaeology by this eminent and learned traveller. In this he luckily proved but the pioneer of future discoverers. He then described but Mitla, or the Vale of the Dead, Xochicalco, and the great pyramidal Temple of Cholula. But, after him came Stephens, Catherwood, and Squier; and, in Peru, D'Orbigny and Dr. Tschuddi. Since then numerous travellers have visited and given us accurate details of many of the antiquities. But, how many more yet remain not only unexplored, but even

¹ See Stephens' *Central America*.

unknown, no one can tell. As regards prehistoric buildings, both Peru and Mexico are rivals of Egypt. Equalling the latter in the immensity of her cyclopean structures, Peru surpasses her in their number; while Cholula exceeds the grand pyramid of Cheops in breadth, if not in height. Works of public utility, such as walls, fortifications, terraces, water-courses, aqueducts, bridges, temples, burial-grounds, whole cities, and exquisitely paved roads, hundreds of miles in length, stretch in an unbroken line, almost covering the land as with a net. On the coast, they are built of sun-dried bricks; in the mountains, of porphyritic lime, granite, and silicated sandstone. Of the long generations of peoples who built them, history knows nothing, and even tradition is silent. As a matter of course, most of these lithic remains are covered with a dense vegetation. Whole forests have grown out of the broken hearts of the cities, and, with a few exceptions, everything is in ruin. But one may judge of what once was by that which yet remains.

With a most flippant unconcern, the Spanish historians refer nearly every ruin to Inca times. No greater mistake can be made. The hieroglyphics which sometimes cover from top to bottom whole walls and monoliths are, as they were from the first, a dead letter to modern science. But they were equally a dead letter to the Incas, though the history of the latter can be traced to the eleventh century. They had no clue to the meaning of these inscriptions, but attributed all such to their *unknown* predecessors; thus barring the presumption of their own descent from the first civilizers of their country. Briefly, the Inca history runs thus:—

Inca is the Quichua title for chief or emperor, and the name of the ruling and most aristocratic race or rather *caste* of the land which was governed by them for an *unknown* period, prior to, and until, the Spanish Conquest. Some place their first appearance in Peru from regions *unknown* in 1021; others, also on conjecture, at five centuries after the Biblical "flood", according to the modest notions of Christian theology. Still, the latter theory is undoubtedly nearer truth than the former. The Incas, judged by their exclusive privileges, power, and "infallibility," are the antipodal counterpart of the Brahminical caste of India. Like the latter, the Incas claimed direct descent from the Deity, which, as in the case of the Sūryavansa dynasty of India, was the Sun. According to the sole but general tradition, there was a time when the whole of the population of the now New World was broken up into independent, warring, and barbarian tribes. At last, the "Highest" deity—the Sun—took pity upon them, and, in order to rescue the people from ignorance, sent down upon earth, to teach them, his two children, Manco Capac, and his sister and wife, Mama Ocollo Huaco—the counterparts, again, of the Egyptian Osiris, and his sister and wife, Isis, as well as of the several Hindu gods and demi-gods and their wives. These two made their appearance on a beautiful island in Lake Titicaca—of which we will speak further on—and thence proceeded northward to Cuzco, later on the capital of the Incas, where they at once began to disseminate civilization. Collecting together the various races from all parts of Peru, the divine couple then divided their labour. Manco Capac taught men agriculture, legislation, architecture,

and arts; while Mama Ocollo instructed the women in weaving, spinning, embroidery, and housekeeping. It is from this celestial pair that the Incas claimed their descent; and yet, they were utterly ignorant of the people who built the stupendous and now ruined cities which cover the whole area of their empire, and which then extended from the Equator to over 37 degrees of Latitude, and included not only the western slope of the Andes, but the whole mountain chain with its eastern declivities to the Amazon and Orinoco. As the direct descendants of the Sun, they were exclusively the high priests of the state religion, and at the same time emperors and the highest statesmen in the land: in virtue of which, they, again like the Brahmins, arrogated to themselves a divine superiority over ordinary mortals, thus founding, like the "twice-born", an exclusive and aristocratic caste—the Inca race. Considered as the son of the Sun, every reigning Inca was the high priest, the oracle, chief captain in war, and absolute sovereign; thus realizing the double office of Pope and King, and long anticipating the dream of the Roman Pontiffs. To his command the blindest obedience was exacted; his person was sacred; and he was the object of divine honours. The highest officers of the land *could not appear shod in his presence*: this mark of respect pointing again to an Oriental origin; while the custom of boring the ears of the youths of royal blood, and inserting in them golden rings "which were increased in size as they advanced in rank, until the distention of the cartilage became a positive deformity", suggests a strange resemblance between the sculptured portraits of many of them that we find in the more modern ruins, and the images of Buddha and of some Hindu deities, not to mention our contemporary dandies of Siam, Burmah, and Southern India. In that, once more as in India, in the palmy days of the Brahmin power, no one had the right either to receive an education or study religion except the young men of the privileged Inca caste. And, when the reigning Inca died, or as it was termed, "was called home to the mansion of his father", a very large number of his attendants and his wives were made to die with him, during the ceremony of his obsequies, just as we find in the old annals of Rajesthán, and down to the but just abolished custom of Sutti. Taking all this into consideration, the archaeologist cannot remain satisfied with the brief remark of certain historians that "in this tradition we trace only another version of the story of the civilization common to all primitive nations, and that imposture of a celestial relationship whereby designing rulers and cunning priests have sought to secure their ascendancy among men". No more is it an explanation to say that "Manco Capac is the almost exact counterpart of the Chinese Fohi, the Hindu Buddha, the terrestrial Osiris of Egypt, the Quetzalcoatl of Mexico, and Votan of Central America"; for all this is but too evident. What we want to learn is how came these nations, so antipodal to each other as India, Egypt, and America, to offer such extraordinary points of resemblance, not only in their general religious, political, and social views, but sometimes in the minutest details. The much-needed task is to find out which one of them preceded the other; to explain how these people came to plant at the four corners of the earth nearly identical architecture and arts, unless there was a time when, as asserted by Plato and believed in by more than one

modern archaeologist, no ships were needed for such a transit, as the two worlds formed but one continent.

According to the most recent researches, there are five distinct styles of architecture in the Andes alone, of which the temple of the Sun at Cuzco was the latest. And this one, perhaps, is the only structure of importance which, according to modern travellers, can be safely attributed to the Incas, whose imperial glories are believed to have been the last gleam of a civilization dating back for untold ages. Dr. E. R. Heath, of Kansas (U.S.A.), thinks that "long before Manco Capac, the Andes had been the dwelling-place of races, whose beginnings must have been coeval with the savages of Western Europe. The gigantic architecture points to the cyclopean family, the founders of the Temple of Babel, and the Egyptian pyramids. The Grecian scroll found in many places is borrowed (?) from the Egyptians; the mode of burial and embalming their dead points to Egypt." Further on, this learned traveller finds that the skulls taken from the burial-grounds, according to craniologists, represent three distinct races: the Chinchas, who occupied the western part of Peru from the Andes to the Pacific; the Aymaras, dwellers on the elevated plains of Peru and Bolivia, on the southern shore of Lake Titicaca; and the Huancas, who "occupied the plateau between the chains of the Andes, north of Lake Titicaca to the 9th degree of South Latitude." To confound the buildings of the epoch of the Incas in Peru, and of Montezuma and his Caciques, in Mexico, with the aboriginal monuments, is fatal to archaeology. While Cholula, Uxmal, Quiché, Pachacamac, and Chichen were all perfectly preserved and occupied at the time of the invasion of the Spanish *banditti*, there are hundreds of ruined cities and works which were in the same state of ruin even then; whose origin was unknown to the conquered Incas and Caciques as it is to us; and which are undoubtedly the remains of unknown and now extinct peoples. The strange shapes of the heads, and profiles of the human figures upon the monoliths of Copán are a warrant for the correctness of the hypothesis. The pronounced difference between the skulls of these races, and the Indo-European skulls, was at first attributed to mechanical means, used by the mothers for giving a peculiar conformation to the heads of their children during infancy, as is often done by other tribes and peoples. But, as the same author tells us, the finding in "a mummy of a foetus of seven or eight months having the same conformation of skull, has placed a doubt as to the certainty of this fact". And besides hypothesis, we have a scientific and unimpeachable proof of a civilization that must have existed in Peru ages ago. Were we to give the number of thousands of years that have probably elapsed since then, without first showing good reasons for the assumption, the reader might feel like holding his breath. So let us try.

