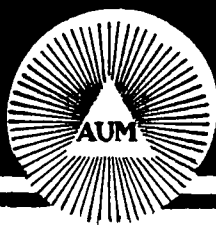


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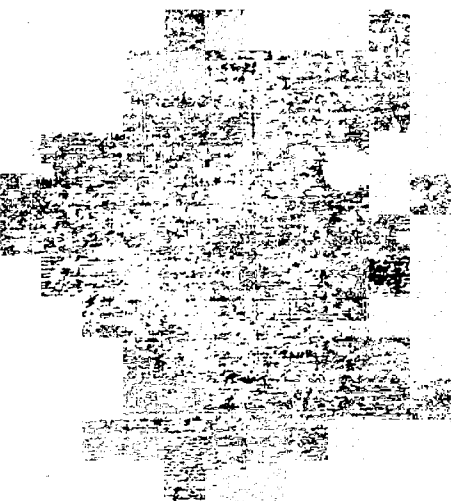
JANUARY, 1938

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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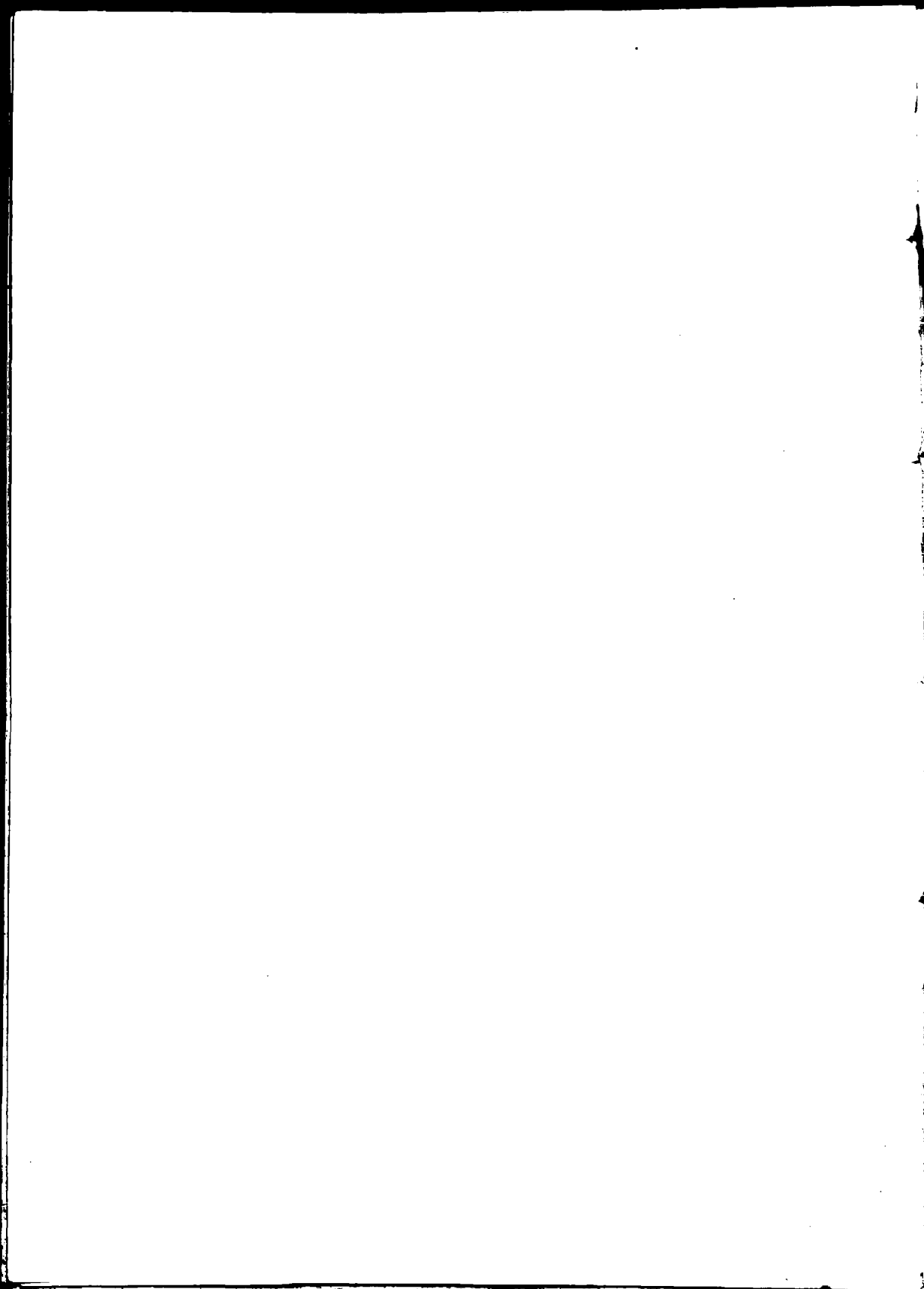
The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance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





JANUARY, 1938

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ECONOMICS

ECONOMICS or political economy has been defined as "the science which investigates the production, distribution and consumption of wealth; or the material means of satisfying human desires". It has been called the "dismal science", but the study of "the material means of satisfying human desires" can become an affair of absorbing interest. Let no one imagine that such a subject is too sordid to concern an aspirant towards some "higher life". The light of the firefly is one with the light of the sun. Nature is in essence indivisible. As a banker recently remarked, economic principles cannot be considered adequately apart from moral principles. Any attempt to satisfy human desires uncloses many possibilities of strange and dangerous adventure, for some desires cannot, and others ought not, to be satisfied.

Moreover, the laws of eternal Nature operate as inexorably in the commerce of mankind as in the harmony of the spheres, or the interaction of physiological functions, or the communion of the heavenly host. Long experience has revealed certain elementary economic principles upon which the existence of any social order depends. In so far as we understand them, we are helped to an understanding of cosmic and spiritual principles to which these correspond. At the present time, men everywhere are throwing overboard the accumulated experience of centuries, and are devising schemes to circumvent the "natural law", the *jus gentium* of the Roman jurists, which is indispensable and common to all mankind. Most of these devices have been tried before with lamentable results, and they cannot fail to bring disaster again.

It is the duty of the student of Theosophy to face realities, to combat error, to seek truth. Nowhere is the distinction between truth and error more clearly seen than in the economic domain, where men are constantly forced to choose between honest commerce and one or another form of brigandage. The student of Theosophy who is indifferent to the phenomena of the market-place, is neglecting an opportunity to acquire knowledge.

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

"Honest commerce" implies the right of the individual to hold and to transfer property. If A possess something which B wants, B can steal it; or he can beg for it; or he can barter, offering in exchange for it something which he himself possesses. Under normal conditions, the exchange of goods or capital or labour, according to the rules of honest commerce, is regarded as a more respectable enterprise than banditry or mendicancy.

But what is honest commerce? According to a venerable standard, it is commerce which is regulated by the law of supply and demand. This law merely affirms the simple fact that the natural price of a commodity is determined by the varying ratio between the quantity which is offered for sale and the quantity which is wanted by buyers: when the supply is greater than the demand, the price falls; when the demand is greater than the supply, the price rises. The price thus determined at any given moment is said to be a fair basis of exchange.

The law of supply and demand functions in conjunction with the maxim, *Caveat emptor*, "Let the buyer beware". This is not an invitation to sharp practice on the part of the seller. It merely affirms that the purchaser should examine what he buys, and that he acts on his own judgment and at his own risk. It is the duty of the seller not to deceive the buyer, but he is free to sell or not to sell at his own discretion and on his own terms,—as the buyer is free to buy or not to buy.

The law of supply and demand is not properly appreciated by people who want to get something for nothing or for less than it is currently worth. It has always been defied, more or less openly, by nations and groups and individuals with predatory instincts. But it cannot be defied with impunity. The financial and social convulsions of the contemporary world are due, in no small measure, to the desperate attempts of nations and organized mobs to outwit the law of supply and demand, and to take what does not belong to them by methods which are not those of honest commerce. Frederick the Great said that one could always find a "philosopher" to justify any villainy. Our institutions of learning are not without doctors of economics who call banditry and mendicancy by other names, and then plead their cause.

THE LABOURER AND HIS HIRE

Intellectuals and demagogues are fond of contrasting what they call "human rights" and "property rights". It is argued that labour is not a commodity; that labour has a right to a living wage; that labour is entitled to a larger share in the proceeds of capital, etc., etc. It might be suggested that labour leaders are almost the only people to-day who treat the labouring man like a commodity. However, whether an individual be a bank president, or a clerk in a grocery, or a founder in a steel mill, he is employed and paid, not because he has a "human right" to employment and a "living wage", but because he renders certain services which deserve a certain recompense. If he fail to perform those services, his employer has no obligation to keep him. "The labourer is worthy of

his hire." When the law of supply and demand operates without too much human meddling, the hire is, as it were, automatically proportioned to the employer's need for an individual labourer. A wise employer is willing, even eager, to divide a larger share of his profits with any employee who is helping him to improve his business. If the employee be really receiving less than his due, he can demand and get better terms from his employer's competitors, or he can set up in trade for himself. If a man's work be mediocre, no one will voluntarily pay him more than he is worth. If his work be valueless, no one will voluntarily employ him at all. This may sound disagreeable to modern ears; but it is in accordance with the natural law, to which Darwin so forcibly called attention, that existence is a struggle which only the fit and worthy survive. "Competition is the life of trade." Emulation, the desire to equal or excel, is a mighty stimulus. In a higher form, it would seem to be indistinguishable from the disciple's aspiration to grow in likeness to the Master. In the life of the ordinary man, the sense of honest rivalry quickens effort and makes him work hard and cheerfully. It is probable that there would be fewer "mental cases" and fewer "unemployables", if employers were more free to deal with labouring men as individuals and were not so often compelled to bargain with them as a class or a group.

The facts are that the superior members of any group or class are necessarily and invariably in a minority, and that, in the field of Labour, it is the more skilled and responsible minority who suffer, both financially and morally, by their forced association with, and domination by, the lazy and less skilled but bullying majority. The avowed aims of Labour (or Trade) Unionism are to abolish competition between workmen; to slow down production to the average performance—which means inclination—of the majority, and to prohibit special rewards for special service or ability. That these aims were given practical effect in Soviet Russia, with the result that production fell to zero, compelling the Soviet dictators to reverse their policy, and to introduce a harsher form of competition than any which capitalism had imagined,—is taboo as a subject of conversation in Labour circles.

The intellectuals and sentimentalists attempt to meet these facts on the ground that it is the average, the "forgotten" man, who needs protection, and that it is their duty, as the saviours of mankind, to see that he gets it, regardless, presumably, of the industrial and racial deterioration involved. But the truth is that the keen competition between employers to secure the best type of labour, affords abundant protection for the average workman, because this competition covers the entire scale of wages, and, in addition, the "working conditions" in one plant as compared with those in another. Thus, thousands of dollars are spent by relatively small corporations to supply iced water during the summer, and, during the winter, the stifling heat which the American workman loves, in order to make working conditions competitively attractive. In the same way, and irrespective of possible gratitude, an employer will create work for an old employee for long after the employee has ceased to be of commercial value, knowing that consideration of that kind will tend to attract

first class men from neighbouring plants. In brief, whenever the law of supply and demand is allowed to take its unimpeded course, it can be relied on to counteract the effects of man's inherent selfishness.

Some of the confusion which exists under this head is due to the misleading use of the term, Labour. The so-called labouring class includes a noisy element who have no intention of working except under dire compulsion. It is an insult to common sense to speak of "the workers", as if they were all alike, as if they did not differ widely as regards skill, industry, thrift and honesty. "Collective bargaining" has not only become a means of sacrificing the superior individual to the mob, but also frequently disrupts the whole economic order by imposing upon the employer a wage-scale which is entirely disproportionate to the services rendered by the employees. His only chance of remaining in business is then to raise the price of his goods to absorb the increased cost of production and distribution. This may mean that he can no longer meet the prices of his competitors, while, if they are similarly situated, and prices become higher than customers are willing to pay, trade stops, and the over-paid employees are no longer paid at all. The extreme depression of the building industries in New York illustrates how trade can be paralyzed by the demands of labour leaders who respect no laws, human or divine.

A NATURAL ECONOMY

The term, *Laissez faire*, is misinterpreted to-day to mean an easy-going tolerance of evils, but to the school of eighteenth century economists who originally used it, it stood for the proposition that "it is the function of the state so to govern as not to interfere with the natural processes of society and industry". It was based on the theosophic principle that law operates everywhere, and that man's well-being lies in recognizing and obeying natural law, not in trying to contravene it. The idea was developed in protest against "mercantilism", the "planned" economy of the time. The governments of the eighteenth century regarded the "rationalization" of trade and the control of markets as part of their function; and, as always happens under such conditions, the course of prices had become arbitrary and incalculable. Quesnay and his followers held to the truth, demonstrated by experience, that if prices were left freely to shift for themselves in accordance with actual supply and demand, "natural processes" would automatically tend to diminish an excessive supply, and to check an excessive demand. If the price of a commodity were too high, it would stimulate sellers to produce and to offer it in increasing quantity; if the price were too low, production would cease. Thus a "natural economy" would balance itself.

The most cursory observation of Nature justifies this conclusion. Biologists have noted that under natural conditions no species of plant or animal can multiply unduly in a locality, without a corresponding increase in the number of its natural enemies. If there be too many rabbits or squirrels in our fields and woods, we shall witness an invasion of hawks and owls. On the other hand, it is part of the function of hawks and owls, in the biological economy, to

wander from place to place in search of a region where rabbits and squirrels are excessively abundant.

It is a theosophical hypothesis that, on the higher planes of Nature, supply attracts demand and demand attracts supply. Man could not imagine, much less aspire towards a superior consciousness, if there were not in the world an accumulation of spiritual energy to inspire him,—the “deposit of faith” left by all who have attained knowledge and sanctity. The disciple who effectively demands the Master’s aid, finds at his disposal an inexhaustible treasure of wisdom and power.

The economic activities of men would, indeed, be simplified, if there were no interference with “natural processes”. But alas, man ceased to be “natural” ages before the beginning of what we call history,—which is thus largely the record of his efforts to substitute his own for the Divine will, and of the disasters which he suffers in consequence.

BUSINESS CYCLES

Whether they like it or not, men are still constrained to live under the dominion of natural laws. Economic processes cannot be isolated from cosmic processes. In economic writings, for example, there is frequent reference to “business cycles”. Every known economic order has been subject to fluctuations of fortune, to alternations of good times and bad, which recur with a certain regularity. There exists a notion to-day that these undulations point to defects in the order itself; that a properly planned economy would be permanently stable; that there would be no business cycles in a commonwealth where production and credit were controlled by science. No one will deny that the normal effects of the business cycle are aggravated and modified by human folly and dishonesty; but the cycle itself is part of Nature and depends upon causes, both psychic and physical, far removed from scientific restraint.

Not only the functions of our bodies but the moods of our consciousness change periodically, for we live in a universe which is always in a state of rhythmic motion. Cyclic law governs every detail of our inner and outer existence. Indeed, this is a cause, not for complaint, but for thanksgiving. If it were not so, we should not be compelled to keep awake, to put forth effort. The returning cycles provide the only possible opportunity to learn and profit from mistakes, to test judgment, to grow strong.

One immediate physical cause of instability in any economic order, is the cyclic increase and decrease of agricultural production. Within certain limits, man has been able to reduce the menace of repeated famines, but he cannot prevent the fundamental alternation of abundance and scarcity. This rhythm is determined by cosmic agencies.

For instance, meteorologists are at last convinced that there is a connection between weather changes and the sunspot cycle. We quote from an article in the *Scientific American*, November, 1937, by Dr. Harlan T. Stetson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

H. Helm Clayton, who has spent many long years in the Weather Bureau service, . . . is a firm believer that changes in the sun are accompanied by the fundamental changes in the earth's atmosphere, and has found definite indications that changes in the earth's atmosphere in different parts of the world accompany the appearance and disappearance of sunspots throughout the 11-year cycle. He has not only shown certain definite relations between temperature and sunspots over definite parts of the globe, but he has shown why many investigators have failed to find such a relationship. . . . Dr. Abbot's long investigations of solar variations and weather at the Smithsonian Institute have convinced him that the sunspot period is an important factor in untangling the vagaries of the weather. He finds that the variations in the sun's heat and in the weather really appear to comprise 12 or more regular periods, the most conspicuous of which is a period of 23 years, equal to twice the average sunspot cycle. Observations show that when we are concerned with the electrical nature of sunspots, 23 years really elapse between the recurrence of sunspot cycles of the same kind. The examination of weather records at strategic points, Dr. Abbot says, shows very definitely this long period of weather variation covering 23 years.

Obviously this branch of meteorology is in its infancy, but enough information has already been tabulated to support Jevons's theory that the expansions and contractions of trade and credit are affected by the course and intensity of cyclones on the sun. As sunspots change, so changes the weather, and as the weather changes, crops become abundant or deficient and the buying power of the average mortal increases or declines. While both the farmer and the business-man should prepare in advance for "bad years", nothing can be done directly to alter the situation, for no scientist is likely to discover a way of regulating sunspots; nor should we conclude that sunspot periods are the only cosmic cycles connected with the rise and fall of human fortunes. Man's moods and faculties are no less susceptible than his physical life to all the great tides of Nature.

The immediate point is that business cycles are as natural and as inevitable as the alternation of day and night, winter and summer, waking and sleeping. The law of periodicity is incessant and universal. "The appearance and disappearance of Worlds is like a regular tidal ebb of flux and reflux." We do not begin to suspect the manifold ways in which man affects and is affected by the succession of the cycles, great and small, of the universe. As an Eastern Master has written: "Even simple muscular contraction is always accompanied with electric and magnetic phenomena, and there is the strongest connection between the magnetism of the earth, the changes of the weather and *man*, who is the best barometer living, if he but knew how to decipher it properly."

BOOMS AND PANICS

Business cycles come and go, testing courage and endurance and faith. If we were all as wise and as provident as the Patriarch Joseph, we should be able to bear the lean years without undue strain and worry. But men have a fatal capacity for turning success into a South Sea Bubble, and depression into a Black Friday. During the past decade, we have had the privilege of observing and even of participating in a gigantic boom followed by a gigantic panic. It is impossible to blame the weather or any physical variable for what

has happened. At least during the early phase of the panic, Mother Earth was more than usually generous and bountiful. The seat of the trouble was and is unregenerate human nature. Too many people failed, first to stand the strain of pleasure, and then to stand the strain of pain.

As has been said, there was a crisis of spiritual unemployment before physical unemployment became epidemic. The economic collapse reflects a world-wide moral break-down. The law of supply and demand was so outrageously violated by the overproduction of luxuries and by the reckless extension of credit during the era of post-war speculation, that men lost confidence, not only in the stability of values, but in the ability or willingness of individuals to pay for anything which they bought. Even so, the ensuing depression might have cured itself, and confidence might have revived, if there had been a general recovery of ethical standards. Such a recovery has occurred before during periods of financial calamity, and has marked a real turning-point. But where are the signs that a moral renaissance is taking place?

Without doubt, there are individuals who have grown in wisdom and in virtue during these years; but with few exceptions they are not leaders of public opinion. In many respects, the efforts to recover from the depression are more depressing than the depression itself, for they are largely based upon the delusion that prosperity can be restored and made permanent by intensifying, through a "planned economy", those violations of natural law which destroyed it. The resulting incoherence and confusion have weakened still further the citizen's confidence in himself and in others.

PLANNED ECONOMY

It is everyone's duty to plan his own economy and, sometimes, that of others for whom he is responsible; but he must do this in obedience to law. Joseph was an "economic manager", in the best sense of the term. Let it be noted, however, that he did not prescribe how much corn the farmers of Egypt should plant each year. He let Nature and Providence determine the size of the harvest. He stored and did not destroy any annual surplus. He did not inflate credit to raise prices.

As a matter of fact, the prototype of the contemporary "economic manager" is not Joseph, but the French King, Philippe le Bel, who sought to fill an empty treasury by robbing the Templars, the bankers of his time, and by debasing the currency. This is not the first era which has experimented with managed money and unbalanced budgets, with controlled production and fixed prices, with trade restrictions and confiscatory taxation, etc., etc. If a Roman banker or merchant of the Empire were suddenly to appear in our midst, he might fancy that he was continuing the same old nightmare.

Nightmares can end, for not infrequently the natural forces working for recovery triumph, in spite of all the "plans" of mortal men. But this can happen only when there is a sufficient realization that it is in the long run less painful to co-operate with natural laws than to treat them with indifference or contempt. Recent events in the United States should have awakened many

from their dreams. The Wall Street "panic" of 1937 may serve as an example. Doubtless, there were many reasons why stocks should have begun to decline during the late summer; but it has been evident enough to observers with practical experience that the violence and abruptness of the break were due primarily to the artificial limitation of normal market operations. In theory, the regulation of the Stock Exchange by the Federal Government was intended to protect the investor from the speculator, but in practice it made impossible any normal interaction of supply and demand. As a result the unpleasant experiences of 1929 were repeated. However, this time "it happened that way", not because of the mania of private bankers and speculators, but because legislators and administrators without practical knowledge had so restricted the buying and selling of securities that even prudent investment carried an inordinate risk. As a commentator remarked, "You cannot possibly get more wisdom out of a head than is actually there. A little more humility and a little less arrogance are suggested."

THE CASE FOR INDIVIDUALISM

Not many years ago, at least in England and France and America, the average citizen would have vigorously resented the idea that a group of professors or young intellectuals could plan his life and manage his business more wisely and successfully than himself. It is easy to argue that the average citizen is so incapable of administering his own affairs that he should be glad to put them in the hands of anyone who claims superior knowledge. Of course, he should seek and welcome all the help that he can get. But this scarcely implies that it is the proper function of the state to treat all of its citizens alike as if they were wards or incompetents.

It is significant that the *laissez faire* theory, the faith and reliance upon natural law which is to-day so scorned, prevailed during a period when great stress was laid upon the rights and responsibilities of individuals. The nineteenth century was, in particular, an age of great individuals, of genius, not only in commerce and empire-building, but in the arts and sciences, and in the domain of religious experience and pure thought. The individual who malingered or shirked was not regarded with favour by our grandparents, nor would they have found acceptable the doctrine that industry and thrift should be taxed to the limit in order to care for the shiftless and inept.

To-day it is fashionable to accuse the leaders of the nineteenth century of indifference to the needs of the majority of mankind. It is possible that they overestimated the capacity of the ordinary individual to care for himself; that some of them—not all, by any means—did not worry much about the fate of the "underprivileged". Nevertheless, it is invigorating to recall two truths for which the nineteenth century stood, and for which Theosophy stands because they are based upon Nature and common-sense. There is the truth that theory must be confirmed and tested by experience. The best judge of the candle business is not someone who writes a doctor's dissertation upon the subject, but a candle-merchant who has grown up and lived with the business;

as the best judge of spiritual values is the man who daily and hourly seeks to embody them in his life. There is also the truth that individual consciousness is so precious in itself that, in its perfected form, it may well be described as the supreme end of evolution. "The Universe exists for purposes of Soul." Society exists for the sake of the individuals who compose it. It is their duty to learn to co-operate, to recognize that in essence their several selves are undivided fragments of One Self. But the fact remains that no group can become superior unless it produce individuals who are superior themselves, and who, by the force of their example, evoke the superior qualities of others. There can be no *Grande Armée* unless there be a Napoleon to lead it. Christianity becomes a confused mass-phenomenon, perverting truth, whenever it is separated from the living reality of the Christ.

It would seem, therefore, that our economic managers persistently work against Nature, in so far as they suppress both individual initiative and the opportunities for the development of individual responsibility. In economics, as in every department of life, the words of the *Bhagavad Gita* may be taken as a guide: "Better one's own duty without excellence than the duty of another well followed out. Death in one's own duty is better; the duty of another is full of danger."

The state has its own duties which are arduous enough to kill out political ambition in anyone who has some awareness of his limitations; but it is not more difficult "so to govern as not to interfere with the natural processes of society and industry", than to attempt to govern on the theory that natural processes are immoral and must be reversed. It is the evident duty of the state to frame and enforce laws which are concordant with natural laws; to guard the lives, the property and the honest commerce of its citizens from the murderer and the thief; to prevent the selfish and reckless exploitation of natural resources; to organize and maintain a system of national defence; etc., etc. But, in every instance, these duties are fundamentally concerned with the protection of the individual citizen from injustice and rapine, and, properly performed, would leave him free to work out his own salvation with a full sense of responsibility for the outcome. A country thus governed would produce a race of men,—instead of parasites.

COLLECTIVE BANDITRY

Indeed, in practice if not in theory, a state-planned economy is most often merely a system of organized banditry whereby, to curry favour with a group or class, politicians give them a sort of franchise to rob and plunder the rest of the community, or cause the government to do the plundering for them under the guise of taxation. This is manifestly the case in Soviet Russia, where the process of burglary has proceeded so far that the burglars possess all the property and are resorting to the expedient of robbing one another. But the symptoms of collective greed can be observed in nations and groups much nearer home.

Class consciousness is, of course, not reprehensible in itself. A man cannot and should not forget that he belongs by birth and nurture to a certain level in the social scale. However, classes, like individuals, fulfil their respective functions by co-operating, by complementing one another. The class war is a disease of society. Like planned economy, it is not new. There were uprisings of the masses in Athens and Rome; mediæval Europe had its *jacqueries* and peasants' revolts. Then, as now, these mob movements were not spontaneous, but were fomented by dreamers and agitators, and by the tribe of those who fish in troubled waters.

The present epidemic of class envy is none the less distinguished by its scope and virulence. One can suggest various reasons for its rapid spread,—the growth of democracy, the materialistic trend of education, the ease of modern communications, the over-development of city life, the substitution of the machine for the artisan, the recurrent crises of unemployment, etc., etc. But there is evidence that a more subtle force is at work. Modern mass movements, in Russia and Germany and elsewhere, are comparable to the great waves of emotional mania and hysteria, often assuming a religious mask, which have from time to time swept over the globe, changing the course of races and peoples. One recalls, in particular, the torrent of Mohammedan conquest which almost engulfed Europe.

The typical contemporary fanatic is the devotee of some scheme for dividing the property of the "haves" among the "have nots". He has his "scriptures" and his "creed" and his "high priests", his conceptions of orthodoxy and heresy. Like every fanatic, he hates the heretic more than he hates the infidel. Thus the Fascists and Communists—to mention an outstanding example—are as irreconcilable as the Catholics and Protestants who devastated Europe with their wars three hundred years ago. But what are the fundamental differences between them? As far as the individual is concerned, he is almost equally enslaved under either system, although he may perhaps live longer and less uncomfortably under a fascist regime. In any case, there is essential identity of motive,—to appropriate what does not belong to them. Perhaps, as Mr. Walter Lippmann suggests, the fascist powers "have converted the struggle between Haves and Have Nots at home into a struggle between Haves and Have Nots in international affairs", while the Communists still concentrate on the fomenting of class strife within each nation.

However, whatever may be the various phases of collective greed, the modern civilized order is threatened in its very life by a "revolt of the masses" deliberately incited by "intellectuals", and by politicians seeking their own aggrandizement. As Gustave Le Bon has made clear, the individual incorporated in a mob, is capable of crimes which he would not commit in his normal "isolated" state. To-day there are multitudes who seem to have surrendered what little individual character they may have had, and who have, as it were, blended their identity with that of the mob to which they belong. There are thousands of such mobs, or "pressure groups", loose in the world, mobilized for plunder. When they attain their ends through political agents, the result is, as we have

noted, most frequently called a "planned economy". One is reminded of a comment in Petrie's *Revolutions of Civilization*:

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 ruins, is the best known example in detail.

THE MEDIAEVAL CONCEPTION OF SOCIETY

The Goths were themselves not averse to loot and plunder when they entered the Roman domain. But after they had become settlers there, they revealed a capacity for hard work which must have astonished the natives who had been living for generations upon the savings of others. The same phenomenon was repeated in many parts of the stricken empire, notably in Gaul after the arrival of the Franks. Thus a new civilization, the mediæval, was born from the ashes of the old, in many ways copied from ancient models, but still essentially *sui generis* and unique. It grew through the accumulation of capital, that is, of goods produced by labour and sacrifice, and used to promote the production of other goods instead of being consumed on the spot.

The Middle Ages had plenty of defects and disadvantages, nor was mankind more immune then than now to vice and brutality and stupidity. But underlying and supporting mediæval civilization, even in its debased forms, was a magnificent idea, a conception of Nature, which lives in its religion and philosophy and art, and which had a profound influence upon the organization of its society.

According to this conception, Nature is a hierarchy comprising all beings in a graduated order from the highest to the lowest. It is the proper function of each being to serve those above it in the hierarchy, and to protect those below. At the summit of this host is the Divinity, the Eternal God, who protects all and whom all should serve; and because the life of all creatures emanates from Him, the least manifestation of that life has a certain dignity, a certain nobility of ultimate origin, which commands wonder and respect.

It is this majestic view of the universe which is reflected in the sculptures of the cathedrals, as it is also mirrored in the constitution of mediæval society which represents an attempt—in part, at least, a conscious and inspired attempt—to imitate in the social order the divine order of Nature. One remembers the words of a Master of the Great Lodge during the last century: "But you must know and remember one thing—we but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works." This sentence might have served as a motto expressing the ideal which the mediæval genius sought to embody.

The guild system, the orders of craftsmen, the feudal hierarchy with the consecrated monarch at its head, were intended to be as interdependent, as complementary, as the divisions of the heavenly host. The extraordinary fact is that although the Middle Ages had what might be called a planned economy, it was an economy planned in subordination, not to personal envy

and fancy, but to a vision of the fundamental nature of things. The primary characteristic of the whole construction is that a place was reserved for everyone who was willing to work and, first of all, to prepare himself for better work by a long apprenticeship. The individual was free to exercise his profession in the state to which it had pleased God to call him. But whether he were a coppersmith or a knight, he was expected to exercise his right to work in conjunction with his duty to serve his superiors and to protect his inferiors.

The religious order, embodied in the Church, completed the secular order. The ideal, as Dante and others conceived it, was that, by the force of contemplation and consecrated action, the religious order should transmit and make explicit to men the design of Divine Nature. The Church failed, partly because it lost faith in its own mission, partly because its leaders were distracted by worldly ambitions. The secular order of the Middle Ages could not survive the collapse of the religious order, for the spectacle of the Divine Hierarchy which had inspired it, faded away.

MORAL RULES AND NATURAL LAWS

A student of Theosophy can conceive of only one conclusion: men must live by certain fundamental principles, if they are to live at all. There is a "scientific basis of ethics". Moral rules, in so far as they are really efficacious, correspond to natural laws, which are absolute, implacable and immutable. "The things which give birth to harmony and peace", said Spinoza, "are those which have reference to justice, equity and honourable dealing." Nothing which is persistently unjust, inequitable, dishonourable, can endure in the universe.

Certainly there is a distinction between the justice of men and the justice of God. The moral rules which prevail at any time or place, are incomplete, imperfect, subject to constant amendment and improvement. But the basic rules and customs which endure from generation to generation, have the sanction of experience and experiment. They have what biologists call "survival value". Their very persistence testifies to their validity, and measures their conformity to the eternal standards prescribed by Nature for the human kingdom. The modern mind is too often educated to believe that our conceptions of good and evil can be changed at will to suit convenience and expediency. A man can become more just and honourable to-morrow than he is to-day, because he is capable of expanding infinitely his understanding of the ideal of justice. However, the growth of understanding is an organic process, including in each successive increase, the essence of all past discoveries of truth. The gentleman has a more refined standard of honesty than the ordinary man; but he does not reject what is worthy in the ordinary man's standard; he does not regard petty larceny as justifiable merely because his ideal of honour does not condone modes of behaviour which seem to others innocent and harmless.

An individual or a society, which deliberately despises the laws of Nature revealed by experience, must repent or perish. If our civilization finally lapse into such chaos that no endeavour of God or man can save it, it will be de-

stroyed, and a new civilization will take its place. But let us have no illusions. This "new world", if it come, will not be a "new deal". The natural law of all "worlds" is the same, without change or turning, now and for ever.

THE FIRM ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LAW

There are the words of Krishna in the *Gita*: "Whenever there is a withering of the law, O son of Bharata, and an uprising of lawlessness, then I manifest myself. For the salvation of the righteous, and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishment of the Law I come to birth in age after age."

According to a universal tradition, the "Gods" intervene actively in the affairs of men when there is a grave crisis of civilization. Theosophy identifies these "Gods" with the Masters of the Great Lodge, the élite of humanity, the assemblage of those who, like the Buddha and the Christ, have conquered unwisdom and mortality, and who labour, century after century, to lift mankind towards their own state of freedom and enlightenment. But they labour in vain, unless individuals living in the world respond to them. It is the theme of the scriptures of all races and ages, that the "Lords of Compassion" are in desperate need of helpers on the plane where we live.

If a sufficient number of individuals answer the call of the Great Lodge to-day, the mediæval dream of a spiritual order within and above the secular order can be realized, in a degree which Dante himself could scarcely have imagined as possible. The vision of the Divine Hierarchy, the model for all earthly societies, would be renewed and clarified. But one may suggest that between the mediæval dream and the reality, there must be this distinction: the members of a real spiritual order are—if we understand correctly—not necessarily recognized as such by the world, nor are they necessarily withdrawn, save in the freedom of their spirit, from the world, nor do they, in any sense, constitute a "vested interest" like the mediæval Church. The outer activities of the "spiritual man" may frequently be indistinguishable from those of the "secular man". It is part of his purpose to touch the commerce of mankind, even in its humblest and most commonplace details, with the spirit of consecration. Nothing that can become just, equitable and honourable, not even our daily business of buying and selling, can possibly be a matter of indifference to the soul. How can there be a "firm establishment of the Law", unless the soul, the *Higher Self*, be in command of all the inner and outer activities of the human being?

Someone will say: "But there is so little that I can do". There is something which everyone can do. Surrounded by false ideas, he can seek and find true ideas and embody them. He can begin almost anywhere, even with economics, as we have tried to show. "There is no Religion higher than Truth." What can limit the power of a true idea, firmly held in the mind, to affect the thought currents of a century? A glorious opportunity to work for and with the powers of the Spirit is open to anyone who loves truth and righteousness more than he loves his life.

FRAGMENTS

THERE are dark days, saith one, days of an intolerable sadness; days of exhaustion both of mind and body, the exhaustion of a ceaseless conflict, of a steadily losing battle. The whole nature becomes numb, steeped in an overwhelming gloom. There is need for swift, decisive action, and no least idea what that action should be; or all the mistakes and blunders of the past seem tied in inextricable knots about one's feet, making the required action appear impossible. And when in answer to the desperate cries of our hearts only the mocking echoes of them return to us, we are tempted to despair.

Who has not known the bitterness of such hours! None, save those who have never lived.

But, O soul, be not deceived! Here lies thine hour of glorious opportunity; in it is wrapped the answer to all thy prayers, the gift of gifts thou so long hast coveted, the priceless pearl thou knowest well to be worth all other possessions.

Look for the Warrior, eternal and sure; let him fight in thee. *He is thyself*, though he has been buried hitherto beneath the rubbish of thine ordinary life. This is his hour—his hour to awake and live; therefore thine hour also to live.

Thus thinking of him, dost thou not feel him stirring within, girding on his armour; does not thy pulse begin to beat with his, full of ardour for the conflict, full of power to conquer—the power of the Grace of God? He beholds the legions of angels that support him, he sees the Great Commander who smiles triumphantly and beckons. Go thou with him, confident, unafraid. Go to victory by his side remembering that he is thyself, even while the mists of life, like blinding tears, obscure thine eyes, and the truth is hidden from them. He is eternal truth, and that truth shall make thee free. So at the day of the great peace, the peace that comes when thou hast “entered”, thou shalt know, in joyous certainty, that which perhaps is only faith to-day,—his oneness with thee; for all faith in Reality brings its sure reward in realization.

Join step beside him as the swinging ranks march forward radiant in the light that shines from the Master's face. Thy conflict is the Warrior's conflict, and his conflict is the Master's. To that thou must go with heart aflame to win for Him the Day of His Great Peace.

CAVÉ.

WAR

THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR

NEITHER war nor religion can be understood unless it be recognized that the human spirit seeks and serves values dearer to it than comfort, or life, or any personal gain. The decline of religion and the increase of pacifism are twin phenomena, each arising from the mind's failure to hold to the spirit's loyalties, and the consequent mental deification of ease and security. Good and kindly people are particularly prone to such perverted humanitarianism, which belies the essential and deepest characteristic of humanity, and it has become one of the definite occupational diseases of professional social workers. But even those who shun sentimentality, and whose pacifism is anything but cowardice, either for themselves or for those they love, still indulge in very wishful thinking regarding war; and from this, movement after movement arises, all of them admirably intentioned, but all of them inviting, by their declared unwillingness to fight, the very evils they are designed to avoid. Their proponents argue that as men have outgrown personal, physical combat, so nations should do the same, learning to settle their "disputes" as do private individuals. They would have everything settled by reason and law, by courts and conference, commissions and compromise. They refuse to face the ugly facts of the existence of evil and lunacy, which will recognize reason only as it may be made to further their unreasoned ends, and which, having in heart and will broken the moral law, will respect no other, nor be restrained by any pacts, nor anything but force. Those who have once faced these facts, whether in their own nature or in the world around them, can never again use the language of pacifism. The warfare between good and evil, madness and sanity, in which all that the soul values is assailed and put in mortal jeopardy, cannot be viewed as a "dispute"—the word loved of pacifists—that can be hushed by "getting together" around a tea table, reconciled by conference, or compromised by concessions. It is war.

And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not: neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation and strength and the kingdom of our God and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, . . . and they loved not their lives unto the death.

Blessed are the peacemakers. But it is only so that peace can be made. It can exist only in the heart that has warred against the hosts of evil in itself, until it has cast them out as something other than itself. Then, when their place is no more in the heart but outside it, when the warfare is externalized as with a recognized and foreign foe, then in the heart of the warrior is peace.

So long as there is evil in my own nature, there must be war there. So long as selfishness, for example, makes me prefer my own good to another's, so that I am willing to seek advantage for myself at the expense of others, there is something in me which is in rebellion against the divine Law, something which wars against my divine nature and violates the sanctities of my soul. Against it my soul must war, or stultify itself. This being the inner reality, its inverted image must be projected upon the screen of outer manifestation. There must be occasions prompting me to selfishness, which array, in sharp conflict, the good and evil in me. And if the evil triumph habitually, silencing conscience, so that I identify myself with my selfishness and follow its promptings, it is only that which hurts my selfishness that can restrain me. I will listen only to fear or force; for my whole attitude proclaims my rejection of morality.

This, which is so clearly obvious in the individual, is equally true of nations. So long as there is the selfishness that prefers what it deems self-interest to divine Law, it will not be held back by any theoretical respect for human law. It will take what it wants for itself, callous to the harm it works to others, unless it be restrained by fear or force,—fear prompted by the show of force. The exertion of that force is war; and the choice is restricted to it, or to submission to evil, unless the force on the side of the Right be so overwhelming and at hand that the mere show of it commands surrender. "When a strong man armed, keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." But when a stronger come upon him, or one who thinks himself such, then there is war. There can be no escape from war, no substitute for force, in the life of the Spirit. "The Lord is a man of war."

Let us assume that there is a lunatic at large. Selfishness, that is willing to go the lengths of robbery and oppression and murder to gain its supposed good, is in itself a kind of lunacy. There is no use arguing with a lunatic. He may be but temporarily insane, but while his lunacy is on him, there is but one thing to do: you must restrain him. You must capture and confine him, for the protection of those he would victimize, and for his own protection against himself. After he has been restrained you may try to cure him. You may get the best of doctors—and it may be hoped they will be something more than vague sentimentalists—but while he is mad you will not put trust in his words, unless you, too, are mad. He is mad so long as he is bent on breaking the moral law. While he will contravene that, he will contravene everything but force.

Consider Mussolini. Having done much for Italy, his accomplishments and position went to his head. It was inevitable that they should have; for he was never consecrated, and the sequence he followed has been the course of unconsecrated power through all of history,—ambition growing with achievement. Partly from an innate and ardent patriotism, in the belief that it would be for Italy's good, in providing raw materials, the ability to expand, and an opportunity for needed economic recovery; partly to take the country's thought from its internal difficulties, and thus to safeguard his party position; partly confusing self with country,—he starts his raid on Ethiopia, to see how far he can go.

England, which has a sense of justice (when her own self-interest does not lead her to abandon or deny it), made her gesture in the Mediterranean. But in doing it, she revealed both to herself and to Italy that she was not ready, was not prepared, either in her armament or in the temper of her people, actually to fight. Geneva considered and conferred and voted, but even more than England made it clear that Italy need fear nothing from the League. And Mussolini, seeing these things, called England's bluff, and pressed on to a complete conquest, far beyond what he had at first deemed possible. Ethiopia was slaughtered, while Eden shuttled back and forth, and Geneva talked.

Mussolini was not restrained by pacts. Italy had signed the Briand-Kellogg pact outlawing war, and had pledged herself at Locarno, and to the League, and in many "gentlemen's agreements". Germany was not restrained in 1914 by her pledges to Belgium. Japan is not restrained to-day in China. No country, dominated by a selfishness that is exalted above justice and the moral law, has ever been, or ever will be, restrained by written agreements or formal treaties,—for the only authority of these is in the moral law which is itself defied. The only restraint the lunatic recognizes is that of force.

The lesson has been written too large to be misread. It was the pacifism that dominated Geneva, the ghastly pretence that words could be substituted for deeds, the inability or unwillingness of England and France to resort to force in the Mediterranean, that caused Ethiopia's overthrow. Ethiopia trusted in law, in pacts, in the League, in covenants, in avoidance of offence, in justice and sanity,—in all that the pacifists rightly maintain should rule the dealings of men and nations; but which never will, while justice and sanity seek "peace" with militant evil and lunacy. Similarly, in China, Japan knows that no force will be brought against her, save China's own; and Japan deems herself stronger than China because better armed and better prepared. So notes are exchanged interminably, and Japan presses on. Had England and France been armed and ready, had the Mediterranean been stiff with their warships, the sky black with their air-planes, Egypt garrisoned, Malta impervious, and the French and English people equally prepared in spirit and ready to fight, there would have been no need to fight. Before such a show of force, and the conviction that, if need be, it would be used, Mussolini would have withdrawn. There would have been no war, either in Africa, or the Mediterranean, or in Europe. In all probability not even in China. Ethiopia would have been saved, the League saved, justice and respect for pacts and the given word, saved.

From it all, one good thing has come, since even evil is turned by the great Lords of Karma ultimately to its own undoing and the service of the good. England, in her humiliation, has learned, or at least begun to learn, her lesson, and has started to arm. By this she has done something to atone for Italy; for it was Italy that taught her, and the good Karma of this gain in England's wisdom is therefore Italy's.

Thus over the whole world it has been written that so long as there is evil in the hearts of men and nations, it will work its way, unless there be force to resist it, and the willingness to employ that force. It is a mistake to think

that in their individual relations men have outgrown the need for force—the tacit, if not explicit, premise upon which so many pacifist arguments are based. Behind the courts and the law there stand the police, the militia, the army, and without these to *enforce* the law, the courts, and the law itself, would be useless and impotent. And the police, let it be remembered, must not only be ceaselessly vigilant, but must be ready at any instant to meet force with force, to put duty before anything of self, and, if need be, to take the lives of others or to lay down their own, that the law may be preserved inviolate. Some talk as though an international police force could be armed with night sticks, or merely with white gloves as a symbol of “authority”. They must be an army, ready at any moment for war, better armed, more powerful, more ready to exercise force, than the army of any nation, so that no nation could stand against them.

There are two kinds of preparedness and force, material and spiritual. Both are needed. There must be both arms and the willingness to use them, to kill and to be killed when necessary. It is useless to be armed if you advertise to all men that you are unwilling to use your arms, that they are no more than a show, and that when faced by one who will respect nothing but force, you will “back down”, seek compromise, resort to many words and pretexts for doing nothing.

This brings us to the Christian pretexts, which so belie Christ's life and character, taking from their context his teaching to his disciples for their conduct towards each other. But even so, it is the soldier, rather than the pacifist, who interposes his cheek to the blow of evil, that it may not fall upon the innocent. It is rare that the soldier fights primarily in defence of himself. If it be his own safety and welfare that dominate him, the chances are large that he would never have enlisted, or that he will run away, and will fight only when, like a rat, he is cornered and can run no further. The soldier does present his own cheek to be smitten, rather than let the blow fall on women and children, the helpless and the wronged. And if he be not willing to do this, it will be sensed by others, most directly and surely by those whom he should oppose, and no matter how powerful be his material armament it will avail him nothing. He is not “prepared”; his spirit is a coward spirit; he will be brushed aside, and evil will pass on and triumph, as though he were not there.

If we are still in any doubt of this, we need do no more than look back over our own diplomatic correspondence of the past months. On September 5th, the headlines of the *New York Times* proclaimed our foreign policy with regard to Japan's continued invasion of China. “Firm Tone is Taken. Far Eastern Policy Aims to Impress Japan, Reich and Italy. Pacts' Sanctity Backed. Washington Would Show the Militarists They Can't Win Objectives by Default. But Resolute Attitude Does Not Seek to Lead This Country One Inch Toward War.” In view of that last sentence, just what does all the rest mean? What attention should be paid to a “firm tone”, a “resolute attitude”, a “sterner purpose” (as set forth in the text from Washington), which it is proclaimed, with most unmistakable sincerity, will under no circumstances

be backed by force? Japan's answer was, none at all: and so was Italy's, and Germany's.

It can, at least, be said of England that she was stung by her humiliation. So far, we have remained serenely oblivious of ours. The shining self-complacency of Washington continues to beam, unspotted and undimmed, upon the world.

At basis, therefore, outer war will be necessary just so long as there is inner war between good and evil; for the outer world is but the projection of the inner. The soldier is he who subordinates safety, comfort, self-interest, to the furtherance of a good he puts above self, and for which he is willing to die. If he is willing to die for it, he will not turn from it for any pleading of self. If he be not willing to die for it, the enemy will sense the existence of his limits, and, pushing him to them, will triumph over him. If England arms merely in self-interest, Mussolini has but to manœuvre properly to gain once more his own way, making it seem to England's advantage as well as to Italy's.

War, as we set forth in the beginning, thus compels man to face the fact that there are spiritual values that transcend all material values—things dearer and of greater moment to him than his own existence. He can fight only in that realization, and that realization and temper are an essential part of armament and preparedness. No man can achieve the triumph of right who sets limits to what he will suffer in defence of it. To realize that war is of this character is to be lifted for ever beyond the contemptible futility and cowardice of the pacifists' "neutrality" and effort to reduce all conflict to the level of "disputes". The "dispute" between the gangsters and the bank they shoot up and loot; the "dispute" between the kidnapper and the baby or his tortured parents; the "dispute" between the criminal lunatic and the child he attacks and murders. It is not the teaching of Christ that other children be offered the madman as another cheek, to appease his murderous lust.

To expect suffering, hardship, loss, difficulty, death, for oneself and for those we love, to face this and to go forward without fear or anxious foreboding, cheerful and happy and enjoying to the full the good we meet, resolved to deal rightly and manfully with whatever we encounter, but by nothing to be turned aside—this is the temper in which life should be approached and lived. It is the temper of the chēla, and of the soldier. It is the temper of the soul that has been forged in the Master's warfare.

G.B.

He who runs away from one cross will meet a bigger one on his road.—PHILIP NERI.

CYCLIC LAW IN BIOLOGY

THERE is an aspect of the theosophical teaching which, in view of the present condition of the world, has, I am sure, occupied a prominent place in our thoughts of late. It is the doctrine of cycles. Almost at the beginning of the Movement we find it assuming a leading position in the Theosophical philosophy. Sinnett had questioned one of the Masters about the curious uprush of civilization which seemed so remarkable in the recent history of the West, and the query called forth a highly interesting explanation of the law of cycles as it applies to changing civilizations. Later came the fuller teaching about rounds and races. We know too, that various scholars, notably Flinders-Petrie, Spengler and Berdyaev, have offered a similar interpretation of the rise and decline of nations, which, like organic beings, appear to traverse a natural cycle of birth and growth to be followed by decline and senility.

For us the subject receives an added and poignant interest from a definite remark made by Mr. Judge in *The Ocean of Theosophy* where, in a general discussion of cyclic law, he pointed out that a cycle was ending in 1898, and that the new one destined to succeed it would be marked by social or geological changes, or perhaps by both. There are hints in Madame Blavatsky's writings too, of ominous things waiting for humanity around the corner of the Century to come: things that might be measurably warded off if the theosophical philosophy, and above all the theosophical life, could become widespread, breaking the grip of materialism, ameliorating the moral atmosphere, and giving men a rational basis for ethics.

To-day we are living in the world which our leaders saw approaching, and while it would be rash to say that their hopes have not and cannot be realized, yet, on the other hand, nothing is to be gained by refusal to face the facts, or by adopting a fatuous optimism in regard to what is going on to-day in Western civilization. It hardly looks now as though that civilization were destined to be a heaven in the twenty-first century compared to what it was in the nineteenth, as Madame Blavatsky had hoped that it might be.

Our Theosophical body is a small one—betrayals and traitorous attacks have seen to that. The organism born of the Lodge was weakened, and was not able to do the work it might have done otherwise. But, weak or strong, The Theosophical Society faces the future, and assuredly anything which can help its members to a clearer understanding will be so much to the good.

At the outset let us ask if Mr. Judge's words are in process of fulfilment. What about the impending geological changes? Is there any evidence that such are in action about us? Floods? We have had them before, all through our history. Open winters? There is nothing particularly new about that. However, there is one meteorological fact that may possess significance in this

connection. I refer to the recurrent droughts and dust storms in the West. In itself it may seem a phenomenon merely temporary and local, but taken in connection with a note which recently appeared in the journal, *Asia*, it conceivably takes on another colour. For it is reported there that rainfall has been increasing in the Gobi Desert to such an extent of late years that the nomad inhabitants are thinking of agriculture. Quite possibly the two details are related—perhaps the wind currents are shifting, so that the drought of our Western country is counterbalanced by increasing precipitation in Asia. Meteorologists begin to suspect that comparable climatic shifts are rather frequent. For example, the Arizona-New Mexico region, as attested by the remains of aboriginal settlements, must have borne a much denser population in quite recent historical times than it could now possibly support, and Yucatan, at present a place of pestilent swamps and strangling jungle, could hardly have developed a vigorous and healthy people if its climate in earlier centuries had been that of the same region to-day.

But without stressing the geological phase any further, let us pass to the other aspect of Mr. Judge's words. Do I need to bring forward evidence to prove the fact that social changes of enormous magnitude have appeared since the century opened? Nations are falling under ruthless dictatorships and reverting to paganism; they are carrying on bloody civil wars, and flaming out into struggles between employers and employed. We see a bewildering chaos where the lines between good and evil are often so vaguely drawn that one's sympathies are tossed back and forth. We are distressed by the vacillation which marks the official policies of those whose duty it is to carry the banner of the White Lodge. The children of evil so often seem to be wiser than the children of light. They at least know what they want and go after it.

So the great social change which Mr. Judge predicted is in process of accomplishing itself. Do we possibly discern also the grim outline of the *Terreur* to which Madame Blavatsky referred?

Mr. Johnston used to call H. G. Wells a psychic. Now a psychic often senses more strongly than other people just the sort of storm which is now raging, and in recent book reviews we are notified of Mr. Wells's latest lucubration. He has discovered that fear is invading the world—a fear that drives men to madness because they have finally realized that they cannot chain the "cave man", and that the *Terreur* is approaching. As the reviewer shrewdly says: what matter whether we call it the cave man with science, or the old Adam of theology—the fact remains a fact. Mr. Wells has been pretty accurate before now in catching wireless waves from the particular region of space on which he "tunes in", and we may add his testimony to what our own healthy senses report.

If this be true, if civilization, indeed, is disintegrating under our eyes, it will profit us in the first instance to learn what we can about the laws under which such movements occur, and, in the second place, to examine the means by which a rout may possibly be converted, at least in part, into a final victory. I cannot hope to cover the subject exhaustively. I have not the time, and, less, the knowledge requisite for such a task. But I can, perhaps, bring a

small contribution from the field of biology to bear on the problem; and so I propose that we should examine the principles which underlie other organic cycles where the curve of development is more fully and more clearly revealed. For the law of cycles is universal; it pertains to all organic systems. One and all, they rise from small beginnings, increase in power to their maturity, and then decline into old age and death. The upcurve involves active assimilation and growth; the downcurve is characterized by dissimilation and dispersal of energy.

Now when we speak of organic systems, we do not refer to plants and animals only. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the concept of organism must be extended to include the totality of manifestation. The manifestation may be physical or metaphysical; it may compass a solar system or a sunflower or the genius of a nation. All existences, everything which can be seen and touched, everything which can be thought of as formed or unformed, are living and organic. If we allow the expression, "organic evolution", to apply specifically to the phyletic development of plants and animals, it is only a concession to an unfortunate historical accident which led our scientific predecessors to draw an unwarranted distinction between the realms of the living and the non-living. Such, then, is our first proposition: that all systems are living and organic, and that all systems are in process of evolutionary development.

To this proposition we must add the concept of "holism". All organic systems are multiple in their structure, yet within the multiplicity lies an overruling unity. As we often phrase it: "There is a unity behind the manifested diversity." So a man's body or a plant's body is a diversity of functioning parts, harmonized, integrated and ruled over by a governing centre. And these parts in their turn are wholes. The hand—a part of the body—is an elaborate combination of muscles, bones, nerves and blood vessels, all effectively serving the function of prehension. Moreover, though they may be definitely subordinated to the higher whole, each one of them possesses a peculiar autonomy and is relatively independent in its rate of evolution.

Two familiar tendencies express themselves in every organic system. One is centripetal; it is the urge toward sloth and the continued repetition of a familiar activity along well-worn grooves of habit. It comes out of the past; it rests in life already experienced; it resists the expansive pressure of the life-impulse. It may come into almost complete control, whereupon life stagnates and consciousness sinks into automatism. There are numerous examples of delayed races among the plants and animals. The brachiopod *Lingula*, for instance, has been repeating itself in the mudflats of Chesapeake Bay since the Cambrian Period. The molluscs, the crustacea, the starfishes, and dozens of other such minor races still run their weary cycles but appear to go nowhere.

But the centripetal tendency is matched by its opposite which constitutes the other pole of the dualism. This is the centrifugal tendency; it moves into the future; it drives the organism toward the new and the untried. Western civilization to-day is suffering from a highly explosive excess of this power, which reveals itself in an abnormal tendency of the elements to escape from holistic control and to drive apart. It is here that we come face to face with

a certain theory of government which is now centred in Washington. The Theosophical Society does not enter into politics, but it has a perfect right to examine political systems from the basis of the principles upon which they rest. The present movement in government is hailed by the so-called liberals as progress. I do not believe that it is truly such, and I think it can be shown that upon a strictly biological, holistic basis, the movement parallels a phenomenon which generally appears when organisms are undergoing racial senescence. At such times the higher centre appears progressively to lose its control, and the lesser microcosms of the body start forward into abnormal development without reference to the good of the associated systems. The Irish elk offers an illustration. Its enormous horns, developed beyond all reason, must have conduced to its speedy decline and death. A second example is seen in the saber-tooth tiger, unable to close its jaws over its terrible canine teeth. The later trilobites and the modern fishes both assume strange forms and exhibit overdeveloped and disproportionate appendages; the dinosaurs of the closing Mesozoic were horned and hooded monsters. In all these instances a part of the organism starts out on a career of "self-expression", becoming, as it were, a parasite upon the whole in which it should be a co-operative unit.

It needs no particular insight to recognize in certain current and widespread psychological and social ills, a striking parallel to these zoological facts. Our asylums are crowded with pathetic, tormented creatures whose psychic life has broken into fragments, while the constituent elementals, released from central control, proceed to wage war in the field of the inner nature. Long nourished by their creators, these creatures, grown strong, have assaulted the restraining soul, each seeking to carry out the purpose—all too often a sinful one—which was originally laid upon it. These are they of whom Tennyson speaks:

He seemed like one that all in later time
Begins to war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise and cry:
Thou hast made us lords and canst not put us down.

Applying the same analysis to a theoretically declining civilization, we might deduce certain facts and expect to witness just what we are witnessing—the loss of the sense of national unity, self-assertion of parts against the whole and against one another, struggles for special privileges, malicious accusations and civil war.

The very thought has been set in poetic form by Macaulay, who contrasts the older integrated, organic Rome with the declining senile State, torn by factional strife:

Then none were for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold;
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

In all these instances we are dealing with the destruction of a holistic system which occurs when its lord is departing. The organism has either rejected its own soul, or it is rejected by the soul. In either case the work of its incarnation has to be done all over again. Moreover, we cannot fail to see that its fate is similar to that of the physical body and the psychic nature at death. It is the soul, the function, the purpose, the integrating self, which always holds the system together. When it departs, confusion overtakes the household, and the building falls in ruins.

The small book, *Through the Gates of Gold*, has set forth the law as it applies to civilizations. Through the use of striking metaphors it makes clear how with united efforts men have repeatedly rolled the stone of civilization up the hill of difficulty, only to see it slip back again into the valley. Or again, a matured culture is compared to a full-blown flower with the petals but slackly held together. Either metaphor sets forth the law of disintegration which we have been considering; the soul withdraws, and the centrifugal forces tear the vehicle in pieces. A dark picture, and one that is haunting many a humanitarian as it is haunting Mr. H. G. Wells at this moment.

Most happily, though this is the whole picture for Mr. Wells, it is not the whole picture for *The Gates of Gold*. Mr. Wells is a materialist, and the real author of *The Gates of Gold* is "anything but"! For wherever the doctrine of death and rebirth is taught, there also is taught the doctrine of liberation. Evolution is not a little up-and-down affair of the material world only; in its highest expression it is a mighty cosmic process which sweeps the life-wave around a circle of seven globes which are "in coadunation but not in consubstantiality". It is not enough that organisms should whirl repeatedly through cycles of birth and death upon a single plane. The time must come when a certain mode of manifestation must give way to a new life differing in kind from its predecessor. And though the masses are swept to their death along the declining arc of their cycle, we know that the fittest survive. It is left then for the individual at the apex of the wave of culture to resist the downpull of the curve, and, identifying himself with the imperishable soul, to break the cycle and to set out on the path of the gods toward the spiritual kingdom. Here is no democracy, no whining sentimentalism about the "underprivileged". Here is a warrior doctrine for aristocrats!

But this doctrine is high and difficult for us; we find it a hard saying, though we dimly perceive that it is truly the burden of the message of all wise men, and the very heart of the Christian teaching.

Moreover it has left its witness likewise among the lower organisms. For what is the keynote of evolution but the glorious truth that life has, indeed, perpetually escaped the net of death and outstripped its former records. Decline of life and renewal of life in perpetual cycles on the same level—that is not the story. The song of Easter morning has been ringing for a hundred million years over this old earth!

According to our present biological understanding, the line of plants and animals started with the unicellular races—the protozoans and the protophytes. It was their destiny to pass to the multicellular state; they were to be lifted up to higher holistic systems: to enter upon a mode of life qualitatively different and far richer in content than anything which had gone before, anything offered on the archaic level. They were to subordinate their small lives to a greater life, to throw their lesser wills into vigorous co-operation with a mightier will. But how few accomplished it! The majority were caught by the tendency to inertia and remained unicells. To be sure, they entered upon strange ways and evolved into extravagant and peculiar forms, but they preferred an increase in quantity to a change in quality, and, though they linger through the ages, they are failures of nature, fit only to be devoured by their advanced brethren.

The development of a multicellular *Volvox*-sphere was, on the contrary, a fact of high spiritual import. This little organism, a ball of ciliated cells, all moving under a central control, is a revelation of spiritual law. Paraphrasing certain familiar words, we may say in very truth: Among those born of the *Protozoa* there hath not arisen a greater than *Paramœcium*, yet he who is least among the *Volvocales* is greater than he. The meaning is identical with the original thought which relates to John the Baptist.

In a slightly different way the miracle appeared again when plant and animal life abandoned the water for the air. The water-world and the air-world stand to organisms in their evolution as a pair of superposed planes. The biologist believes that ages of aquatic life preceded the transfer from water to land. Life had attained the level of the seaweeds and the fishes in the respective kingdoms. It had accomplished all that was necessary to be accomplished at that level. Ahead lay senseless repetition or—a breath-taking adventure (literally). Among the primitive ganoid fishes arose certain individuals endowed with the spirit of genius. They were tired of living in the water; already they tasted in their imaginations the sweet fruits which grew on the trees by the shore. They desired and willed ardently, and so striving, they sprouted out lungs from their gullets, dropped their gills, turned their fins into legs, and behold! a race of three-eyed *Stegocephalia* crawling on their bellies in the marshes. But their fish relatives missed the chance; their time of opportunity had come and gone, and they remained in future ages water animals, unborn and without power,—ruled by the ancient mode of life. Some, indeed, sought the dark and cold abysses of the ocean to become little else than terrible devouring mouths—a detail whose analogy it is not necessary to follow.

It is ever left for the individual to make the transition from plane to plane. For what was The Theosophical Society founded? To make mild and lovely

characters "too sweet for earth but not for heaven", as the New England tombstones have it? Well, that sort of an ideal may produce "a fair atmosphere and a happy future" and a *Devachan* full of rosy dreams, but who wants to remain a fish, no matter how many iridescent fins and tails one may develop? We know that our deeper Theosophy scorns such idle dreams. Our true ideal is to pass from the world of Cæsar to the Kingdom of the Heavens, from a three-dimensional, temporal world to a four-space continuum where there shall be time no longer. Use whatever illustration we may, one and all they carry the idea of a complete transformation, a rejection of the old structure devised for life under the old conditions, and the assumption of a new morphology adapted to life in a world which is qualitatively different.

Two paths lie before us: along one of them modern science is urging us. If we accede to that urge we shall do what the timid unicells and the stupid fishes did: remain under the familiar conditions of our material and psychic worlds, seeking to remould them nearer to the heart's desire. Such is (or was) the dream of Mr. Wells, who formulated thereby the unexpressed ideal of almost every modern learned man. In a recent cinema adaptation of one of his popular Utopias, where cities of glass rise to dizzy heights, where horrendous wheels and levers clang and clash and roar, we are allowed to witness the apotheosis of the Wellsian dream—a young man and woman about to be shot into space from a great gun—the first daring attempt at the conquest of other worlds. Or, to take another example from that popular book, *Lost Horizons*: a Christian priest finds a favoured spot in Tibet where men do not die, but where life may be prolonged through the centuries. Realizing all too painfully the impending decline of Western civilization, he makes his monastery a repository for all beautiful and precious things: porcelains, statuary, music—hoping thereby to save at least this much from the universal ruin which is to come. I have heard men say that the book provoked nostalgia. But it is only the Wellsian formula tricked out in finer clothes. It reveals a desperate desire to cling to *things*, and it matters not a whit that the things represent matter in its more æsthetically pleasing forms. Do not mistake me: we all value beautiful things in a world which has become very ugly, not for themselves, but as revelations of the Divine Beauty. For, back of the shadows thrown on the wall of the Cave, are the Divine Originals. So powerful in beauty are they that even their reflections have strength to move us strangely. The porcelains and brocades must all perish in the cycles of the ages, but in our Father's House they are preserved eternally in their noumenal realities.

The scientific dream is but a dazzling *Maya*—just little fish dreaming about bigger fish with swifter fins and larger appetites. We are all familiar with pictures in which a replica of the same scene is repeated again and again to infinite regression. It may be a picture of a room on whose wall hangs a picture of the same room, on whose wall hangs . . . , etc. Science is caught in this kind of scheme. Probing with the microscope it follows the pictured reflections inward; probing with the telescope it follows them outward, and it calls the journey scientific progress. Well, it is progress of a sort—better

than clinging to a single picture for ever. But a child playing with blocks is still playing with blocks, even though it build up a cube measuring ten feet on a side: volume is still volume and cubicity is still cubicity. If we might only prevail upon science to leave its flat picture-world and turn its eyes toward the real room. Its boasted wisdom is sciosophy (shadow knowledge), but it controls the governmental, educational, economic, social, and well-nigh all the religious life of America. Its triumphs mean the progressive failure of evolution to bring to manifestation the truer and deeper life of the soul.

But there is another way—the way those brave fishes took, and a human being is worth more than many fishes. It is the Way of chelaship, the Way of Liberation. We may well close with the biological parallel which Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us in the fine lines of the "Chambered Nautilus":

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home,
And knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea!

R.E.T.

There is no virtue, properly speaking, without victory over ourselves; and in general that which costs nothing is worth nothing.—J. DE MAISTRE.

THE EMPEROR AKBAR

SEEKER FOR TRUTH

AKBAR, Emperor of India from 1556 to 1605, brought about the triumph of a fundamental principle of Theosophy,—religious tolerance, in an intolerant age and nation. In this, consciously or unconsciously, he undoubtedly did the work of the Great Lodge. He is particularly interesting to members of The Theosophical Society, whose motto is "There is no religion higher than Truth", because, though one of the greatest rulers that ever lived, his dominant interest was inner, not outer; his passion was the search for truth, which he sought ardently and in all ways throughout his life. He is also interesting in himself, for he was a great man in every respect, just, generous, recklessly courageous, chivalrous, high-minded, doing well whatever he put his hand to, and some things supremely well. Vincent Smith, who cannot be accused of partiality toward Akbar, closes his history of him with the words: "He was a born king of men, with a rightful claim to rank as one of the greatest sovereigns known to history. That claim rests securely on the basis of his extraordinary natural gifts, his original ideas, and his magnificent achievements." Our main interest, however, lies in him as a seeker for truth. Akbar was by nature a mystic, but, like such great Christian mystics as St. Teresa of Avila, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Catherine of Siena, and many others, he lived a life of intense outer activity, one which changed the face of history.

From his early youth, Akbar dreamed a splendid vision of what he wished to accomplish for India. In place of a land torn by internal strife, divided into many petty, hostile states constantly warring against one another, the weak always in peril of conquest by the strong, the adherents of each religion regarding as enemies to be persecuted those whose creed differed from their own,—he pictured an India at peace, a great confederation of states united under one Emperor as Overlord, but with each race and nation developing its own genius under its own rulers, each man, Mahometan, Hindu, Sikh, Jain, Parsee, free to worship and to seek the truth as his own conscience might dictate. Religious tolerance was not an ideal widely held in either India or Europe in the sixteenth century. There had been bitter religious persecutions in India, as there had been the burning of heretics in Spain, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day and religious wars in France. Henry IV and the Edict of Nantes ended it for the time being in France, and Akbar ended it for the time being in India, in both cases as the result of hard-won victories on the field of battle.

The death of his father Humayun, in January, 1556, left Akbar, at only thirteen, as nominal sovereign of all Hindustan. Actually, however, he did not even control the capital, Delhi. All he had was a precarious hold on a few districts of the Punjab, a small army of doubtful loyalty, and last but not least, a brilliant general, Bairam Khan. There were three other claimants to the throne, one of

whom promptly occupied both Delhi and Agra. Akbar, though only a boy in years, was already a skilful and experienced warrior, trained through the stormy period of his father's strife and exile to face adversity and superior forces with courage and boldness. On this occasion, the enemy's forces were vastly superior, so much so that Akbar's advisers, with the important exception of Bairam Khan, urged him to give up the fight and retire to Kabul. Bairam Khan was strongly in favour of fighting it out, advice that accorded entirely with Akbar's own courageous nature. Heavily outnumbered though they were, they advanced to meet the opposing forces and gained a decisive victory. In less than two years, Akbar had reconquered his entire realm and was established on the throne.

The next few years were occupied with getting the reins of authority firmly into his own hands. Against the violent opposition of the bigoted Mahometans at his court, he adopted a policy of conciliation toward the Hindus, and admitted them to the high offices of state on a basis of equality. He also remitted the poll tax levied on Hindu, but not on Mahometan pilgrims, a tax which had been bringing in a very large revenue, but which seemed to Akbar grossly unjust. He regarded a tax on devotion as an outrage. His own house put in order, he was in position to attempt to realize his vision for India. That vision is the key to his policy throughout his life. He had no love of conquest in itself, but he could not carry out his plans without it, so he conquered most of India before he died. We do not mean that he shared the modern feeling about wars of aggression. He felt as his age felt, as his great ancestors Genghis Khan and Timurlane had felt, that such wars were quite normal. "A monarch", he said, "should ever be intent on conquest, otherwise his neighbours rise in arms against him. The army should be exercised in warfare, lest from want of training they become self-indulgent."¹ He treated his beaten foes with the utmost generosity. Chivalrous and loyal by nature himself, he recognized those qualities in others and trusted them accordingly. The Rajputs whom he conquered, he restored to their thrones, requiring only that they yield him allegiance. They responded to his trust, gave him their loyalty, and became the staunchest supporters of his rule. Without their aid, he could not have carried out his plans. At his death, his empire extended from the Hindu Kush on the north to the Deccan on the south. Where he ruled, justice, security, peace, and religious tolerance prevailed. In so far, at least, as his dream for India went, he had not been disobedient unto his heavenly vision.

We cannot go into his many reforms, such as the abolition of the practice of enslaving prisoners of war, his strictly enforced orders against molestation of the women and children of conquered foes, his attempts to discourage child marriage, the ending of compulsory *suttee*, and many more. Great as a general, he was, like Napoleon, still greater as an administrator. Again like Napoleon, he combined a mind capable of grasping broad and novel general principles with an extraordinary capacity for laborious attention to detail. His administrative reforms still form the basis of government of a great part of the land he ruled. Elphinstone sums up his reign with the words: "It is to his internal

¹ Abul Fazl, *Ain-i-Akbari*, "Happy Sayings of His Majesty", p. 399.

policy that Akbar owes his place in that highest order of princes whose reigns have been a blessing to mankind."²

Any man born with a noble vision who lives to carry it out in action, leaving the world better than he found it, any man whose life has been "a blessing to mankind", is sure to have had during his life the backing, support and guidance of the Lodge. To what extent he may have been aware of being aided, whether he was or was not a conscious agent in the great work that he did, what his Lodge connection may have been, what the degree of his spiritual attainment, his occult rank,³ are questions on which it is interesting to speculate but dangerous to dogmatize. As we have said, the passion of Akbar's life was not conquest, not power, not even his dream for India; his passion was the search for truth. Only a man whose soul had seen and preserved some memory of its vision, could yearn for truth as Akbar yearned for it. We do not know just what that soul's connection with the Lodge may have been, but we may be reasonably sure that that for which the exile longs is his true home.

What kind of man was he? His boyhood had been spent with his father in exile, in a long series of conflicts, headlong flights with a handful of loyal followers, a victorious foe in hot pursuit, followed by triumphant returns and the recovery of lost territory. It gave the boy a marvellous training in the warrior qualities, and developed his physique to an extraordinary extent. He was quick, active, endowed with great strength, a good shot, a brilliant swordsman, and a remarkable horseman. There are many stories of his physical prowess. He once rode two hundred and sixty miles on horseback in two days. He would often walk thirty or forty miles a day. He swam his horse across the Ganges in full flood. On one occasion, he and a small group of friends were returning on foot from a hunt, when a tigress with five cubs suddenly emerging from the side of the narrow path, blocked their way. The friends shrank back. Akbar sprang forward alone and killed the tigress with a single blow of his sword.

His manners were charming, and his innate dignity such that it was said that "anybody even at a first glance would recognize him as a king". One of his Jesuit visitors wrote of him that "to his own family he was most dear; to the great he was terrible; to the lowly, kind and affable. With small and common people he was so sympathetic and indulgent that he always found time gladly to hear their cases, and to respond graciously to their requests. Their little offerings, too, he used to accept with such a pleased look, handling them and putting them in his bosom, as he did not do with the most lavish gifts of the nobles." The Jesuits at his Court speak of the zeal and watchful conscientiousness which he showed in the administration of justice. What he said of himself,

¹ Elphinstone, *History of India*, p. 520.

² Since writing this article, the author's attention has been called to a statement of Madame Blavatsky's in *The Banner of Light*, Oct. 18th, 1879, reprinted in *A Modern Panarion*, p. 221, in which she speaks of "the great Emperor-Adept, Akbar".

[EDITORS' NOTE: In 1879, theosophical terminology was still very loosely defined. The term, Adept, was used by H.P.B. much as Mackenzie used it in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopadia* (1877), where we read of "adepts in alchemy", "an adept among astrologers", etc. It was not until much later that H.P.B. limited the title to high Initiates. In *The Theosophical Glossary*, published in 1892, she says of Akbar: "The great Mogul Emperor of India, the famous patron of religions, arts, and sciences, the most liberal of all the Mussulman sovereigns. There has never been a more tolerant or enlightened ruler than the Emperor Akbar, either in India or in any other Mahometan country." This is high praise, but it does not imply Adeptship, or Initiation in the Great Lodge.]

"If I were guilty of an unjust act, I would rise in judgment against myself", was not a boast but simple truth. He was by nature humane, gentle and kind, but his anger, though short-lived, could be terrible.

He was as chivalrous as his grandfather, Babur. One instance of this is worth relating. A rebellion broke out in a part of his dominions and the rebels gathered an army of twenty thousand men. Akbar was far away. On hearing of it, he assembled swiftly a force of two thousand horse, and rode the intervening six hundred miles in eleven days. So rapid had been his movements that he took the rebels completely off their guard. "It is a shame", said Akbar, "to attack an unprepared foe". He sounded his trumpets, and waited for his enemies, though they outnumbered him ten to one, to arm and form their line. Then he charged, and after a bitter fight in which the issue was for some time in doubt, he scattered them in wild rout.

Both his grandfather, whose memoirs are famous, and his father, were scholars. Akbar himself as a boy had had the best of tutors before and after he came to the throne, but, for some reason, he steadfastly refused to learn either to read or to write. Extraordinary as it may seem, this did not in the least interfere with his becoming a man of unusually wide culture and learning. Apparently he preferred to learn by his ear rather than his eye. He was very fond of listening to reading aloud, and at his death had a library of some twenty-four thousand manuscripts, most of which were beautifully illuminated and bound, and which were valued at over six million rupees. He had a remarkable memory which retained what was read to him. He studied the great Sanskrit writings, and had many of them, including the *Bhagavad Gita*, translated into the vernacular. He was a patron of science and of the arts,—painting, architecture, poetry, music, literature, all of which flourished during his reign.

Akbar was by nature a mystic who, like the Sufis, with whose poetry he had saturated himself from his early youth, sought earnestly all his life to attain to the ineffable bliss of union with the Divine. There is good reason to believe that at times and in some measure, he succeeded. The first such experience, of which we have any record, occurred when he was fourteen, about a year after he came to the throne. He was afflicted with a sudden disgust for the life around him, and found the presence of "short-sighted men", men whose thoughts were all of this world, intolerable. Sending for his horse Hairan, a high-spirited but particularly vicious steed which only one with his extraordinary ability with animals could have ridden, he galloped away unescorted into the desert to be alone. He rode for many miles, how far he did not know, and then dismounted "to commune with God". The horse galloped away and disappeared. Akbar fell into an ecstasy. After a time, his "heart eased and refreshed", he came to himself, alone, on foot, and far out in the desert. For a while he hesitated, uncertain what to do. Then he saw a riderless horse in the distance, galloping toward him. It proved to be Hairan, who came up and stood beside him, waiting for him to mount. The incident made a deep impression on Akbar, who regarded it as a Divine intimation that he take up his work in the world.