The Peruvian *guano* (*huano*), that precious fertilizer, composed of the excrement of sea-fowls, intermixed with their decaying bodies, eggs, remains of seal, and so on, which has accumulated upon the isles of the Pacific and the coast of South America, and its formation, are now well known. It was Humboldt who first discovered and drew the world's attention to it in 1804. And, while describing the deposits as covering the granite rocks of the Chincas and other islands to the

depth of 50 or 60 feet, he states that the accumulation of the preceding 300 years, since the Conquest, had formed only a few lines in thickness. How many thousands of years, then, it required to form this deposit 60 feet deep, is a matter of simple calculation. In this connection we may now quote something of a discovery spoken of in the "Peruvian Antiquities":² "Buried 62 feet under the ground, on the Chinca islands, stone-idols and water-pots were found, while 35 and 33 feet below the surface were wooden idols. Beneath the guano on the Guanapi islands, just south of Truxillo, and Macabi just north, mummies, birds, and birds' eggs, gold and silver ornaments were taken. On the Macabi the labourers found some large valuable golden vases, which they broke up and divided among themselves, even though offered weight for weight in gold coin, and thus relics of great interest to the scientist have been forever lost. He who can determine the centuries necessary to deposit thirty and sixty feet of guano on these islands, remembering that since the Conquest, three hundred years ago, no appreciable increase in depth has been noted—can give you an idea of the antiquity of these relics."

If we confine ourselves to a strictly arithmetical calculation, then, allowing 12 lines to an inch, and 12 inches to a foot, and allowing one line to every century, we are forced to believe that the people who made these precious gold vases lived 864,000 years ago! Leave an ample margin for errors, and give two lines to a century—say an inch to every 100 years—and we shall yet have 72,000 years ago a civilization which—if we judge by its public works, the durability of its constructions, and the grandeur of its buildings,—equalled, and in some things certainly surpassed, our own.

Having well defined ideas as to the periodicity of cycles, for the world as well as for nations, empires, and tribes, we are convinced that our present modern civilization is but the latest dawn of that which already has been seen an innumerable number of times upon this planet. It may not be exact science, but it is both inductive and deductive logic, based upon theories far less hypothetical and more palpable than many another theory, held as strictly scientific. To express it in the words of Professor T. E. Nipher, of St. Louis, "we are not the friends of theory, but of truth", and until truth is found, we welcome every new theory, however unpopular at first, for fear of rejecting in our ignorance the one which may in time become the very corner-stone of the truth. "The errors of scientific men are well nigh countless, not because they are men of science, but because they are men", says the same scientist; and further quotes the noble words of Faraday—"occasionally, and even frequently, the exercise of the judgment ought to end in absolute reservation. It may be very distasteful and a great fatigue to suspend a conclusion, but as we are not infallible, so we ought to be cautious" (*Experimental Researches*, 24th Series).

It is doubtful whether, with the exception of a few of the most prominent ruins, there ever was attempted a detailed account of the so-called American antiquities. Yet, in order to bring out the more prominently a point of comparison, such a work would be absolutely necessary. If the history of religion and of

² A paper published by Mr. E. R. Heath in the *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, November, 1878.

mythology and—far more important—the origin, development and final grouping of the human species, are ever to be unravelled, we have to trust to archaeological research, rather than to the hypothetical deductions of philology. We must begin by massing together the concrete imagery of the early thought, more eloquent in its stationary form than the verbal expression of the same, the latter being but too liable, in its manifold interpretations, to be distorted in a thousand ways. This would afford us an easier and more trustworthy clue. Archaeological Societies ought to have a whole cyclopaedia of the world's remains, with a collation of the most important of the speculations as to each locality. For, however fantastic and wild some of these hypotheses may seem at first glance, yet each has a chance of proving useful at some time. It is often more beneficial to know what a thing *is not* than to know what *it is*, as Max Müller truly tells us.

It is not within the limits of an article in our paper that any such object could be achieved. Availing ourselves, though, of the reports of the Government surveyors, trustworthy travellers, men of science, and even our own limited experience, we shall try in future issues to give to our Hindu readers, who possibly may never have heard of these antiquities, a general idea of them. Our latest information is drawn from every reliable source; the survey of the Peruvian antiquities being mostly due to Dr. Heath's able paper, above mentioned.

II.

Evidently we, Theosophists, are not the only iconoclasts in this world of mutual deception and hypocrisy. We are not the only ones who believe in cycles and, opposing the Biblical chronology, lean towards those opinions which secretly are shared by so many, but publicly avowed by so few. We, Europeans, are just emerging from the very bottom of a new cycle, and progressing upwards, while the Asiatics—Hindus especially—are the lingering remnants of the nations which filled the world in the previous and now departed cycles. Whether the Aryans sprang from the archaic Americans, or the latter from the prehistorical Aryans, is a question which no living man can decide. But that there must have been an intimate connection at some time between the old Aryans, the prehistoric inhabitants of America—whatever might have been their name—and the ancient Egyptians, is a matter more easily proved than contradicted. And probably, if there ever was such a connection, it must have taken place at a time when the Atlantic did not yet divide the two hemispheres as it does now.

In his *Peruvian Antiquities* (see *The Theosophist* for March) Dr. Heath, of Kansas City—*rara avis* among scientific men, a fearless searcher, who accepts truth wherever he finds it, and is not afraid to speak it out in the very face of dogmatic opposition—sums up his impressions of the Peruvian relics in the following words:—"Three times the Andes sank hundreds of feet beneath the ocean level, and again were slowly brought to their present height. A man's life would be too short to count even the centuries consumed in this operation. The coast of Peru has risen eighty feet since it felt the tread of Pizarro. Supposing the Andes to have risen uniformly and without interruption, 70,000 years must have elapsed before they reached their present altitude."

"Who knows, then, but that Jules Verne's fanciful idea¹ regarding the lost continent, Atlanta, may be near the truth? Who can say that, where now is the Atlantic Ocean, there did not formerly exist a continent, with its dense population, advanced in the arts and sciences, who, as they found their land sinking beneath the waters, retired part east and part west, populating thus the two hemispheres? This would explain the similarity of their archaeological structures and races, and their differences, modified by and adapted to the character of their respective climates and countries. Thus would the llama and the camel differ, although of the same species; thus the algaroba and espinosa trees; thus the Iroquois Indians of North America and the most ancient Arabs call the constellation of the 'Great Bear' by the same name; thus various nations, cut off from all intercourse or knowledge of each other, divide the zodiac into twelve constellations, apply to them the same names, and the Northern Hindus apply the name Andes to their Himalayan mountains, as did the South Americans to their principal chain.² Must we fall in the old rut, and suppose no other means of populating the Western Hemisphere except 'by way of Behring's Strait'? Must we still locate a geographical Eden in the East, and suppose a land, equally adapted to man and as old geologically, must wait the aimless wanderings of the 'lost tribes of Israel' to become populated?"

Go where we may to explore the antiquities of America—whether of Northern, Central, or Southern America—we are first of all impressed with the magnitude of these relics of ages and races unknown, and then with the extraordinary similarity they present to the mounds and ancient structures of old India, of Egypt, and even of some parts of Europe. Whoever has seen one of these mounds, has seen all. Whoever has stood before the cyclopean structures of one continent, can have a pretty accurate idea of those of the other. Only be it said—we know still less of the age of the antiquities of America than even of those in the Valley of the Nile, of which we know next to nothing. But their symbolism—apart from their outward form—is evidently the same as in Egypt, India, and elsewhere. As before the great pyramid of Cheops in Cairo, so before the great mound, 100 feet high, on the plain of Cahokia—near St. Louis (Missouri)—which measures 700 feet long by 800 feet broad at the base, and covers upwards of eight acres of ground, having 20,000,000 cubic feet of contents, and the mound on the banks of Brush Creek, Ohio, so accurately described by Squier and Davis, one knows not whether to admire more the geometrical precision, presented by the wonderful and mysterious builders in the form of their monuments, or the hidden symbolism they evidently sought to express. The Ohio mound represents a serpent, upwards of 1,000 feet long. Gracefully coiled in capricious curves, it terminates in a triple coil at the tail. "The embankment constituting the effigy, is upwards of five feet in height, by thirty feet base at the centre of the body, slightly

¹ This "idea" is plainly expressed and asserted as a fact by Plato in his *Banquet*; and was taken up by Lord Bacon in his *New Atlantis*.

² "The name *America*", said I, in *Isis Unveiled* (Vol. 2, p. 591), three years ago, "may one day be found closely related to *Meru*, the sacred mount in the centre of the seven continents". When first discovered, America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of *Atlantia*. In the States of Central America we find the name *Amerih*, signifying, like *Meru*, a great mountain. The origin of the *Kamas* Indians of America is also unknown.

diminishing towards the tail."³ The neck is stretched out and its mouth wide opened, holding within its jaws an oval figure. "Formed by an embankment four feet in height, this oval is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameters being 160 and 8 feet respectively", say the surveyors. The whole represents the universal cosmological idea of the serpent and the egg. This is easy to surmise. But *how came* this great symbol of the Hermetic wisdom of old Egypt to find itself represented in North America? How is it that the sacred buildings found in Ohio and elsewhere, these squares, circles, octagons, and other geometrical figures, in which one recognizes so easily the prevailing idea of the Pythagorean sacred numerals, seem copied from the *Book of Numbers*? Apart from the complete silence as to their origin, even among the Indian tribes, who have otherwise preserved their own traditions in every case, the antiquity of these ruins is proved by the existence of the largest and most ancient forests growing on the buried cities. The prudent archaeologists of America have generously assigned them 2,000 years. But by whom built, and whether their authors migrated, or disappeared beneath victorious arms, or were swept out of existence by some direful epidemic, or a universal famine, are questions, "probably beyond the power of human investigation to answer", they say. The earliest inhabitants of Mexico, of whom history has any knowledge—more hypothetical than proven—are the Toltecs. These are *supposed* to have come from the North and *believed* to have entered Anahuac in the 7th century A.D. They are also credited with having constructed in Central America, where they spread in the eleventh century, some of the great cities whose ruins still exist. In this case it is they who must also have carved the hieroglyphics that cover some of the relics. How is it, then, that the pictorial system of writing of Mexico, which was used by the conquered people and learned by the conquerors and their missionaries, does not yet furnish the keys to the hieroglyphics of Palenque and Copán, not to mention those of Peru? And these civilized Toltecs themselves, who were they, and whence did they come? And who are the Aztecs that succeeded them? Even among the hieroglyphical systems of Mexico, there were some which the foreign interpreters were precluded from the possibility of studying. These were the so-called schemes of judicial astrology "given but not explained in Lord Kingsborough's published collection", and set down as purely figurative and symbolical, "intended only for the use of the priests and diviners and possessed of an esoteric significance." Many of the hieroglyphics on the monoliths of Palenque and Copán are of the same character. The "priests and diviners" were all killed off by the Catholic fanatics,—the secret died with them.

Nearly all the mounds in North America are terraced and ascended by large graded ways, sometimes square, often hexagonal, octagonal or truncated, but in all respects similar to the *teocallis* of Mexico, and to the *topes* of India. As the latter are attributed throughout this country to the work of the five Pandus of the Lunar Race, so the cyclopean monuments and monoliths on the shores of Lake Titicaca, in the republic of Bolivia, are ascribed to giants, the five exiled brothers "from beyond the mounts". They worshipped the *moon as their*

³ Smithsonian contributions to Knowledge, Vol. I.

progenitor and lived before the time of the "Sons and Virgins of the Sun". Here, the similarity of the Aryan with the South American tradition is again but too obvious, and the Solar and Lunar races—Sūrya Vansa and the Chandra Vansa—reappear in America.

This Lake Titicaca, which occupies the centre of one of the most remarkable terrestrial basins on the whole globe, is "160 miles long and from 50 to 80 broad, and discharges through the valley of El Desagvadero, to the south-east into another lake, called Lake Aullagas, which is probably kept at a lower level by evaporation or filtration, since it has no known outlet. The surface of the lake is 12,846 feet above the sea, and it is the most elevated body of waters of similar size in the world." As the level of its waters has very much decreased in the historical period, it is believed on good grounds that they once surrounded the elevated spot on which are found the remarkable ruins of Tiahuanaco.

The latter are without any doubt aboriginal monuments pertaining to an epoch which preceded the Inca period, as far back as the Dravidian and other aboriginal peoples preceded the Aryans in India. Although the traditions of the Incas maintain that the great lawgiver and teacher of the Peruvians, Manco Capac—the Manu of South America—diffused his knowledge and influence from this centre, yet the statement is unsupported by facts. If the original seat of the Aymara, or "Inca race" was there, as claimed by some, how is it that neither the Incas, nor the Aymaras, who dwell on the shores of the Lake to this day, nor yet the ancient Peruvians, had the slightest knowledge concerning their history? Beyond a vague tradition which tells us of "giants" having built these immense structures in one night, we do not find the faintest clue. And we have every reason to doubt whether the Incas are of the Aymara race at all. The Incas claim their descent from Manco Capac, the son of the Sun, and the Aymaras claim this legislator as their instructor and the founder of the era of their civilization. Yet, neither the Incas of the Spanish period could prove the one, nor the Aymaras the other. The language of the latter is quite distinct from the *Inichua*—the tongue of the Incas; and they were the only race that refused to give up their language when conquered by the descendants of the Sun, as Dr. Heath tells us.