All his life he sought earnestly to learn the Divine will, and often spoke of the

great difficulty of doing so. Some of his methods were strikingly original. Shortly after the incident just mentioned, he engaged in a series of the most recklessly daring adventures. One will serve as a sample. One day he met a particularly savage elephant that had just killed its mahout, mangled other men, and become a general source of terror. Akbar walked up to him smiling, put his foot on the elephant's tusk and mounted to his back. Then he set him to fight another quarrelsome elephant. At the height of the fight, Akbar saw that the driver of the other elephant had lost control. The young Emperor immediately leapt from his own elephant to the back of the other. Later in life, Akbar stated that his reason for risking his life in these dare-devil escapades was that he wished to learn the will of God for him, to test whether or not he had in truth been entrusted with a divine mission. If God were displeased with him, he would make it easy for his life to be taken away. If he were preserved, it would be a sign that there was work in the world that he was intended to do. Akbar probably had never heard of the second of the temptations in the wilderness, and this seemed to him a simple way of learning God's will.

Another experience, of which we have only meagre and confused accounts, occurred some years later. Akbar had ordered a huge hunt, after the Mogul fashion. For ten days, many thousands of beaters had been driving the game in a huge semi-circle preparatory to slaughter on a great scale. Then, while resting under a tree, a vision came to Akbar. "A sublime joy took possession of his bodily frame. The attraction of cognition of God cast its ray." "The primacy of the spiritual world took possession of his holy form. . . . What the chiefs of purity and deliverance [Sufi seers] had searched for in vain, was revealed to him." He had a vivid sense of union with God. One of its immediate effects was to fill him with a strong revulsion against the world, the pomp and splendour of his throne, and all his outer activities, so that for the moment he seems even to have thought of abdicating and becoming a hermit. That misunderstanding passed at once, and he attacked his duties with renewed activity. But in his vision he had seen all life as one, in the Creator's eyes. The slaughter of unoffending animals appeared as a crime, and he instantly gave orders that the hunt was to be abandoned and "not a feather on a finch hurt". Every animal was to escape "according to its habits". He had been very fond of hunting, but from that time on he gave it up. Even when his enjoyment of it had been at its keenest, he had often in the past broken off in the midst of a hunt, if he chanced to see a hermit or "holy man", in order to talk with him in the hope of gaining a new insight into truth. He also gave up meat-eating for at least six months of every year. He did not wish, he said, to "make his body a tomb for animals".

Vigorous and highly successful man of action though he was, he spent many entire nights in religious discussion, and many whole mornings in solitary prayer and meditation on a stone bench in a little bare room. "He was", wrote his son Jehangir, "always with God". He never missed an opportunity to gain light from anyone he thought might have something to contribute to his knowledge of truth. Early in his reign, he instituted religious discussions every Thursday night. His methods bore a close resemblance to those of a Theosophical So-

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ciety Branch meeting. Holders of the most divergent views were invited to speak, and a general discussion followed. At first the debates were between the different sects of the Moslems, but later on the representatives of other religions were invited to explain and defend their beliefs. Akbar himself usually presided and did his best to enforce courtesy and the theosophical ideal of according that tolerance to the opinions of others that one desires for one's own. The various Moslem sects disgusted and at times angered him by their intolerance and violent abuse of all who disagreed with their own narrow views.

When he heard of Christianity, he wrote to the Jesuit Mission, at the Portuguese settlement of Goa, asking them to send back with the ambassador who bore his letter "two of your learned men, who should bring with them the books of the law, and above all the Gospels, because I truly and earnestly desire to understand their perfection; and with great urgency I again demand that they should come with my ambassador aforesaid, and bring their books. From their coming I shall obtain the utmost consolation; they will be dear to me, and I shall receive them with every possible honour. As soon as I shall have become well instructed in the law, and shall have comprehended its perfection, they will be able, if willing, to return at their pleasure, and I shall send them back with great honours, and appropriate rewards."⁴

After a good deal of discussion, three Jesuit fathers were selected in response to this invitation, Ridolfo Aquaviva, a younger son of the Duke of Atri, one of the most influential nobles of the Kingdom of Naples, Antonio Monserrate, a Spaniard who had shown extraordinary courage and devotion during an outbreak of the plague in Lisbon, and Francesco Enriquez, a converted Mahometan. Immediately on their arrival, Akbar, dressed in Portuguese costume as a courtesy to them, had them brought into his presence, and, so great was his eagerness to learn of Christianity, kept them talking until two o'clock in the morning. Then, seeing their weariness, he dismissed them, but renewed the audience the next day, at which time he accepted from them the gift of a magnificently bound copy of the Bible. He received the Bible with the utmost reverence, a reverence which he invariably showed toward the objects of devotion of any religion, an instinctive courtesy which some of his biographers have misunderstood, and which has led them to accuse him of hypocrisy. He in his turn, offered the fathers a large sum of money, which they refused, accepting only enough for bare subsistence. They were given permission to seek converts, to preach publicly, and were invited to the weekly discussions in the House of Worship. Unfortunately, as has happened with other missionaries, their zeal and courage were more to be commended than their tact or their tolerance, and Akbar had to intervene to save them from bodily harm.

He was much disappointed to find the Christians as fiercely intolerant as the Mahometans. Nevertheless, he invited the Jesuits to live in the palace, and would often spend half the night in discussing Christianity with them. He found so much with which he could agree that for a time they had high hopes of converting him. These were increased by his putting the education of his second

⁴ Vincent Smith, *Akbar*, p. 169. Quoted as translated from the Italian of Bartoli.

son, Murad, in their charge, and by his personal affection for them. He often "conversed with them without ceremony, and would pace up and down with his arm around Aquaviva's shoulder". The doctrines of the Virgin Birth and of the Trinity were stumbling blocks. Akbar was undoubtedly attracted to Christianity, but he was no less attracted to other religions. A month after the arrival of the Jesuits, Akbar began the Zoroastrian custom of prostrating himself publicly before the rising sun. Binyon says that it would seem that Akbar, "in his restless seeking for a faith that should satisfy his inner nature, never contented himself with abstract inquiries, but, as if determined to put on the whole habit of a creed, adopted with each its outward ceremony and ritual, and used its symbols, all apparently with a like sincerity of approach".

The Jesuits took Akbar roundly to task for certain practices which he permitted in his kingdom, gladiatorial shows and the custom of *suttee* among them. Far from resenting this, Akbar refused thereafter to attend a *suttee*, and later definitely prohibited the practice, to the great anger of the Brahmins and some of his other Hindu subjects. His determination to break up the custom came within an ace of costing him his life. A cousin of the Rajah of Amber died, and his young widow, a daughter of the Rajah of Malwar, refused to become *suttee*. Her step-son, backed by the Brahmin family priest, decided to force her to do so, in violation of the imperial edict. At the last moment the Emperor, probably through one of the young Rajputnis in his harem, heard what was happening. Instantly mounting the swiftest horse in his stable, without waiting for his escort, he galloped alone at top speed to the scene of the *suttee*. The young widow had already taken her place on the funeral pyre, and the flames had almost reached the long bridal garment she was wearing, when Akbar dashed up at a furious pace, charged through the circle of chanting priests and armed Rajputs, and himself lifted the princess from the pyre. The infuriated Rajputs drew their swords, and for a moment the Emperor's life was in grave danger. Then two of his devoted Rajput officers came up and the crisis passed. The princess was safely placed under the protection of her own family.⁵

The Jesuit mission had arrived in February, 1580. Some months before, Akbar had taken a step of great importance. Under the Moslem law, great power was vested in the Ulema, the assemblage of "doctors learned in the law". The administration of justice was in their hands, and while their power remained unbroken it was useless for Akbar to attempt to carry out his policy of universal religious toleration, which appeared to their bigoted minds as sacrilege and a direct violation of the teachings of the Prophet. They further had the right under the Moslem law to issue a *fatwa*, or religious decree, declaring the Emperor's policy of tolerance to be contrary to the Koran, a decree which would have had the result of absolving all Moslems from the duty of obedience to the Emperor. It was the old story of a clash between a powerful priestcraft and a strong ruler. Compromise never appealed to Akbar. He forced the issue by having his friend, the Shaikh Mubarak, a Sufi mystic, and father of his two closest friends and advisors, Feizi and Abul Fazl, prepare and circulate a document proclaiming

⁵ Abul Fazl, *Akbarnama*, iii, p. 395.

Akbar a Sultan-i-Adil, or Just Ruler, which the Ulema dared not refuse to sign. The decrees of a Sultan-i-Adil, under the law of Islam, took precedence over any Ulema, and reduced the latter to impotence. The effect of the proclamation was to make Akbar virtual Pope as well as King, and to set him free to carry out the dream that had dominated his policy from the first,—the establishment throughout India of religious equality for all faiths.

One of his first steps was to throw open the discussions in the House of Worship to all faiths. Akbar was convinced, as are students of Theosophy to-day, that there is truth at the heart of all of the nobler religions, and he set himself to find it. Hindus, Jains, Sikhs, Parsees, and the Jesuits when they arrived, were all invited to the discussions, and, in addition, Akbar spent many hours in personal conversation with the most eminent representatives of the different faiths. A learned Brahmin, who presumably feared pollution if he entered the abode of an unbeliever, but who was unwilling to refuse a sincere inquirer, was drawn up in a basket by a rope outside the palace walls until he was opposite Akbar's window, and "spent many nights instructing the Emperor in the esoteric doctrines of the Upanishads". Curiously enough, there is no record of his having been in touch at any time with Buddhism. He was deeply impressed by the symbolism of the Zoroastrians, and established the sacred fire in his palace, where his friend Abul Fazl was charged with the duty of seeing that it never went out. The sun, as the symbol of the Divine, made a particular appeal to him. In the evening when the lamps were lighted, the whole court was required to rise in reverence at the coming of the light, "in commemoration of the sunrise", Akbar said. Those who would criticize him for this, might well be asked to find a better symbol for the Divine. One of his historians describes him as "a Sufi mystic at heart and a Zoroastrian by practice". He also adopted certain Brahminical customs and wore the sacred thread at times. For a week at the new year, he wore a robe of a different colour each day, the colour corresponding to that of the sacred planet for that day of the week. The Jain influence resulted in edicts governing and restricting the slaughter of animals. Akbar himself in the last years of his life abstained almost wholly from meat.

Akbar always attended the discussions in the House of Worship, which sometimes ran to appalling length, beginning on Thursday evenings and occasionally continuing until noon on Friday. It is not altogether surprising that tempers were frequently rasped. The meetings were held regularly for a number of years. Then, perhaps because they had served their turn, or perhaps in discouragement at the intolerance and closed minds of those who debated there, Akbar discontinued them.

The debates had been held in a special building in the new capital which Akbar had built, Fathpur Sikri, "City of Victory". All trace of that building has disappeared, and there is reason to believe that it was pulled down by order of Akbar himself. Fathpur Sikri, in Akbar's mind, seems to have been a symbol of his great dream of unity, even its architecture being a beautiful and harmonious mingling of the Hindu and the Moslem. It was over the entrance to the great Mosque there that the Emperor, after an inscription recounting his

victories, had inscribed in conclusion the famous words: "Said Jesus, on whom be peace: 'The world is a bridge. Pass over it. Do not build on it' ". This was added only a few years before his death, after he had already abandoned the city, which still stands empty and deserted.

In 1581, Akbar promulgated the *Din-i-Ilahi*, "Divine Faith", which some historians call a new religion, but which was actually a new religious and philosophical Order. The name, "Divine Faith", seems very like "Divine Wisdom". It would be interesting to know exactly what the difference in meaning is between "Din", translated as "Faith", and the Greek word "Sophia", Wisdom.⁶ A part at least of Akbar's motive in promulgating it, was to supply a bond of union for the different races of his Empire. "The Emperor did not promulgate the new faith in the spirit of a missionary, zealous for obtaining new recruits. His object was not proselytization, but a new synthesis of the warring creeds. He approached the whole question in what we might call a theosophical spirit, and inculcated no rigid formulæ."⁷ The *Din-i-Ilahi* upheld no dogmas and recognized no prophets. The only authority it did recognize was that of each man's own soul. Elphinstone says:

It seems to have been pure deism; in addition to which some ceremonies were permitted in consideration of human infirmity. It maintained that we ought to reverence God according to the knowledge of him derived from our own reason, by which his unity and benevolence are sufficiently established; that we ought to serve him and seek for our future happiness by subduing our bad passions, and practising such virtues as are beneficial to mankind; but that we should not adopt a creed or practise a ritual on the authority of *any man*, as all were liable to error like ourselves. If it were absolutely necessary for men to have some visible object of adoration, by means of which they might raise their soul to the Divinity, Akbar recommended that the sun, the planets, or fire should be the symbols. He had no priests, no public worship.⁸

The *Din-i-Ilahi* was "for the few". It is probable that at no time were there more than a few thousand members at the most. The names of only eighteen have been preserved, including but one Hindu, Rajah Birbal. Refusal to join made no difference in Akbar's confidence and friendship. It was a matter for each man's conscience. The *Din-i-Ilahi*, as we have said, had no creed. Its spirit is expressed in the following verses written by Abul Fazl, and inscribed by the Emperor's order over the gate of a building dedicated to it:

O God, in every temple I see people that seek Thee,
And in every language I hear spoken, people praise Thee!
Polytheism and Islam feel after Thee,
Each religion says, "Thou art one without equal".
If it be a mosque, people murmur holy prayer,
And if it be a Christian Church, people ring the bell from love to Thee,
Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister and sometimes the mosque,
But it is Thou whom I search from temple to temple.

⁶ *Din*, although developed from different roots, means *religion, faith*, in both Persian and Arabic. In Arabic its basal meaning is "submission to Divine judgment". In Persian it developed from "faith by (inward?) sight". The Persian meanings are given as "religion, wisdom, inner being, spiritual ego, individuality". *Ilahi* is Arabic. Akbar was, of course, at home in both languages.

⁷ Prasad, *A Short History of Muslim Rule in India*, p. 371.

⁸ *History of India*, p. 524.

Thy elect have no dealings with either heresy or orthodoxy; for neither of them stands behind the screen of Thy truth.

Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox,

But the dust of the rose petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller.

"Four degrees of sacrifice" are mentioned. They consisted of the readiness to sacrifice property, life, reputation, and religion.

While the Din-i-Ilahi had no dogmas, many regulations have been ascribed to it, which have been a source of much misunderstanding both of Akbar and of the "Divine Faith". This is in large measure due to the scantiness of our knowledge. Apart from a few letters from Jesuits, there are only two main sources of information. First and by far the most important are the writings of Akbar's friend, confidant, and panegyrist, Abul Fazl. Writing unfortunately in a style of fulsome praise, distasteful to Western ears, Abul Fazl gives a valuable but brief account of the Emperor's faith, and says that he is going to write a separate volume dealing with that and with Akbar's methods; but Abul Fazl was murdered before it saw the light. The other source is Badaoni, a bigoted, narrow-minded, orthodox Mahometan, who believed Akbar to be engaged in undermining the true faith, and who was bitterly jealous of the influence of the Hindus with the Emperor, and of the fact that all the offices at court had been thrown open to them. His work contains scores of pages of the most violent denunciation. It is full of hearsay and of statements that carry their own refutation on their face. Nevertheless, in the absence of other sources of information, many of his assertions have been accepted as facts by some historians, and have affected unfavourably their view of Akbar.

The official account of the Din-i-Ilahi is given very briefly by Abul Fazl in Ain 77 of the *Ain-i-Akbari*. He says that a people seeking guidance to truth will naturally look to their king, for a king possesses, independent of men, "a ray of divine wisdom". The king is the spiritual guide of the nation, "and sees in the performance of this duty a means of pleasing God. He has now opened the gate that leads to the right path, and satisfies the thirst of all that wander about panting for truth. But whether he checks men in their desire to become disciples, or admits them at other times, he guides them in each case to the realms of bliss. Many sincere inquirers, from the mere light of his wisdom, or his holy breath, obtain a degree of awakening which other spiritual doctors could not produce by repeated fasting and prayers for forty days."

The ceremony of initiation was performed by Akbar in this manner:

When a novice bears on his forehead the sign of earnestness of purpose, and he be daily inquiring more and more, His Majesty accepts him, and admits him on a Sunday, when the world-illuminating sun is in its highest splendour. Notwithstanding every strictness and reluctance shown by His Majesty in admitting novices, there are many thousands, men of all classes, who have cast over their shoulders the mantle of belief, and look upon their conversion to the New Faith as the means of obtaining every blessing.

At the above-mentioned time of everlasting auspiciousness, the novice with his turban in his hands, puts his head on the feet of His Majesty. This is symbolical, and expresses that the novice, guided by good fortune and the assistance of his good star, has cast from his head conceit and selfishness, the root of so many evils, offers his heart in worship, and

now comes to inquire as to the means of obtaining everlasting life. His Majesty, the chosen one of God, then stretches out the hand of favour, raises up the suppliant, and replaces the turban on his head, meaning by these symbolical actions that he has raised up a man of pure intentions, who from seeming existence has now entered into real life. His Majesty then gives the novice the *Shast*,⁹ upon which is engraved "the Great Name", and His Majesty's symbolical motto, *Allahu Akbar*. This teaches the novice the truth that "the pure *Shast* and the pure sight never err".

The inquiry as to "the means of obtaining everlasting life"—the inquiry of the young man in the Gospels—is interesting as showing the perception of a truth the world has lost—that everlasting life must be won by a man's own effort.

Abul Fazl gives a description of certain ordinances to be observed by members of the Order. They are entirely outer and trivial. Members are to greet each other with *Allahu Akbar*, God is great, and the response, *Jalla Jalaluhu*, May His glory shine forth. They are to give feasts at certain times, to abstain as far as possible from meat, never to eat anything which they themselves have slain, not to use the same vessels as butchers, etc., etc. There are very few of these rules. A later passage gives a special rule governing the funerals of "darsaniyyah disciples"¹⁰ which concludes: "But this order is based on a fundamental rule which His Majesty indicated, but which I cannot here mention."¹¹

Badaoni, who had apparently quarreled with Akbar, and had become the leader of the orthodox Mahometan party which bitterly opposed the Emperor, pictures him as persecuting the Mahometans, insulting their faith, promulgating innumerable oppressive and silly regulations, and setting himself up as divine. Many of his statements are obviously malicious and rather stupid slander, and most of the pretended regulations which he gives are puerile. He states, for example, that the Emperor ordered dogs and swine to be kept in the harem "and regarded the going to look at them every morning as a religious service".¹² Whatever else Akbar was, he was not childish. His worst detractors grant him an extraordinarily keen intellect and a sound judgment. Yet in spite of its obvious unreliability, Badaoni's picture has led Vincent Smith and some other historians to the conclusion that "the whole scheme [of the Din-i-Ilahi] was the outcome of ridiculous vanity", "a monument to Akbar's folly", and have accused him of persecuting the Mahometans.

Madame Blavatsky evidently did not share that view or she would not have described Akbar in the *Theosophical Glossary* as the most tolerant and enlightened ruler that India or any other Mahometan country has ever had. The only evidence in support of Badaoni's tirade is contained in a few of the letters from the Jesuits. Prasad says that they got their information from the same bitterly prejudiced source, the "orthodox" party which had declared war on the Emperor. It is easy to understand how the bigoted adherents of the religion that had been dominant to the extent of persecuting all others, should regard tolerance and equality as an infringement of their rights and an insult to their faith. For Akbar to persecute the adherents of any religion, let alone the one

⁹ "Shast means aim; secondly, anything round, either a ring or a thread." Blochmann.

¹⁰ From *darsan*, to have seen.

¹¹ Blochmann, *Ain-i-Akbari*, i, p. 207.

¹² Badaoni, p. 314.

in which he was born, would have been to go against his entire character, his firmly held opinions and his life-long work. His own words, just after he had abolished the tax on Hindu pilgrims, show the principle to which he steadfastly adhered in all his actions. "Although", he said, "the tax fell on a vain superstition, yet as all modes of worship are designed for one great Being, it is wrong to throw an obstacle in the way of the devout, and to cut them off from their mode of intercourse with their Maker."¹³ Members of The Theosophical Society, which endured for years the most violent abuse based on complete misapprehensions of its character and purposes, ought to have no difficulty in understanding the bitter contemporary attacks on the Din-i-Ilahi. They might ask themselves what posterity would think of The Theosophical Society, if its sole source of information were an account written by the member of their family most vehemently opposed to their interest in Theosophy.

Badaoni's slanders we can dismiss. The triviality of the regulations published by Abul Fazl is, at first glance, harder to understand. There is, however, a simple possible explanation. We have already referred to the special order about funerals which closes with the statement that it is based on "a fundamental rule which His Majesty indicated but which I cannot here mention". This is a plain statement that a part at least of the Din-i-Ilahi was secret, an obvious possibility which seems to have been entirely overlooked by historians. We know that there was a ritual of initiation, and that Akbar accepted some candidates and refused others. It is hard to see why anyone should have been refused admission to an Order with only the beliefs and requirements that have been made public. On the other hand, in all ages and religions there have been those who, having really attained to some knowledge of truth, have realized that it could not safely be given to the multitude. This is not a popular doctrine to-day, but the truth rarely is popular. Charles Johnston, in one of his articles, implies that the failure of Greece was due in part to the fact that Plato violated an age-old rule, in giving to the unprepared masses, truths that should only have been imparted to those pledged to secrecy and to a strict moral discipline. That Akbar attained to a number of theosophical truths we know. He may well have grasped that one, and hence have taken care to see that others were not unwisely revealed.

The Din-i-Ilahi kept its secrets inviolate, as no doubt Akbar kept his. We do, however, know some of his beliefs. He believed in one Supreme Spirit, in the unity of the Universe, and hence that all things that are, partake to some degree of the Divine nature. He believed in reincarnation and that the soul comes from the Supreme, and, after many ages, attaining to complete purification, gains re-union with the Divine. He was a mystic, and was convinced, of his own knowledge and experience, that it is possible for the soul here and now, in incarnation, to attain to communion and some measure of union with God. We have already spoken of two of these experiences. He himself refers briefly to others. There is also a Hindu tradition that in 1573, he beheld a "marvellous vision" at the Brindaban temples, the reputed home of Krishna.

¹³ *Akbarnama*, ii, p. 239.

Some of Akbar's own statements, quoted by Abul Fazl in "Happy Sayings of His Majesty", are illuminating:

"The smallest details are mirrors capable of reflecting a comprehensive outline."

"True greatness, in spiritual and worldly matters, does not shrink from the minutiae of business but regards their performance as an act of Divine worship."

"There is no need to discuss the point that a vacuum in nature is impossible. God is omnipresent."

"There exists a bond between the Creator and the creature which is not expressible in language."

"That which is without form cannot be seen whether in sleeping or waking, but it is apprehensible by force of imagination. To behold God in vision is, in fact, to be understood in this sense."

"Each person according to his condition gives the Supreme Being a name, but in reality to name the Unknowable is vain."

"Who can sever the attachment of the rational soul to the Supreme Being?"

"Although I am the Master of so vast a kingdom, and all the appliances of government are at my hand, yet since true greatness consists in doing the will of God, my mind is not at ease in this diversity of sects and creeds; and apart from this outward pomp of circumstances, with what satisfaction, in my despondency, can I undertake the sway of empire? I await the coming of some discreet man of principle who will resolve the difficulties of my conscience."

Even in those distant days, Akbar was evidently longing for the coming of a "God-instructed man".

One statement of Badaoni's which, being his, may or may not be true, is interesting. He says that Akbar "gave habitation to the Yogis, visiting the *math* almost unattended, and holding scientific and religious conversations with them. They initiated him into all their knowledge and practices, so that he sometimes showed gold which he pretended was of his own making."¹⁴

"Seek and ye shall find" has been true in all ages. Akbar sought ardently and, as we have tried to show, unquestionably attained to knowledge of certain theosophic truths. The heart of the theosophic doctrine is that chélaship, the passionate, complete devotion to one's Master, whoever that Master may be, is a present possibility and fact. Akbar spoke much of discipleship. He called a group in the Din-i-Ilahi "chélas". We do not know what he meant by it, or whether he himself found his own Master and gained the intimate, personal relationship that is involved in chélaship. That he served the Lodge seems clear, but we have no way of telling whether or not he did so consciously. Unfortunately, we know nothing of his inner life during his last ten years. His friend, historian, and co-worker in the Din-i-Ilahi, Abul Fazl, was murdered by Akbar's own son in 1602. Akbar himself died in 1605. The "Divine Faith" and whatever of truth it may have held, passed with him to the other world.

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¹⁴ Wilson's translation, *Collected Works*, ii, p. 384. Compare also Lowe's translation, *Badaoni*, ii, p. 334.

WITHOUT CENSOR

XI.

THE parallel between the military life, the military order, and the spiritual hierarchy, or the life and order of the spiritual world, raised above the mere consideration of the similarity of the qualities necessary to excel in each, and expanded to include the strategy and tactics of the inner spiritual warfare—the conscious and deliberate use and ordering of those qualities of heart and mind and will, in which the individual has to some degree attained, to further the progress of his inner campaign and advance—all this, from that midnight in the quiet room at First Army Headquarters when I sensed something of the ordered direction of large units in actual war, became for me more and more a subject of frequent thought, and has been so in the years that have intervened. Yet, always, consideration of the strategy and tactics of the inner life, the right handling for constructive purposes of attributes of character already formed, or partially formed, brings one back again to those fundamentals of character which are the basis, the foundation setting for the individual soldier. It is not possible to consider either aspect of the inner warfare separately; they are always inter-related, interwoven. What a man *is*, what he has made himself with the help of his superiors in that inner world, what he continues to be, determines the extent to which he is able consciously to make use of this inner strategy and tactics, in order to further his spiritual advance. Whatever military parallels one uses in order to emphasize similarity, points of likeness between the inner warfare and the outer, the need of definite and permanent attainment in certain inner ways, of having tried troops to use, is paramount and essential. My thinking along these lines received a powerful stimulus at about that time from a letter which I received from my friend in the Movement in New York, in which he said: "We have been reading aloud *The Principles of War*, by General Foch. . . . Just because Foch really deals with principles and has thought deeply, his book might easily be paraphrased as a treatise on 'the spiritual combat'. Expressed in terms of force instead of in terms of consciousness, it appeals more directly to the modern mind than such books as that by Scupoli. It is really a profound book. But you, poor man, have no chance for luxuries such as that,—though, in compensation, you witness what Foch wrote about, and can at all times translate and re-translate from one set of terms to the other,—the battle of the soul to that of the Allies, and vice versa." There was no opportunity, then, for reading that book; indeed, my chances at that time for any reading at all were few and far between. But what that letter meant, beyond peradventure, was that I was on the right track in the line of thinking which had opened out for me, and that I must pursue it, brood over it, until I had so made the principles involved a definite

part of my being, that they would manifest themselves in outer life and living, and so, perhaps, would come to mean something to others.

Much has been said in regard to the initial necessity for implicit and instant obedience; emphasis has been laid upon the fact that it is the fundamental basis of all things, whether in the case of the man who enlists as a soldier, or in that of the aspirant for chélaship at the beginning of the Way. I had received very early an object lesson in this respect at the Officers Training Camp at Plattsburgh, when, as related in an earlier article, vociferous hand-clapping at a mass-meeting of the candidates for commissions had been rudely interrupted by the Regular Army, with the explanation that in the Army it was not customary to evince either approbation or disapprobation, and with the command that thereafter it would not be done. Why not? That is easy to see. If you are to have among soldiers the quality of obedience, that basis of the military life, immediate, unquestioning, you cannot have men expressing themselves as to whether or not they like the thing which they have been commanded to do. Nor, when a man has started on the road to chélaship, can there be obedience on his part to the laws of the spiritual world, expressed for him through the suggestions or orders of those who are his superiors in that world, if he allows his lower nature continually to approve or to disapprove of the advice which he has received; if he permits it to chatter to him that this is good, that the other cannot be right and that there must be a mistake somewhere. But for the aspirant, as well as for the soldier, there is an additional and highly important reason for absolute and unquestioning obedience, for it is only through such obedience that there will come to either that quality of *understanding* obedience which sees, in part at any rate, the reason and the purpose which lie behind an order; which glimpses something, at least, of its necessity and meaning; which brings increased vision, greater trustworthiness and the possibility of an enlarged sphere of effort.

Both receive their orders in much the same way. To the aspirant they come, based on spiritual and universal law, down through the hierarchy, through those in advance of him in all ways of inner progress, until, through his immediate superior he is told those things which have a bearing on his inner problems of the moment, and is thus helped to meet the situation as it exists on his front. For the soldier in the battle line, orders originate with the Army High Command, which knows the larger plan of the whole. Down through army corps, through division, through brigade they come, constantly adapted at each stage to cover the narrowing exigencies of the local situation, until finally they reach his regiment. Again, the orders are contracted in scope and are modified to conform to the conditions which obtain in that regimental sector. They go from regimental headquarters to the battalion, then to the company commander, who, finally, makes the appropriate dispositions of his platoons to conform to the order which he receives, and which by this time contains little, if any, suggestion of the larger purpose and mission at stake, which had concerned the Army High Command. By the time that the individual soldier in the line has received his instructions from his platoon commander, they

have to do only with the immediate circumstances and surroundings in which he finds himself, with how he is to handle himself, in conjunction with those close to him, during the next few hours or days. That, at the moment, is all that he needs to know, as it is all, in similar circumstances, that the aspirant for chéliship at a like moment requires. It would be impossible for either of them to comprehend at the moment the larger issues involved, to understand anything of the greater plan and purpose in which they are playing their part. If a somewhat wider range of vision, partial and incomplete as it would be, were possible for either of them at the point at which they find themselves, it would only tend to blur and to obscure their understanding of the scope of their immediate duties, and to take the edge off the quality of their present effort. To do what is right, to the uttermost of their ability, in the surroundings in which they are placed, asking for such help from above as they may need, is the present clearly defined duty of both; a united effort of heart and mind and will. But, when the immediate duty is over, when their obedience of the moment is complete, then it is possible for them to make effective use in retrospect of their powers of observation, to try to trace cause and effect, to see reasons, to understand purposes, to learn from experience, so that there may be, in their next test of obedience, an admixture of intelligent co-operation and understanding. In this way the quality of their obedience improves, and their ability to serve increases, until the point is reached at which they are able to impart to others not only some knowledge of how to obey, but also something of the purpose and the meaning behind and beyond obedience itself; and then their promotion comes. If, however, either the aspirant or the soldier fails to obey at his particular point of the battle line, he jeopardizes far more than his own personal situation. If he fails to obey through stupidity, it is bad enough, but not hopeless; but if it is through a feeling of disapprobation, if it is because he does not like that which he has been told to do, his personal situation is desperate indeed. In each case he has endangered, through a possible miscarriage at the point at which he is responsible, the success of the entire plan of the High Command.

The infrequency with which praise is awarded in the Army was so striking, that it seemed inevitable that, back of this disinclination to commend, there must lie some principle to which a parallel could be found in the life and order of the spiritual world. It is true that decorations were awarded for valour and for distinguished service, that meritorious performance was commended in citations and in orders. It seemed to me, however, that always in such cases it was the purpose, not to reward the individual in question, but to reward the act itself, which of necessity must be far beyond the ordinary line of duty. Attention was directed to exceptional performance in order to stimulate others to similar acts, and so to raise the general level of the morale of the Army as a whole. It was almost as if the harm which might be done to the individual in question was deliberately risked, for the greater good of the larger number. That harm might be done by praise and approbation was clearly recognized, for ordinary, and even extraordinary performance of duty passed

usually without comment. It was a commonplace that the best thing that could happen was to hear nothing at all from one's superiors; that meant inevitably that one was doing one's job all right; if one was not, one was perfectly certain to hear about it. The reason, the underlying principle, in this matter of withholding commendation, is not hard to find, and it is valid in the inner life as well. Most men simply cannot stand praise, just as the great majority cannot stand up under prosperity, and for the same reasons. Praise unloosens vanity, and, after a little, after the recipient has had time to think about the commendation which he has received and to become thoroughly complacent, up surge self-reference and self-will and self-love, and before very long the fact that a man is working for a Cause—whether military or spiritual—is lost sight of, and lower nature is in complete command of the situation. A decoration for valour might well change the whole nature of the man who has received it; that for which he has been rewarded, formerly no more than the thing at hand to do, has become for him instead a great deed, something magnified out of all due proportion, and he himself has become in his own eyes a figure of supreme importance. For the aspirant for chéliship, the faintest stirring of a desire for commendation might well be the warning signal that vanity was at work, and that careful self-examination was an immediate necessity, in order to arrive at a thorough understanding of the reactions of his lower nature, and to prevent any outward expression in word or deed of those latent concomitants of vanity, self-will and self-love. The Army, and that life which has as its motive spiritual growth and attainment, are run on the same principle,—with this difference, that one who is really dedicated to the inner life does not want praise. The Cause comes first. If praise be awarded, it should serve merely as sign and signal that the particular effort which called it forth has been, for once in a way, rightly made; that the results are, for a wonder, satisfactory; that, perhaps, the lesson which that particular incident was designed to teach has been sufficiently well learned to make it possible to move forward and to learn the next. Praise, a signal to advance, not to rest content. For only as we advance, only as we attack, can the plan of the High Command go through.

It has been pointed out that the strategy and tactics of the Allied Armies in the closing days of the war, in operations against an enemy who was at last on the defensive, called for the driving of salients into the enemy line, which would have the effect of exposing his flanks, and thus of rendering him so vulnerable that he would be forced to retire at those points, and thus constantly to give ground. Frontal attacks at strong points of resistance, in the effort to demolish them first, were not contemplated. Indeed, throughout all the American operations of the summer, the principle had been constantly reiterated of always attacking strong points by envelopment, and never directly; of "squeezing-out" a position by passing it on both flanks, and thus forcing its defenders to retire in order to save themselves, after which the position was mopped up from the rear by the attacking forces and the gain consolidated. The reasons for this were, of course, that the waste of time, of life and of effort in a frontal attack was out of all proportion to the success gained, which could usually

be better secured by the other method. There is a close parallel here with a familiar inner problem. How often we persist in the frontal attack, resolved to overcome some particular fault, in order that we may go forward all along the line, until, through our sheer obstinacy and opinionatedness as to the necessity of gaining this objective *first*, before further progress is possible, our entire inner advance is held up. Our inner enemy may be on the defensive, and we may be full of the spirit of the attack, but we are not using our intelligence when this happens, we are not utilizing the more aggressive qualities within us, nor handling them as the commander of an army corps marshals his divisions in an offensive, using one to reinforce the position of another.

The commander of an army corps sees, perhaps, in the centre of his corps front, a strong enemy resistance point which is beginning to hold back the advance of his entire line of attack of three divisions. He knows that, if he concentrates upon a frontal attack at this point, not only will his line on both sides be forced to check still further until success is gained, but that the enemy, at the first sign of that check, will counter-attack in force, and will throw him from the offensive to the defensive. He presses the attack, therefore, with his two flank divisions, ordering them to go as far forward on each side of that central enemy resistance point as they can, exploiting his superiority on each flank in an enveloping attack; with the result that the enemy, within that position, seeing that he is being passed on both sides by the advancing troops, and that he is in imminent danger of being surrounded and captured, retires without delay. Then the centre attacking division at once moves forward, the attacking line becomes uniform again in advanced territory, and the offensive proceeds. What that army corps commander accomplished by this operation, by pushing his advantage at the points at which he had superiority, was to pull up into line, with his most advanced elements, the forces at his disposal which were being checked and which were most backward. That, too, is exactly what we can do in our inner warfare, if only we do not persist in a frontal attack against some besetting sin or weakness,—which, too often degenerates into merely sitting down in front of it, obsessed with the idea that we cannot make progress elsewhere until this resistance point of our inner enemy has first been overcome. Suppose, for instance, that a man is impatient. Instead of concentrating upon trying to conquer impatience, let him cultivate sympathy and understanding. Gradually, as he acquires these qualities, as he forges forward at these points, passing the old resistance point of the enemy, he will find that impatience is no longer on the front of his attack. Suppose that he is afraid. Concentration upon freeing his entire nature from the thought of self, upon putting first the thought of others, or of a Cause, will drive out fear. He may already feel sympathy and understanding, he may already desire courage, he may already long to be free of self, to be truly selfless. If so, he is already bringing more positive forces into being within himself. Therefore, as he presses forward on all sides in the effort to strengthen further those qualities which are the opposites of his faults, his hatred of impatience, his loathing of fear follow up as the old enemy gives ground, in the same way

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that the centre division does in the attack of the army corps commander,—helping him to pull all his forces forward to a unified line from which his further inner advance may proceed. The dangers and the effort inherent in this kind of an attack, in our inner warfare, are nothing in comparison with those which we run in our persistence in a frontal effort, for once our inner enemy has held us up, once he sees that our forward movement has ceased, he will counter-attack on all sides without delay. Old temptations will arise then, old weaknesses will recur, and we shall be driven back; for we cannot remain stationary, and the ground that we thus lose we shall have to win again.

On no account, of course, must we allow our enemy to break through at our weak points: that would be fatal. Whenever we are attacked at those points—impatience, timidity, what not—we must resist to the death, both directly, and by special effort to dominate by means of the opposite virtue.

As the Meuse-Argonne operation progressed, the pressure upon the Message Centre increased, until it was functioning upon a permanently higher level of activity. It handled at that time as many as three thousand messages and despatches a day, although, of course, many of these were routed together, and went out by the same courier. The work that the motor-cycle drivers did was superb; their efforts were too little known, the part that they played in the War was too little understood, not nearly enough has been said or written about them. Often a rider would fall behind his schedule, and then we would try to pick up his location, so as to send another rider after him if necessary, in case he had been knocked out, for the despatches could not be delayed; we would telephone from point to point along his known route, over the military wires, in the effort to check up his arrivals and departures, and so to narrow down his probable position. Usually the delay was caused by the rider running into heavy shelling on the forward roads; when this happened, he would take refuge with his machine in some shell crater, and would remain there until the shelling was over, which might be a matter of twenty minutes or of two hours. Indeed, whenever there was heavy artillery fire in the forward areas, we knew that our service would be delayed, and when, in these circumstances, a Corps Message Centre would ring up to complain that our courier had not arrived, and to ask when he might be expected, we would reply that it would be just as soon as their Corps Artillery got on the job and put down the German batteries. It would never do, in the Army (beware of this in spiritual warfare!), to allow the suspicion to arise that delay had originated through any fault of one's own; the thing to do was to "pass the buck" like lightning to someone else, in this case the Corps Artillery. Sometimes a courier would be delayed by temporary illness. The constant pounding on a motor-cycle over roads that were full of holes and pits gradually came to have serious and chronic effects upon the internal organs of the riders, producing constant discomfort and often real physical anguish. Often, when the activity was at its height, I have seen one of my riders lifted off his machine when he came in, his face twisted with pain, unable to stand, and I have had to tell him, as he stood there supported by two mechanics, that I was sorry, but that he would

have to go out again in twenty minutes, as there was no one else who could be used. Invariably he would smile and reply, "All right, Captain". He would lie down, be dosed with strong, hot coffee, and at the end of twenty minutes be lifted on to his machine again and, with his jaw set, be off. They were a splendid lot, and their individual courage and tenacity had far more to do with the successful functioning of the First Army Staff, and indeed of the First Army itself, than was ever generally realized or appreciated.

About half-way through the Meuse-Argonne offensive, I made a survey of the transport under my command, and realized that, if my rolling-stock continued to depreciate at the rate it was doing, at the end of two weeks more the Message Centre would not be able to function properly. Something had to be done. Of course, I should be held responsible; but that was not the point; the main thing was, we simply *must* not break down. In order, therefore, to forestall any such contingency, and to place myself officially on record as having foreseen this danger, I addressed a letter, according to military procedure, to the Commanding General First Army, in which I outlined the situation in detail, drew my conclusions, and asked for certain specified additional transportation. The Army Commander never saw the letter, of course; it was endorsed over to the Colonel in charge of G-4, the Supply Section of the General Staff, whom I had never met, for his information and action. This letter was too much for the Colonel, who was driven to death and hard pressed, and he went completely up in the air, and dictated in reply a full-page endorsement consisting of five paragraphs, the gist of which was, who in blazes is this Captain, and why in blazes does he think that he should be given any new transportation, when there are such things as spare parts. I was dumbfounded, and thoroughly discouraged. I *had* to have that transportation, and, besides, it was the first serious trouble I had ever had with a superior, and I felt badly about that. But, after I had reread the letter several times, I thought that I saw the light. There *were* no such things as spare parts. A wise and beneficent Government at home, although it had sent to France any amount of motor transport, had never had the foresight to send consignments of spare parts, and, when motor transport broke down, the only way in general in which it could be repaired was to strip other motor transport, taken from active service, of the parts needed. There was, obviously, a limit to the extent to which this system of repairing would work. But the mention of spare parts was a weak spot in this reply, and it made a point of departure for a further effort; I was bound to have that transportation. Plunged, however, in deep gloom, I went to General Drum's office, only to find that he was absent that day, up at the front lines. The Deputy Chief of Staff was in charge, a Colonel, whom, fortunately, I had once known in civil life before the War, and with whom I had recently had several friendly passages. I showed him the correspondence, outlined my situation again, and asked him what, in the circumstances, I should do next. To my immense relief, he laughed immoderately when he had read the endorsement of the Colonel in charge of G-4, and said to me, "Don't you pay any attention to him. He is tired out from trying to make bricks without straw.

I know that you need more motor transport. You leave the correspondence with me, and I will see what I can do." I departed with a feeling of greater cheer, which turned to distinct elation a few days later, when I received all of the additional transportation for which I had asked.

Always, not only in the Seventy-seventh Division, but at First Army Corps Headquarters, and in my work at Headquarters First Army, I was fortunate in having the backing of someone higher up to bolster my lack of rank, and I was always, as it were, clothed with a mantle of delegated authority, and able to speak either as representing my Colonel, or as a direct subordinate of the Army Chief of Staff. It worked very well as far as attaining results was concerned, as my superiors were always generous in their support.

There is, I think, another parallel here between the way in which things are actually handled in the Army in wartime, and the manner in which the spiritual hierarchy utilizes those far down the line in their grades of rank and of attainment, in furthering that inner and unseen warfare which it is carrying on. I had entered the Army, an entirely new field, straight from civil life. I had no previous military experience or background whatever. All that I did have was a very real desire to serve, and to serve as efficiently and as loyally as I could. Probably my superiors, in succession, had recognized this. Possibly they had realized also that there were potentialities of performance in me which might be further developed, which did not warrant increase in rank while this attempt at development was in progress, but which could in the meanwhile be utilized for practical purposes under skilled direction. So, in successive instances, I was clothed with an authority delegated from above, beyond that of my actual rank, and was told to go ahead, while watchful eyes were kept upon my progress. Certainly that is exactly what happens in the inner life, in the life and order of the spiritual world, when there is real devotion and self-giving, when there is a real desire truly to serve, when trial has been made and a certain degree of trustworthiness has been proved. At that low level of the spiral of spiritual ascent, one can of oneself do nothing. But if such qualities are present, it is possible for those superior in rank in the hierarchy, to use such an aspirant to further in the world the purposes of the Lodge itself. Under direction, undeveloped inner abilities are utilized, growing perception and discrimination are increased, devotion and understanding are strengthened. The status of the individual, his rank in the hierarchy, do not change; he must be tested, perhaps for long years, before promotion can come. But he is given, in advance of his qualifications for actually holding that rank, opportunities for work which properly belong to a higher grade than he has yet proved himself capable of functioning in consistently and permanently,—work, not of his own choosing, but of theirs; work pre-eminently adapted to further his inner growth and his development; work which he can do effectively at the point at which he finds himself, by virtue of an authority delegated to him from above.

It should be easy to see from this narrative that my work at the Message Centre had now become almost entirely of a confining and administrative

nature, requiring constant application and watchfulness. I rarely left Souilly, my peregrinations consisting of only three or four motor trips upon occasions when I had to go personally; usually I sent one of my subordinates, as I felt that, to be most effective, I must keep myself uninterruptedly in a position in which I could maintain my perspective, not only of details, but of the whole picture. I was usually able to secure enough sleep, for my organization had become efficient, and the officer whose turn it was for night duty was almost always able to carry on alone until morning without help or consultation. My faithful striker always awakened me early, shut my window, and lit the smoky stove in my room, for that autumn it rained constantly and the air was unbelievably chill and penetrating. He then retired outside, to clean and polish my leathers. His retirement was the signal for me to cover my head with the blankets, until the smoke from the stove had penetrated sufficiently within my covering to make me cough. I then shouted, and my striker returned, and opened the window again to let out the smoke. By this simple method, enough heat was finally retained in the room to make it possible to wash and dress without one's fingers becoming absolutely numb. If any extended lull in official duties occurred during the day, I took a short walk, my favourite objectives being the aviation field, where it was possible to converse with the fliers, and the hospital, where I got to know some of the sick and wounded, and made friends with several of the doctors. It was not much in the way of variety, but it was all that offered.

No official Tables of Organization for a Message Centre at the headquarters of a field army were in existence, as it was an entirely new affair as far as our Army was concerned. The First Army Message Centre had evolved, over a comparatively short period of time, to the going concern which it then was. As I had probably had as much to do with that evolution as anyone else, I was told to draw up tentative general Tables of Organization, and to submit them in the form of a report, with suggestions and recommendations based upon experience. I spent much time over this monumental work, adding to its theoretical paper strength everything which I needed myself at the moment to round out my own picture, and duly turned it in. I never heard anything more about it, and I imagine that, if it is still in existence, it is probably lying in the basement of some building in the War Department at Washington, safely buried. When the Headquarters of the Second American Army was organized, however, I was able to labour somewhat more effectively, for the officer who was to be in charge there was sent over to Souilly to study my organization; he spent a couple of days with us, if I remember correctly, and I heard later on that the Second Army Message Centre was modelled directly on ours.

Some weeks after the event I heard that General Craig, when he had become Chief of Staff of our Third Army, had asked for me to go with him to Germany to take charge of his Army Message Centre, but that General Drum had refused to let me go. That refusal was a direct interposition of divine providence. Without it, I should have spent the winter and the following spring on the

Rhine, and I should never have been able to return to the United States as soon as I did. But it was satisfactory to know that I had been wanted.

Often at Souilly, when I was returning from mess after dark to my evening's work, I would stop at the village church for the service which was held there two or three nights each week. The church was a large one, and the congregation, always small, seemed tiny in that edifice and in the semi-total darkness, for the only illumination came from two or three candles at the foot of the chancel steps, the light from which was not sufficiently bright to cast any beam upon the ground outside, especially as the windows were high up on the church walls. A few American soldiers were usually there, a few French, either wounded or *en permission*, and invariably each man sat alone, where it was darkest, a little way back in the pews. The remainder of the congregation was composed entirely of women and children. The rays from the candles, feeble as they were, reached to the Cross upon the altar and illumined it; sometimes, it seemed to me, that Cross shone with a special effulgence, with a distinct radiance of its own, towering above that small gathering, as the Figure hanging there looked down in compassion. The organ—a parlour-organ we should have called it at home—had been moved to the floor of the church at the foot of the chancel steps, and the women and children grouped themselves around it on little chairs. When the service and the singing were over, the curé came down, and stood on the bottom step and preached. No, he just talked; talked heart to heart with them, as he stood in the midst of his little flock. He was tall and thin, with a crown of white hair; always he made me think of Cardinal Mercier. Perhaps it was because he was doing, in his small way, the same thing that the great Cardinal was then doing. He was holding things together. He talked quite simply of the necessity for fortitude and for endurance, perhaps for still a long time to come; of continued sacrifice, reminding them that the spirit in which they made their own denials had its part in reinforcing the spirit of France; of the absolute certainty of ultimate victory, of the need for final perseverance, of enduring to the end. All in the simplest possible words, in terms that they could all easily understand. As he stood there, pausing in his talk, his hand on the head of a child, other children sitting on the step at his very feet, the silence unbroken save for some woman's sobs, there came to me, again and again, a further realization of the deathless spirit of France. No enemy from without can ever break that spirit. Her own enemies, from within, may perhaps warp it, but never for long, for it comes direct from the spiritual world, a living force that is tempered and true. It is rooted and grounded in Reality itself. It is based upon a love and a devotion that are divine in their essence, upon a faith that knows that to it there will be granted more than it is possible to ask or to desire.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

PRAYER=WHEELS OR POWER?

DO theosophists believe in prayer? In reply, said Madame Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy*, “. . . not in prayer taught in so many words and repeated externally, if by prayer you mean the outward petition to an unknown God as the addressee.” Through the years since the book was published, such newcomers to the Society as cherished a long-standing aversion to prayer, have had a triumphant conviction that a Daniel had come to judgment and that their scepticism was thereby justified. The subsequent portions of the chapter were easily passed over—too enigmatic, too occult, perhaps, to hold the attention. But what, for instance, is the “will-prayer” referred to later? If it is, as stated, an internal command, whom do we command? How is it done? What is its purpose? What effect does it have?

Prayer is a subject which can be discussed, except by those who are far-advanced on the path, only at the risk of finding oneself, without warning, where angels fear to tread. The purpose of the present article, however, is not to discuss but simply to bring together—without apology for almost continual quotation—certain long-ago writings from a school of thought other than Theosophy, on the chance that their rather surprising relationship to the chapter in the *Key*, and the hints they afford, may prove of use to someone. Those who are familiar with manuals on the subject will doubtless recall the enumeration they give of the various purposes of prayer: the prayer of petition (for oneself or for others, both living and dead); the prayer of thanksgiving, the prayer of praise, and so on. It is a vast subject, with many aspects and many possible angles of approach; and to bring it within the scope of an article, the quotations here brought together have been chosen chiefly for their bearing on the rather limited aspect of the effect of prayer on the one who prays.

Discussing the widespread scepticism toward prayer to-day, a modern writer, E. Herman, in the book *Creative Prayer*, blames in large measure the externalism with which most public praying is done—perfunctorily in some gatherings, emotionally in others, with a conventional religiosity which tragically prejudices those who confuse it with real religion.

To put it bluntly, for the average person of to-day, the term “spiritual” is equivalent to unpractical, if not illusory. Throughout the Church there are sincere, earnest, thoughtful people, sensitive to the finest issues and honestly striving to serve God, who look upon much praying with undisguised suspicion, as based upon a crude and childish conception of God. . . . For generations we have, to all practical intents and purposes, regarded prayer in a deplorably mechanical way, as a process of importunate pleading and begging. I am not referring to our deliberate theories of prayer—the best mind of the Church in all ages has held a noble theory of prayer—but to our practice. As a matter of fact, we have proceeded as if prayer consisted in asking for various temporal and spiritual blessings with reiterative intensity, implying that, provided we asked earnestly enough and persistently enough, God would surely respond to our cry. . . . Prayer has

become to hundreds of men and women who have outgrown the traditional conception of God either a mere pious sentiment or an outworn superstition. We suffer in fact from arrested development in prayer.

One might go further and say that a large majority of people have no idea what prayer is—could not know, for they never have lived in that part of their natures, never have used the faculties which make real prayer a possibility. Yet they do not hesitate to scoff. For information regarding any subject, the modern world always seeks a "specialist", and specialists in prayer are the product, not of our modern age, but of a different spirit, a different attitude toward life. Several centuries ago, there were many of them, and they used a terminology which often compels us to do a certain amount of translating; yet frequently it is but a step from one to the other. When we read in the *Key*, "Grant us our postulate that God is a universally diffused, infinite principle, and how can man alone escape from being soaked through by, and in, the Deity?"—there is no great distance between that and the statement from John of the Cross, "There are three ways in which God is present in the soul. The first is his presence in essence, not in holy souls only, but in wretched and sinful souls as well, and also in all created things; for it is by this presence that he gives life and being, and were it withdrawn, at once all things would return to nothing. This presence never fails in the soul. . . ."

In the realm of prayer, Teresa of Avila, the 16th century Spanish nun, canonized by the Church, went farther, perhaps, than anyone else in the western world whose experience has been recorded. Her analyses of her experience, notably in her Autobiography and the book known as *The Interior Castle*; also, in a different way, her chapters on the Lord's Prayer in *The Way of Perfection*,—throw invaluable light both on what prayer is and on what it is not, and above all, on how it is to be done. On one point she was in entire accord with the *Key*, and her statement of it might well be placed in large letters before every church congregation:

If it is prayer at all, the mind must take part in it. . . . If a person neither considers to Whom he is addressing himself, what he asks, nor what he is who ventures to speak to God, although his lips may utter many words, I do not call it prayer. The custom of speaking to God Almighty as freely as with a slave—caring nothing whether the words are suitable or not, but simply saying the first thing that comes to mind from being learnt by rote by frequent repetition—cannot be called prayer: God grant that no Christian may address Him in this manner.

As for what does constitute prayer, *The Scale of Perfection*, the 14th century manual by Walter Hilton, expresses it:

When thy desire and mind is gotten up, and as it were set free from all fleshly thoughts and affections, and is much lifted up by spiritual power unto spiritual favour and delight in Him and of His spiritual presence; hold thou therein much of thy time of prayer, so that thou have no great mind of earthly things, or if they come into thy mind that they do but trouble or affect thee little. If thou canst pray thus, thou prayest well, for prayer is nothing else but an ascending or getting up of the desire of the heart into God by withdrawing of it from all earthly thoughts. Therefore it is likened to a fire which, of its own nature, leaveth the lowness of the earth and always mounteth up into the air,

even so desire in prayer, when it is touched and kindled of the spiritual fire, which is God, is ever aspiring up to Him that it came from.

A radiant outgoing to infinite Being is an expression given it in theosophical writings.

All of the early mystical writers agree on a certain classification: first vocal prayer (any that is spoken); higher than that, mental prayer (expressed only in the mind or the heart), then several degrees, each more interior, more elevated, more close to Reality than the one preceding. Vocal prayer, though lowest in the scale, has its value, serving as a crutch, so to speak, in certain circumstances, and also being a necessity for beginners, not yet accustomed to dwell with spiritual things. Hilton, discussing several kinds of vocal prayer and the need for it, writes:

He that cannot run easily and lightly by spiritual prayer, his feet of knowledge and love being feeble and sick by reason of sin, hath need of a firm staff to hold by, which staff is set forms of vocal prayer ordained by God and Holy Church for the help of men's souls; by which the soul of a fleshly man that is alway falling downward into worldly thoughts and sensual affections shall be lifted up above them, and holden up as by a staff, and fed with the sweet words of those prayers as a child with milk, and guarded and held up by them that he fall not into errors or fancies through his vain imaginations.

Likewise vocal, but a very different type of prayer, is the expression of deep feeling, a sudden outpouring, as when "he crieth with desire of heart and speech of mouth to our Lord for succour and for help", or "at other times there appears to him to be so much goodness and grace and mercy in God that it delighteth him with great affection of heart to love Him, and thank Him".

"The third sort of prayer", says the same writer, "is only in the heart without speech, with great rest and quietness both of soul and body. A pure heart it behoveth him to have that shall pray after this manner; for such only attain to it who by long travail both of body and soul, or else by such sharp touches or motions of love, as I have before mentioned, have arrived to rest of spirit, so that his affections are turned into spiritual savour and relish, that he is able to pray continually in his heart." There is scarcely a phrase in this passage which might not well be italicized. It gives in a few words what probably was the fruit of a lifetime of experience in praying.

For the stages above this, no certain rule can be set, "for they are the free gift of the Lord, according to divers dispositions of chosen souls". These higher stages, which of course are the ones which St. Teresa analysed most fully, Hilton calls meditation, and this is the point where the subject becomes a vital one to many students of Theosophy, for it is safe to assume that practically all serious students of Theosophy are interested in the subject of meditation, have experimented with it to some extent, perhaps for many years, and have found it, in many cases, baffling and discouraging. The testimony of these mediæval writers would seem to be that prayer of the right sort is a necessary preliminary to successful meditation, one of the lower steps in a ladder. St. Teresa makes the statement in her Autobiography: "It is necessary to remark (and I speak of this fact, because I know the truth of it by experience), that a soul which

begins to walk in this way of mental prayer, with a firm determination not to make much account whether she receive many consolations or none at all [that is, whether she perceive results or no] such a soul has already passed over the greater part of the road, and she need have no fear of going back again, whatever obstacles she may meet with, for the building is placed on a solid foundation." In the same volume, referring to certain of the high degrees of meditation and contemplation to which she attained, she says that they came "almost always after a long exercise of mental prayer". The general testimony is that one degree grows out of another: prayer, meditation, contemplation. Those who attained greatly, often did so only after years of hard labour in the lower degrees, and even those far advanced returned to them at times, as a means of starting the springs to flowing. The raw recruit cannot become a soldier except by long drill. To try to dispense with the lower degrees and begin midway, would seem to be courting difficulty.

It goes almost without saying that Madame Blavatsky was not condemning real prayer in the sentence already quoted. She came to attack shams, to expose falsity, to sweep away the outworn and lifeless. She condemned empty, perfunctory lip-prayer and laid herself open to misunderstanding, just as she incurred the charge of atheism by her attack on an outgrown and lifeless conception of God. "We reject the idea of a personal, or extra-cosmic and anthropomorphic God, who is but the gigantic shadow of man, and not even of man at his best. The God of theology, we say—and prove it—is a bundle of contradictions and a logical impossibility." Instead, "we believe in a Universal Divine Principle, the root of All, from which all proceeds, and within which all shall be absorbed at the end of the great cycle of Being." Here as always, in sweeping away the old, she replaced it with a bigger, nobler concept, vibrant with life. It will be remembered that the *Key*, after questioning whether there is any other kind of prayer than words or petitions, replies: "Most decidedly; we call it *will-prayer*, and it is rather an internal command than a petition."

This sentence, puzzling and perhaps misleading to many, finds an unexpected commentator in the unknown author of the mediæval treatise, *The Divine Cloud* or *The Cloud of Unknowing*. His system, already outlined in an earlier QUARTERLY, required long training and discipline, until, through complete withdrawal from the sense of selfhood and intense concentration on the simple Be-ness of the Deity, one learned to pray "in the silence of pure spirit",—a degree of "innerness" that is difficult for the lower mind to do more than dimly sense. None but the trained disciple could have practised either this type of prayer, or that which seems to correspond to the will-prayer of the *Key*. The latter type the author outlines, explaining that it must be reduced to the fewest words possible, preferably one-syllable words—and uses a quaint analogy to make clear the reason:

A man or a woman, being made afraid of some sudden chance of fire, or of the killing of a man, or of any other vehement accident, is driven, by reason of the suddenness of the thing, and of his necessity, to cry or to pray for help. And how doth he cry? Forsooth, not in many words, nor yet in one word of two syllables. And why? Because he

thinketh it overlong to tarry about the declaring of his necessity, and of the agony of his spirit; and therefore he bursteth out vehemently and crieth out with some one word, and that of one syllable, as is this word "Fire!" or else this word "Help!" or such like. Now, like as this little word "Fire!" pierceth the ears of the hearers sooner, and stirreth their affection more effectually than a longer discourse doth, even so doth a short word of one syllable sound in the ears of Almighty God; not only when it is spoken or thought, but also when it is inwardly meant in the deepness of spirit.

Why, he asks, should this prayer of one syllable have such efficacy? "Forsooth, because it is prayed with a full spirit, to wit, in the height and depth, in the length and breadth of his spirit that prayeth."

And remembering that we pray either to acquire a good or to rid ourselves of an evil,—then since "all good things are comprehended in God, and all evils in sin . . . let us when we mind intently to pray for the removing of evil, either say or think or mean only this little word 'sin', and no more. And likewise, if we mean intently to pray for the obtaining of good things, let us cry either with word or with thought, or else with desire, only this short word 'God' and no more; for in God are all good things, both as in their cause, as also in their essence or being."

If some other word be preferred, well and good, but whatever the word chosen, it should be dwelt upon until one's spirit is filled with its meaning—not thinking of this or that special kind of "sin", but "Thou must have such an estimate of sin, that thou feel it to be a lump thou wotest not what; but surely none other thing than thine own self. And feeling it so, cry out upon it only, and say, 'Sin, sin, sin, out, out, out'. Now, like as thou hast done with this word 'sin', even so do with this word 'God'."

To modern ears it sounds strange, cold perhaps, and lacking the fire which the author evidently felt; but within it is at least a clue to the rationale of will-prayer. The written word is cold as a medium of expression for living inner experience, unless the reader intend upon and enter into the idea until it becomes a living thing for him as well. Hilton is speaking in an age of faith, to those who had given themselves to a life of prayer and had had long experience, and his urgent message is that to crown their effort, to make their prayer "rise suddenly unto God", they must throw into it all the force of every atom of their being. There is a footnote in *The Secret Doctrine* which has bearing on this method: "The words 'whosoever shall say to this mountain be thou removed and cast into the sea, and *shall not doubt*, that thing will come to pass', are no vain words. Only the word 'faith' ought to be translated by *will*. Faith without Will is like the wind-mill without *wind*—barren of results" (Vol. II, p. 59, Ed. 1888). It will be remembered, too, that the opening sentences of the Lord's Prayer—"Thy Kingdom come", and so on—are phrased as commands, and obviously involve *will*.

Will-power becomes a living power as a result of prayer, says the *Key*, a statement at once suggestive of those enigmatical sentences in *The Secret Doctrine* about Kriyāshakti, the mysterious power of thought enabling it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy (a mys-

terious and divine power latent in the will of every man),—which, coupled with Ichchhâshakti, the power of the will, works miracles.

Real prayer is a mystery, the *Key* continues, “an occult process by which finite and conditioned thoughts and desires, unable to be assimilated by the absolute spirit which is unconditioned, are translated into spiritual wills and the will; such process being called ‘spiritual transmutation’.” Then those lines, perhaps the most important in the whole chapter: “The intensity of our ardent aspirations changes prayer into the ‘philosopher’s stone’, or that which transmutes lead into pure gold. The only homogeneous essence, our ‘will-prayer’, becomes the active or creative force, producing effects according to our desire.”

Here lies the essential difference between prayer as usually practised and prayer in accordance with Theosophy: the fact that, according to the latter, prayer creates, and the fact (made clear in many theosophical writings) that it reacts on ourselves, that it is ourselves we are creating. The great mystics experienced this, discovered it, for themselves. By praying greatly, they came to love greatly, and in loving, they grew into conformity of will with the Beloved, and then gradually into conformity of their entire being. They were made over, were born anew, as a result of the creative power of prayer. In the process, they developed occult faculties, acquired in some cases certain of the powers of the chêla, and learned by experience some of the most esoteric teachings of Theosophy. They did this simply and naturally without a planned advance, just as an explorer presses forward into unknown country. Theosophy teaches that it may be done, can be done, by planned effort, with the sure knowledge that if certain steps be taken, certain results will follow.

This creative aspect of prayer, has not been glimpsed by the world at large, or by the average man who prays, yet actually it involves little more in the beginning than a matter of emphasis, a difference in centre of gravity: the difference between *obtaining* and *being* or *becoming*. In some respects, the distinction is rather elusive, and it may be made clearer by an illustration,—that of a young woman who had been reduced to despair by a serious estrangement. Having tried every outer means to undo the past, and being devout both by nature and training, she turned to prayer as the only remedy left. She would pray with all her might for a year, that the break be mended. The year passed—without visible result. With hope and faith alike gone, and feeling that she had done her full part, she declared she was “through with religion for life”. To those who knew her, it was an illuminating experience. She was headstrong, selfish and indolent. Had the high gods granted her prayer, a repetition of her difficulties in no long time would have been inevitable. Yet her instinct was right and true. Continued prayer, with the right emphasis—not on obtaining an outer thing, but on creating, on *becoming*—would have rid her of the defects which caused the trouble and could equally have developed qualities with which to win and hold those she loved.

As so often happens, a difference which seems trifling in its beginnings leads to final results which are poles apart. Madame Blavatsky in the *Key*, just as she says little of the preparatory stages, merely hints at the way that lies ahead,

leaving it for the seeker to discover for himself. Quoting the biblical verse, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name [that of the Christos] that will I do," she writes,—

If we accept it [the quotation] esoterically, with the full knowledge of the meaning of the term Christos, which to us represents Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, the SELF, it comes to this: the only God we must recognize and pray to, or rather act in unison with, is that Spirit of God of which our body is the temple, and in which it dwelleth. . . . We believe in "communion" and simultaneous action in unison with our "Father in secret"; and, in rare moments of ecstatic bliss, in the mingling of our higher soul with the universal essence, attracted as it is towards its origin and centre; a state called during life Samâdhi, and after death, Nirvâna.

It is really this concept of prayer in its larger sense (prayer-meditation-contemplation as a creative process) which gives the other main tenets of Theosophy their practical significance and makes them more than a splendid theory. In the light of this concept, the teaching of the fundamental Unity of all things takes on vital significance as making possible the at-one-ment of the individual with the Divine above and about him. In its light, the doctrine of Karma shows that our circumstances are merely the field in which we work; that they point the way; that they are self-made, the effect of past right- or wrong-creation, and that the only way to change them essentially is by this process of re-creating ourselves, and thereby producing a new chain of effects. In its light, the doctrine of Reincarnation affords time, through life after life, in which to carry forward the work. And finally this concept coupled with the teaching of the "Father in secret" (as the *Key* calls it), the Master as he is referred to elsewhere, supplies the Instructor, the Guide, the Way by which man shall advance, in ever-growing consciousness, through a future that knows no end,—shall win immortality.

P.

Death to ourselves is the teaching wrapped in the mystery of the Nativity. Could we but understand this as the Saints have understood it, with what ardour we should plunge ourselves into that death to nature, which brings forth the Soul into divine life!—ANON.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder had explained to his friends as they assembled, that, a few days before, he had met one of the younger members who had asked him questions which he, the Recorder, believed would be of general interest, and that consequently he had invited his questioner to their meeting that afternoon. The younger member arrived promptly, and after a word or two from the Recorder, began, by general request, to state his difficulties.

"It is good of you", he began, "to let me discuss my problems with you. I am always afraid that I may be making mountains out of mole-hills, but the truth is that I find myself in a state of muddle, trying to reconcile the views of older students of Theosophy, whose absolute rightness it seems almost disloyal to question, with the views of other friends, who are not interested in Theosophy, but who think idealistically, and who are unselfish and sincere in their aims."

"Forgive me if I interrupt you so soon", said the Philosopher, "but please at once get rid of the idea that it can be disloyal to question the rightness of *any* student of Theosophy from H.P.B. and Judge, down to its exponents of to-day. Absolute rightness does not exist in this world, and even if it did, it is a fundamental principle of Theosophy that another person's perception of Truth can at best serve us as a working hypothesis, until we have tested it, not only intellectually, but in the laboratory of life itself, that is, in the light of universal experience, and, above all, by setting it to work, by trying it out, in our daily contact with the world. It is the lazy man who persuades himself that he 'knows' something merely because he has heard it stated 'authoritatively', and because, off-hand, he sees no reason why it shouldn't be true."

"May I also suggest", added the Historian, "that it takes two to tell the truth: one to speak it, and the other to hear it. A dozen Adepts, one after the other, might expound the same truth to a man, each in a different way,—and he might completely misunderstand their meaning, and pass on that misunderstanding to others as the ultimate expression of Wisdom. Particularly is this likely to happen when theosophical principles are in question, because most minds are wooden in their interpretation and application of principles of any kind; in addition to which my own experience is that, in the most ordinary matters, real understanding of our thought, wishes, and even of what we imagine to be our explicit directions, is astonishingly rare; and of course we misunderstand others at least as much as they misunderstand us."

"I see all that", said our friend, with a perhaps justifiable shade of impatience. "None the less it is difficult to shake off the feeling that someone who has studied Theosophy for more years than I have lived, must have a better grasp of the subject than I have, and that to question his interpretation would be presumptuous."

"Stop, think, look, listen!" exclaimed the Philosopher, laughing. "You have been to college; you have listened to lectures. You would indeed have been foolish to imagine that you knew more about chemistry or botany or anatomy than your old Professor; but all he could do or could attempt to do was to give you the result of his own study and experience, while insisting that, by repeating the experiments or dissections he described, you *must* verify for yourself the truth of his instruction. Nothing would have pleased him better, *after* you had done that, than intelligent questioning of his results."

"But Theosophy is not only a science; it is an art, a philosophy,—an interpretation and explanation of life and its causes, seen and unseen!"

This pleased the Philosopher. "True", he said; "but once more return to your experience at college. There were teachers and teachers, some good, some bad; and you realize now that the best were not those who taught you most, by rote, at the moment, but those who filled you with love of their subject and an ardent and lasting desire to learn more, always more, about it. Whatever your reaction at the time, looking back on your experience you probably see that while one Professor was using his lectures on literature as an opportunity to advocate Communism, or to ventilate his hatred of religion, another devoted his energies to belittling the Victorians in favour of the Elizabethans or perhaps of ultra-moderns, while a third was a mere grammarian. You were fortunate if you encountered one who dealt primarily with underlying principles, and who tried to give you the intellectual background, and especially the appreciation of content, form, atmosphere, which would make you a discriminating lover of literature for the rest of your life.

"Apply that to those who expound Theosophy. Think of the materialistic interpretations of Mrs. Besant, the psychic perversions and perversities of Leadbeater, the pontifical attitude of so many others. Rāmanathan came from the East as an exponent of Theosophy, and, in a New York drawing-room, to a group of students, suddenly announced: 'Now I will tell you all about God'! Not a flicker of a smile: he imagined he was being kind and generous in thus opening the flood-gates of his wisdom. That was many years ago, and I doubt if anyone would be so crudely dogmatic and untheosophical to-day; but human nature still remains the same, and the upshot of it all is that, as Judge so often warned us, we must use discrimination always, and must never be satisfied with any statement about Theosophy until reason and intuition and experience combine to convince us of its truth."

"Does that mean that we should think things out for ourselves, without the aid of others? Was I wrong, perhaps, in asking for this opportunity to submit my problems to you, who are older students?"

"It certainly does not! Think again: is a practising physician, puzzled by the symptoms of a patient, wrong to seek whatever light he can gain by consultation with his elders? On the other hand, if he were blindly to accept some proffered opinion, without thought, without reference to his own experience or to his first-hand knowledge of the case; if he were to wash his hands of responsibility because an opinion was backed by a great reputation,—he would not be

acting theosophically, even though the ethics of his profession, outwardly at least, were to justify such an attitude. . . . But, may I ask, what is your specific problem?"

"I have more than one", was the reply. "My first is the question of social responsibility. Granted that the universe exists for purposes of the soul, and that making people's bodies comfortable may not help their souls,—does that exonerate us from responsibility in trying to better the appalling conditions which exist around us at any point at which we come into contact with them?"

The questioner seemed to turn to the Student rather than to the Philosopher for reply; so the former, keenly interested, did not hesitate. "There is confusion of thought in your statement", he said. "Who are 'us'; who are 'we'? Get rid of that indefinite 'we'; make it 'I' and then 'he',—and you will almost have solved your problem. 'The duty of another is full of danger'; your duty may be entirely different from the duty of your neighbour, even though his education, circumstances and age may be very like your own.

"A man's natural duty, or path through life, is laid out for him, prior to incarnation, by Karma, or the Divine Law, and throughout incarnation his higher self tries to keep him to that path, while his lower nature frequently incites him to depart from it. It would be legitimate, I think, to say that every man has a vocation, using that term in the religious, not in the secular sense,—using it as covering 'my duty towards God and my duty towards my Neighbour' as defined in the Catechism, with emphasis on the oft-quoted conclusion: 'And to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.' Very few, of course, think of life in those terms. The fact remains that if we omit from our calculations the divine plan and purpose, not only for the world, but for every individual in it, we can never so much as formulate the problem of individual duty, nor understand why two men may rightly follow totally different paths, nor realize that a man's divinely appointed path is determined far more by the sort of experience he needs for his development than by what he may be able to accomplish outwardly. In other words: God can get along quite well without my contribution, if only for the reason that I cannot as yet appreciably contribute; but, because I am his child, my education, in the most comprehensive sense, concerns him vitally.

"Necessarily, in direct though restricted reply to your question, it must be inherent in every man's vocation to do what he can to relieve the distress with which he comes into contact,—not only bodily distress, please note, but, if he be able, the far more 'appalling' distress of heart and mind which our present civilization engenders: that bitterness which lack of faith and understanding leaves in the natural and inevitable wounds caused by death and disaster. 'To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction', and to give comfort where we can, subject to our fundamental vocation, must always be included as part of the Divine Will for us."

"What do you mean by: 'subject to our fundamental vocation'?"

"I mean that if a man's real vocation be that of a soldier, or a woman's, that of wife and mother, it would be wrong for either of them to neglect their very

exacting primary duties by seeking or creating opportunities, outside their immediate environment, to change conditions in the world around them. They should leave wholesale reform, if there be such a thing, to those whose special vocation that is."

"Will you please illustrate just what you mean by 'vocation',—actual examples? They would help me, I think, to understand."

"A man may be 'called' to be a soldier, like Kitchener or Foch, both of whom were keenly aware that that was their vocation; or he may be 'called' to be a monk, like St. Francis or St. Benedict; a statesman, like Sully; an artist, like Rembrandt (you will remember that, the son of a miller, he began his career as an etcher and painter at the age of twelve); a philanthropist, like that Earl of Shaftesbury who devoted his life to the better treatment of lunatics and of all who were down-trodden and oppressed; or it may be his vocation—none the less real, none the less God's call to him, and therefore just as important a part of the divine economy—humbly to follow in the footsteps of his forebears as a tiller of the soil.

"Similarly, it may be the vocation of a woman to serve as a wife and mother, while her sister may be 'called' to become a nun, 'contemplative' or 'active' as the case may be. Another woman's vocation may be in the sphere of art or literature,—even of science, as we see in the case of Madame Curie, whose marriage appears to have been a scientific partnership more than anything else."

"What, then, should be my attitude toward an acquaintance, perhaps younger than I am, who feels drawn toward social reform? Should I do what I can to encourage or discourage him?"

"Let me ask you a question: I once heard of a girl whose mother was a chronic invalid and bed-ridden. The girl decided that she had a vocation for nursing, but that to give her vocation free scope (perhaps get away from the boredom of nursing her mother), she must become a trained nurse in some hospital. Was that girl's decision right or wrong? And why?"

"Did the girl have to contribute to the support of her mother?"

"No."

"I should suppose, in that case, that her first duty would be to her mother."

"Exactly; which helps to make it clear that we must not confuse vocation with inclination. To abandon duty in order to follow inclination, is to indulge selfishness. So, in the case of your acquaintance who feels drawn toward social reform, the first question is, whether he is free to follow his inclination. I have met plenty of young men in the Latin Quarter of Paris, studying art, who were confident they had the vocation of a Rembrandt, but who ought to have been helping in the family grocery or drug store in some small town in the Middle West, instead of eating up the family savings in Paris,—only to end as pavement artists or taxi drivers. However, assuming independent means and no home duties, a young man is surely at liberty to devote himself to social reform in any way he prefers, if he believes that to be his vocation, and I do not see why you should either encourage or discourage him, unless he should seriously consult you. In that case, as a student of Theosophy, you might well help him to

clarify his own aims, which, in all probability, are hazy: the result of emotion unchecked by reason,—a well-meaning but uninformed desire to be 'useful'. Help him to define his aims, and then to gauge the means by which he hopes to attain them. Without any thought of turning him into a Theosophist, see if you can interest him in a study of the underlying instead of the superficial causes of human suffering."

"The case I have actually in mind", said the younger student, "is that of an acquaintance who is obliged to earn his own living, and who is thinking of doing so by means of his interest in social welfare."

"He had better imitate St. Paul, and earn his living as a tent-maker", the Student answered. "If St. Paul had accepted a salary from the group in Jerusalem, he would have sold half his freedom. A vocation is not necessarily the activity by means of which a man earns his living. He may be a doctor, or Wall Street broker, or a mechanic, with discipleship, in the theosophic sense, as his vocation. In that case he would use his outer activities as opportunities for inner discipline and creative work, while his spare time would be devoted to his major purpose. As always, it is the motive that counts, and motives range all the way from selfishness to the most complete self-giving. Think of the different motives that may actuate a school-teacher: to inculcate a creed, to earn an honest living, to support an aged mother, to earn a living while striving to raise the level of education either for humanitarian or for spiritual ends."

"A friend of mine is in trouble because his father, who is an officer in the army, is intensely anxious that his son shall follow in his footsteps, while the son hates the idea and longs to become an architect."