The ruins afford every evidence of the highest antiquity. Some are built on a Pyramidal plan, as most of the American mounds are, and cover several acres; while the monolithic doorways, pillars, and stone-idols, so elaborately carved, are "sculptured in a style wholly different from any other remains of art yet found in America". D'Orbigny speaks of the ruins in the most enthusiastic manner. "These monuments", he says, "consist of a mound raised nearly 100 feet, surrounded with pillars—of temples from 600 to 1,200 feet in length, opening precisely towards the east, and adorned with colossal angular columns—of porticoes of a single stone, covered with reliefs of skilful execution, displaying symbolical representations of the Sun, and the condor, his messenger—of basaltic statues loaded with bas-reliefs, in which the design of the carved head is half Egyptian—and lastly, of the interior of a palace formed of enormous blocks of rock, completely hewn, whose dimensions are often 21 feet in length, 12 in

breadth, and 6 in thickness. In the temples and palaces, the portals are not inclined, as among those of the Incas, but perpendicular; and their vast dimensions, and the imposing masses of which they are composed, surpass in beauty and grandeur all that were afterwards built by the sovereigns of Cuzco." Like the rest of his fellow-explorers, M. D'Orbigny believes these ruins to have been the work of a race far anterior to the Incas.

Two distinct styles of architecture are found in these relics of Lake Titicaca. Those of the Island of Coati, for instance, bear every feature in common with the ruins of Tiahuanaco; so do the vast blocks of stone elaborately sculptured, some of which, according to the report of the surveyors, in 1846, measure: "3 feet in length by 18 feet in width, and 6 feet in thickness"; while on some of the islands of the Lake Titicaca there are monuments of great extent, "but of true Peruvian type, believed to be the remains of temples destroyed by the Spaniards". The famous sanctuary, with the human figure in it, belongs to the former. Its doorway 10 feet high, 13 feet broad, with an opening 6 feet 4 inches, by 3 feet 2 inches, is cut from a single stone. "Its east front has a cornice, in the centre of which is a human figure of strange form, *crowned with rays*, interspersed with serpents with crested heads. On each side of this figure are three rows of square compartments, filled with human and other figures, of apparently symbolic design. . . ." Were this temple in India, it would undoubtedly be attributed to Shiva; but it is at the antipodes, where neither the foot of a Shaiva nor one of the Naga tribe has ever penetrated to the knowledge of man, though the Mexican Indians have their Nagal, or chief sorcerer and serpent worshipper. The ruins standing on an eminence, which, from the water-marks around it, seems to have been formerly an island in Lake Titicaca, and "the level of the Lake now being 135 feet lower, and its shores, 12 miles distant, this fact, in conjunction with others, warrants the belief that these remains antedate any others known in America."⁴ Hence, all these relics are unanimously ascribed to the same "unknown and mysterious people who preceded the Peruvians, as the Tulhuatecas or Toltecs did the Aztecs. It seems to have been the seat of the highest and most ancient civilization of South America and of a people who have left the most gigantic monuments of their power and skill." . . . And these monuments are all either *Dracontias*—Temples sacred to the Snake—or temples dedicated to the Sun.

Of this same character are the ruined pyramids of Teotihuacan and the monoliths of Palenque and Copán. The former are some eight leagues from the city of Mexico on the plain of Otumla, and considered among the most ancient in the land. The two principal ones are dedicated to the Sun and Moon, respectively. They are built of cut stone, square, with four stories and a level area at the top. The larger, that of the Sun, is 221 feet high, 680 feet square at the base, and covers an area of 11 acres, nearly equal to that of the great pyramid of Cheops. And yet, the pyramid of Cholula, higher than that of Teotihuacan by ten feet according to Humboldt, and having 1,400 feet square at the base, covers an area of 45 acres!

⁴*New American Cyclopaedia*, Art. Teotihuacan.

It is interesting to hear what the earliest writers—the historians who saw them during the first conquest—say even of some of the most modern of these buildings, of the great temple of Mexico, among others. It consisted of an immense square area “surrounded by a wall of stone and lime, eight feet thick, with battlements, ornamented with many stone figures *in the form of serpents*”, says one. Cortez shows that 500 houses might be easily placed within its enclosure. It was paved with polished stones, so smooth, that “the horses of the Spaniards could not move over them without slipping”, writes Bernal Diaz. In connection with this, we must remember that it was not the Spaniards who conquered the Mexicans, but their *horses*. As there never was a horse seen before by this people in America, until the Europeans landed it on the coast, the natives, though excessively brave, “were so awestruck at the sight of horses and the roar of the artillery”, that they took the Spaniards to be of divine origin and sent them human beings as sacrifices. This superstitious panic is sufficient to account for the fact that a handful of men could so easily conquer incalculable thousands of warriors.

According to Gomara, the four walls of the enclosure of the temple corresponded with the cardinal points. In the centre of this gigantic area arose the great temple, an immense pyramidal structure of eight stages, faced with stone, 300 feet square at the base and 120 feet in height, truncated, with a level summit, upon which were situated two towers, the shrines of the divinities to whom it was consecrated—*Tezcatlipoca* and *Huitzilopchtli*. It was here that the sacrifices were performed, and *the eternal fire maintained*. Clavigero tells us that besides this great pyramid, there were forty other similar structures consecrated to various divinities. The one called *Tezcacalli* was “the House of the Shining Mirrors, sacred to *Tezcatlipoca*, the God of Light, the Soul of the World, the Vivifier, the Spiritual Sun”. The dwellings of priests, who, according to Zarate, amounted to 8,000, were near by, as well as the seminaries and the schools. Ponds and fountains, groves and gardens, in which flowers and sweet smelling herbs were cultivated for use in certain sacred rites and the decoration of altars, were in abundance; and, so large was the inner yard, that “8,000 or 10,000 persons had sufficient room to dance in it upon their solemn festivities”—says Solis. Torquemada estimates the number of such temples in the Mexican empire at 40,000 but Clavigero, speaking of the majestic *Teocalli* (literally, houses of God) of Mexico, estimates the number higher.

So wonderful are the features of resemblance between the ancient shrines of the Old and the New World that Humboldt remains unequal to express his surprise. “What striking analogies exist between the monuments of the old continents and those of the Toltecs who . . . built these colossal structures, truncated pyramids, divided by layers, like the temple of Belus at Babylon! Where did they take the model of these edifices?”—he exclaims.

The eminent naturalist might also have inquired where the Mexicans got all their *Christian* virtues from, being but poor pagans. The code of the Aztecs, says Prescott, “evinces a profound respect for the great principles of morality, and as clear a perception of these principles as is to be found in the most cultivated nations”. Some of these are very curious inasmuch as they show such a

similarity to some of the Gospel ethics, "He who looks too curiously on a woman, commits adultery with his eyes", says one of them. "Keep peace with all; bear injuries with humility; God, who sees, will avenge you", declares another. Recognizing but one Supreme Power in Nature, they addressed it as the deity "by whom we live, Omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts and giveth all gifts, without whom man is as nothing; invisible, incorporeal, one of perfect perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence." And, in naming their children, says Lord Kingsborough, "they used a ceremony strongly resembling the Christian rite of baptism, the lips and bosom of the infant being sprinkled with water, and the Lord implored to *wash away the sin* that was given to it before the foundation of the world, *so that the child might be born anew.*" "Their laws were perfect; justice, contentment and peace reigned in the kingdom of these benighted heathen," when the brigands and the Jesuits of Cortez landed at Tabasco. A century of murders, robbery, and forced conversion, was sufficient to transform this quiet, inoffensive and wise people into what they are now. They have fully benefited by dogmatic Christianity; and he who has ever been to Mexico, knows what that means. The country is full of blood-thirsty Christian fanatics, thieves, rogues, drunkards, debauchees, murderers, and the greatest liars the world has ever produced! Peace and glory to your ashes, O Cortez and Torquemada! In this case at least, you will never be permitted to boast of the enlightenment *your* Christianity has poured out on the poor, and once virtuous heathen!