"Most architects nowadays are starving, and the father may know it! But I realize, of course, that that is no answer to your question. Parents often are unwise in their desire that the children they love should do as they have done. This is as true of parents who are students of Theosophy as of any others, though it ought not to be. It is only natural, however, that a father, or mother, who has found the solution of life's problems, and the compensation for life's sufferings, in the pursuit of discipleship, should long for the same blessing for a beloved child,—only natural and right; but experience has fully demonstrated that not one person in a million is 'called' to that high and splendid effort, and no greater mistake can be made than to attempt to push young people in that direction. It is another matter if they declare their desire for such a life, and appeal to their parents to support their resolution; but, ordinarily, it is the duty of parents to help their children to find their true vocation, whatever that may be, and then to help them to recognize its higher levels and to work for their attainment."

At this stage the Engineer stepped into the arena. "It comes to this," he said. "First, what is your own vocation? The answer is: that is for you to decide; you must thrash that out with your God; you may profitably consult others, but you alone, in the last analysis, can hear and follow. Second, do not confuse yourself by thinking of 'the young people of your age'. No two of them are alike, or can possibly have quite the same vocation. Deal with them one

at a time, as they consult you, and confine your efforts to helping each one to hear his own 'call'; help him to use both his head and his heart for this purpose, and then to interpret it on as high and as practical a level as he is capable of reaching,—and no higher."

"Well", said the younger student, "that does seem to make sense, and will probably make clearer sense when I have had time to think it over. I am very grateful to all of you. May I ask another question,—this time on behalf of a girl friend?"

As there was ready consent, he continued: "It is about women taking part in public life. Obviously that is not their true field, and yet with this topsy-turvy world, is it not wise to make the best of things, and encourage girls to fit themselves for some sort of useful work, and to uphold standards in the educational and business worlds, since uncertain conditions and other things make marriage less and less of a probability,—as a career for educated women? . . . That, as I understood her, is a summary of my friend's problem, which I discussed with her at some length, neither to her satisfaction nor my own."

"What was your difficulty?"

"It has been removed to a considerable extent by what has been said already in regard to vocations. Talking with my friend some weeks ago, I found myself in the position of a house divided against itself, one part of me agreeing with what I believed to be the ideal point of view as taught by Theosophy, and another part of me, especially in specific and practical cases, leaning strongly in favour of views held by liberal friends. The result was a fuzzy state of partial agreement with everyone, and no conviction of my own."

The candour of this, appealed to all of us; but the Engineer had to get something out of his system before continuing the discussion seriously.

"Please tell your friend", he said, "that I will concede her a free hand in any branch of public life on condition that she does not go into training for the Secretaryship of Labour."

The younger student saw the point and chuckled. "No danger of that in this case", he said. "Her father is a manufacturer, and has suffered,—which means that she has too!"

"Glad to hear it", the Engineer replied unsympathetically. "The more wide-spread the suffering, the sooner it will be over. We have had a dose which will not easily be forgotten. Never again, pray heaven! Why didn't they make her Secretary of the Navy while they were about it? It would have been just as suitable."

"Back to the point, please", interposed the Recorder.

"Very well", the Engineer agreed; "I have had my say, and should like the Student to resume."

"Briefly", responded the Student, "the 'fuzzy state' was due to lack of understanding. Once the doctrine of vocation is understood, there is no conflict between 'the ideal point of view as taught by Theosophy', and the views described as liberal. In fact, Theosophy provides the only view that *is* liberal."

He paused, and looked at his junior. "Are your liberal friends", he asked,

"prepared to recognize and respect the vocation of a contemplative nun, or of a Trappist monk, or of a Hindu *sannyasi*, or of a soldier, or of an expert in explosives who devotes himself heart and soul to perfecting depth-charges?"

"Perhaps not", replied the younger student. "But are you prepared to recognize and respect the vocation of a woman who devotes herself heart and soul to the enactment of laws for the abolition of slums?"

"Certainly we are", was the reply. "A butterfly may perform a useful and necessary function in the fertilization of certain plants, and in that sense has been 'called' to that service. The custodians of our National Parks have learned that the depredations of wolves and coyotes are essential to the well-being of herds of deer, and that, without these 'scourges', the unfit survive, and at last outnumber the fit. In all sincerity, however, I am not comparing your reformers to wolves,—or to butterflies: I am trying to emphasize and widen the application of a fundamental principle of Theosophy. In the human kingdom we must consider, first, the stage of evolution an individual has reached. You ask, in effect, whether it can be a man's (or a woman's) vocation to relieve distress, not only in his immediate environment, but on as large a scale as possible. My answer is, Yes; and he will (and should) do so according to his state of development, which means, according to his power of perception. He may do it in the hope of serving the divine purpose, which is the Cause of his Master; or he may do it for humanitarian and materialistic reasons. If, in his eyes, bodily suffering is the greatest of evils, he must necessarily be 'called' to relieve that, and may decide to become a doctor, or a charity worker, or a very unusual type of politician. It would be a crime to discourage him, or to try to divert his efforts into what, for others, would be higher channels. Naturally, however, if we think he is pursuing his end, in any of these directions, by wrong or foolish means, and our relations with him should warrant the expression of an opinion, we might properly criticize his procedure and suggest methods more likely to achieve his ends—his own ends, please note. And I have found in this connection that historical illustration has more weight than philosophical argument. For example (if you will pardon a moment's digression), the very practical experience in the eighteenth century of that strange American, Benjamin Thompson, more widely known as Count Rumford of the Holy Roman Empire, is particularly instructive in these days of doles and governmental relief. Founder of The House of Industry in Munich, when, as Chief of Police, it became his duty to abolish the organized beggary which there had become a scourge, he proceeded on the principle, which he announced, that no one could be happy who was not industrious. Further:

It is most certain that all sums of money or other assistance given to the poor in alms, which do not tend to make them industrious, never can fail to have a contrary tendency, and to operate as an encouragement to idleness and immorality.

"Those, therefore, who had never learned to work, must be taught how to do so. You have probably read of his extraordinary success: that he not only abolished mendicancy, but won the gratitude and affection of those who had once been professional beggars."

The Student paused. It was now the turn of the Philosopher to interject a thought which obviously had been worrying him. "The muddle of which you have accused yourself", he said, turning to the younger member, "arises in part, I think, from confusing a means of livelihood, with a vocation in the sense in which that word has been used here. Trying to state your friend's problem—about women taking part in public life—you asked if girls should not be encouraged to fit themselves for some sort of useful work, and 'to uphold standards in the educational and business worlds'. If a girl enters the world of business, not because she must, in order to earn her living, but as a missionary enterprise, my belief is she will have mistaken her vocation. She may hate the idea of going into business, and may try to console herself with the hope that she may be able 'to do some good' in such uncongenial surroundings; but she ought not to deceive herself by regarding this as a vocation: if she does, she will fail both in business and as a missionary. We must be honest and clear-cut in the recognition of our motives. It comes to this: Has a girl independent means? Will her parents be able to provide for her when they die? If not, she should of course prepare herself to earn her own living, taking into account her capacities and limitations, consulting her friends, and basing her decisions upon common sense. We should remember that the right performance of our duty, whatever that may be, is our real vocation, no matter how unromantic, insignificant, and devoid of public usefulness, the performance of our duty may seem to us to be. We should remember also that we can use the performance of any duty (though this is for the very few) as the best means to attain to union with the Divine.

"The girl who is and will be provided for sufficiently, can afford to ask herself if she is specially 'called' to do some outer work in the world, in the educational or any other field, regardless of the monetary results. Or she can afford to 'go in' for painting, writing, music, as she may desire; but I feel strongly that any girl, rich or poor, in addition to her other occupations, should prepare herself to take care of a home, seeing that the probabilities point to marriage sooner or later, and that for the man's sake as well as her own, the more she knows about house-keeping the better."

"Many girls marry nowadays", someone remarked, "who cannot sew on a button, much less darn a stocking, while all they know about providing a meal is to go or send for some cooked meats and perhaps a salad. This is just as true of the poor as of the well-to-do, because the city girl who works in a factory or office, leaves it to her mother to do the cooking and mending, with the result that, if she marries, her husband often goes through a period of digestive misery before his wife learns that marriage is not just a spree."

"The Philosopher spoke just now of girls who are and will be provided for financially, presumably by their parents", the Economist now volunteered. "May I say that in my opinion no such condition exists, either for girls or boys. The whole financial structure is being attacked so persistently, not any more by individuals only, but by governments with vast resources, that, in twenty years from now, all savings may have been swept away. If I had a million

dollars, and a daughter, I should want to provide for her by seeing to it that, if the worst came to the worst, she could earn her own living as a craftsman of some kind,—and I am not at all sure that old-fashioned sewing would not prove as safe a form of insurance as any other. I am told that fine sewing is almost a lost art, though the demand for it still exists and probably always will. But what are known as 'home industries' cover a wide field, and a boy can learn how to repair watches, or to mend and make furniture, or to do any one of fifty things that would provide him with a living in an emergency. The fate of so many Russian refugees from Bolshevik persecution, especially the women among them, as they found themselves penniless in the streets of Constantinople or Paris, ought to be sufficient warning. Further, it is distinctly wholesome for young people to learn how to use their hands profitably."

"You had other questions", said the Recorder, turning to the younger student.

"I have", was the answer; "but these I may find have been answered already when I come to think things over. There is this, however: I have wondered whether my feeling that Theosophy always pulls counter to the world is mistaken. All that tends towards goodness and unselfishness, on whatever plane, must be part of the work of the White Lodge, and any real effort to discover the Right must prove itself in action to be either erroneous or correct. Somehow I feel that the White Lodge could use all the strivings towards good of even the most misguided souls, and yet I know that it is often the best intentioned people who do the greatest harm. It is in talking and mingling with people of this type that I find myself hard put to it to know what attitude to take. Ought I, in brief, to fight the world wherever and whenever it fails to come up to the high ideals of Theosophy, or should I try to serve as a point of contact between the world in which my life is lived and the wonderful teaching which I love? In considering the latter possibility, I seem to stand on the edge of a great undiscovered country, which is waiting for us younger T.S. members to explore."

Said the Philosopher: "First in regard to the Lodge: it can and does use, and is thankful for, all honest strivings towards the Good, as towards the True and the Beautiful. Such strivings, however, as you say, are often very blind, resulting sometimes in far more harm than good, that is, if we were to judge by outer effects alone,—which is what the Lodge never does, seeing that, with them, it is the motive that counts not the outer result. A clear understanding of this is essential if you would find answers to the questions you have raised. A German Nazi, who is self-sacrificingly devoted to his cause, and who sees in it the expression of all that is noble in life, may, in spite of his bad cause, be doing far better work for the White Lodge than a student of Theosophy who talks and writes about it self-seekingly. Look deeper still, and you will find that if the German Nazi's motive is good, his self-sacrifice will tend to destroy his bad cause, and that if the motives of a student of Theosophy are bad, his activities will tend to destroy his good cause. None the less, no matter how good the motive, a blundering method could not be encouraged by the Lodge, because, at best, such a method would involve waste of energy and time, even

if it did not result in positive injury to others. Very little can be done about it, however, unless people ask for advice, which is unusual. You may be able to interfere by force with the boy who thinks he can learn music by taking to pieces the family piano; but if, in Chicago, you encounter a stranger on his way to San Francisco who is actually heading for New York, while it would be but kind to warn him, the probability is he will be darkly suspicious of your intentions, will feel for his purse, and will wait till you are out of sight before continuing on his way.

"As a general rule, when you meet other young people who are working enthusiastically for one or another cause,—leave them alone; do not feel that because you are a student of Theosophy it is necessarily any part of your function either to encourage or discourage them. Opposition usually confirms their infatuation; and remember that in America as elsewhere in the world, you are likely to find among Collegians a considerable percentage of socialists, æsthetes, atheists, devil-worshippers, Bahaists, Bolsheviks, and that these—as Sir Ronald Storrs points out in his recently published *Memoirs*—are but 'pleasant and harmless phases through which many future pillars of the Church, of the State and even of the Stock Exchange have made their early way'.

"I shall risk being frank with you: think less of what you can do to help others; think more of how you can best fit yourself to help others. At your age, I, too, was imbued with the idea that I must be 'up and doing'. I was old before I realized how infinitely little one can actually do for others, and, now older, I am still trying to convince myself that that infinitely little is infinitely worth the doing,—as I know in my heart it is. One of the most painful discoveries in life is that we cannot make even those whom we love, happy. We can give them momentary pleasure, but happiness is something which each man can create for himself alone, as it is an attitude toward life, and all that life brings, of pain as of pleasure, of beauty as of ugliness. Not even a Master can give us happiness, no matter how greatly he may long to do so."

"I should like to repeat what the Philosopher has been saying, but in somewhat different form", the Historian now remarked. "We were asked, in effect, whether Theosophy always pulls counter to the world. The answer, as I see it, is that if by 'the world' we mean Mammon in the Biblical sense, then Theosophy is everlastingly, immovably opposed to it; but if we mean by 'the world', the tendency of the world's thought at any particular period, the answer will not be intelligible unless based on an understanding of the theosophic doctrine of cycles, which is, as you know" (and he turned to the younger student), "that the entire universe and everything in it moves rhythmically,—not forward in a straight line, and not for ever repeating its performance as 'the eternal return', but after the fashion of a swinging pendulum slowly drawn upwards. If men were content to move with the oscillations of Nature, Theosophy could and would move with them. The trouble is that so many men are bitten with the idea that they can improve upon Nature, and can over-ride the laws of Nature for their own benefit, while the more ambitious and temperamental among them, strive to outdo the normal reactions of the herd, and in that way to shine

as advanced thinkers and leaders. This means that the initiators of thought and action are nearly always extremists,—at one period, violent reactionaries, at another, red-hot radicals; and as extremes of any kind are unwholesome and dangerous, the Lodge and its agents throw their weight, first in one direction, then in the other, in an effort to trim ship and restore the balance. Thus, if H.P.B. were alive and were to write a third volume of *Isis Unveiled*, the result would probably impress some people as a reversal of her earlier effort. It would not be a reversal, but she would undoubtedly redirect her emphasis.

"Finally—so far as I am concerned—every student of Theosophy should serve as a point of contact between the world in which his life is lived, and the teachings of the Masters,—not by talk about those teachings, which are for the very few (hardly any in these days, in my opinion), but by using the clear light of Theosophy to help others to see their own objectives more clearly. If Judge, as he travelled, conversed with a stranger and thought well of him, he would not mention Theosophy or any of its doctrines, but would wait his opportunity to ask, 'What is your purpose in life?' That was enough, regardless of the immediate answer, for he had started that man thinking for himself,—and thinking seriously, because of the immense background of understanding and sympathy which Judge put into his question."

Then the Historian: "Behind, beneath, and above everything you people have been saying, rests the eternal truth that the purpose of life, the real problem of human existence, is *being* rather than doing. I am aware how impossible it is for the vast majority to understand or to believe this; how useless and worse than useless even to suggest it as true; but if we, as students of Theosophy, should ever forget it, we should lose ourselves in a morass of irrelevant confusions, and should certainly fail, among other things, to see the unimportance of the outer activity in comparison with the inner purpose and attitude. I agree with what was said in regard to the improbability of any girl having a mission to raise the tone of business, although all of us, to the last and least, have been entrusted with a mission to raise the tone of any environment in which we find ourselves,—not, as a rule, by preaching, but by example, by being.

"What was the Way of the Master Christ? Thirty years of preparation,—of doing nothing, from the worldly point of view; then three years of work. But we know, if we know anything, that the preparation was as strenuous, that it involved as much effort, as any public event in his suffering life. As a race, we have an astonishing belief in our ability to do things, and to do them efficiently, without preparation. We do not even prepare to die! We learned nothing from the Great War, coming out of it with the cheerful feeling that we had done 'mighty well, considering',—totally unwilling to face the fact that thousands of lives were thrown away for lack of trained officers and a trained staff, as well as for lack of the necessary armament. How dare we attempt to help others solve the problems of their lives without years of preparation and training! Can we not leave that sort of crazy blundering to the untrained deacons and curates let loose upon the world by our Theological

Seminaries,—boys who know nothing of life, nothing of history or literature, nothing of universal experience, nothing of business, but who do not hesitate to interpret Christ as a Social Reformer of the modern type. Too many people as it is, helping others, instructing others, guiding others: do not let us add to their number. Think what a peaceful world it would suddenly become if all reformers, all innovators, all instructors, all lecturers, most of our clergy and all our politicians were suddenly struck dumb. Peace, perfect peace! I would gladly be struck dumb myself, if poor deafened, bewildered, stupefied humanity could thus be saved from the multitudinous roarings of the host I have named. And when they whisper they are sometimes more deadly than when they roar.

"This, my young friend, is not addressed to you, but to the universe at large. I know quite well that it is no part of your thought to join the ranks of such 'helpers'. I sympathize keenly with your problems, which I hope, however, have now in some measure been unravelled. What I am trying to emphasize is the Way of Christ as an example all of us should follow. I wish I had realized its significance when I was younger. But different epochs and periods bring different duties, and to-day there is greater need than ever for outer silence, and—I speak now exclusively to serious students of Theosophy—and for that kind of hushed, expectant indrawal which we read of in the New Testament, when the apostles were waiting for the coming of the Holy Ghost; or, if that be too much to ask for, let us in any case remember what Judge wrote to a pupil in days of storm and stress when the life of the Society itself was in jeopardy: 'Sit still in the midst of all that may be said, inclining only to your duty.' You, personally, may have a vocation unlike that of the older members; but all vocations must be tested in the same way, in the light of the same principles. One and all of us must look to our spiritual Father in Heaven, and obey his call, if we would tread the way of usefulness and peace; and one and all of us must hear that call for ourselves; for while friends may help us to discriminate between the 'still small voice' and the voices of earth, no one can do all our hearing for us, or relieve us entirely of the burden of decision. Beware of the 'wind' and of the 'earthquake' and the 'fire', for they are of the emotional nature and quickly pass. 'In returning (the Hebrew says, 'In sitting still'—Judge's phrase!) and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' "

"May I add verses which follow yours", said the Ancient, "using, as you did, the Jewish translation from the Hebrew: 'He will surely be gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear, he will answer thee. And though the Lord give you bread sparingly and scant water, yet shall not thy Teacher hide himself any more, but thine eyes shall see thy Teacher; and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it." ' " And, curiously, as we sat and listened, the voice of the Ancient seemed to come from behind us, full of longing, as though it echoed a plea to turn, that we might see once more the promise of our heart's desire.

T.



REVIEWS

Plato To-day, by R. H. S. Crossman, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford; George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London, 1937; price, 7s. 6d.

The title of this book is misleading. Mr. Crossman imagines Plato suddenly appearing in the modern world, and commenting upon fascism and communism and British society. But Mr. Crossman's "Plato" is a sadly amputated replica of the original. His ruling passion seems to be politics. Even a casual study of the real Plato reveals what was his deepest concern. The great philosopher devoted his life to the search for what is divine and immortal within the nature of man. We shall never understand him, unless we recognize that he was fundamentally a mystic. The famous "theory of ideas" represents an attempt to explain in mental terms the basic datum of universal mystical experience,—that human nature is a blending of divine and animal elements; and that it transfigures or immortalizes itself, in the measure that it embodies its divine prototype, and converts the force within its animal proclivities into aspiration and spiritual energy. Until we grasp something of the meaning of the "theory of ideas", Plato's political speculations in *The Republic* and *The Laws* will be essentially unintelligible. Indeed, during the centuries, they have been worse than unintelligible. Plato started the fashion for Utopias. Doubtless, his intention was merely to construct in theory the constitution of a state founded upon the "natural law" that the wise and the good should rule, and, incidentally, protect the stupid and the weak. Unfortunately, few of his readers have had enough sense of humour to realize that Plato was a master of irony, and did not intend everything that he said to be taken in the most literal sense; unfortunately also, Plato himself seems to have lost his own sense of humour and proportion on at least one occasion, when—if we are to credit history—he attempted, with disastrous and bloody results, to reform the government of Syracuse.

Mr. Crossman may be regarded as part of Plato's "bad karma" for having written *The Republic* for public consumption; for the sum and substance of Mr. Crossman's argument is that Plato was a sort of glorified "university teacher", the first "brain-truster". It is not that Mr. Crossman blames Plato for his "Utopianism" *per se*. That would be most unfair, for Mr. Crossman is a Utopian himself. Indeed, what he objects to is Plato's "realism". Plato was an uncompromising adherent of the aristocratic principle. He could conceive of no

reason why the arduous art of public government should be entrusted to anyone who had not been trained from birth, by an aristocratic code, in the no less arduous art of governing himself. There are interesting resemblances between the "philosopher-kings" of *The Republic* and the "superior man" of Confucius. As Mr. Crossman points out, Plato would not admire the efforts of fascists and nazis and communists to make over the modern world; but it is equally certain that he would be most unfavourably impressed by the theory and practice of modern democracy. And Mr. Crossman's Utopianism is of the democratic order. It is instructive to quote his statement of what he means by democracy, because it illustrates how even a clear and brilliant thinker can surround a word with such a glamorous haze that its original sordid meaning is utterly eclipsed in his mind. After all, democracy really means nothing but government by the *demos*, that is, by or in the name of the mob.

Democracy (because it is founded upon the infinite possibilities of human nature) must always be on the attack, always on the side of social change against the forces of "law and order", always critical of established institutions and social codes. It knows that without the dynamic of its faith, human society will fall back into oligarchy and injustice. Where faith in the impossible dies, Plato's estimate of human nature becomes correct. But democracy is not a mere ideal, mystically envisaged by a few dreamers; for the belief in the infinite value of human *personality* is also the belief in human *reason*, and at this point the ideal of Jesus is fused with that of Socrates. . . . This appeal to the common sense and to the critical faculty of the ordinary man against the formidable structures of established orthodoxy is the vital force of democratic philosophy. . . . Only when Western civilization has shaken off the shackles of the past and created a new social order worthy of the human dignity of the common man, will democracy and religion be once more realized in human society. Till then both must remain faiths, filled with prophetic anger at the sight of the nations and societies which use their name in vain, and, because they are grounded in the heart of the common man, powerful enough to remove mountains.

It would seem that this panegyric can be boiled down to one "root-idea", that human personality has infinite value. There is a sense in which this is true and there is a sense in which it is false. Like Socrates and the Master Christ, Plato taught that all human nature, *in so far as it is truly human*, is of divine essence. But we do not need the testimony of the sages to know that in too many of its moods and manifestations the "personality" is not human but bestial. This may be deplorable, but it is none the less a fact in Nature, and as history and experience prove again and again, we disregard it at our peril. That is why the democratic "ideal" is, in the last analysis, dangerous nonsense, and no amount of paint and varnish can disguise its essential ugliness. Even in a debased form, an aristocratic standard at least recognizes some distinction between man's actual state and his nobler possibilities. The "human dignity of the common man" becomes apparent when he voluntarily respects superiority and endeavours to emulate it. How otherwise can the "common man" himself ever evolve to the state of the "superior man"? Meanwhile there is a place in the great hierarchical system of Nature, both for the common and for the superior. One hastens to add that forms of government merely reflect the dominant states of consciousness in the body politic. When a society is moved

from within by a powerful and co-ordinated aristocratic nucleus, sooner or later its constitution will become aristocratic. Meanwhile, to try by external means alone to change democracy into something more rational, would be as futile as Plato's alleged effort to convert the politicians of Syracuse into a group of gentlemen, merely by lecturing to them. S.L.

The Science of Prayer, by Michael Bruce, B.Sc.; London, S.P.C.K.; New York, The Macmillan Company, 1937; price, \$1.10.

This excellent little book (it can be read in a couple of hours) is brimful of practical and invigorating thought on prayer, by a man who believes to his finger tips that: "Prayer is the most practical thing in life—the most vivid living thing we can do. It is our contact with the Architect of our lives; the powerhouse from which the energy for all our activities springs."

The Preface states that the book was written originally for Chinese students, and that "Out here [in Shanghai] most educated people still have the exaggerated reverence for science which was so common in Great Britain a few years ago". The author, who has himself had scientific training, accordingly begins with the statement that: "In the course of six years of study in biological laboratories, I never found any conflict between modern science and prayer. On the contrary, I found that my scientific studies led me to a deeper understanding of prayer and drove me to pray more." He then gives the reasons on which he bases his reconciliation of the two points of view (the scientific and the devotional); and explains that his book aims to treat prayer as a science, but with the hope that some of its readers may thereby gain a sufficient grasp of the underlying principles, to go further and, first-hand, to study prayer as an art.

As a framework, he uses these different kinds of prayer: Confession and Forgiveness; Petition; Thanksgiving; Guidance; Adoration; Intercession; and then a section on corporate prayer, and another giving examples of the various methods. So many passages have unusual value that it is better, perhaps, in the limited space of a review, to omit comment and let the book speak for itself—quoting without consecutive plan.

Prayer not only has a reasonable basis in reality, it is also a growth of mind into truth. . . . All life should be prayer; we want every moment of our lives to be lived in communion with God. . . .

We have seen that the vision of God leads to action. When we realize what God is like, we must throw our lives into fervent co-operation with His will, for there is nothing else in life which is worth doing. We are called to enter into the glory of God, into the magnificence of His creative activity in the universe, and above all into the unflinching love of Jesus. In the face of such a high calling our minds reel. As our vision of God grows clearer, the more awe-inspiring it becomes. . . .

It is well to remember that God's guidance is not given to save us the trouble of hard thinking, nor to encourage us in intellectual laziness; on the contrary he guides us in and through our thinking. . . . It is valuable sometimes to relax our minds in God's presence and allow them to wander where He leads us. . . . If we make time so to wait

upon God, we shall not smother voices through which He might speak to us, and we shall open our minds to new areas over which He may reign.

Adoration, he says, is the centre of prayer and the centre of our life. It is the highest activity of which man is capable. There is nothing in life so real, so utterly true, so tense and active, so clear and illuminating.

To adore a picture of God, of our own making, which is not the true God, is to warp and distort our whole being. We dare not adore if we will not take the trouble to study to know what God is like. We dare not adore unless we have the courage to give every moment of our lives to God. Since God is Love, our adoration, if it be truly adoration of God, will of necessity send us back to sacrifice and service. . . .

We have to choose between being men privileged to be fellow workers with God, and men whose assistance God does not need. It is certain that, if we do not unite our wills with His, He will not need us; but if we do give ourselves to co-operate with His will He will use us, and our intercession will bear fruit under His guidance and according to His will.

Immortality, communion, prayer to the saints, the proper attitude toward and in Church services, corporate worship and so forth, are discussed, all with the basis of his simple, cogent reasoning, which has genuine value whatever be our personal attitude toward those topics. For the most part, the fact of the author's first-hand experience of his subject, while unmistakable, is only implicit in what he writes; but occasionally there is a passage such as the following:

Needless to say, personal and social problems are always coming into my meditations, but I rarely allow them to be my starting point; for, if I do, I frequently find that instead of offering myself to God to do His will, I am instead asking God to give me His assistance in solving my problems. There is to me a constant danger of becoming problem-ridden and losing that sense of certainty and victorious confidence which is the true mark of a Christian. In consequence, I find it better to leave problems of all kinds out of my consideration until I have first steeped my intellect and my imagination in the spirit of Jesus. I go out from His presence to the difficulties of life as a soldier from the presence of a victorious general going to the assault of His enemies, under His command, supported by His strength. I try to see Christ first and problems second: and to see them not as problems, but as the setting in which I am to do His will.

And finally,—

Prayer is to me the very essence of life. From it there flows into everything I do the joy of communion with God, a sense of unity with the heart of the universe, and a sense of the loving companionship of Jesus. I have scarcely got my feet planted on the first rung of the ladder of prayer, but from what I already know I can say that living prayer transfigures the whole of life and makes it significant and purposeful.

R.

Unflinching: A Diary of Tragic Adventure, by Edgar Christian, with an Introduction and Conclusion by B. Dew Roberts and a Preface by Major Hon. J. J. Astor, M. P.; John Murray, London, 1937; price 6s.

Edgar Christian, a youth of eighteen, fresh from an English public school and eager for adventure, went with his cousin, Jack Hornby—"Hornby of Hudson Bay"—to winter in the North-West Territory of Canada. The third member of their party was Harold Adlard, a young man of twenty-eight.

They were to explore a new route from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay. Young Christian's letters, sent during the early stages of their trip, while letters still could be dispatched, and his diary, the record of their winter's isolation, tell the story of the fatal expedition up to a few days before Christian's lonely death, he being the last of the three to perish from weakness and starvation. The diary was found by a patrol of Mounted Police who discovered and buried their bodies.

Jack Hornby, the leader of the expedition, was the youngest son of the famous Lancashire captain and All-England cricketer. Hornby had won the Military Cross in the Great War. He was a seasoned explorer. He knew the wilds and believed he knew the Barren Lands better than any other white man.

To him they were a refuge from the encroaching civilization which he hated. His almost inhuman love of solitude and hardship for its own sake made him an exacting companion on the trail. . . . A deep reserve, which hid a cultured mind and a generous nature, made him silent among strangers and most at his ease in the company of the Indians, Eskimos and trappers among whom his real life had been passed. . . . To him the snow of the North was his native element . . . not an ordeal to be endured in order to add to human knowledge or wealth (Introduction).

The winter after Edgar Christian left school, Hornby was in England. He recognized the boy's fine mettle. To young Christian, Hornby, in turn, was a hero. The boy's devotion never wavered but steadily grew stronger during the last, long months of cruel testing. One of his first letters sent home from Canada, proudly quoted an old friend of Hornby's, "— any one who is with J. Hornby can never go wrong".

Adlard, third of the triad, had served in the Air Force during the War. He was of less finely tempered steel than the other two, yet he, also, at the end, won Edgar's respect, and after Hornby's death, became "Harold good pal".

Hornby's intention had been to "live on the land". He knew the country and trusted to find their food supply by hunting, trapping, fishing. He knew that risk was involved. "He knew that every adventure worth the name holds a possibility of disaster." The disaster came. Game was scarce, the traps often covered deep with snow, the nets dropped through holes in the ice produced but little catch.

Hornby had been defeated by the incalculable factor which upsets all reckoning between man and the forces of nature. Here it had been some mysterious change in the normal migration of the caribou; a winter exceptionally long even for those regions, driving beast and bird elsewhere and making meat scarce where it should have been plentiful (Introduction).

The quiet sentences of Edgar's diary give the record of their almost hopeless search for food, and of their brave endurance. Only Alvard flinched. At the end of five months, Edgar writes:

April 7th: Jack intended to go out on the Barrens to-day but the wind got up and he could not go. Very warm all day really, but we are so weak and feeble that the slightest wind stops us moving about to hunt. Harold not normal to-day, and thinks he is very bad, but if he would only use some will power to pull through and be more cheery it

would be better for Jack. I cut wood and got water and Jack rested up. Harold cooked bones, etc., and complained all day.

April 8th: Our grub to-day has been pounded bones to make a little soup. . . . We have enough for to-morrow's breakfast and then we might have to eat Wolverine hide if we can get nothing.

April 9th: Jack can hardly move from his bed without pain. I rub his legs and body at times to relieve him. Harold is an awful worry continually saying how bad he is. As far as looks go, the fittest of the bunch of us, but he is too damned afraid of himself and consequently plays another out. I am feeling all right but weak of course to do heavy work and walking.

Then the last brave entry, written, probably, a week or ten days before his own death and after a month of solitary existence:

9 a. m. Weaker than ever. Have food on hand but heart petering? Sunshine is bright now. See if that does any good to me if I get out and bring in wood to make fire to-night. Make preparations now. . . .

Got out, too weak and all in now. Left things late.

Edgar's parents now publish his diary, in the hope, his father, Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Christian, writes, "that it may reach some of the rising generation and inspire them with courage, loyalty and endurance. If this hope is realized, he will not have died in vain."

It sets a noble standard for youth. Yet it should not be restricted to youth. Wherever men and women battle for existence, in a metropolis or on the near side of the Arctic Circle, Edgar Christian's simple, self-forgetful heroism establishes a code of living, a way of meeting, without whining or complaint, the grim facts of the daily struggle.

To those who undertake more, who have started on the soul's adventure, it has equal, if not greater, worth. No parallel can be exact, but the three who faced the hardships on the Thelon, are not unlike the triad who start on the greatest of all adventures,—the adventure which has no real end save through the initiation of death. It is the neophyte's task to win in that last conflict, as we believe Edgar Christian must have won in his lonely battle with physical death; his leader no longer present to show the way; when, the self-pity of the lower nature in the triad for ever stilled, he, the soul, having had his first ardour tempered by rigorous trial, and made strong in loyalty, in love, in courage, meets—and conquers—Death.

J.L.M.

On the Way to Perignan, by Jennings C. Wise (author of *The Long Arm of Lee*; *The Turn of the Tide*; *The Great Crusade*, etc.); The Paisley Press, Inc., New York, 1937; price, \$2.50.

This is a novel. It is impossible for the reviewer to write of it with impartiality or detachment. Its author is a personal friend. All of it, therefore, was read with great interest, sympathy, and enjoyment. We should be delighted if it were to become a "best seller"; we ask our many readers to inquire for it at the Libraries and at the book shops they patronize. S. S. McClure, founder and editor of *McClure's Magazine*, says of it:

Pictures from the book are constantly coming back to my mind. It is filled with little masterpieces. There are certain pictures that seem to me perfect. . . . I remember many of the characters and events just as if they had actually occurred. . . . The book has become in a sense, a part of my experience with people.

The author introduces two Sages, who guide the intellectual and spiritual development of the young man who is the central character of the story. On one occasion the youth, in our opinion, showed himself far wiser than the Sage, by *not* following the Sage's advice (pp. 159-161); but that is a detail,—and in any case the other Sage compensates for this by presenting him with a copy of Charles Johnston's translation of the *Gita*, which is quoted approvingly at some length. So it goes. There are vivid sketches of persons and places—an old-time Southern Colonel, a New England schoolmaster, a Parisian *grisette*. A running commentary on public events as the story unfolds, distinctly adds to the interest, although some critics will doubtless object to such comment as superfluous and even as intrusive in a novel. Yet what is an author to do nowadays when his real purpose is to bring certain ideas to public attention? People will not read essays or similar forms of serious literature; they will read novels: so, to reach the many, into the form of a novel ideas must be cast. We recommend the book to the attention of English publishers as well as to American readers.

T.

Handicaps: Six Studies, by Mary MacCarthy; Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.40.

The author of this charming little book says in her preface that she does not pretend to write full biographies of the six persons here studied, but only to describe them in relation to their infirmities, with the hope that their heroic qualities may inspire others who are struggling against handicaps. The six persons are Mary Lamb, Beethoven, Arthur Kavanagh, Henry Fawcett, W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson.

The trials and tribulations of Mary Lamb, Beethoven and Stevenson must be familiar to most readers, though it must always be helpful to be reminded of them. Mary Lamb was afflicted with spells of violent madness during which she had to be incarcerated. When she felt a fit coming upon her, she and her brother would walk together to the asylum. Beethoven, after years of poverty and strain, became deaf, and could no longer hear music. Stevenson suffered from tuberculosis. Henley, also, the author of the well-known poem *Invictus*, had tuberculosis of the foot and endured great pain.

The life of Arthur Macmorrough Kavanagh (1831-1889) was an extraordinary one. He was born without hands or feet. He soon grew up to be such a charming child that every one loved him. One of his childhood friends writes: "Even as children we could not but wonder at his cheerful submission to his many annoyances and discomforts; but he had a fine unselfish nature, and was grandly submissive in his sense of privation." He learned to ride, strapped to a chair on horseback, and became an intrepid horseman and hunter. He had a steel

hook attached to his arm and learned to do everything for himself with it. He even managed to write a clear and beautiful script, which very few people with two good hands take the trouble to do. Kavanagh's mother seems to have been an unusual woman. She refused to let him stay sheltered at home, but took him and his elder brother with their tutor, on long journeys to the Continent, to Egypt and to Palestine. Arthur learned Arabic in Egypt. His brother says: "At Damascus, when riding through the Bazaars, Arthur encountered a number of Bedouin and Arab sheiks whom he got acquainted with in the desert and with whom he is a great favourite. As soon as they saw him they all ran up, and kissed him on both cheeks."

Later, the two boys went from Russia through Kurdistan into Persia and India. They were the first western travellers, up to that time, to come out of Kurdistan alive. In Persia, Arthur contracted a fever and was nursed back to health in the Harem of the Prince Mirza, quite an Arabian Night's Tale. In India, Tom fell ill and was sent to Australia for his health. Arthur had spent all his money on his brother's passage, and, as no money came to him from Ireland, he was penniless until he obtained a post as carrier of dispatches from one Indian station to another. He remained in India for two years, when, owing to the death of his two brothers, he became head of his family and returned to Ireland. There, he married a charming young woman and became the model of a country gentleman and landlord, and a Member of Parliament.

He was deeply religious and possessed all his life that sense of spiritual unity which is the essence of faith; a mystical sense that this life is but a part of something greater than itself was constantly present with him. He had a gift of silent prayer that all his life seemed to bring a particular harmony to him at difficult times when he was in sore need of comfort.

Henry Fawcett (1833-1884) was a brilliant and ambitious young student at Cambridge, when he was instantaneously blinded by a charge of shot fired accidentally by his father. "The idea came to him, ten minutes after the accident, that he would do, as far as lay in his power, everything he had set himself to do in life, in spite of blindness." He learned to ride, skate, swim and fish, and went on with his studies at the university, by listening to reading and by dictating. At the age of thirty, he was elected Professor of Political Economy for the University of Cambridge. Two years later, he became a Member of Parliament, and at the age of forty-six, he was made Postmaster-General of England. He married a young woman who said that she "enjoyed the whole of her married life".

No one can read these little studies of handicaps without being moved by admiration or without being inspired to bear his own trials, whatever they may be, with more fortitude. The author says: "All these characters coming out of the past, express themselves each in the manner of their own time; but disaster to the human frame never goes out of fashion, and my hope certainly was that it might be an encouragement to read about some, who, in various ways, according to their powers, managed to make the best of a bad business. Their courage is for all time."

St.C. LAD.