Through the Arches of Time fly the Swallows of Time,—in threes, in fours, then in threes again, making the seven and the sacred ten.

Thus nations pass, and races; continents rise and fall; the Days dawn and fade, the Nights return.

Time, the mighty Illusion, raised these Arches; and, while Time exists, through them fly the Swallows of Time, in threes, in fours, then in threes again.

Eternity holds them; verily, Eternity holds them all.—THE BOOK OF BIRDS.



REVIEWS

The Lost Empires of the Itzaes and Mayas, by Theodore A. Willard: The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1933; price, \$6.00.

The Conquest of the Maya, by J. Leslie Mitchell; Dutton, New York, 1935; price, \$3.75.

The Ancient Mayas: Adventures in the Jungles of Yucatan, by Robert B. Stacy-Judd; Haskell-Travers, Inc., Los Angeles, California, 1934; price, \$3.50.

Mr. Theodore Willard is well known to students of the civilization of the Mayas. In his book, *The City of the Sacred Well*, he wrote of the excavations and discoveries made by Edward Thompson at Chichen Itza. His new book gives an excellent résumé of what is known of the history of Yucatan before the Spanish Conquest, and of the Conquest itself. There are imaginative descriptions of Maya ceremonies and festivals which draw a picture of the life of that day, and there is a "personally conducted" tour of the monuments of Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and other ruined cities of the peninsula. Mr. Willard writes with enthusiasm and sympathy for his subject, and he does not dogmatize. In his concluding chapter on *Facts, Theories and Conjectures*, he discusses the various theories as to the origin of the Maya, Atlantean or Mongolian. He touches mildly upon the vexed question of whether the animals with long, curling snouts so frequently represented on the monuments are elephants, macaws or tapirs. He calls attention to the Oriental turbans of the personages on the Copán altar. He presents the speculations as to the downfall and disappearance of the race, and concludes by saying, "The mystery lies not in the disappearance of its ancient peoples nor in the diminished population of the peninsula. Rather, the unfathomable problem concerns their origin. Someday, perhaps, some deeply-buried record will yield the secret, and this story without a beginning may be completed."

Mr. J. Leslie Mitchell's book is written for more serious readers. It brings together a prodigious quantity of data from all the sources, from history, from the scientists, ethnologists and archaeologists, and from the monuments themselves. He has, however, little of the open-mindedness and modesty of Mr. Willard. He has made up his mind as to what happened, and, of course, fits facts into his theory.

Modern scientists nearly all agree that man was not indigenous in the Americas. Most of them think he came over the Aleutian Islands from Asia. There are some who will allow a migration from Europe by way of Greenland, and another

migration to the Pacific coast from Polynesia. Others, more rare and more liberal, concede the existence of an Atlantean continent, and the possibility of an Atlantean origin for some of the peoples. Mr. Mitchell has no use for Lemuria or Atlantis. Also, he has a violent aversion to the idea that civilizations sprang up simultaneously in all parts of the world, or that the nature of man leads him to express himself in much the same way wherever he is. He says:

Modern evidences, as we have seen, demonstrate that the belief that cultures developed independently at different points on the surface of the globe "through the similarity of the innate disposition of the human mind" is a belief without objective foundation, a theory not evolved from facts, but superimposed upon them. Civilization, culture, did not arise independently at various points all over the earth: there was no slow upward climb from primitive to savage, savage to barbarian, barbarian to civilized man, in the ordering beloved of the older school of historians. Civilization rose from the midst of primitive freedom, with comparative suddenness, revolutionizing human life and spreading abroad the planet much as the technique of the Solutrian blade, from one accidental point in the Old World. That accidental point was Ancient Egypt. . . . Chance and long centuries of observation forced Agriculture upon the Ancient Egyptian. . . . Agriculture gave birth to theology, the arts, and a multitude of handicrafts within the limited period of a few hundred years in the Nile basin—this at no remote period in human history, but probably between the years 5000 B.C. and 4000 B.C.

Mr. Mitchell is as dogmatic as the late Bishop Usher, who, you will remember, placed the creation of the world at B.C. 4004. This sudden development, according to our present author, was due to the fact that barley and millet grew wild in the Nile valley. It is his theory that men, observing the fertilizing effects of the Nile floods, developed an irrigating system and deified the "First Irrigator", and that this culture was carried gradually around the earth, even to the Americas. Mr. Mitchell does not think that this was accomplished all at once, but that successive waves of immigrants followed each other, bringing with them their cultures. He traces some Egyptian symbology in early Mayan monuments, for he believes that all religions came from the fertility cult of Osiris, and that this cult was developed by the Hindus into their highly complex systems. He finds decided Hindu influences throughout the Maya and Mexican area. For him, the snouts on the animal masks are the elephant trunk of the God Ganesha; the Earth Monster is the Indian Makara, and the God in the jaws of the monster is Indra in the coils of the serpent or Vishnu borne up by Sessa. He lays stress upon the many obvious similarities between the Maya sculptures and those of Angkor-Wat in Cambodia. Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will remember the tradition that Arjuna went to Patala, or the antipodes, and there married the daughter of the King of the Nagas. However, we should be inclined to ask: is the God upon the Serpent Altar the Hindu Indra himself, or is he the Adept, the Dragon of Wisdom, so called in all the great religions?

According to *The Secret Doctrine*, the history of civilized man is immensely older than the archæologists are willing to admit. Man did not painfully discover for himself the sciences of astronomy, mathematics, architecture and agriculture through long millenniums of experiment. Neither did he suddenly invent them in the course of a few hundred years. At the beginning of his

emergence into the human kingdom he was ruled over by divine Kings who taught him these things. The "Stanzas of Dzyan" say: "Then the Builders, having donned their first Clothing, descend on radiant Earth and reign over Men—who are themselves." Madame Blavatsky comments on this, and her comments are so interesting that we cannot resist quoting them at some length.

The "Watchers" reign over men during the whole period of Satya Yuga and the smaller subsequent Yugas, down to the beginning of the Third Root Race; after which it is the Patriarchs, Heroes, and the Manes, as in the Egyptian Dynasties enumerated by the priests to Solon, the incarnated Dhyanis of a lower order, up to King Menes and the human kings of other nations. All were carefully recorded. In the views of symbologists this Mythopœic Age is of course regarded only as a fairy tale. But since traditions and even chronicles of such Dynasties of *Divine Kings*, of Gods reigning over men, followed by Dynasties of Heroes or Giants, exist in the annals of every nation, it is difficult to understand how all the peoples under the sun, some of whom are separated by vast oceans and belong to different hemispheres, such as the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, as well as the Chaldeans, could have worked out the same "fairy tales" in the same order of events. However, as the Secret Doctrine teaches *history*—which, although esoteric and traditional, is, none the less, more reliable than profane history—we are entitled to our beliefs as much as any one else, whether religionist or sceptic. And that Doctrine says that the Dhyanibuddhas of the two higher Groups, namely, the Watchers or the Architects, furnished the many and various races with divine kings and leaders. It is the latter who taught humanity their arts and sciences, and the former who revealed to the incarnated Monads that had just shaken off their Vehicles of the lower Kingdoms, and who had, therefore, lost every recollection of their divine origin, the great spiritual truths of the transcendental Worlds (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 287).