Biological Time, by P. Lecomte du Noüy, Chief of the Division of Molecular Biophysics, Pasteur Institute, Paris; with Foreword by Alexis Carrel, M. D.; the Macmillan Company, New York, 1937; price, \$2.00.

Time is a fact which most of us take for granted without reflection. If the man in the street were asked what it really is, he would probably reply that it is "something" measured by clocks. However, the more thoughtful man soon begins to realize that there is more than one kind of time. There is, of course, the time of our clocks which is based upon the observation of the cycles of the heavenly bodies and depends upon the various motions of the earth. There is Newton's "absolute, true, and mathematical time conceived as flowing at a constant rate, unaffected by the speed or slowness of the motions of material things". There is Minkowski's geometrical time conceived as the "fourth dimension". There is Bergson's theory of time as duration in consciousness and as inseparable from memory and from creative effort. There is Plato's mystical definition that time is a "moving image of eternity".

The "biological time" which is the subject of this book, seems to correspond most nearly to Bergson's "duration". We know that our sense of time is not constant. A dream lasting five minutes may seem interminable to the dreamer. A year may seem three times longer to a child than to an adult. M. Lecomte du Noüy correlates these subjective experiences with the changing velocity of physiological processes, as the physical organism ages. He invented during the Great War a method of calculating the ratio between the speed with which wounds heal and the age of the patient. There can be no doubt that this ratio exists, and that there is an equivalent ratio between ageing, and the accumulation of poisons in the blood-serum. This change in the velocity of living reflects a similar change in the velocity of thought and emotion. As Dr. Carrel remarks: "Parents and children live in different temporal worlds. They are separated by a gap that often is too large to be bridged, even by illusions." The significance of the author's experiments is manifest. Unfortunately, he obtained much of his information by animal vivisection, and even under complete anaesthesia and the most favourable conditions, vivisection is an incipient form of the "black art" and, morally, wholly illegitimate.

M. Lecomte du Noüy is singularly free from the cut-and-dried mechanism which is so fashionable to-day in biological circles. He has the lucidity and the breadth of vision which are typical of the French savant at his best.

Even to a superficial observer, our internal physiological time does not seem to flow at a constant rate within the frame of external sidereal time. Real age, as we have seen, can differ from legal age. From a psychological point of view, the value of a day is not identical for ephemeral insects and for animals that live to be sixty years old. Even for one individual, this value seems to vary during the course of life. Our duration would therefore be, in a certain measure, independent of sidereal time. Each human being constitutes a universe in a state of continuous transformation. It is the rate of this transformation which can be considered as characteristic of our brief specific duration, of our physiological time itself, inseparable from our consciousness. . . . Time in its essence, implies memory and thought, or in other words: consciousness. In reality consciousness could be defined as the power to perceive things separately in succession. From this

standpoint, time has been called an internal mode of perception. . . . "In truth it is impossible to distinguish between duration no matter how short, which separates two instants, and a memory which binds them together, for duration is essentially a continuation of what is no more in what is. This is the true time, I mean the time perceived and lived. It is also every kind of conceived time, for it is impossible to conceive time without depicting it as perceived and lived. Duration, then, implies consciousness, and we put consciousness into things by the very fact that we attribute to them a time which lasts." One might almost say that these ideas of Bergson are contained implicitly in Descartes' phrase: "I think; hence I am."

One notes with astonishment the phenomenon of a "molecular biophysicist" quoting Bergson with approval. It measures the extent of the revolution which has displaced so many of the dogmas of scientific materialism during the past twenty-five years. It may be suggested that if all the implications involved in the concept of biological time were realized, biologists would be obliged to admit the universality of consciousness. If duration be inseparable from consciousness, it should follow that anything which *endures* in Nature, even for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, must be conscious in some way and degree. In other words, the whole Universe can be reduced, in the last analysis, to an inconceivably vast congeries of states of consciousness; for we cannot imagine any existing thing which is without the attribute of duration. Not without reason the Magi of Persia symbolized the Absolute Consciousness of God by the name, *Zeroana Akerne*, or "Boundless Time". L.V.

CORRESPONDENCE

GERMAN ATROCITIES

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

As the result of skilful propaganda persistently carried on since the Armistice by Germans and pro-Germans, but especially by those who hate France and England on general principles, the impression is wide-spread in America, and even in England, that the Bryce Report and other proofs of German atrocities during the Great War, were the result of deliberate invention. As I happen to know that some of the worst of the German atrocities have never been made public, and that those, such as the Dinant massacre, revealed in the Bryce Report, actually happened, I ask you to publish, in the interest of truth, a footnote from *My New World* (pages 93, 94, 95), the latest book by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, so well and favourably known to English-speaking readers as the author of *France Herself Again*, *The Art of Thinking*, *What We Live By*, and other works.

Some of your readers may wish to know that *My New World* is a continuation of the Abbé's *My Old World*, and consists for the most part of a delightful and appreciative account of his several visits to America, during the second of which, after many initial rebuffs, he succeeded in raising over one hundred thousand dollars on behalf of the University of Lille, the laboratories and dis-

pensaries of which the Germans had gutted when they were finally driven out of northern France in 1918. This is the footnote:

"On August 16th and 17th, 1914, no fewer than six hundred and seventy-four men and women, citizens of the charming summer-resort of Dinant [Belgium], as well as several children, were shot by the Germans against a wall which I pass almost every year and never can see without a feeling of horror. There are still alive in the pretty little city several thousand people who witnessed the gruesome scene. The German soldiers broke into the houses and dragged out whomever they found there. Immediately after, the terrified prisoners were driven to the wall and shot down without even an appearance of judgment. The Germans admit the facts but account for them by the repeated assertion that civilians shot at them, a statement which all Dinant people indignantly contradict. I have always been surprised that some American searcher, less likely than his European confrères to bring into such an investigation a partisan spirit, should not have collected the evidence which can still be easily gathered both from Dinant citizens and from German veterans. A reference to this massacre in the last edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is so casual that the reader wonders if the writer of the Dinant article believed in the actuality of the facts he relates. People in England and in America have been made so sceptical by conflicting propagandas that they have adopted an 'it-may-be-so-but-it-also-may-not' attitude which is the greatest achievement of the propagandist. One is rather surprised to find the same even in serious books by real historians. In the early editions of *The Epic of America*, Mr. James Truslow Adams wrote (page 370): 'The French executed two war nurses under almost the identical circumstances of the German execution of Nurse Cavell, but we were not told.' This is a typical statement revealing the state of mind I was alluding to above. The natural reaction of a French reader who never heard of this shooting of two German nurses was to ask: 'But where could the French get hold of two German nurses to shoot?' I wrote to Mr. Adams asking for his authorities. Let me say at once that the correspondence which followed was entirely to the credit of Mr. Adams. He had found the two German nurses' story on page 32 of *Propaganda Technique in the World War* by Professor H. D. Lasswell, of Chicago, and he had not questioned it till a letter, written shortly before mine, by former Ambassador Jusserand, raised doubts in his mind. He had then written Professor Lasswell asking him about his sources. Professor Lasswell had replied regretting 'that Mr. Adams' letter had not reached him a fortnight sooner as he had just returned to the University from Germany and his evidence for his statement was there.' This letter was dated December 7th, 1932. I wrote immediately to Professor Lasswell asking him to give me the address of any German information bureau as the shooting of the German nurses, if it had really taken place, must be well-known in Germany. My letter did not reach Professor Lasswell. After waiting a few months I wrote to him again and received the following answer (dated June 2nd, 1933) which I communicated at once to Mr. James Truslow Adams: 'The story, as related in my *Propaganda Technique in the World War*, is practically a verbatim quota-

tion from Mr. Karl von Wiegand, a German-American. He was head of one of Mr. Hearst's news-gathering organizations, the Universal Service, who was on close terms with the Germans. He referred to Oberst Nicolai.' Mr. Adams did not think that evidence of this kind, ultimately based on the *obiter dictum* of an Oberst about whom nobody ever heard, was sufficient to satisfy the requirements of history, and he acted as a real scholar was sure to act. He not only deleted the allusion to the German nurses from the new editions of *The Epic of America*, but he added a note without which the suppression might have been unnoticed. Unfortunately he could not send an *erratum* to the hundreds of thousands who had previously read his book, and I still meet Americans who, believing that the French shot two defenceless German women, feel like condoning such things as the Dinant massacre, because 'in war everything is horrible.' So it is, but there are degrees in horror and it behoves history to establish such degrees. The moment an historian seeks to give the contrary impression he falls to the rank of propagandist. I hope I have not more than the inevitable amount of racial prejudices. Many people who are violently in favour of, or antagonistic to, some foreign nation substitute emotions for reasons and can have no intellectual standing. I am only telling what I saw, and I saw with my own eyes the effects of *Schrecklichkeit*. The terrorized Belgians who, in August, 1914, made such a ghastly entrance into my native town were the victims of a system of frightfulness which Germany openly defended at the time and practised ruthlessly. I know scores of other instances less striking than the Dinant slaughter but equally shocking. To deny is not to delete them."

OLD MEMBER.

THE MARINES AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

In "The Screen of Time", October, 1936, one of the speakers remarks: "Yes. The American marines were the first unit to take the aggressive,—at Château-Thierry (Belleau Wood) in June, 1918." This statement is frequently found in current publications, the fair inferences being that the American marines constituted a combat unit; that the active participation of American troops in offensive operations began with the action of the marines; and that what took place at Belleau Wood and at Château-Thierry in June, 1918, constituted one and the same episode. This chain of misunderstanding is the outgrowth of widespread propaganda during the early days of our participation in the War—many readers will remember the popular myth that Paris had been saved from the Germans by a few marines; may remember also a narrative entitled, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", published by a Colonel of marines who had been wounded at Belleau Wood.

In fairness to the Allies with whom we served and also to the American regulars with whom the marines were associated, it seems well to keep in remembrance certain of the facts. Two regiments of marines, the 5th and 6th, were assigned to the 2nd U. S. Division which sailed for France in December, 1917.

With them in that division were the 9th and the 23rd infantry, three artillery regiments, also engineers and auxiliary units. Little mention has been made of any but the marines, though they constituted only a fourth of the Division. In November, 1917, the 1st U. S. Division (the first combat unit to reach France and one that included no marines) had entered the trenches in the Vosges for instruction by the French. This 1st U. S. Division, supported by a large mass of French artillery and backed up by French reserves, delivered what was in fact the first attack ever made by American troops upon the enemy. Skilfully conducted, it was entirely successful. Moreover, some American engineer troops had already displayed great tenacity in the fighting on the British front. In the operations about Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd U. S. Divisions were all employed, and without belittling the part played by any one unit, it is most desirable to keep each in its proper perspective: to realize that they were used to *assist* the French to stabilize a new line of resistance along the Marne; that over thirty reserve divisions of seasoned French troops were interposed at the time between Château-Thierry and Paris; and that while to our men it seemed (as it practically always seems to troops advancing into a strange country) that they were acting alone with no one on their flanks,—in reality, they were but part of a great and ordered whole, no part of which could claim the distinction of having stood solely between Paris and disaster. Finally, no marines were employed at Château-Thierry, and when they *did* go into action at Belleau Wood, it was after the infantry units had become involved.

F.T.S.

There is a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society.—LOWELL.

Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all.—THOREAU.

QUESTIONS OF MANICURE ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 405.—*How does one know when one is functioning in the inner, instead of in the outer, world? Where is the boundary between the two? Are there really two separate and distinct worlds, the inner and the outer? Or, are these simply two aspects of the One World,—the spiritual?*

ANSWER.—We are never out of the Spiritual world,—it is the One World. It is only a question as to whether we are consciously functioning there, or whether we are not. We may be immersed in outer events and activities, and lose all consciousness of the Spiritual world. Or, instead of living amidst outer events, we may be living within them, and be finding at their heart their true meaning, and Reality. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Scarcely anyone can fail to have had, at some time and in one way or another, the experience of functioning in the inner world. His failure to recognize it, as such, is due to lack of awareness at that point. If he had used his intelligence properly to analyze his experience, he would have *known*, self-consciously, the nature of that experience. The boundary line between the two worlds—so designated to make the distinction clear in words—surely must be within his own Manas, or mind. We do not move *in space* from the outer to the inner world. The transition is in consciousness. Though the detail of the experience differs with different persons, in essence it is similar: response to the spirit within. There are those, for instance, who have passed from depression to joy, from boredom to sudden wonder and rapture, at the song of a bird, or the vision of the delicate tracery of green leaves in early spring. We do not move out of the physical world in order to experience what lies at its heart. The song of the bird, the leafage of the trees, are outer aspects, if you will, of the spirit within. The moment of joy, of wonder and rapture, is the moment of entrance into the inner world. The extent to which we can penetrate into that world, is infinite in its reaches. On the strength of our imagination in reiterating the experience, on the force of our will in living a life that will purify the heart, on our love of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, depends our progress. If the imagination and the will remain sustained and right-pointed, a time will come when we shall live in both worlds, so called, at once: *acting* in the outer, while *actuated* by the love and loyalty which unite us to those of the inner realm. Then, we shall see the inner and the outer, not falsely, as two separate and distinct worlds, but truly, as two aspects of the One,—the Spiritual, or Real, world. G.M. K.

ANSWER.—Broadly speaking, the universe is divided into two worlds—the world of Idea (the higher), and the world of Matter (the lower). The lower world is formed on its prototype—the higher world; and everything in the lower is but an image, or reflection, of the higher. “As above, so below.” Theosophy stresses unity, and holds that, in essence, the universe is one. But in manifestation there is duality—two aspects of the One Reality. The material world is but the outer rind, so to speak, of the spiritual. The Kabalists call the material universe the World of Shells. The materialist lives, moves and has his being in matter; he mistakes the shadow for the substance.

Theosophy opens doors to the spiritual world—the world of Causes, of Ideation, of Divine Purpose. The materialist deals only with effects. At our 1937 Convention, it was stated that

perhaps the greatest need of the Society is a clearer realization of the inner world as the world of reality; that thoughts are things, that they are things of tremendous power; and that invariably throughout the universe the unseen is more powerful than the visible. How many of us give more than intellectual assent to that truth? How many act upon it? The secret of knowing in which world one is functioning lies in consciousness. Where are our thoughts centred? Do we, in going about our daily tasks, undertake them as part of the Divine plan for us, with the motive of offering up every thought, every act, upon the altar of the heart? Or, are our thoughts centred in self?

"Fragments", in the *QUARTERLY* for July, 1935, offers a key for the discovery of the boundary between the two worlds:

"Who knows where earth begins and heaven ends; who can fix the boundary of that inner world and this, determine what is seen and what unseen?"

"Why grant a boundary between ourselves and heaven? What boundary can there be, save sin?"

"Living in heavenly-mindedness, we shall make earth one with heaven, remove the veil, nor know which pavement, whether clay or gold, we tread." G.H.M.

ANSWER.—The inner world is the world of purpose, and the spiritual world is the world of Divine purpose. Whatever is carrying out the Divine purpose, whatever is living in accordance with the laws of its being, striving to carry out to the best of its ability the purpose for which it was created, is in the spiritual world. A tree or a flower, growing as it was meant to grow, is in the spiritual world. Part of the Divine purpose must surely be the manifestation on earth of the Platonic trinity, Beauty, Truth and Goodness; whatever manifests them is helping to carry out this purpose, and is, to that extent, in the spiritual world. On the other hand, disobedience removes automatically from that world whatever disobeys. It ceases to be connected with the purpose that created and constitutes it.

In speaking of such a subject as the spiritual world, we must be careful to make clear that we are dealing with only one aspect. That world transcends description. It is as if a man who had seen one little corner of Devonshire, were asked to describe England, and faithfully described his little spot. From one point of view, he would be right in calling it England, but as a portrayal of the country, it would, to say the least, be inadequate. The same thing is true of any attempt to say what the spiritual world is, or is not. In so far as we are honestly striving to carry out the Divine purpose, the will of the Masters, we are functioning in the inner, spiritual world. In so far as we are self-indulgent, we exile ourselves from that world. It is love that is back of all purposes of the Divine. It follows, therefore, that love, love of something other than self, is the only motive that will enable us to enter the spiritual world.

J.F.B.M.

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 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.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 15th and 29th

February 12th and 26th

March 12th and 26th.

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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PHILOSOPHICAL: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

INTRODUCTORY: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

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"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

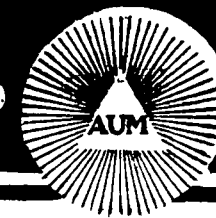
"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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



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We have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, formerly headed by Mrs. Besant, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



APRIL, 1938

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THE POWER OF CHOICE

MATHEMATICIANS and metaphysicians treat with respect the idea that in some abstract "realm of essences" there is an infinite number of possible worlds, of which our cosmos is the only specimen that has attained existence. At first sight, nothing could seem more futile than such a line of speculation. A "realm of essences" is as tenuous as the dream of a dream. However, philosophical concepts are not always as void of sense as they appear to be. When Leibniz, for instance, postulated that we live in the best of all possible worlds, the world most perfectly adapted for the edification of all beings, this was his way of saying that the universe is not a fortuitous con-course of atoms but is the production of a Divine Mind, a Logos, which *selects*, among many alternatives, the theme and keynote of its creation. The inference is unavoidable if the root and origin of Nature be in the "Thought of God". A Divine Mind which could not pick and choose its ideas would be neither a "Mind" nor "Divine".

The great is mirrored in the small; the unknown is shadowed forth by the known. The power of choice is inseparable from consciousness. We cannot conceive one without the other. The most humdrum event in the humblest life brings an opportunity to choose between the better and the dearer. Do we realize that at every instant we stand at the cross-roads of destiny and that we, and only we, can elect our course? For every man there is an infinite number of possible lives which he can bring into being, and it should be his undivided purpose to discover and to select the life which in the deepest sense belongs to him and which is therefore the best of all that are possible.

THE SOUL IN BONDAGE

If we examine our experiences with any attention, we shall obtain the certitude that all life is a process of selection. At the same time, however, we shall become aware of another fact which is not pleasant to contemplate. The proc-

ess of selection is not always conducted by the real Self, by the Soul. Much of the time—to say the least—we ineffectively watch our habits and passions choose for us. Action and inaction are dictated by an elemental complex which is not the Soul, but to which in our infatuation we have delegated an authority which is the rightful heritage of the Soul.

Consider what happens when the ordinary man consults a bill of fare. He cannot eat unless some selection be made. Why does he finally order one soup instead of another? Probably, in most instances, he does not know himself: he just orders something, anything, as soon as possible. But a selection is made, even if he be virtually unconscious. It is enforced upon him by habit, by the "subconscious", by the interplay of submerged desires. If he be really hungry, he may be aware of a battle within himself. He wants beefsteak but remembers the doctor's orders. Perhaps he renounces the beefsteak, congratulating himself upon his self-restraint. But the Soul need not intervene, by an act of will, to settle the struggle between desire and fear. Fear can win the day by its own force. To-morrow the cycle may change, and the victor may be desire. The point is that the average man—which means anyone in his average moments—does not always or even often behave like a free agent. His Soul, his proper nature, is in bondage to a host of appetites and aversions, partly conscious but mostly subconscious, whose strength is proportionate to the measure and frequency of his past self-identification with them. His conduct is thus largely shaped by the particular complex which is dominant at the moment. If it were possible to measure the relative amount of energy which has been put into each of his complexes, and to calculate their cycles or periodicities, as physiologists calculate the rhythms of vital functions, we could doubtless predict the general outline of his future. Incidentally, this suggests why future events may be prefigured in dreams with extraordinary accuracy of detail.

FREE WILL AND DETERMINISM

The doctrines of fatalism and mechanism and determinism cannot be brusquely dismissed as of no account. What do we mean by freedom and by fate? In so far as anything has a *unified* character or being, in so far as it is an actual entity, it may be said to "behave" infallibly and "freely", according to its nature, whether it be an atom, a plant, an animal, a man, or a god. But when a "thing" is not a unit but a "mechanical mixture", an unorganized congeries of many units, it has no real "nature" or, at best, only the rudiments of a real "nature". It is not "free". Its actions and reactions are determined for it, since these are but the effects of the actions and reactions of a miscellany of elements. There are analogies between a mechanical mixture and the "personality" which the ordinary man thinks of as his "self", but which is in itself only an amalgamation of elementals. The "personality" is, indeed, the "self" whose instability and essential non-being are so persistently stressed in the Buddhist scriptures.

Scientists have specialized so long in the study of the unorganized, mechanical aspect of Nature, that they have almost lost the ability to imagine what real

freedom must be like. This was exemplified in an address by Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology at Princeton, before the "Parliament of Science" at Indianapolis. He distinguished between the "determinism of inanimate nature" and the "world of human experience". He even made a noble effort to affirm the reality of free will as an irreducible item of human experience. But his exposition of human freedom might be more adequately described as an exposition of human bondage; for the only freedom which he seems to conceive is the "freedom" to do what we are "biologically" compelled to do.

Freedom does not mean uncaused activity. The will is not a "little deity encapsuled in the brain", but instead it is the sum of all those physical and psychical processes, including especially reflexes, conditioning and remembered experiences, which act as stimuli in initiating or directing behaviour. The will is not undetermined, absolutely free, but is the result of the organization and experience of the organism, and in turn it is a factor in determining behaviour. Therefore we do not need to import from sub-atomic physics the uncertain principle of uncertainty to explain free will. The fact that man can control, to a certain extent, his own acts as well as phenomena outside himself, requires neither a little *dæmon* in the electron nor a big one in the man. . . . Novelty, creativity and freedom, wherever their origin has been traced, are found to be caused by new combinations of old elements and processes, whether these be atoms, molecules, genes, chromosomes, cells, organs, functions, or even sensations, memories and ideas. By such new combinations of old elements there emerge all the new properties of chemical compounds, and by new combinations of genes and chromosomes and environmental stimuli, all the novelties of heredity and development arise. There is evidence that even psychical properties, such as consciousness, intelligence and will, emerge in the process of development because of specific combinations of physical and psychical factors. This is, indeed, the whole philosophy of evolution, namely, that the entire universe, including man and all his faculties and activities, are the results of transformation rather than of new formation, of emergence rather than of creation *de novo*.

Professor Conklin remarked that the future of civilization is gravely endangered because "neither in human nature nor in social relations has progress kept pace with science". He means, of course, that man understands and controls physical processes much more effectively than he understands and controls himself. But for this condition "science" itself is, in large measure, responsible. The present is a case in point. Professor Conklin's manifest sincerity and love of truth are a living proof of the presence of an active spiritual power in human nature. But the biological dogmas and materialistic preconceptions which have been instrumental in shaping his thought, impel him to describe human nature as if it could only be moved by animal impulses and instincts,—“reflexes, conditioning and remembered experiences”. Why should not the average man lose faith in spiritual law and in his own Soul, when their existence is constantly treated as an absurdity by men of science whom he regards as wiser than himself?

Let us make the issue as clear as possible. The "will" of the "personality" is doubtless a "sum of physical and psychical processes", but this is not the "*free will*" of the individual Soul; the "personality" as such operates like a mechanism, and it is foolish to pretend otherwise. Freedom is merely a "name", not a "thing", unless it be the exercise of an independent transforming power. The

individual will is a dæmon, a "tutelary genius"—*not*, however, "encapsuled in the brain"—or it is nothing.

THE INTERACTION OF SPIRIT AND MATTER

The Indian doctrine of Karma and of the twelve Nidānas also emphasizes the tyranny imposed by reflexes and complexes upon human lives. As it is sometimes formulated, it seems beyond possibility that man can ever escape from the web of passion and fancy and habit. He is caught, as it were, in an endless chain of cause and effect, each effect becoming a cause in its turn. But the true significance of Karma is that liberation from illusion is possible; the Gordian knot can be cut; the wheel of necessity which makes us repeat the same follies again and again, can be brought to a dead stop before the Soul is crushed out of existence. Indeed, are not the revolutions of this wheel *designed* to bring such pressure upon the Soul that it is at last aroused by pain to resist "necessity", and thus to declare its freedom?

Theosophy offers this solution,—that the real Self of man is not the confused mass of physical and psychical elements which we call the "personality", but is an integral part of Divine and Eternal Nature and participates in all the powers of the Heavenly Host. As man attains consciousness of that which he essentially is, he attains freedom in the only possible sense of that term, the freedom to make manifest his own essence. God alone is truly free, as a great mystic has said, because He alone can express His Nature in its plenitude. According to the theosophical version of evolution, the final aim of existence is to raise the consciousness of creatures towards that perfect freedom which is the natural attribute of the "Heavenly Man", of God.

Every form on earth and every speck (atom) in Space strives in its efforts towards self-formation to follow the model placed for it in the "HEAVENLY MAN". . . . Its (the atom's) involution and evolution, its external and internal growth and development, have all one and the same object—man; man, as the highest and ultimate form on this earth; the MONAD, in its absolute totality and awakened condition—as the culmination of the divine incarnations on earth (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 183).

Evolution, both universal and individual, is thus conceived as an interaction between the two great poles of Nature, between the positive and the negative, between spirit and matter. When will scientists ever come to recognize clearly and simply, that spirit or consciousness is as veritably a part of Nature as matter or substance or objective form? Evolution cannot be described as a function of matter alone, any more than magnetism can be explained by the study of iron filings, without reference to a magnet. Spirit has been compared to a magnet, from which emanates the *fohatic* force which vitalizes the universe and lifts matter from the level of non-being. This is the descent of spirit into the world, of which all scriptures have left some record: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . and of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

Even our limited experience shows that spirit cannot contact matter without changing the constitution of matter. Doubtless all "novelties", from a chemical

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compound to a work of human genius, are new combinations of old elements. The creative power in Nature and man uses whatever material is available, whatever already exists. But how can we doubt that it infuses into that material something new and altogether unique, something which the analysis of past events and old elements can never wholly explain? The properties of water cannot be imagined by adding together the properties of hydrogen and oxygen. No formula of bio-chemistry can resolve the mystery of a flower or a bird's song or a poem or an heroic life.

REAL AND ILLUSORY FREEDOM

The deep-seated sense that we are somehow free to select our destiny cannot be dissociated from the immediate intuition of our being. It is one with consciousness itself and is present in all experience. But we deceive ourselves, if we pretend that our actions are necessarily free merely because they ought to be and can become free. We choose and select continuously, but not in the ways which we commonly imagine.

Let us return to the man in the restaurant. We have assumed that being an average person, he did not really order his dinner; that his habits and appetites and aversions ordered it for him. However, as a matter of fact, he did make a fundamental choice when he *refused* to choose for himself. A superior person would not refuse to choose for himself, because he holds in consciousness an ideal of conduct which he recognizes as always superior to his actual mode of living, and to which he intends to conform himself more and more completely. Since this ideal implies complete self-control, no activity of body or mind can be excluded from his programme of self-discipline, not even the act of ordering a dinner. Therefore, if he order meat or fish, it is not primarily under the compulsion of reflexes or the memories of past sensations, but because he intends such a selection to be the best and the wisest that he can make.

We can use our spiritual will, or not use it; we can express our real nature, or not express it. In either event, we make a choice and cannot help making it. But when the spiritual will is inactive, "self-will", the uncontrolled force of passion and habit, takes its place. Misery and calamity are the only possible consequence of this inner abdication, this "refusal to create".

GENIUS AND FREEDOM

The existence of transformation implies the existence of a transforming agency. If we trust our experience, small though it be, it becomes apparent that in man the power which transforms is identified with the individual will. When that will is set free, it is indistinguishable from genius. The will, the Soul, and the genius of man are fundamentally one.

In a scientific periodical there recently appeared this editorial pronouncement: "To only a few individuals does Nature happen to grant unusual abilities, a matter evidently of genetics, and one that lies beyond the responsibility and control of the individual." In other words, genius is a happy combination of genes and chromosomes. It is likely enough that the Soul finds it easier to

work through some physical organisms than others; but it is an insult to human dignity to assume that physical heredity can be solely or chiefly responsible for the appearance of a Confucius or a Newton or a Napoleon. It is the Soul which transforms the cells of the brain, not the cells which transform the Soul. The ancient philosopher interpreted genius more rationally when he ascribed its origin to the incarnation of a divine entity. Incidentally, he did not mean thereby that a being different from the Soul entered the body, displacing its normal occupant. The "inner god" was conceived as the man himself in a truer guise than that which he usually assumes. The man of genius carries out enterprises which seem impossible to the ordinary man: he sees and helps others to see perspectives to which the average eyes are blind. But he is of one blood with the rest of us. His superiority is the reward of protracted labour and self-discipline extending, as Theosophy teaches, over many lives. What he has done, we can do, but we must begin here and now to exercise the power of choice which we share with the gods, in order to vivify the free will which is our most intimate and precious possession.

THE PARANOID PERSONALITY

There have been many "debunking" biographies of great men in recent years. With the aid of certain psychiatrists, the authors have done their utmost to make their public believe that genius is associated with mental and moral disorders, in particular, with paranoia. In fact, any personality which exhibits conceit or suspicion reveals paranoid symptoms. Let it be admitted at once that the "old Adam" in all of us is an incipient paranoiac. When the paranoid qualities develop beyond measure, conceit passes into "delusions of grandeur" and suspicion into "delusions of persecution". The boundary of sanity is crossed. Unless the victim be segregated from society, he becomes a menace to anyone whom he meets. To defend his fancied rights, he is capable of any crime. Most political assassins seem to have been paranoiaks.

Without doubt, many great individuals upon the stage of history have combined remarkable ability, in one direction or another, with some extremely disagreeable personal characteristics. It is evident that conceit and suspicion have sometimes bulked large in their consciousness. But it is a myth of popular psychology, that paranoia is a normal attribute of any form of genius. We must learn to discriminate between paranoiaks, who have become famous for one reason or another, and men of real genius, who have suffered from some of the ills common to all human nature in its unregenerate condition. If they suffered more than most of us, it may have been because their characters were built on a larger scale. Even their weaknesses seem enormous by comparison with those of lesser men. In any event, their genius is one thing; their "lower nature" is another.

HARMONIOUS PROPORTION

Confucius remarked that the sage in all his thoughts and acts shows forth "harmonious proportion". The man of genius who is not a sage, is not so fortunate; but he should be given full credit for such self-control as he has, since

his whole organism is obliged to endure abnormal stresses and strains. In the fullest sense, only a Master of life and wisdom can be called a man of genius, because only in a Master is the genius, the dæmon, the spiritual will, the Higher Self, fully embodied, in conscious and unrelaxing control of all reflexes and complexes which come "from below". It is less appropriate to say that he has genius than that he *is* genius.

There is a factor here upon which we can meditate with profit. The disciple ardently desires to increase his powers of vision and action, to become free, that he may serve his Master more effectively. But in the words of *Light on the Path*, "That power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men." One ventures to suggest one of the many meanings of this sentence. The disciple does not aim at a lop-sided development. He does not wish to be known by the sharp angles and projections of his personality, by eccentricities and abnormalities which make him obtrude from the mass. His ideal is an harmonious proportion of all his faculties, the example of which is continuously set before him by the being of his Master. It is his constant purpose to do all things well, not to confine his genius in a single talent, not to become a specialist. "Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is so only when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will recognizes this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality."

VITAL FORCE AND ITS VEHICLES

"Every man", says the Eastern scripture, "is potentially a Buddha". A great step forward in a man's inner progress is taken, when he realizes that the attainment of genius does not chiefly depend upon such things as genes and chromosomes, but upon his ability to incarnate the life of the Spirit, without being consumed by it, as Semele was reduced to ashes by the apparition of Zeus. As Theosophy affirms, the vital force which brings all things into being, is omnipresent upon all planes. But it can wound and kill as easily as it can heal and create. One of the immediate undertakings of the disciple must be to make himself a fit vehicle for the reception of an increasing measure of vital force of ever higher intensity.

We may observe in the lower kingdoms the operation of this law that the individual organism is adjusted to a certain pressure of the life-force. Until quite recently, however, biologists have not understood how great that pressure can be. Indeed, few of them have had any belief that a real life-force exists, so eager have they been to explain all physiological phenomena in terms of known chemical and mechanical principles. In an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Philip R. White of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research described a discovery which "revolutionizes botanical theory, overturning one of the most widely accepted hypotheses in the whole field of plant science". His experiments have demonstrated that

"the force within the roots of living plants, hitherto believed to be very small, is actually of a gigantic nature, capable of overcoming with ease counterpressures of 125 pounds to the square inch, the equivalent of a pressure of eight atmospheres". No purely mechanistic theory can account for this phenomenon, and Dr. White feels obliged to postulate the actuality of an unknown "vital" force. We quote from *The New York Times*, December 29, 1937:

The existence of root-pressure was first shown early in the eighteenth century by Stephen Hales, who measured pressures up to 1.4 atmospheres. Nobody had been able to equal that record since. As such a pressure is not nearly enough to account for the rise of sap in tall trees and long vines, the theory was given up for the leaf-suction theory. Dr. White attached growing "orphan" tomato roots to narrow tubes in which the sap pressure could be balanced against the pressure of a column of mercury. With no apparent difficulty, Dr. White observed, the roots balanced 90, then 100, then 125 pounds of pressure to the square inch. At that point the apparatus failed, but the roots still seemed to be ready to accept the challenge of even greater pressures. "The old pressure theory of Hales", Dr. White said, "has been disparaged by modern plant physiology texts because it did not provide sufficient force and because of the suspicion that it might be an artefact. I think that these experiments show pretty conclusively that both these objections are invalid. Root-pressure is certainly a very real phenomenon going on in uninjured, normally metabolizing roots and showing a striking diurnal rhythm that is reminiscent of many vital processes. . . . Six atmospheres of pressure is sufficient to sustain a 200-foot water column. This is far higher than any tomato plant ever grows. Yet such a column appears to be insignificantly small in comparison with what the lifting power of tomato roots is capable of sustaining. That is a force to be reckoned with." The early plant physiologists all attributed sap movement to some form of "vital" activity, at least in major part. With the rise of mechanistic theories in all branches in the last half of the nineteenth century, plant physiology did not escape the trend. . . . His experiments, Dr. White added, showed that the arguments against root-pressure as a factor in sap movement no longer held, that the process once more appeared to be a vital one, rather than purely mechanistic.

THE LIFE IN THE HEART

As Dr. White infers, the implications of his discovery are very important. If biologists as a class were not the most stubborn of materialists, they would be instantly impressed by this revelation that living beings are really endowed with a living power. Life itself remains an eternal mystery, but it is at least an aid to coherent thought, if we no longer assume that the tremendous force exerted by living bodies and the immortality of the germ-plasm are as easy to explain as the motive power of an old-fashioned steam-engine. The laws of thermodynamics do not account for the versatility with which every organism adapts itself to changing conditions. For example, what is the source of the constant pressure which enables the growing plant to split a rock?

It is an accepted biological doctrine that all the higher organisms depend for their sustenance upon the carbohydrates manufactured by the chlorophyll, the green colouring matter in plants, during exposure to sunlight. Physical life is, in a literal sense, an embodiment of the radiant energy which proceeds from and through the sun. There is no conceivable limit to the amount of radiant energy which is available for vital ends. It is the constitution of any particular body

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which limits the amount which can be received and assimilated; when the "saturation-point" is passed, *prana* is transformed into an agent of death.

There seems to be a correspondence between the life-force in the plant-root and the "life in the heart", to which such frequent reference is made in Eastern scriptures. This inner life is also described as emanating from the sun, from the *real* sun, of which the physical image that we see is the shadow. There is the Vedic verse:

The all-formed, the golden, the all-knowing,
The final goal, the one light, the fervent,
Thousand-rayed, hundredfold turning,
The Life of beings, this sun rises.

The theme of the Upanishads is that, by conscious self-identification with the Ray joining the individual to this "Universe of Light", the soul of man becomes free and divulges its latent genius. This act of union is said to take place in the "heart", where is the root of the consciousness of the spiritual man.

From the Divine Self, verily, this Life is born. As the shadow extended beside a man, so is it with this. Through the power of Mind it comes into the body. Like as a king, verily, enjoins his lords, saying, Rule over these villages and these villages! thus, verily, the Life disposes hither and thither the lesser lives. . . . In the heart is the Self. Here are the hundred and one channels, from each of these a hundred. . . . According to his thinking he comes to life; his life being linked by the radiance with the Self, leads him to the world that he has moulded for himself. . . . He who knows the origin, the entrance, the dwelling and the lordship of Life fivefold, he reaches the immortal; knowing this, he reaches the immortal (*Prashna Upanishad*).

THE GRANDEUR AND THE MISERY OF THE MIND

It is a sobering but encouraging thought, that mind alone imposes limitations upon our capacity to absorb the radiance which streams from the Divine Self, the Holy Spirit, as it is called in Christian terminology. "As a man thinks, so he is." It is possible to change, to improve the mind. The power of imagination which binds us, can also set us free.

However, to be real, the transformation of the mind must proceed *pari passu* with the transformation of character. It obviously cannot proceed at the same velocity for all beings. All minds are not large; some are pitifully small. Why are the asylums for the insane so crowded to-day? Not merely because congenital feeble-mindedness may be commoner now than in the past. Too many people have learned to read and write. There is too much incoherent "education". If they had been left in peace, multitudes of poor creatures might have preserved what little mentality they received at birth, or even, through the ministrations of Nature and normal experience, have added to it. The mind, like the body, cannot bear more than it can carry. One cannot pour more into a bowl than it can contain. Social and political upheavals are inevitable products of mental over-feeding, for there are not enough asylums to hold more than a small minority of the victims of our schools and colleges.

SERVICE OF THE ETERNAL

There is really only one way in which thought can be changed for the better and the horizons of the mind be widened. Modern education takes little account of it, but it has been pointed out by every wise teacher since the dawn of human life. It is the service of the Eternal, the service of values which are everlasting. In so far as a man is free, in so far as he is superior, he is dedicated to an end, a cause, an ideal, which he knows to be more enduring and more precious than himself, and which he loves and obeys without thought of reward or recognition. Thus some men in all ages have loved and served their highest conception of truth or beauty or honour or liberty, and they have loved and served those who most completely embodied the ideal which they themselves yearned to realize.