The great weakness of modern archæologists is that they see only the exterior, —layers of lava, old bones, or a few dated stones. They have, practically without exception, no understanding of the inner meaning of symbols throughout the world. Most of the investigators of the Maya are unable to interpret the significance of a work like the *Popul Vuh*. What does it mean when it says that when the ancestors of the tribes, after long wanderings, came into the land, they found giants there? The fact is that the origins of the civilizations of America are lost in darkness, as most of the archæologists admit, but they will not accept the combined mass of tradition of all the races. As Madame Blavatsky says: "It is the ignorance of our men of science, who will accept neither the tradition that several Continents have already sunk, nor the periodical law which acts throughout the Manvantaric Cycle—it is this ignorance that is the chief cause of all the confusion." *The Secret Doctrine* declares that physical man developed on this earth 18,000,000 years ago. The remains of his antediluvian cultures are hidden under the oceans, for the most part. We are told of "the Lemurians in their sixth sub-race building their first rock-cities out of lava and stone. . . . The oldest remains of Cyclopean buildings were all the handiwork of the last sub-races of the Lemurians: and an Occultist, therefore, shows no surprise on learning that the stone relics which are found on the small piece of land called Easter Island . . . are 'very much like the walls of the Temple of Pachacamac or the Ruins of Tia-Huanaco in Peru', and also that they are in the *Cyclopean style*". The reviewer is well aware that the ruins of Easter Island and Peru are

now declared by the scientists to have been constructed in the Christian era, but their theories, when carefully examined and compared, seem as fantastic to us as ours do to them, and far less logical and satisfactory.

Who were the Mound Builders? Where were the Seven Cities of Cibola? From whence came the Ancestors of the Chimus? For example, it is significant to a student of *The Secret Doctrine* that the Maya calendar should start arbitrarily on a certain day, 4 Ahau, 8 Cumhu, or September fourth, 3113 B.C., according to one system of reading the calendar. He will immediately recall that the present cycle of Kali Yuga started with the death of Krishna about 5000 years ago.

Mr. Stacey-Judd is a firm believer in the existence of Atlantis, and he thinks that Mayan culture was derived essentially from Atlantean sources. His book, *The Ancient Mayas*, is primarily an account of his own travels in Yucatan. He is an architect and has an appreciation of the æsthetic qualities of Maya art. One frequently wonders why Mr. Mitchell bothers to write about people he dislikes so much. Indeed, he rather wonders why himself. Mr. Stacy-Judd, on the contrary, is full of admiration and sympathy which enable him to transmit his enthusiasm to his readers. He succeeds in giving a living impression of the splendours of the cities of Yucatan, where a much better writer, Mr. Mitchell, fails and is decidedly vulgar. Mr. Stacy-Judd's amiability evidently communicated itself to those with whom he came in contact. His adventures in the vast caves of Loltun, from which he was rescued by a centenarian Maya hermit, will particularly delight the reader.

All three of these books are well illustrated with excellent photographs and maps. The subject is one which must always be fascinating to those who are interested in the civilizations of the past.

St.C. LaD.

Prince Saionji, by Tosabuno Taketoshi, Member of the House of Peers; Ritsumeikan University, Kyoto, Japan; price, 5 yen.

This life of Prince Saionji, written by one of his political disciples, gives a vivid insight into the history of Japan in the nineteenth century. The first part of the book tells of those days when the terrifying boom of Perry's guns was heard. The largest temple bell of the country was brought down to the shore. Its sound would make the enemy's blood curdle! We read a discussion on training archers to confront the Western barbarians, and barely a few pages further on, we find Japan a power engaged in world politics.

Prince Saionji is the last remaining Genro, that is, Elder Statesman, a special adviser to the Emperor, appointed by Imperial rescript after his retirement as Prime Minister. He is the head of a family founded in the tenth century by the marriage of an Emperor's daughter with a Minister of State. As a child, Saionji was precocious and independent of spirit. At six, already given the responsibilities of chamberlain, he began the traditional studies of the Chinese Classics and the arts of war. In 1868, when the war of the Restoration began, he was only nineteen. The forces upon which the Emperor could count were very uncertain. Because of his genuine loyalty and buoyant enthusiasm, Saionji

was put at the head of a force of clansmen. "Dressed in green armour, with the head-dress appropriate to his rank", preceded by a banner of red cloth with the sun and moon emblazoned upon it, in two short campaigns he defeated the opposing forces of the Shogunate in the district of Echigo. His successes, his frankness and his intelligence won him the favour of the Court, then surrounded by intriguing officials and rough clansmen. After the country was pacified, he was offered the post of Governor of the Provinces; but his mind was made up: at a time when all were scrambling for positions, he preferred to ask for release from military duty and for permission to go to France to study. Discarding his mediæval armour and his two swords for a suit of foreign clothes, he left for Paris, the Paris of the Commune. Fourteen years ago, he returned to Paris to sign the Versailles Treaty.

He found the clear Gallic spirit in harmony with his own. There is a bond between the Japanese and the French which grows out of a similar appreciation of the spiritual values of life. The French think, the Japanese feel; there lies the difference. Saionji studied law, and also spent much time enjoying the Bohemian life of the period in the literary circles where his charm made him many friends. He collaborated with Gautier's daughter, Madame Mendès, in the production of a play at the Odéon. He stayed ten years, and was thirty-three when he returned to Japan, armed with some knowledge of law and of life.

He suffered many bitter disappointments when, eager to act and serve, he found himself blocked again and again, on one side by politicians, on the other by traditions and by the will of an Emperor whom he desired to obey in spirit and in letter. A bold attempt at the editing of a liberal newspaper was suppressed by Imperial order. After this, his political career began, first as senator, then as Minister to Vienna and Berlin. Twice he was appointed Minister of Education, and twice Prime Minister. His political career was uneventful. His importance lies in his profound wisdom and integrity. The Emperor, and political friends and enemies alike, turned for advice to one so steeped in Chinese wisdom and French culture. For instance, we may read in the newspaper that the Prime Minister of the Empire is taking the train to Okitsu, there to be told whether or not he should resign, and who should be appointed Minister of Education.

One feels throughout the book the attraction of Prince Saionji's forceful personality, free, frank, humorous, enthusiastic, poised and detached, yet capable of very determined action. He does not spurn entertainments, and with his literary friends frequents the tea houses. He enjoys music and poetry, and is himself able to write verse. It is in some small unpretentious house that he prefers to live, and it is there that his friends come to find him when he is needed for some important mission. In spite of his horror of ostentation, he knows how to give banquets where he tactfully brings together politicians and men of letters at a time when considerations of rank and station make such a thing highly difficult. The Prince, now eighty-four, lives in his villa at Okitsu, by the sea, surrounded by terraced orange groves. There one can imagine him finding in

Nature and in his Chinese Classics that poise on which his impartial judgment and clear thinking are founded.

Prince Saionji served his country by contributing faith in liberty and tolerance, while preserving intact the traditional belief in the ancient wisdom and the observance of complete loyalty to the Emperor. The attitude of his countrymen toward him is an example which Occidentals, for the most part, will be too vain either to notice or to follow,—and recognition of the hierarchical principle presupposes at least the semblance of humility, while democracy damns humility, and Nazi-ism double-damns it. Similarly, respect for the experience of age is antagonistic to the "Ascendency of Youth" and to the "Experiment-at-other-people's-expense" systems, both of which are based upon contempt for what the past should teach us. So long as the Japanese, whatever their faults, show their superiority in these respects, they will have that much practical advantage over us,—and will deserve it. N.R.

The Age of the Gods, A Study in the Origins of Culture in Prehistoric Europe and the Ancient East, by Christopher Dawson; Sheed and Ward, New York, 1933; price, \$3.00.