Recently an American correspondent made a trip to Palestine. In Jerusalem he met some of the better-class Arabs, men of gentle birth. He was impressed, almost overwhelmed, by their urbanity and courtesy. But what seemed to impress him the most, was that they obviously rated honour higher than life. They did not talk about it, but it was clear that they regarded honour, as the Greek sage regarded it, as the one treasure from which a man cannot be separated against his will. The correspondent admired them, but he was bewildered also. It was all so remote from Broadway and Forty-Second Street! How could such things be? Perhaps, he half suggested, it was because the Arabs find life so painful and disagreeable, so devoid of modern improvements, that they welcome any excuse to end it with dignity. We venture to remark that if he meant this, it would signify that he has never really lived. Life in the human kingdom does not truly begin until it becomes an object of sacrifice. The Arabs have many terrible shortcomings, but dislike of living is scarcely one of them. The best of them enjoy life more than most newspaper reporters, precisely because they are ready to lay it down when the demands of their code exact this of them. They are good soldiers, as the West learned in past centuries.

The Christian Occident has its good soldiers also, as would be clearly shown if by some means the *conscience* of the West could be awakened, as it was awakened during the Great War. We know now, if we did not know before, that the Great War was ended before real victory was achieved; that the Dark Powers were wounded but not slain, and are now at least as strong on the outer plane as they were in 1914. The Allies lacked final perseverance. But the fact remains that for four years millions of civilized men and women gave all that they had, in defence of their code, and to save Europe from barbarism and desolation. That great collective devotion to a sacred cause is part of the history of the West. The "good Karma" which it has sown, cannot fail to germinate and someday to bear fruit. The present rôle of France and England in the international tragedy is ignominious and painful to behold. Neither nations nor individuals can escape from the consequences of their past actions, good and bad. This is the hour of "bad Karma", but the "good" must have its day. *Debout, les morts!* The armies of the illustrious dead have not deserted France

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and England, nor have they laid down their arms like too many of those who survived. Their intervention could at any moment turn the tide.

It has been—and so far as we know, still is—the custom of a certain company of French grenadiers to pay daily tribute to the memory of La Tour d'Auvergne, a noble of the *ancien régime*, who served as a private during the Wars of the Revolution. He refused all promotion, even at the hands of Bonaparte, but a special title was created for him, that of *Premier Grenadier de France*. Whenever the roll-call of his company is called, the oldest grenadier answers for La Tour d'Auvergne: "*Présent. Mort au champ d'honneur.*" Does not this moving ceremony, repeated day after day, illustrate the law of the growth of the soul, the spiritual will, the immortal genius, the "Higher Self" within man? No one can sacrifice himself "on the field of honour", wherever that "field" may be, without increasing his power to serve what he loves and to animate the souls of others.

THE SERVICE WHICH IS PERFECT FREEDOM

One recalls the austere and magnificent figure of Cato of Utica, the Warden of Purgatory in the *Divine Comedy*, the Roman who preferred death to loss of liberty. The historical Cato was celebrated in antiquity, because in the midst of change and revolution he remained steadfastly faithful to the code of honour bequeathed by his ancestors. He identified Roman liberty and "republican virtue" with loyalty to that code. This loyalty was the nucleus of his life. It was his genius, and at certain moments it became so incandescent that it set aflame the hearts of multitudes. There is an example of this in Plutarch:

Before one of the battles at Dyrrhachium, when Pompey himself made an address to the soldiers, the men listened coldly and in silence. But Cato came forward, and in the language of philosophy, spoke to them, as the occasion required, concerning liberty, manly virtue, death and a good name; upon all which he delivered himself with strong natural passion, and he concluded with calling upon the gods, to whom he directed his speech, as if they were present to behold the soldiers fight for their country. And at this the army gave such a shout and showed such excitement that their officers led them on full of hope and confidence to the danger.

Fortunate is the man who, like Cato of Utica, can be inspired by some aspect of immortal truth and can inspire others by the radiance of his love! Blessed is he who has discovered the Eternal personified in a spiritual Father, a living being, the Master "at the head of his Ray", to whom he can devote all that he is and all that he can become. This is the service which is perfect freedom.

FRAGMENTS

THE Master speaks:

When I enter the garden of your thoughts, have you no flowers for me? Why are the paths untended where I walk, why are the beds unplanted, the lilies and the roses drooping on their stalks for lack of moisture and of cultivation?

It was I that made this garden, sending streams of living water through it, hedging it about. I planted the flowering shrubs, and put the bulbs in the cool, dark earth. By now it should have been a place of loveliness, perfumed with devotion, full of the singing of birds, an Eden for my delight. What have you done with my garden?

Here I was to find coolness and shade, and refreshment when I was weary; here the presence of angels; the sound of the fountains and of the birds was to be a hymn of adoration to the Father, and the incense of prayer arise to him from the cup of every blossom. What have you done with my garden?

When the Brothers come to visit me, where shall I invite them? The seats are broken and lying on the ground, the leaves on the trees have withered, there is no protection from the noonday sun when Satan wanders abroad; and where are you, to receive us and bid us welcome?

You are hiding, as well you may, behind the rubbish of your multitudinous occupations,—your “duties”, your “interests”, even your “cares”—anything whatever to serve as a screen between me and my interests and your duties toward me, neglecting the one thing needful.

What have you done with my garden, and with yourself, secreted in the midst of its desolation? you who are flinging away your birthright for the mere illusion of a mess of pottage.

What have you done with my garden?

CAVÉ.

INSPIRATION¹

AT THIS opening meeting of the season, it has been our habit to refer briefly to what The Theosophical Society is, and is not. We wish it to be clear that each of us who speaks here speaks for himself, so that he is neither committing the Society nor asking his hearers to accept some orthodox doctrine which, if they prefer to reject it, will leave them suspect and *persona non grata* amongst us. The Society maintains a free and open platform. It has no creed nor dogma to set up as a criterion for good standing.

But this freedom and absence of official formulas does not mean that after all these years of study and discussion and grave experiment, after all that has been handed down to us from our predecessors, we feel that we have nothing to offer others, nor that we think all views, however courteously we may welcome them, are of equal moment and of equal truth. It is not at all that we have found nothing of Divine Wisdom to justify our name. We think we have found something of it, and our absence of dogma is due to the fact that what we have found is seen as too large and many-sided to be wrapped up in some little parcel of words. Truth is something greater than definitions, and we deem no description of reality can properly be substituted for the Real. Rather would we lead all men, were we able, to look directly at life itself.

It has been said that instead of offering a creed, the activities of the Society tend to inculcate what is intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life. Our intellectual attitude is set forth in the motto on our seal: "There is no religion higher than truth." We seek the truth, really desiring to find it, whatever it may be or wherever it may lead. One cannot seek truth without striving to turn from error; and yet if one love truth, it must be regarded as of far more moment than error. Therefore, in the Society's discussions, we think it more fruitful to try to understand one another's truths, than to carp at one another's errors. It is probable that everything which is said at our meetings will have in it some measure of truth and some of error. To gain the greater measure of truth, we are prepared, if we must, to accept something of error, which, later, we may be able to winnow away. Thus we look for agreements, rather than differences, in the belief that the common part of men's views of life is more likely to be the true and fundamental part than where they diverge, so that our attitude involves a looking to the centre, and our procedure is centripetal rather than centrifugal.

Our practical method is a natural derivative of this intellectual attitude. It rests, ultimately, upon the unity which underlies all diversity of manifestation, and which, of course, alone makes possible any understanding of the universe. This fundamental unity is implied in all three of the Society's stated objects: to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood; to study the great religions of

¹ From an address before the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society.

mankind; and to investigate the finer forces of nature and the psychical powers latent in man. Brotherhood is a word that has been used to cover much of evil—there are Brothers of Darkness as well as of Light—but the Brotherhood of which we would form the nucleus, is based on the recognition of a Divine Fatherhood, to which all religions point, so that the essential being of all men is seen as the divine ray which they embody, and in which, latent and potential, are all the powers and attributes of the Divine. Man is the microcosm of the Macrocosm.

This was one of the points most emphasized by Madame Blavatsky in the restatement of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom, which she brought to the Society's open platform, and it leads directly to the theosophic method and doctrine of Correspondences. We should call it the scientific method were it not for the fact that science to-day seems strangely to distrust the breadth of its own foundations, and, leaving man and consciousness out of its consideration, limits itself to the world it deems it can measure. Yet when Newton, if the story be not too apocryphal, saw in the fall of an apple the universal laws which govern all matter and motion, from the greatest to the least, or when the physicist in the laboratory studies the action of lightning by observing the discharge of a Leyden jar, the basic assumptions implicit in their procedure are those which Theosophy makes explicit in its doctrine of Correspondences. It is the unities of being which alone make science possible; and man, and the soul of man, share in these unities. All the great religious teachers have, for this reason, taught through parables and stories, always pointing to life to illustrate life. So Christ likened the Kingdom of Heaven to a grain of mustard seed, and bade us consider the lilies of the field, or the love of a father for his son. So St. John opens his gospel by likening the creation of the manifested universe to a spoken word. Life is itself the revealer of Life, and all that is, mirrors for us the Life of All. By this we are enabled to read within the little the secret of the great, and in the familiar facts of our experience to see the workings of divine and universal laws.

I propose that we consider this evening a fact that is so commonplace and familiar that its significance is usually overlooked. That fact is the fact of inspiration.

It may seem strange to speak of inspiration as commonplace. It is a word that is, in general, rightly reserved for something rare and high, which lifts men above the commonplace, and the normal level of their consciousness and powers. A profound disservice is done to truth and to us all when such words are lowered or cheapened. Yet that which is transcendent may also be immanent. Light is light whether it come from a firefly, or a shred of cotton wick dipped in oil, or from a flaming sun; and we are not lowering or belittling the firmament of the heavens when we realize that the light and heat of the stars are the same as that by which we see, and warm ourselves, and cook our food. The little and the great are one, as the Universe is One. There is nothing so little that God cannot enter it; and because we ourselves are little, it is to the little that we must look in order to understand the great.

to our consciousness, and through us to others. in a vesture which it weaves

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"In all ages entering into holy souls, she [Wisdom] maketh them friends of God and prophets."

The fact of inspiration, which lights the history of mankind and lifts to grandeur the seers and saints and heroes of the race, is demonstrated, in little, in the familiar fact of your everyday experience, that you did not have an idea, and now you have it; that your courage was low, and now is higher; that you were despondent, and now have hope.

The question is, how did it happen, and what is its significance? Where did you get that greater courage, that new view of truth, that inspiration as to what was the wise thing to do in the puzzling circumstances that confronted you? Did you have them latent somewhere about you? If so, you did not know it. Did you eat them? Are they distillations of carrots and cabbage? Of course there are those who will tell you that cabbage and carrots have a great deal to do with the matter, for if you do not eat, you will have neither courage nor hope nor any vision of what is wise. There is truth in this, for to receive is not the negative and passive thing sometimes supposed. It is an act of power. You are working when you listen to someone speak, as perhaps you realize. Really to understand and follow anyone talking to you, requires the rehandling of many varied elements of your personal history,—the rearrangement, under the guidance of the speaker's words, of the patterns left in the sediment of past hopes, desires and experience. As in a dance, one leads, one follows; but each must move and carry his own weight. From our food, our bodies gain the energy requisite for such motion, so that the brain and nervous system can register and transmit the impressions they receive. By our food, too, if it disagree with us, the whole functioning of our organism may be so deranged that nothing can reach us. But no matter how important a part food may play, I do not think any of us really believes that any spiritual values, any vision of truth or will to right, have their origin in, or are distillates of, merely physical substance or action.

Therefore the question persists, where do we get the new ideas that arise in us, our new hope and our new spirit? Whence comes our inspiration? I know of no more important question; but I shall not now attempt any further answer to it than the negative comment we have just made. It is not drawn from the world of visible substance and physical force. But from somewhere, out of a region that has been to us formless and invisible, something takes form and visibility, something comes to us as new thought, new spirit, new power or new beauty. Let us say it comes from "the other world", since it does not come from what we can recognize as this one. Or let us say from "the inner world", or from some world that transcends in dimensionality the world of our normal consciousness, since it arises and takes form within us, rather than coming already formed from without, through some avenue of the senses. In some of the Eastern scriptures, it has been described in Sanscrit phrases that have been translated as "the causal world", and the world "of formless power"; and anyone who watches his own inspiration, the birth of clearer thought or new ideas or firmer purpose, which become the causes of his actions, will recognize what

the phrase is meant to convey,—that something of power which was before formless to us has taken form, and what we could not see has now become visible. But we should be misled if these words suggested to us that the inner world is amorphous or nebulous or inchoate. Rather is it the matrix of all forms; the field and focus of all the formative forces. How to describe it, and the passage which inspiration effects from the unconscious to the conscious, I do not know. Perhaps the words of St. Augustine come as near to it as any we can find. "When I first knew Thee Thou liftedst me up, that I might see there was somewhat for me to see, and that I was not yet such as to see." They convey the characteristic sense of the action of a power other than ourselves; the perception that there is something to see which we do not see; and that the reason we do not see it, is an inadequacy in us, not in it.

There is an old and beautiful mystical treatise whose name, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, is suggestive in this connection, for the process by which thought is born, and inspiration received, seems often such a pressing up, and being drawn up, into this cloud of unknowing, as the treatise describes, and, with this, the steadfast intending of our attention upon something which we dimly sense to exist there, though what it is we do not know. We fasten our attention upon it until, little by little, it takes form in the mist. Little by little it draws to itself from out of our memories and experience, things similar to or contrasting with itself. In a kind of subconscious questioning, our whole being is passed in review before it; and as a magnet draws iron from all other substances, so our inspiration draws from the storehouse of all that we have felt or known, the things of its own kind. They cluster around it, as iron filings around the magnet, until they become a medium or vehicle for the manifestation of this new and unknown truth in terms familiar to our consciousness. They are like the visible drapery which reveals the form of the invisible body that it clothes. So our inspiration clothes and reveals itself to us through the vehicle which we ourselves furnish it.

It would be absurd to suppose that all ideas come, and all inspiration acts, in the same way, but I believe that what has just been outlined is so common and typical that its essential elements can be recognized in all our intellectual activity,—even in trivial conversation, and whenever ideas have to be found and clothed in words. Such strangeness as may appear in our description is, I think, due to the fact that the process, except in purposed meditation, is in general largely subconscious and very rapid. To analyze and attempt to follow it in detail, therefore, yields an effect similar to that of showing a moving picture at only a fraction of the speed with which it was taken. Everything is slowed down. A succession of steps is substituted for the continuous flow of movement, and rapid transition stages, which the eye itself never notices, seem awkward and curious when recorded as though they were permanent.

It is sufficient for our present purpose, however, if it be clear that we are all constantly receiving from some "inner world" or source other than the visible, physical world about us, an influx that acts upon us behind the mental machinery of expression, and which thereupon clothes itself, and presents itself

to our consciousness, and through us to others, in a vesture which it weaves from elements that we ourselves supply. In one, its vehicle may be colour. In another, music. In another, the magical images that we call words, with their power to evoke our past and make it live again,—so that no one ever knows all that the word he utters may mean to him who hears it. But in each of us our inspiration can use only the media that we can supply. In us, its vocabulary is limited to ours. You will remember the little English boy, who, taken to church in Paris, asked his mother, “Does God talk French?” How can Life, or the Universe, or the Spirit, talk to you, save in your own language? How can anything be significant to you, save as it has significance in terms that you understand? Wherever inspiration acts, through whatever form of nature or of being, it clothes itself in that form. So in the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna tells Arjuna, “In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine.”

From all the foregoing, one fact emerges unmistakably. Our whole sentient life is supported by, and evidences, the working of a formative power, which, acting from the unseen to the seen, is constantly bringing us new vision of truth or beauty or holiness (or, alas, since we are open below as well as above, of their perversions and opposites); constantly forming within us new images of reality; constantly making new moulds for a new will and a new spirit. Our physical senses tell us of an outer world made up of things already formed, individual and separate,—separate, individual stars and men and women, insects and trees and grains of sand. Our inner world is no less rich in individual and separate forms,—formed and separate thoughts, feelings, desires and emotions. But as we look inward and watch our inner life, we see that these separate things, created in the past, are of chief moment to us now as being the sole medium which we can offer for the present action of the inflowing and in-forming spirit. These two aspects of Being, the formed and the formative, are never, and can never be separated.

Now, surely, our initial observation that we do, somehow, get new ideas, has led us a long way, and opened far horizons upon snow-clad mysteries. For here we are looking out upon the ageless mystery of the Trinity,—the fact that the One Reality, the Father of all, ever reveals itself in manifestation under the dual aspects of the formed and the forming; of the Son, who is one with the Father and manifests his image; and of the Holy Spirit, which, proceeding from the Father and the Son, ceaselessly acts to impress that image upon all that is, and to fill with itself the moulds that it creates. We use the Christian terms not merely because they have been familiar—and perhaps incomprehensible—to many of us from infancy, but particularly in order that it may be the more noticeable that The Theosophical Society, imposing no creed upon its members, nevertheless gives them, in Theosophy, a practical method and guiding principle which lead to the interpretation and validation of all the creeds, so that, though the realities with which they deal stretch far beyond our utmost vision, we see clearly ways in which they apply also to us, even in the lowlands where we live.

Though we began with the very small, we have now been led to the very great, and face the penalty of having chosen such a theme for our evening's discussion. For we cannot consider the action of the Holy Spirit apart from the other aspects of the Trinity, and though the way lies open before us, looking out upon so vast a scene, we know how presumptuous would be the attempt to traverse it. We must return again to the little, and to the theosophic method of seeking there the understanding of the great. As Lao-Tze tells us in the *Tao-Teh-King*, *The Book of the Path of Virtue*: "Finding the great in what is small, and the many in the few, . . . effecting difficult things while they are easy, and managing great things in their beginnings,—this is the way of Tao. 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." Theosophy would, if it could, make us wise. We turn back, therefore, to look again at the way inspiration comes to us through "the cloud of unknowing".

I doubt whether there are many men who have not felt as though, separated from them only by a veil which sometimes seems thin, there were an inner world of consciousness, rich and radiant with the full perfection of all the things with whose imperfections we are struggling in our outer life. There, just beyond that veil of mist, or even pressing toward us through the mist that shadowed it, was the wholeness of Truth that unified the broken fragments which were all we held. There was Beauty, glowing in form and colour, though our eyes lost them before they could be registered. Music and Poetry were there, whose rhythm remained, though words and harmonies died from memory in the very moment they were born. And there, perhaps in some way different from all the rest, in that, however dimly seen, it never wanes, could be sensed the presence of Nobility of Soul.

I doubt, as I said, whether there can be many who have not had such a feeling; but whether the recognition be as common as I believe or not, of one thing I am confident. If it be the type of experience to which I wish to point, if it be genuine and not some psychic counterfeit, it carries with it unquestioning conviction that whatever it be which we sense beyond the veil, it is, in itself and of its own kind, perfect and complete. It is only our perception or translation of it that is imperfect and incomplete,—due to the inadequacy of what we bring to it as materials for its expression. Whenever we succeed in tracing inspiration back to its source, we always find this sense of perfection inherent in its origin.

To establish this point, from which we wish to draw certain inferences, we have entered upon very dangerous ground, and should pause to post warnings. If, instead of speaking of a "cloud of unknowing", we had called it plainly our dense stupidity and crass ignorance, and an impurity and lack of holiness that made us responsive to every voice of vanity and passion, it would scarcely be necessary to say that what we encountered in it might be something less than perfect, and other than the True, the Good and the Beautiful. A cloud zone can reflect an incendiary and destructive conflagration on earth, while it dims

the sun or stars; and very much of what conceit mistakes for inspiration from on high, is a psychic reflection from beneath. Ideas that are misty are not thereby made true; nor is everything veiled either beautiful or good. Few things are more corrosive to such sense and judgment as a man may possess, than to think that he has touched perfection in any particular. But let it be observed that in the process of inspiration, as we have described it, we do *not* think that we have touched perfection, but only that we have become aware of its existence, and have striven to open ourselves to its in-forming, trans-forming radiance in order that we may be changed in little and in big, in nature and in life, nearer to its likeness. We are not saying that men are not victims of their own silliness and vanity; nor that there are not evils and deceptions to which they are open and endlessly succumb. But we do say that above all imperfection is the Perfect; above all evil the Good; and that to these, also, man is open,—that Theosophy, Divine Wisdom, exists, and can to-day as “in all ages” enter into and irradiate the soul. Some time since, we borrowed a sentence from St. Augustine. The one with which he followed it is not less pertinent: “And Thou didst beat back the weakness of my sight, streaming forth Thy beams of light upon me most strongly, and I trembled with love and awe: and I perceived myself to be far off from Thee, *in the region of unlikeness*, as if I heard this Thy voice from on high: ‘I am the food of grown men; grow, and thou shalt feed upon Me; nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh, into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me.’ ” It has been quoted more than once from this platform, for it records a perception that marks the beginning of the Way.

With proper warnings, thus duly posted, of the quicksands that fringe the way we have come, we may now compare the observations it has yielded us with those we made earlier from a different point of view. We saw first that in the birth of new ideas—in the commonplace phenomena of our everyday thought and speech—inspiration came to us as the influx of a creative, formative power which acted upon us from within (or behind or above, use what word you will) the whole mental machinery of expression, and set that machinery to work; so that, if we were attentive to the process, we could watch the heretofore unknown idea reveal itself to our consciousness by donning such clothes as it could fashion from what it found in us. As a man, needing to outfit himself from a ready-made clothing shop, tries on and rejects garment after garment which the salesman hopefully hands him, but must ultimately take the nearest fit and least objectionable patterns and colours which the shop affords, so our inspiration has to dress itself from what we may have in stock. It does not come “all dressed up”, but gives the impression of having stooped to us from a world where our kind of vesture is not needed, though now, like a well-bred guest, it accommodates itself to the limitations of our hospitality. That was what we saw at first. But in what we noted later, of the world that we sometimes glimpsed “just beyond the veil”, there was no sense of looking into the unmanifest, of touching unclothed essences that would stoop to fill such forms as we could offer. All that reached us from that inner world told of the exact opposite. It told, not of the beginnings of things, but of their full flower-

ing; not of the germ of individuality, but of its attainment; not of the unexpressed, but of an utter perfection of expression of every form and kind,—a perfection so complete and ultimate that in having become absolute it had become eternal. To it nothing could be added, nor anything taken away; for it was what it was, and mirrored the Supreme. Its concern was with what was above, not with what was below; and therefore it could not stoop, nor accommodate itself to our limitations so as to incarnate in us. But if we were attuned and very still, beams from its radiance might enter our heart and mind; and if one had any faculty or instrument, sensitive and trained, a response might rise, not as the Perfect it sought to reflect, but yet as great poetry or art or music. And even those of us who, lacking any instrument, are incapable of utterance, nevertheless know that, in what has touched us, virtue has passed into us and inspiration been received. The vision of the Perfect, however dim and broken, quickens a nostalgia which will not rest, and leaves in our memories something which, if too vague to be a mould, is yet the matrix of moulds which later inspiration may in-form and fill.

Thus inspiration comes to us from two sources which yet are One—from both directions along the great arc of our evolution—from what stands to us for the Unmanifest, and from the manifested Perfect,—the Master who reveals it. Once again, in the little, we come upon the Great.

"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together, is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the Prophets."

This doctrine of the Holy Ghost, or, to pass from Christian to theosophic terminology, the doctrine of Fohat, is the essential complement of the existence of Masters. It points to the creative action of the Spirit, which both "conceives" the Perfection of Humanity that the Masters embody, and "proceeds" from that Perfection to inspire and uplift all lower levels. Madame Blavatsky speaks of it in *The Secret Doctrine* as the link between Spirit and matter, "the bridge by which the Ideas existing in the Divine Thought are impressed on Cosmic substance as the 'laws of Nature'." Fohat is thus the dynamic energy of Cosmic Ideation, . . . the guiding power of all manifestation, . . . transmitted and made manifest by the Dhyan Chohans, the Architects of the visible world. Thus from Spirit, or Cosmic Ideation, comes our consciousness; from Cosmic Substance the several vehicles in which that consciousness is individualized." Later, she refers to it as "the key in Occultism" to all the world's religions and mythologies. It invites our study, in its universal as well as in its personal aspect, but here we must return to the little and the personal, to note another factor in us, that constantly limits and thwarts our inspiration.

We may approach it by an analogy and a question. Throw a stone into a pond. The still surface breaks into circular and concentric ripples. Throw a stone into a sheet of glass, or into the same pond when thin ice has formed on it. The glass or ice will be shattered into jagged lines and angles. Let a fact (and remember that facts are spiritual things, as are all truths) be thrown into your attention, breaking the surface of your consciousness. What kind of pattern

does it make there? What is the character of the thoughts, the emotions, the feelings, that are prompted by facts or inspiration of any kind?

The first, and common-sense, answer would probably be that it depended upon the fact or inspiration. But does it? Of course to a certain degree it does; just as the character of the splash, caused in the pond, depends in part upon the shape of the stone. But to a far greater extent, as we have just seen, it depends upon the surface and the substance into which the stone falls. So it is with you. The effect which facts—above all, the effect which inner facts and inspiration—have upon you, depends chiefly upon you.

I draw near to three friends, holding a telegraph form in my hand. One of them laughs, for no obvious reason, and calls, "Hello, are you playing Mercury? What's the good news now?" Another, looking up quickly, his whole body tense, asks, "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?" The third, silent, simply watches and waits. Here are three different reactions, and reactions not to a specific fact (it was not known what, if anything, that telegraph form contained), but to any interrupting and possibly important fact,—to fact as fact, not to the quality of fact, and so to Reality and Being itself. The first response, doubtless intended to be gay, and perhaps seeming so to the one who made it, was, instead, personal and trivial. The second revealed scar tissue. In some way life had hurt the speaker, so that his reaction to any unexpected intrusion of fact was one of anxious foreboding, or of fear. The third does not admit of sure interpretation. Such unmoved, silent waiting may be the result of a mere bovine lack of imagination. Or it may indicate such a response to Reality as the great of heart have attained: that calm, level-eyed facing of whatever may come, prepared to deal with it as it comes, and to leave the result in quietness to Karma and the Masters.

What we see thus clearly in others, is true also of ourselves. Each of us presents to Reality, to Divine Inspiration, to Life and Theosophy, an attitude and a surface whose pattern we have made characteristic of ourselves. It may be a fearful attitude, or a cheaply jocular attitude, or a bovine attitude, or one that is faithful and heroic. But whatever it may be, we must take it into account. Break a steel bar, and the surface of fracture follows and reveals the crystallization of the steel. Different minerals are distinguished by the different types of crystals which they present, and which determine the angles at which they reflect or transmit light. It is the same with us. The inspiration that comes to us all, the new life and light from the Causal World of Wisdom, is reflected and refracted in different individuals at different angles, so that the expression it is given, and, indeed, whether it can penetrate beneath the surface of our consciousness, depend upon the crystallizations that have taken place in our natures, and which characterize our minds and hearts. Do we not all know people who, no matter what is said to them, will hear and remember only what accords with their own preconceptions and predilections? They will quote back to you, as your own, phrases which they have thus taken out of their context and have made to convey the exact opposite of your plainly stated meaning. But let us take courage and hope from the knowledge that our type

of crystallization is something we can change. It exists in us, determining our instinctive, automatic reactions to-day, only because we have made those reactions our habit in the past. Little by little, as we grow in self-knowledge and gain consciousness of them, we can correct them, as we can correct any habit.

Or, to see from a little different view-point these same limitations, let us ask ourselves: What kind of vocabulary do we put at the service of our inspiration? How do we express new ideas when we get them? Our vocabulary is of words, but it is—or should be—of far more than words. It consists also of our will and emotions and instincts, our fears and desires and whole nature. We have to offer all these things, all that we are, to our inspiration as the material from which the Holy Spirit is to make in us its vehicle. As *Light on the Path* tells us, "the whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way". The Creative Power, working through the soil, can draw up fruits of the soil, grain and trees and flowers, that it cannot draw from rock. Wherever it acts, its result is dependent upon, and limited by, the substance through which it acts. In us, it can only act on and through what we are. It can only in-form, and express itself through, such stuff as we supply, and through such patterns as that stuff is capable of taking. Therefore it behoves us to learn to bring more to our inspiration, to extend our vocabulary, dissolve our old crystallizations and hard and fast patterns, that we may make ourselves pliable where now we are rigid, responsive on higher planes where now we are inert.

This is another thing that the Society does, and can do more and more for us. There is no one of us, in the Theosophic Movement, who is not in contact with others who are, in some way, wiser than we are, whose response to life, and therefore whose inspiration, is truer and holier and more beautiful than our own, though it came from the same source, and fell upon us even as it fell upon them. From their example, we can learn how to alter the surface of fracture we expose when some fact or truth of the inner world breaks our sleeping consciousness, learn how to open ourselves more fully to the ethical spirit of Theosophy, and give ourselves more truly and completely to its religious life.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

*We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery our soul abides.*

*But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ON HAVING A PURPOSE IN LIFE

STUDENTS of Theosophy are told that Mr. Judge used often to ask: "What is your purpose in life?" Ardent lover of his Master, grieved at unresponsiveness, deadness, or aimless drifting, his challenge calls to mind the vision of the Hebrew prophet, Ezekiel, in the valley of dry bones; and how, when he "prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. . . ." And so, when this call to a purpose in life rings out at every meeting of our Branch, and above all at the Convention, there follows a stirring, an awakening, to our divine privilege and opportunity.

With this thought in mind it is inspiring to hear of a woman of our day who had a purpose in life. Her name was Hannah Riddell. She was born in 1855 at Barnet, near London, the only child of her parents, and would have gone as a missionary to India because of her father's great interest in that country. But her wish for India was frustrated by the death of her parents, one soon after the other. Later she heard what she believed to be God's call: the Church Missionary Society asked her to go to Japan.

Now she had always thought Japan must be "a dreadful place to live in", because of the frequent earthquakes; but, as one sees all through the story of her life,¹ her ruling desire was to further her Master's cause, without any thought of self. The story reveals clearly also the secret of her marvellous success: she understood so absolutely St. Paul's reiterated teaching that, while by herself she could do nothing, yet with the Master she could do whatever he might require of her. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels", says St. Paul, "that the excellency of the power might be of God."

So, in this dependence, she arrived at Osaka, studied the language, and was soon working at Kumamoto, a city of Northern Japan. One day a friend invited her to see the cherry trees lining the approach to Hommyoji Temple. It was a beautiful morning, and under a clear blue sky the cherry blossoms were a lovely sight. But as she reached the Temple her delight was suddenly changed to horror. She had never before seen a leper, and there, thronging the steps, and all about the grounds, were these awful sufferers. The day was an anniversary occasion: three hundred years before, Kato Kyomasa, a great general and statesman, who had become a leper, was healed at this Temple and later was buried there.

Miss Riddell was overwhelmed with compassion and dismay. Each leper was pleading for alms, it being indeed by alms alone—as she learned—that they could exist, since their families cast them out, and no one took thought for them, even the Government paying no heed to them whatever.

That night Miss Riddell never closed her eyes, meditating on the awful scene.

¹ For further particulars, see *Hannah Riddell, Known in Japan as "The Mother of Lepers"*, translated from the Japanese of Jingo Tobimatsu, 1937.

As the hours passed the conviction grew that God must mean her to give her life to the lepers; then, when morning dawned, she felt there was not an hour to be lost, and arming herself with lotions and bandages she hastened back to the Temple.

Everyone knows that leprosy is the most loathsome disease that afflicts humanity. For hundreds of years it had been called in Japan "The Punishment of God", so that lepers felt themselves to be accursed. All of which drove this noble woman from the Temple to the slums of the city, where she washed, anointed and bound their wounds and, above all, poured hope and faith into their despairing hearts. The work was so vast she decided to establish a clinic, trying all the while to interest people, and especially the Government, and giving her entire private means to the cause. Then her horizon widened. She saw she must build a hospital, but how,—with indifference around her, and England so far away? Still she urged and wrote and strove, while some said she was mad. It was not until 1895, five years after her visit to the Temple, that the Hospital was opened. Here let me quote her biographer:

In the northern part of the city of Kumamoto, at the foot of the green-clad Mt. Tat-suta, surrounded by a beautiful trimmed hedge, we see a group of several buildings. Ascending a gently rising gravelled path, we come to a white gate, within which are to be seen numbers of large camphor trees and newly trimmed shrubs. Contemplating this one feels a peaceful and holy atmosphere pervading the whole scene. This is the quiet home for spiritual and bodily help where the leper patients are housed. This hospital is known as "The Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope".

Miss Riddell had been greatly concerned in choosing a name for her hospital. "The idea", she said, "that patients enter because of a disease which is loathed by the world is abhorrent, and must be removed from their minds." This is one example of her intense sympathy, and her ability to enter into the consciousness of others. But there are many more. In a group discussing means of securing funds for erecting the Hospital, someone suggested newspaper publicity. After a pause, she said: "I am doing my work in the spirit of a Japanese myself,—I certainly should not like to see the papers report that a foreigner is doing relief work for miserable, unhappy beings whom people and society here have neglected. For the sake of Japan I should not like to see such reports in the Japanese and foreign press." When a patient entered the hospital Miss Riddell said: "You are welcome here; this is your home; do not worry about yourself any longer; be free from anxiety."

Marquis Toshitaka Okubo, who wrote an introduction to the biography, says:

When Miss Riddell spoke at a special meeting held at the Governor's residence, men listened to her plans and to her description of the work she was doing with tears in their eyes. She had a very wide vision of her aims. It was not only to have lepers well treated, but also to eradicate leprosy from the land. She moved towards this goal step by step, making use of every opportunity as it arose.

And from Kehchi Suzuki, Governor of Kumamoto Prefecture:

It was really Miss Riddell's noble character that people admired. It was by her earnest religious faith that people were drawn to her, and it was her indomitable will

and flaming spirit of love that made it possible for her to reach her ideal. It is generally recognized that we may rightly say that God sent her here, and she truly delivered God's message to our people.

Miss Riddell's modesty was such that she deprecated any praise. She said: "I am not a social-service worker, but am only working in accordance with the will of God."

In 1898 Miss Riddell went to England and explained to her friends and relatives what she was doing. At that time she decided to resign from the Church Missionary Society and to work independently.

She was anxious about the hospital in its relation to the law. She insisted that the relief of lepers should be a national undertaking, so that the government and the people should work together for that end. As the hospital was gradually completed, she thought it should no longer be a personal property and asked permission to have it registered. In 1906 it received its charter from the Minister for Home Affairs. The Japanese people everywhere now began to appreciate what was being done, and Miss Riddell received many grateful letters, and contributions came from various sources. Later a group of friends in England, and also in America, formed themselves into a committee for furnishing information about the work.

But to return to our description of the Hospital. As time went on many necessary buildings were added, in all sixteen, and the most important, the church. It is of Japanese architecture, and all its interior arranged for the comfort as well as the edification of the patients, and an inclined entrance provided for wheel chairs. It is called the Church of the Advent, and over the door are the words: "My House shall be called the House of Prayer." Beyond and among the buildings are gardens; a kitchen garden cared for by the patients, and many garden patches for those well enough to work in them. And great is the delight of these gardeners at planting the seeds, seeing the delicate shoots come up and then the beautiful flowers.

After the service of dedicating the church, someone remarked how perfect the upkeep of the hospital was and how expensive it must be. "Yes", a friend replied, "perhaps so; but all the money in the world could never result in making the atmosphere what we all feel it to be: nothing but the tireless, consecrated personal attention and loving care of the founder herself could accomplish this. The Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope is the creation of a consecrated personality. It is the spiritual, as well as the material expression of a great soul devoted to the service of God and her fellow men."

But her work extended far beyond this hospital. Kusatsu, one thousand miles from Kumamoto, is a place with hot sulphur springs, and of great natural beauty, where rhododendrons and lilies of the valley abound, and where lepers congregated in hope of benefit from the waters. Often, however, in their disappointment, they became desperate, and sought oblivion in drink, and thence sank into the depths of vice. So Kusatsu was "a town of darkness". When Miss Riddell saw it she wept; yet, instead of drawing back in despair, she thought of the despair of the lepers, and of the power of Christ.

For this great undertaking she had untold help in the person of her niece, Miss Ada Wright, who for some years had been associated with her in the hospital. So a little group was formed, of Miss Wright, the native chaplain, and other workers from the hospital. Of course, progress was slow, especially because their arrival was at first entirely misunderstood. After a while, however, timid smiles began to appear on the wan faces, and gratitude, and later came praise and thanksgiving to God. So great was the change effected that the police of the region were puzzled by the transformation.

To the Loochoo Islands, another centre of lepers, and to many other similar places, Miss Riddell sent native workers, with medicines and comfort and inspiration. Meanwhile, Leper Asylums were established in many parts of the Empire, and in 1930 The National Leper Prevention Society was organized.

After forty years of this strenuous life her health began to wane. Still she worked on, going about in a wheel chair. Then, in February, 1932, she breathed her last, and her ashes were placed, in accordance with her well-known wishes, in the mausoleum she had erected for the ashes of "her children",—Miss Ada Wright, her niece, carrying on the work.

One of her patients says: "Miss Riddell put great stress on religion, not urging us, but by her own character and love we were influenced. She comforted us and always emphasized the spiritual side, so we lived in love and freedom, and were joined one to another by mutual friendship, service, and gratitude. We lived in an atmosphere . . . which money could not buy."

It is at the Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope that the following hymn is sung every evening,—a hymn which, it has been said, expresses the essence of Christianity:

All through the day this thought has been the dearest,
That Thy belovéd Hand is laid on me;
That Thou of all hast deigned to come the nearest
And marked me with the sign of Calvary.

What if I suffer, so Thou grantest only
That I fall not from Thee in my last hour;
So that Thou leave me not to suffer lonely,
But wilt uphold me with Thy touch of power?

Thou givest joy so deep to those in sadness,
That though Thy piercé Hand may be downprest,
There is within a hidden well of gladness,
For which I thank Thee, knowing I am blessed!

Truly the founder of this hospital had a purpose in life! And if her achievement seems to some of us, in our quieter lives, too vast to be an inspiration, let us remember we are repeatedly told that the Masters look on motives and not on results, and that we are no judges of what they can do with the smallest honest effort made for their Cause.²

Z.