This is not a new book, but a re-issue of one first published by John Murray, London, in 1928, in a much more expensive form. Until now, therefore, it has been less available to the general public than the book itself merits. It is the first of a series of several volumes (some still in the making) which may be summed up as a History of Culture, and is an attempt to show that culture springs from and rests upon man's spiritual attitude toward life. "What is a culture?", we read. "A culture is a common way of life—a particular adjustment of man to his natural surroundings and his economic needs. In its use and modification it resembles the development of a biological species,"—it is, in fact, an embryonic expression of group life. "But man is not merely plastic under the influence of his material environment. He moulds it, as well as being moulded by it. . . . It is true that three of the main influences which form and modify human culture are the same as in the case of the formation of an animal species"—race, environment, function and occupation. "But in addition to these there is a fourth element: thought, which is peculiar to the human species, and the existence of which frees man from the blind dependence on material environment which characterizes the lower forms of life. It is this factor which renders possible the acquisition of a growing capital of social tradition, so that the gains of one generation can be transmitted to the next, and the discoveries or new ideas of an individual can become the common property of the whole society." We see in this statement a suggestion of the theosophical law of correspondences, for may it not be said that this is one of the laws of spiritual life on all planes, beginning in the Lodge itself? The property of one is the property of all and, as *Light on the Path* admonishes: "Accumulate wealth for that united spirit of life which is your only true self."

"We cannot understand the present", comments Mr. Dawson, "without a

knowledge of the past, or the past without the whole." To this the student of Theosophy would heartily agree—since life is one—for he knows that we cannot separate a single historical event, no matter how insignificant it may appear, from the great body of history or even of tradition, without, to a greater or lesser degree, falsifying the whole. Contrary to the opinion of ethnologists and anthropologists, Mr. Dawson does not believe that mankind should be classified by races; he believes that the true classification is that of cultures and, as already stated, he believes that all cultures have their origin in religion. "At present, perhaps, the dominant fashion is to look to the racial factor as the *deus ex machina* of the human drama. Yet race is itself but the product of the process of interaction that we have mentioned. . . . Every religion embodies an attitude to life and a conception of reality, and any change in these brings with it a change in the whole character of the culture, as we see in the case of the transformation of ancient civilization by Christianity, or the transformation of the society of Pagan Arabia by Islam. . . . Thus the great stages of world-culture are linked with changes in man's vision of Reality."

The book covers a very wide field, starting with the Glacial Age and the so-called beginnings of human life in Europe; through the later palæolithic culture, the dawn of the neolithic age, and on through the development of the Sumerian civilization, with the rise of the Sacred City. There is the archaic culture of Egypt and the growth of the Great State, and by well-graded steps we are taken through Crete and the Ægean, the Nordic culture, the Age of Empire in the near East, finally ending with Italy and the beginning of the Iron Age in Europe.

It is true that Mr. Dawson appears to recognize (within certain limits), the law of cycles; that evolution is not a smooth, undisturbed, undeviating up-grade movement: "The history of the earth is not a simple, uniform development. It has proceeded by a series of vast cyclic revolutions, true world ages, . . . the whole process of terrestrial change is indeed governed by a kind of rhythmic movement." And he adds: "Behind the world that we know there lies a whole series of other worlds, each with its own continents and seas, and its own types of animal and vegetable life." This last statement, which we find early in the book, leads the reader—if a student of Theosophy—to hope that there will also be definite recognition of a past so old that it is beyond all reckoning, with our inheritance of resulting cultural and civilizing influences which we ascribe to what may relatively be called the present; recognition, too, that the cyclic life of man and of nature, its rise and fall which admittedly works forward from a given point in the known evolutionary pageant, may also be thought of as having been in operation vast ages before that arbitrary point. For no civilization can be justly gauged or valued without taking previous civilizations on this globe into account, and humanity is far older than this book would give us to believe. Therefore, deeply interesting as it is, the student of Theosophy will be conscious of a lack throughout—not an unusual experience in books of to-day on this and kindred subjects: a lack of recognition that all cultures, all civilizations of which we have historical or even legendary knowledge are but a return

—with certain modifications—over the steep cyclic pathway of civilizations long anterior to history as we know it; for we are to-day treading that path which, under similar yet at the same time differing circumstances, humanity trod æons and æons ago. In short, we wish Mr. Dawson were familiar with the philosophy of Theosophy, for it would greatly deepen and enhance the wide and brilliant sweep of his cultural knowledge and insight. T.D.

The History of Buddhist Thought, by Edward J. Thomas; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1933; price, \$5.00.

As Dr. Thomas writes in his Preface: "A history of Buddhism in the sense of a connected account of the chief events of all the Buddhist communities throughout the centuries, is an ideal not yet attainable." To a student of Theosophy it seems impossible that such a history could ever be written without a clear recognition of the esoteric basis of many of the "chief events". Dr. Thomas assumes without argument that the developments of the original teaching of the Buddha could not have been foreseen by the Master himself; that in a certain sense they consisted of a series of deformations of the primitive nucleus of thought from which Buddhism received its first impulse. This is partly true, of course. The official Buddhist churches, like their Christian counterparts, are productions of fallible human nature. They are and always have been counterfeits of the true Order of Disciples which the great Indian Master laboured to establish; and on occasion they have become monstrous perversions. But the secret clue to the real power of Buddhism is to be sought, not in the exoteric church, but in the esoteric Order.

According to an Eastern tradition, for instance, the Mahayana doctrine was reserved for the Disciples before it was incorporated in the public teaching. If this be true, the Mahayana has a significance very different from that attributed to it by those who describe it as a belated addition to Buddhism, the work of a few speculative metaphysicians. It is as truly part of the Buddha's message as any of the sermons preserved in the Pali texts. Moreover, the Mahayana scriptures stress a mystical fact which is confirmed by Theosophy but which the Western mind, with its inherited materialistic tendencies, finds it particularly hard to grasp. According to the Mahayana, the Buddha is a living Master; he did not enter final Nirvana when his physical body died. No amount of "higher criticism" can ever solve the mysteries of Buddhism or of Christianity, unless these two postulates are accepted at least tentatively:—that at the head of every world-religion there is a living Master, and that he continues to work in the world through Disciples or groups of Disciples who may be wholly independent of any official church bearing his name.

In our opinion, Dr. Thomas has written a very fragmentary and one-sided history; but his book has real value, in so far as it illustrates a deepening understanding of certain fundamental Buddhist doctrines by Orientalists. The following passage would have been regarded as "heretical" by Rhys Davids and his generation.

It was unfortunate that Buddhism was once expounded by scholars who took a pleasure in describing it as agnostic atheism, and who even spoke of "the antinomy of an entity or soul". . . . Buddhism agrees with the other world-religions in recognizing an ultimate eternal reality, but it nowhere describes this reality in positive language. . . . The doctrine of rebirth made the non-atman theory a very different thing from what to a Western mind is implied by a denial of the soul. . . . Ajita's doctrine of annihilation at death was denied throughout the whole history of Buddhism. The individual being had existed before, and he would exist again. He was only a bundle of changing skandhas, changing from moment to moment, and from life to life, and it was only Nirvana which could bring about their final dissolution. His personal identity remained the same to such an extent that he could come to remember his former existences. . . . The question of the dissolution of personality only becomes urgent when it is asked what takes place with the cessation of rebirth. Naturally no one can give an answer to that except the one who has reached that state. . . . The disputes and assertions and misunderstandings that have taken place on this very point have given it an unnecessary prominence. There is less need now for many words, for the literature is becoming accessible which makes obsolete much that was written before the texts were understood or even known (pp. 257-260).

S.L.

Queen Alexandra, by Sir George Arthur; Chapman and Hall, London; price, 8s. 6d.

Students of Theosophy should be students of history, able to compare epochs in the lives of different nations as an aid to an understanding of themselves, of human nature in general, and of cyclic law. The Victorian era—treated with contempt by most modern writers because they resent its obvious superiority to the present—was one of the greatest in world history. "There were giants in those days", not only in England and in many other European countries, but in America too. In Germany, for instance, while one detests Bismarck and Hitler about equally, it must be obvious to everyone that, of the two men, Bismarck was incomparably the bigger. Similarly in England, the statesmen of to-day are pygmies in comparison with those of Queen Victoria's reign. As to America,—but that is too painful.

This book brings to mind names great in history from about 1860 onwards. It is interesting, and may serve to stimulate a desire to learn more about the many events and persons mentioned. The attitude of the author toward Queen Alexandra (Princess of Wales for so many more years than Queen) is very friendly, as it is to King Edward. He is not a muckraker, and annoys only because he cannot resist trying to show his superiority somehow—a habit which made his biography of Kitchener primarily an exhibition of his own vanity. It is impossible for him, in this book, to mention Queen Victoria without sneering at her, or to refrain from intimating more than once that Queen Alexandra was totally uneducated (in comparison, of course, with himself),—a defect which he patronizingly condones as if patting her on the head with a "Never mind, little girl; you are very pretty, so I forgive you". Apart from this element, the book is worth reading.

T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 394.—*We are told that self is the great enemy which we must ceaselessly struggle to conquer; is one then never to resent insults which are directed against the self?*

ANSWER.—It is a question, for one thing, of the motive back of the insult. Why did that person insult us? Was it deliberate, in order to arrest our attention, to wake us up? Or was it merely the venting of irritation and ill-nature? Or did some real question of feeling and principle lie back of the remark? An insult may imply deliberate intent of some kind. That intent may show an habitual wrong attitude of mind towards us which has expressed itself, or it may reveal qualities of lower nature, in the person who has insulted us, over which he has lost control. Possibly that person has recognized in us, unerringly, his own greatest fault or weakness, and, annoyed by it, has given way to his feeling. If the insult includes others, as well as ourselves, we may properly feel resentment—for those others—and say so. If we feel resentment for ourselves alone, it is safe to assume that the resentment comes from our own lower nature, and that there is an element of truth in the insult; we should do well to examine it, and apply to ourselves the result of that examination. The nature of our response must depend upon who it is that has insulted us, and upon the circumstances. Some people may have no right, under any conditions, to speak to us in such a way. If they do so, it may be our duty to put them in their place, positively, but not in anger. We should remember that what has been said to us may represent a need, or a lack, in the person who has spoken, and we should keep aware of this, and act in accordance with it. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—How are we ever to become able to conquer the great enemy—self—if we allow ourselves to be swayed by what concerns it, whether in terms of praise, or of condemnation, or insult? We must free ourselves from the bonds of the personality. One of the first steps in that direction is the surrender of all idea of personal rights. *Light on the Path* points out that impersonality must be understood; that "no man is your enemy: no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers." Real or fancied "insults" to the personality, therefore, should be regarded as lessons to be learned. Insults, or untrue statements about others, or about a Cause which we hold in reverence, are quite a different matter; these should never be allowed to pass without, at least, a protest. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—We should never "resent" anything directed against ourselves. Why, merely because someone else has said something, should we take into our own hearts and minds so corrosive a thing as resentment, which, when harboured, is utterly destructive of all peace, happiness, and spiritual growth? "Small injuries shall go as they come, a great injury may dine or sup with me; but none at all shall lodge with me." If the "insults" hamper our work, or reflect on others or on what we represent, it may be necessary to take whatever action is required to have them stopped, and, perhaps, to have reparation made. This, however, should be done quite impersonally, certainly without any personal resentment. It is far more effective. The way to meet an insult is with dignity, and true dignity is always impersonal. A great deal of what people tell themselves is resentment of an insult, is in reality their own

vanity lashing back at a hurt to itself. When one has done something that subjects him to merited criticism, rebuke or rebuff, his lower nature is certain to create a smoke-screen of resentment, in order to divert his attention and keep him from realizing that he ought to be ashamed of himself,—a realization that vanity finds very painful. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—What is an "insult"? Is it not an "insult" only if we ourselves allow it to appear so? For although a person may be guilty of what we know quite well to be an unbrotherly action toward us, or an almost insufferable remark offered us, the results are entirely in our own hands; everything depends upon our attitude and response. The force locked up in the intended offence in reality reacts upon the one who has been responsible for it, as a boomerang returns upon its course. Therefore the perpetrator is also the victim (we shall have learned much if we realize this), and he is in need of our sympathy, not our "resentment". When we ourselves are guilty of unbrotherliness toward another, charity and not anger is what we most hope for. The truly great of heart are not even *conscious* of "insults" purposely directed against themselves (history is full of examples), although, until sincere and deep repentance is manifest, they never forgive or forget an insult offered to their Master, to their Cause or to their friends. That is all that need concern us. T.A.

ANSWER.—One way of viewing self is to see it as an insult. As a product of our self-will, we defied divine law in creating it; its very existence is an affront to the Lords of Compassion. The trouble is, that, having misapplied divine force in creating it, we have grown to identify ourselves with it instead of with the real, permanent, or Higher Self. Once we get our identification properly placed, so that we realize we are not this false self, and know it for what it is, we shall have no problem about its being insulted; any more than we have, now, about a cat being insulted because someone calls attention to its feline nature, or about a rat because someone speaks of its rodent ways. In the case of self, when we have disentangled ourselves sufficiently from its snares and delusions, as we must eventually, and have associated ourselves with the Higher Self, we shall realize that it is impossible to insult that which, in itself, is an insult. Until then, we shall have to grin and bear *supposed* insults as best we can. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—It all depends upon your point of view. If you are trying to force your way through a mob, or are slipping backward down a bank, you recognize that the friend who presses you from behind is doing you a service. If you wish to stand still, the push becomes an outrage. To "insult" means, literally, to "jump on". We do not mind others jumping on what we ourselves are trampling beneath our feet. But we are likely to object, or at least to make inquiry, when the jump lands on our own toes. The question thus becomes one of right self-identification. It would be hard to find an act which did not mingle good and evil, which did not reveal the struggle, of which our whole life is compact, between the mean and the noble, between the self and the greater than self: with which do we identify ourselves? We are two are at war, and in our sane moments we know that we cannot remain neutral or continue friends with both. We must choose one and be at enmity with the other. Then we must try to keep remembering which is which, and not mix them up as soon as anyone else also takes sides,—which is what usually happens when we resent criticism or rebuke, as insult. There is, however, another aspect of the question which we should not ignore. To resent another's act, is to make oneself negative to him, subservient to him, surrendering to him the initiative and the control we should keep of our own feelings and moods. In resenting, in "feeling against" another (*re* against, and *sentire* to feel), we are not ourselves acting, but are merely *re-acting*, moving as he pulls the strings. If we remember this, the very pride, or vanity, which prompts us to feel resentment, will move us to put it away. Resentment is always weak. We should find within ourselves, not in others, the motives for our acts. M.



NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 27th, 1935, 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 1st.
4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.
5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10: 30 a. m. and 2: 30 p. m.
6. On Sunday, April 28th, 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 15th, 1935.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 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,—

April 6th and 20th, May 4th.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.