² Let us remember also, the Editors would suggest, that while current events continually remind us of the extent to which the West has corrupted the East, the influence of the West has in some ways proved a marvellous blessing, as this article so clearly shows.—EDITORS.

HEAD, HEART, AND HAND¹

YOU will need to consider often the nature of this "science" about which we hear so much to-day, and which enters into our lives at a thousand places, bringing to our attention a wealth of strange phenomena of which our ancestors had no least notion. Our age, in fact, is distinguished from other historical periods by the dominance of this great power to which men have transferred much of the allegiance which, in an earlier day, they gave to religion. We are about to start upon the study of one of the sciences, and certainly we want to know how science differs from other kinds of knowledge. Well, we discovered at the outset that the men who study science begin by drawing an arbitrary line about one set of facts: Things that can be touched, tasted, seen, smelled, and heard—these alone are the matters with which science deals. Most of us were, I think, surprised to learn that science is so limited. Nobody had ever told us that before. In the schools we had been led to believe that science was a wise and wonderful guide to the whole of life, and that the ancient nations, lacking this wonderful guide, had been subject to idle speculations and superstitious beliefs about natural events. Now we begin to realize, perhaps, that we have to keep an eye on this cock-sure giant of science. He can't possibly know everything which is necessary to our happiness, because he refuses to consider at all so very many matters that lie closest to our hearts.

There are certain people in the world who say that scientific knowledge is the only kind that is real, is the only kind that matters, and that every single fact which is true must come to us through the sense organs. They look upon everything else as fanciful dreaming. You hear such people say: "That idea isn't scientific", which seems to imply that, in their opinion, the idea is not a sound one.

But we can see easily how biassed and foolish such a view really is. For every mother's son and mother's daughter of us is perfectly familiar with a set of normal, everyday experiences which are wholly real but which cannot be touched or tasted, seen, smelled or heard. For instance: we can imagine the old dog at home sitting on the back porch and scratching fleas. An inelegant picture, perhaps, but it is perfectly real as a picture in the mind, and yet it is utterly unscientific. Tell me: where is that picture of the dog? If I should open your brain and dissect it down to the last cell and nerve fibre, could I see or touch or otherwise detect the picture of that dog? Of course not. Yet that picture-dog is a fact—just as much a fact as the flesh-and-blood dog on the back porch. But it is not a physical fact, not a scientific fact; it belongs to another sort of fact-world which, using the term broadly, we may call the spiritual world. Let's take another example. What are your affection for your parents, your loyalties to your friends, your admiration for those examples of noble

¹ Notes of a lecture recently given to College Freshmen.

men and women who have fought and died in defence of high ideals? None of these glorious things is scientific; not one of them could possibly be studied by the scientific method. Yet we surely realize that such matters lie at the very core of our lives, and that to omit them from consideration would leave us starved and crippled. If the terrible choice were forced upon us of giving up some of our outer senses or of being crippled in our inner life, I am sure we should all say: Yes, take away my sight or my hearing but leave me my imagination, my power of affection and worship and love.

How foolish it is, then, to imagine that science and the world with which it deals, is all that is needful to solve the problem of human life. Why science cannot even solve the simple problem of a picture-dog in my mind.

Of course we are going to give science its due. What we object to is giving it more than its due. Within its limited field of facts it has done a magnificent work, and I hope your hearts may come to feel the beauty and the wonder of the world which it reveals to us. Only we must not forget that the beauty and wonder which we feel before the revelations given us by science, are not themselves of any scientific importance whatever. Strange, is it not, that the spiritual beauty hidden in the heart of the world, and which is the source of life and joy and gladness, is no concern of science?

Now of course science has a perfect right to stake out any sort of limited claim it wishes. If a group of men wishes to limit its field to a one-acre meadow, that is its affair. But we shall enter a decided protest when such people insist that their limited province embraces all that can be known, and then try to force upon us an interpretation of the big world in the terms of a one-acre meadow. One is reminded of a story based on an old saying that, "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king". A young man with two sound, shining eyes finds a mountain valley shut away from civilization, where for ages the inhabitants have all been blind. Only hollow eye-sockets remain in their faces. Touched by pity, the traveller begins to tell them about the beautiful world of form and colour from which they are shut out. Does he become their king, this young man with his completer senses? Not a bit of it. The people listen; they whisper together: "A poet and a dreamer", says one; "Madness", says another. Finally the scientists of the land learn of this monster who is among them. After a physical examination they aver that two tumours are pressing on the young man's brain and are causing strange hallucinations. They recommend the use of the surgeon's knife. Fortunately our hero escapes such a terrible fate and finds his way back to his own sort of people. Now there are men of parallel blindness among the scientists. They aver that only material things are real; their spiritual eyes are darkened, and in dreadful likeness to the scientists of our story, they consider themselves normal human beings and regard as diseased, such men as believe in the spiritual world. Of course not all scientists are like that. Many of them see clearly that the field of science is only a limited and partial one.

Now it is evident that science concerns itself wholly with what we familiarly call "head knowledge". But when we glance through a college catalogue we

may see, perhaps, a statement to the effect that the college gives training in "sciences, humanities and arts". What, then, are humanities and arts?

Well, we are human beings, and there are subjects which appeal to us just on that account. Literature, history, painting, sculpture and music—such subjects make up the humanities, and it is evident that a strong element of human feeling goes with them. We might call it the "heart-element". It is clear, too, that a race of intelligent dogs or cats would show small interest in our humanities. Perhaps they would prefer to study "dogmatics" and "categories". Possibly old bones, ash-cans and the natural history of woodchucks would bulk heavily in the curriculum of dogdom. There would, however, be one "dogmatic" which we humans might well add to our "humanities" and consider with deep attention. That is the subject of dog-loyalty. The dog too often puts his master to shame in his mastery of that quality which we like to think is such a splendid human trait.

Finally, our college catalogues offer the arts, and the arts are only applied sciences, or sciences in action. When we study the arts we learn how to do things: to build churches and chicken-coops, to pull teeth and raise tomatoes. Those are arts. The fine arts possess the element of beauty. The study and appreciation of true and beautiful human works belongs to the humanities. Their actual production, however, is an art, and since the art of their production calls for scientific knowledge, we can see that the activities of head, heart and hand are interblended with one another and work together to produce the final effect. So every perfect work whether it be a poem, a painting, a majestic bridge or a whirring dynamo, embodies and makes manifest the three qualities. But the perfect human body or the perfect oak tree reveals the same three blended qualities, as though the Creative Activity which builds the universe were the Pattern according to which man's smaller powers were moulded.

Here on the blackboard let us draw the familiar symbol of the equilateral triangle and label the three corners: "head", "heart" and "hand", respectively. As we ponder the matter we see that it symbolizes our everyday nature, though I doubt very much if any one of us is so finely balanced, with head, heart and hand so nicely adjusted to one another, that an equilateral triangle is truly representative. Most of us are unfortunately highly scalene. For when the "head gets to swelling", the head angle of the triangle becomes obtuse, the other two angles necessarily become acute, and the whole figure becomes skewed. A man whose symbol is that sort of triangle may be a learned and brilliant fellow; he may be a great scholar capable of spinning thoughts into tenuous patterns and drawing up elaborate blue-prints for Utopias in which other people are to live, but his heart is shrunken, and he is a bungler in the world of practical affairs. It is a danger to which the brilliant student is exposed, though after considerable experience with Freshmen I do not believe the danger to them is immediate and I do not lie awake nights worrying about it.

But if men sometimes go wrong on the "head corner", the women are likely to get impaled on the corner directly opposite. Have you ever heard the word "gush", or, what is worse, been exposed to a "gusher"? Have you ever opened

a book or a magazine and started an article about plants which commenced with the "darling little blossoms lifting their sweet baby-faces to the sky"? That is gush—an indication of a triangle gone all askew on the "heart angle". Oh yes, we rather expect a bit of it from the ladies and we get used to it, but if a man gets going that way the only thing to do is to shoot him!

Finally comes the lower or "hand angle", and it is perfectly clear that the over-development of the "practical" leads to a highly undesirable type of human being. For here stand those who measure life by the quantity of things they can get, men who sneer at high thought and noble feeling and spend their shrunken lives in "grubbing for edible roots".

But the triangle can teach us still more about ourselves and about others. What will happen if two angles are given values of more than sixty degrees respectively, while the third angle necessarily becomes exceedingly acute? Or, to interpret the symbol in human terms: what will be the effect on character if one aspect of the triune nature be starved at the expense of the other two? There are three possible combinations of such undesirable possibilities: (1), head and heart may dominate the hand; (2), head and hand may dominate the heart; and (3) heart and hand may dominate the head. It does not take us long to fit these various combinations to actual human types. Many evils in our society arise from just such unbalanced natures. The heart-hand combination is back of many of the ill-devised schemes for social betterment. It means that well-meaning sentimentalists rush into social action without a balance wheel of sound thinking. Here are the pacifists and "uplifters" who fill the world with their silly blather. To put the same thought in the sententious words of another day: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread". The head-hand distortion is seen terribly at work in Russia, where a logical, dogmatic, materialistic doctrine is put into action with the help of the firing squad and exile to Siberian lumber-camps.

For our immediate purpose the lesson is clear. Let us try to keep a healthy balance, so far as we may, between our sciences, humanities and arts. Let us learn to think clearly, to feel keenly, and to act swiftly, silently and effectively, with a passion for perfection.

But we know ourselves to be so weak. So often we have tried and failed, till we begin to doubt the possibility of ever conquering our faults of head, heart and hand. Yes, it is clear that the human triangle stands on its point and that it is a poor, wobbly thing quite unable to keep its balance unless it is shored up and stabilized. What we need to do is to draw another and reversed triangle through it. There, now we have a firm, strong figure which, I am sure, is familiar to most of us. It is found in the Christian Church, in the Jewish Synagogue, and even in the temples of Eastern peoples. We note, too, that the angles of the first triangle are only reflections of those of the second and stable one, just as though we had held them successively before a mirror. Can it be that our head, heart and hand—our sciences, humanities and arts—are likewise only the reflections of parent realities? Did we not see, at the beginning of this lecture, that the works we do, seem curiously to follow the Pattern

set by the Creative Activity which built the world? Suppose we write the words: "Wisdom", "Love", "Will", at the appropriate corners of the new and stable triangle. Then the sciences which our minds have attained with such vast labour, are seen to be the reflection of Wisdom; our humanities mirror the mighty Love which strives ever to bind the human race into a Brotherhood; and our arts picture for us the Will which made the worlds. We may call this majestic stable Trinity, the Powers of God, or, if we prefer, we may term it our Higher Self or our Deeper Nature. We see that it is entwined with our own poor powers of head, heart and hand, and we see further, that it is the source of these powers which are, indeed, but reflections, and have no being apart from their great Parent.

So the sciences, the humanities and the arts which we are to study as we go forward in our college course, are the mirrors in which we see "as in a glass darkly" the reflection of the Divine Trinity. We begin to understand how cramped and limited is the materialistic view which would for ever confine us to the shadow-world revealed by the five poor human senses.

Have we been disheartened as we faced the giant task of conquering, not only the field of knowledge, but, what is harder, the field of our own imperfect natures? But now we know where the Power is to be sought which can accomplish all things for us. Within each one of us is the Light which shows us the way, the Love which reveals all mysteries, and the Power "which made the rocks and rivers, the stars and the ever-moving sea". But only as we yoke ourselves with that Lord of Joy who is our Higher Self can we ever hope to climb the steeps of high accomplishment.

Such is the meaning of the double triangle for us as we stand at the threshold of our college course.

R.E.T.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship) . . . is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye.—CARLYLE.

*All beauty that to human sight is given
Is but the shadow, if we rightly see,
Of Him from whom man's spirit issueth.*—MICHAEL ANGELO.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

A STANDARD FOR TO-DAY

If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, speculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men, that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit, which, in its consequences, is the want of everything, are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect.—GEORGE WASHINGTON: LETTER TO HARRISON.

“**A** PICTURE of the times and of men”: the first thought Washington's picture suggests is its striking applicability to our own day, and then comes a realization of the fact that against such a background, and with such unpromising material, Washington and a small group of right-minded citizens moulded what was to become a mighty empire. In the century or so since then, the country, both in spirit and in government, has fallen away from the lines originally laid down, and many to-day recognize the urgent need for returning to the first principles of Americanism—realizing that the fate of the nation, now as in 1776, depends on the proportion of its citizens who are capable of embodying the ideals of the early patriots and serving as “the little leaven”.

In any such consideration, of course, Washington is pre-eminently the first American—though estimates of him vary all the way from those who try to belittle his greatness, up to the occasional devotee who regards him as a Lodge Messenger, sent to strike the keynote for the great experiment made in the western world. His ideals comprise the simple virtues open to emulation by every right-thinking American—unselfish service, self-control, prudence, magnanimity, a big outlook on life—though many of them he possessed to a degree that only a great man could attain. Gouverneur Morris said of him: “His first victory was over himself. To each desire he had taught moderation”—a significant comment, in view of the quiet forcefulness which characterized everything that Washington did. There is another contemporary estimate of him, no less significant, coming this time from Jefferson: “His integrity was sure, his justice the most inflexible I ever knew, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendliness or hatred being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good and a great man.” A modern biographer

adds another quality which is noteworthy, terming him "the most supremely silent of the great men of action that the world can show".

Perhaps the three words which associate themselves most closely with him, as characteristic, are justice, honour and dignity. They were the touchstones which he himself used in many and varying circumstances: is it just, is it honourable, is it fitting? The first two are, of course, a part of the code of the gentleman of whatever time. The third is less often stressed, in our own day, yet it will be remembered that Confucius declares the sense of "harmonious proportion" to be one of the requisites of nobility—by which he means a sense of appropriateness, a sense of what is fitting, of what is in good taste. This idea is included in Washington's use of the word dignity. We may recall, as one instance of it, the account given in our histories of his refusal to accept a letter from Lord Howe, representing the English Government,—because it was addressed, "Mr. Washington". A second time the letter came, the address changed to, "George Washington, Esq., etc., etc." When the General rejected this too, the bearer explained that the "etc., etc. implies everything", but Washington replied that it might also mean anything. No insistence on personal recognition was involved in this, but, instead, a realization of the fact that, in the eyes of the world, he represented the Republic, and the dignity of its cause; that form and ceremonial, rank and title have a reality behind them. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his highly laudatory biography, calls attention to the fact that Washington, at the beginning of the Revolution, had achieved, overnight as it were, a national feeling and a national outlook—the viewpoint of a national leader as contrasted with that of the colonial planter—claiming that no one else at that time, with the exception of Hamilton, was capable of such a swift transformation, and that it is difficult for us, after a century of national life, to realize all that it involved. "He felt to the very core of his being the need of national self-respect and national dignity. . . . It was the personal dignity of the man, quite as much as his fighting capacity, which impressed Europe. Kings and ministers, looking on dispassionately, soon realized that here was no ordinary agitator or revolutionist, but a great man on a great stage with great conceptions."

Mere personal ambition, the desire for personal recognition, personal honour and glory, were no part of his nature. Many instances of this fact could be given; it is sufficient to recall the simplicity of his comment on the military operations which included the famous crossing of the Delaware, and the battles of Trenton and Princeton. Frederick the Great is said to have characterized this as the most brilliant campaign of the century; Washington referred to it merely as "two lucky strokes at Trenton and Princeton".

In the experiences of his early years—his Indian fighting, his work in the wilderness, and so on—he developed an indomitable will to victory, and the power in an eminent degree to set self aside, sinking personal considerations in devotion to duty, to a principle, to a cause or to his country, as the case might be. This steady adherence to principle is notable throughout his life. In the early days he had written: "If it is in my power to avoid going to the Ohio again,

I shall; but if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonour on me to refuse it." It was in the same spirit that he accepted the command of the Revolutionary forces. A man of wealth, living in all ways as an English gentleman of the time, he was little affected personally by the political disturbances between the colonists and the Crown. He could well have viewed the matter as did the Tories, or remained *au dessus de la mêlée*. But he saw it as a question of right and wrong, a question of justice, and he threw everything into the balance,—refusing all pay for his services, pledging his estates to raise money and men, and placing his reputation, his future, his liberty and his life at stake, in becoming the leader of the rebel cause.

A minor instance of the same characteristic adherence to principle was shown when the English troops marched up the Potomac, and a member of the family, left in charge at Mt. Vernon, tried to conciliate them by serving refreshments. Washington wrote to him: "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them, with a view to prevent a conflagration."

To one of his officers who was dissatisfied with his commission and considered resigning because of it, Washington wrote, "In the usual contests of empire and ambition, the conscience of a soldier has so little share that he may very properly insist upon his claims of rank, and extend his pretensions even to punctilio; but in such a cause as this, when the object is neither glory nor extent of territory, but a defence of all that is dear and valuable in private and public life, surely every post ought to be deemed honourable in which a man can serve his country."

Profiteering and similar dishonest practices during the Revolution moved him to hot indignation. Quoting a remark made by the English on this point, to the effect that we should destroy ourselves if left free to do so, he wrote¹:

Cannot our common country, America, possess virtue enough to disappoint them? Is the paltry consideration of a little pelf to individuals to be placed in competition with the essential rights and liberties of the present generation, and of millions yet unborn? Shall a few designing men, for their own aggrandizement, and to gratify their own avarice, upset the goodly fabric we have been rearing, at the expense of so much time, blood, and treasure? And shall we at last become the victims of our own lust of gain? Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, all and every State in the Union, by enacting and enforcing efficacious laws for checking the growth of these monstrous evils, and restoring matters, in some degree, to the state they were in at the commencement of the war. Our cause is noble. It is the cause of mankind, and the danger to it is to be apprehended from ourselves. Shall we slumber and sleep, then . . . ?

And a little later (December, 1778), in a letter to Reed:

It gives me sincere pleasure . . . that the assembly is so well disposed to second your

¹ Quotations that follow are taken from: *Life of George Washington*, by Washington Irving; *George Washington*, by Henry Cabot Lodge; *Maxims of Washington*, collected by J. F. Schroeder, and from other sources including Washington's Correspondence.

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endeavours in bringing those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers, and engrossers to condign punishment. It is much to be lamented that each State, long ere this, has not hunted them down as pests to society and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that some one of the most atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin.

That last sentence might well be used as a slogan for the present day.

The history of his heroic struggle to build an army, to supply money, uniforms, ammunition; to awaken patriotism and the fighting spirit; to induce the country to send more able men to Congress, and to stir Congress (ignorant of the needs and details of war) to effective action—all are a matter of history, too well known to need mention. But the selflessness and sacrifice and suffering involved, were a grilling test of devotion to a cause, the long-drawn agony of which is not always taken into account. It was after two of his brigades broke and ran before fifty British soldiers, leaving him to choose between capture or flight, that he wrote:

Such is my situation that if I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side of the grave, I should put him in my stead. I see the impossibility of serving with reputation, or doing any essential service to the cause by continuing in command; and yet I am told that if I quit the command, inevitable ruin will follow, from the distractions that will ensue. In confidence I tell you that I never was in such an unhappy, divided state since I was born.

One other instance is too striking to omit,—though all of them, of course, are matters of history, more or less familiar, and only their significance as showing the measure of the man, warrants their inclusion. We refer to his attitude when a certain group in the Army, aroused by the inefficiency of Congress, planned to make of the country a monarchy, and to offer him the crown. His letter in reply reads:

With a mixture of surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured no occurrence in the course of the War, has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity.

I am much at a loss, to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person, to whom your schemes are more disagreeable.

At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army, than I do; and, as far as my powers and influence, in a Constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed, to the utmost of my abilities, to effect it, should there be any occasion.

At the present time, when a thousand dollar prize has been offered for a song that shall supplant the National Anthem—a song that is “not martial” and has “no bombs bursting in air”—Washington is being quoted as authority for keeping our country safely out of war! George Washington, used to bolster up the pacifist cause, is an anomaly indeed. Such detractors ignore entirely the nature

of the man. They seize on one incident of his Administration: the fact that a large part of the population, impelled by an entirely justifiable gratitude for all that France had done for the new Republic, were determined to reciprocate by joining her in her war against England; and that Washington saw it as a matter of necessity to maintain a policy of strict neutrality. It will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, forbidding any participation in the war on the sea, or the carrying of contraband. Public opinion ran high, and Washington's prestige suffered. The proclamation, Washington Irving tells us in his monumental work, was stigmatized as a royal edict, a daring assumption of power, a manifestation of partiality for England and hostility to France.

But the circumstances must be taken into account: a nation in embryo, so to speak, with no proved ability to stand on its own feet, no national credit, no definitely national sentiment—in short, sure to be an encumbrance rather than an aid. Washington wrote on this subject: "With me a predominant motive has been, to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanely speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

There was nothing of the pacifist or the neutral in the man who exclaimed in youthful enthusiasm that he "loved to hear bullets whistle"; who, in one engagement where the Revolutionary troops wavered, rode to the front and reining his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, ordered his men to advance; who, in another engagement, where his men broke and ran, dashed in among them urging them to rally, and then, drawing sword and pistol, fought them furiously, determined to stop their flight, until finally saved from capture himself by one of his officers, who seized his bridle and dragged him almost from the hands of the oncoming British. Lodge, who bases his estimate on a minute study of details, writes:

There was one thing which he could never appreciate nor realize. It was from first to last impossible for him to understand how any man could refuse to fight, or could think of running away. When he beheld rout and cowardly panic before his very eyes, his temper broke loose and ran uncontrolled. His one thought then was to fight to the last, and he would have thrown himself single-handed on the enemy, with all his wisdom and prudence flung to the winds. The day when the commander held his place merely by virtue of personal prowess lay far back in the centuries, and no one knew it better than Washington. But the old fighting spirit awoke within him when the clash of arms sounded in his ears, and though we may know the general in the tent and in the council, we can only know the man when he breaks out from all rules and customs, and shows the rage of battle, and the indomitable eagerness for the fray, which lie at the bottom of the tenacity and courage that carried the war for independence to a triumphant close.

It is true that Washington's policy regarding neutrality developed later into the Monroe doctrine; but there is nothing to suggest that he expected it to hold *in æternum*, nor, above all, that he dreamed of its taking precedence over principles of justice and honour. His letters give proof of this.

The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion, that, contrary to the order of

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human events, they will for ever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms, with which the history of every nation abounds.

There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.

If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it.

If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are, *at all times, ready for war.* (Italics his.)

It has been, very properly, the policy of our Government to cultivate peace. But, in contemplating the possibility of our being driven to unqualified war, it will be wise to anticipate, that, frequently, *the most effectual way to defend is to attack.* (Again, italics his.)

There is nothing which will so soon produce a speedy and honourable peace as a state of preparation for war.

The Revolution had little more than ended when the insurrection, known as the Shays Rebellion, broke out in Massachusetts. An investigator, sent to determine the facts of the matter, reported:

Their [the insurgents'] creed is that the property of the United States has been protected from the confiscation of Britain by the joint exertions of *all*, and therefore ought to be the common property of all, and he that attempts opposition to this creed, is an enemy to equity and justice, and ought to be swept from off the face of the earth. . . . They are determined to annihilate all debts, public and private, and have agrarian laws, which are easily effected by means of unfunded paper, which shall be a tender in all cases whatever.

Washington, in retirement at Mt. Vernon at the time, was playing an important part, by means of an extensive correspondence, in moulding public opinion. His comments left no doubt as to how he would handle such a situation. To Lee he wrote:

You talk, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence is not government.* Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once.

In another letter on the same subject, he wrote:

There is a call for decision. Know precisely what the insurgents aim at. If they have real grievances, redress them, if possible; or acknowledge the justice of them, and your inability to do it at the moment. If they have not, employ the force of government against them at once. . . . Let the reins of government then be braced and held with a steady hand, and every violation of the constitution be reprehended. If defective let it be amended; but not suffered to be trampled upon whilst it has an existence.

From this point on, there is much in his conduct of public affairs that suggests what his approach would have been to certain major problems of our own day. The firm policy just outlined for the handling of popular unrest, was put to the test in his second term as President, by a rebellion which broke out in western Pennsylvania over a tax on liquor—a most delicate situation, since it came at a time when he could not be sure to what extent the country was with him, or whether, if he called out the militia, the States were yet capable of rising above State-considerations and acting as a Federation, with the sole good of the union

in view. It was one of the first real tests of the efficacy of the new government and the Constitution, and Irving's account of it is worth reading for the picture it gives of Washington's insight and ability through several difficult years, and of the sagacity with which he chose just the right time to strike and strike hard, —to the complete and final confusion of the insurgents. A letter from Washington on the subject tells of the notable response evoked from the best element in the country: "There are instances of general officers going at the head of a single troop, and of light companies; of field officers, when they came to the place of rendezvous, and found no command for them in that grade, turning into the ranks and proceeding as private soldiers, under their own captains; and of numbers possessing the first fortunes in the country, standing in the ranks as private men."

The lessons learned from his eight years as President, Washington embodied in his Farewell Address,—combining them with a keen foresight as to the difficulties that lay ahead. He made no claim of perfection for the governmental system which he was so largely instrumental in drawing up,—having written earlier concerning it: "There are some things in the new form, I will readily acknowledge, which never did, and I am persuaded never will, obtain my cordial approbation, but I did then conceive and do now most firmly believe that in the aggregate it is the best Constitution that can be obtained at this epoch, and that this or a dissolution of the Union awaits our choice, and is the only alternative before us." But once adopted, there could be, in his estimation, no excuse for failure to adhere to it. He saw clearly the dangers that lay in departing from it unadvisedly, and his Address is devoted largely to warning and admonition: warning against innovations in government (an insidious means of undermining that which could not be overthrown by direct attack); warning against allowing one department of government to encroach upon another (destroying the balance of power as between legislative, judicial and executive functions, which alone insures liberty); warning against the extremes to which party spirit will lead; warning that in each case there lie hidden, inevitably, the seeds of despotism, the jeopardizing of the liberty for which the nation had paid so dearly. In reading certain clauses of the Address, his foresight appears almost prophetic, so closely is it applicable to conditions both at present and in the century that has passed. In this our day of little men, blindly sowing the wind, it is certain that some measure of the whirlwind might still be averted if more general heed were given to this great Address, the fruit of wise experience, and if more general adherence were given to the ideals and principles of the nation's founder,—so far the greatest public character the country has produced.

WITHOUT CENSOR

XII.

BY the latter part of October, 1918, the First Army was feeling the effects of the severe fighting in which it had been engaged. Losses had been very heavy, especially in the best attack units, and our offensive power had been lowered. These losses were made up by replacements, but often these were only partially trained, and in some cases had had practically no training at all. Several different Colonels told me that they had received new men into their organizations who had not been in the military service for more than six weeks, who had never fired a rifle, and who had never worn a gas mask. Often, too, their equipment was inadequate. The regiments assimilated these men as rapidly as possible, until they were again at full war strength; the training and the equipment of the replacements was completed in the field and under combat conditions. Stragglers, of whom there were now many, had to be collected and returned to their organizations. The weather conditions had been bad, with cold and continuous rain, and the attacking troops were entirely without means of shelter, and often without sufficient supplies. Transport was difficult, owing to the fact that there were only three worn-out roads, one for each Army Corps, leading up to the front, and these roads were often almost impassable because of congestion and shell holes. Forage for the animals was scarce, for ammunition and supplies for the men were sent up first, and when the congestion was at its worst our horses died in great numbers, impairing the mobility of our artillery. So acute did this problem in regard to the animals become, that I heard some discussion among the First Army Staff as to whether or not it would be possible, then and there in the middle of the offensive, to change over the artillery and make it tractor-drawn. It was under conditions such as these that the work of reorganizing and of rehabilitating those divisions which had been in the line for days went forward, while at the same time an unrelenting pressure was maintained against the enemy, and preparations for the final co-ordinated drive forward were completed. There was nothing particularly unusual about these conditions; there was no doubt whatever that they could be met and overcome, and they were. We had gained ground, against severe opposition, and we had greatly impaired the enemy's strength. Our positions were being improved daily through local operations, while the temporary lull in the proceedings encouraged the Army and raised its morale.

The final phase began on November 1st, and proceeded rapidly. A great change in the direction of the First Army attack had taken place, from facing north to facing east; the Fourth French Army was not always able to keep abreast of our left flank, so that the First Army relied for flank protection upon our own First Army Corps on the left of our advance. The attack gained

momentum as it proceeded, as did also the enemy's retreat; it was necessary in some instances to use motor trucks to carry our infantry forward and enable them to regain contact. The enemy's lines were completely broken through. In seven days he was driven back twenty-four miles on the First Army front, and his main line of communications was within close striking distance. In the last three days before the Armistice the Second American Army on our right, with three Army Corps in line, advanced in its initial army offensive along its entire front in the direction of the Briey iron basin. But it was the results of the final drive of the First American Army which were significant, and which were felt along the entire Western Front. The enemy could not survive the loss of those positions which we had taken, with the resulting paralysis of his railroad system of supply and communication. The break through rendered completely impossible any further orderly withdrawal of his forces, and he pressed for an Armistice.

As this last phase progressed, and as our attacking troops surged further and further away from Headquarters First Army at Souilly, the difficulty of communicating with the Headquarters of our Army Corps became very serious. They were too far away then to be reached rapidly by courier, and the greater distance rendered the telephone wires weak, and made it practically impossible to hear continuously or distinctly. So bad did these conditions become that finally the Chief of Staff directed me to take two officers and to go forward to Châtel-Chéhéry and to establish there a relay post of the Message Centre. It was a mid-way point, at which our Signal Corps had established a telephone central, and my mission was to take down the more urgent messages emanating from First Army Headquarters, and to relay them afresh to their destinations over a shorter wire on which the current was stronger. It was, of course, the start of a new Army Advance Command Post, necessitated by the exigencies of the situation; and when I arrived there, after having bumped slowly over unspeakable roads for a couple of hours, I found that a number of officers from other sections of the Staff were already on the spot. But I was not destined ever to function there as intended, for I was met upon my arrival by the Secretary of the General Staff, who informed me that he had just received a message from Lieutenant-General Liggett, to the effect that the German delegates seeking an Armistice had crossed our lines, and that he was not going to do anything more about establishing an Advance P. C. until he knew what had taken place at their conference with Marshal Foch. I was told to return at once to Souilly, so that I was not in the place for more than twenty minutes. Just as I was about to step into the car for the return journey, having left my two officers behind in case plans should again be changed, I happened, by some singular piece of good fortune, to glance into the forward part of the car where the driver sat. I saw there some foreign objects rolling about as he manœvered the car to a standstill. I looked again, more closely, and found that they were unexploded hand grenades, which my chauffeur had collected from the adjoining battle-field during his short period of waiting, and which he had hoped and expected to take back with him as souvenirs. I deferred my

departure until they had been safely removed and placed by the side of the road. I had no wish to try bumping about on those rough roads, with a load of hand grenades rolling about the floor of the car. It would have made our arrival too problematical.

During those last days before the Armistice there had been a constant stream of cipher messages, received through the Code Room of the Message Centre, announcing the defection one by one of the German Allies, until Germany at last stood alone. There had come, in rapid succession, message after message describing the victories which were being gained daily by the French and the British Armies, and the rolling back of the long German line from the Meuse to the Sea. We who were at the pivot, at the hinge of the door that was opening, knew how things were going there, knew that our pressure at that key point was assisting in forcing the enemy retirement. From the military point of view, that German retreat was one of the most masterly tactical operations of the War. Time and time again, on the great map of the Western Front at First Army Headquarters, it seemed inevitable that whole enemy army corps would be hemmed in and captured; time and time again the enemy slipped through just before the pincers had time to close. Events were taking place with such extraordinary rapidity that it was difficult to keep track of them; to gauge the speed at which they would move; to attempt to forecast future happenings. One could foresee what was likely to occur, in the light of things that were then taking place, but only in a general way; the outcome depended, in that rapidly moving panorama on the map, upon which thing happened first; accuracy of forecast was impossible. But the ultimate result was no longer in doubt, nor should there be any doubt to-day in the minds of those who criticize the Armistice, who regret that the advance was not continued then to German soil, and that the final fruits of victory were not gathered, as to the completeness of the success at that moment, as to the thoroughness of the defeat, the utter rout. There are many to-day who were in the Allied Armies, who whole-heartedly agree with such criticisms, who admit their justice and their truth. But they do so with, shall I say, almost a feeling of regret that they must, because they realize that, in the bitterness of disappointment that prompts them, what was really accomplished from a purely military standpoint has been under-estimated, undervalued, unappreciated, even that it has never been understood. That bitterness of disappointment, that feeling that the Peace was lost, seem, in retrospect, to have completely overshadowed appreciation of actual military accomplishment. It is not fair, this, to those who brought about these final military successes; it is not fair to those who laid down their lives in countless thousands over four long years in order that those final results might be at last achieved. They had nothing to do with the machinations of politicians in high places, with the expediences and the subterfuges of diplomacy, with the give and take of conferences. Nor is it fair to the officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces, who, entering the war late through no fault of theirs, developed with extraordinary rapidity a military machine, which, in those last days, compared favourably, I believe, in

efficiency and in accomplishment with any of the other Allied Armies; which conducted operations on a scale to which there is no parallel in the military history of our country, a scale which has never been understood or realized by those who stayed at home.

It was after one had actually arrived home, that the realization of this came. It was a shock, then, to realize that, practically without exception, the people with whom one talked did not have the slightest conception as to where on the map those towns and villages were, the names of which are immortal in our military history. When they thought at all along military lines, it was in terms of companies and of regiments; we had been thinking and acting over there in terms of army corps and of field armies. But they did not seem to be particularly interested in the purely military aspect; they did not want, apparently, to try to understand the scale upon which things had been done. They would let one talk—a returning officer was entitled to do that—but they were quite obviously glad, when an opportunity came, to break in, and to tell about what they themselves had done in the Red Cross or in selling Liberty Bonds. They seemed, especially those who should have known or should have wanted to know, to be sound asleep. They had been too far away, too safe. They had read literature of the war to “any” extent, and they could talk of things more or less fluently, if not with accuracy, but they did not *know*, they had no real conception of what they were talking about. What interest they did show became rapidly less as time went on, and as they relapsed into their old pre-war occupations and ways of living. How I longed then, in the feeling of unsettlement and of discouragement which this apparent lack of interest caused, for Mr. Griscom. It would not have been a case of one talk with him; there would have been many. He would have questioned me, would have gone to the heart of things, inquired into reasons, pointed out hitherto unrealized reactions, as he had after my two experiences at the Military Training Camps at Plattsburgh. It was just another way, an additional way, in which I missed him, upon my return.

Much has been said from time to time, and by many different people, in regard to the attitude of the American soldier. In the minds of many, he is supposed to have been insufferably arrogant, to have gone about explaining to the British and to the French that, now that they had failed, he and his buddies had come over to show them how to win the War. Indeed, there are those to-day in whom that idea is so strongly ingrained that, when our participation in the War is mentioned, this supposed attitude of the American soldier is the first thing that seems to come into the forefront of their minds in that connection, and they are inclined, as a rule, to drag it out and to speak of it with something that almost approaches a sneer. Usually, one finds that such people were *not* on the other side of the water during the War, that they have formed their impressions from a distance or from hearsay. This critical attitude of theirs is undoubtedly caused, in part, by that same bitterness of disappointment, of which I have already spoken, over an Allied victory which turned out, in the light of the Peace, to have been no victory at all in the real sense.

But their attitude is not fair to the American soldier; they are magnifying out of all due proportion something which, while it unquestionably existed, was entirely devoid of the significance which they have attached to it. One must know the soldier mind to understand it; when one does, one does not take it seriously. I do not for one minute believe that our soldiers really thought that they were superior to their comrades in the Allied Armies. They did not mean, in the remarks which they made, to belittle or to ignore. Far from it. When they spoke of themselves as the best little performers ever, and urged somewhat startled French citizens to keep their eyes on them when they once got going, they did not mean themselves to be taken seriously. Part of that brag and bluster came from natural talkativeness and a perverted sense of humour. Part of it was a smoke screen, for, at heart, they were diffident; they were horribly afraid that they might not perform well when the time came. They were mere boys, most of them, and when they found that the other fellow was annoyed by what they said, they were delighted, and they proceeded to rub it in some more. The very exuberance of youthful spirits which inspired this kind of talk was, in a sense, an indication of the high morale which our troops possessed. What they said at times was unquestionably in the worst possible taste, thoughtless, regrettable for the wrong impression which it might cause and for its possible effect. But it came from no real feeling of superiority, and was mostly pure and simple "hot air". Needless to say, nothing was ever said or done, as far as I was able to observe, by any officer on the Staffs of those larger units with which I was associated, which conveyed the idea of any feeling of superiority, of any wish to show anyone else how to win the War. Those men, the great majority of them, were the pick of our old Regular Army. They were under no illusions whatever as to how much they knew. Their one thought was to learn, from those who had had experience in what they themselves were then doing, and to learn fast. Their one idea was, not that they should win the War, but that the War should be won.

The coming of the Armistice brought with it two extraordinary experiences. One was the total cessation of that terrific noise to which we had been accustomed for so long, and the sudden reappearance of lights at night; there was something unreal about both of these things, and it took quite a long time to become used to them again. The other was a sudden influx of women into the front areas, all of whom were in some kind of uniform or other, and all of whom were bent on doing good of some kind to someone. Incidentally, they did not neglect themselves at times, if the extent to which they rode about in Staff cars was any criterion. I had, of course, seen nothing whatever of the work which women had done in French civilian relief, and so had been unable to form any impression of those organized activities. I had, however, seen nurses working in evacuation hospitals, under terrific stress and strain, and, later on, I saw them at their duties in several of the base hospitals, and it is impossible to speak in too high terms of their efficiency and devotion, of their courage and self-sacrifice. This lot, however, which was unloosed upon us, was a new

type. As I observed them, and as I gained light in regard to their activities *before* the Armistice through what I heard from others, I came reluctantly to the conclusion that there were too many women of the wrong kind going about in uniform, and not enough of the right kind. By the wrong kind, I do not mean those whose influence was positively harmful. Not at all. But the best of them were afflicted with curiosity. They wanted to be taken about and shown things which they had no business to see, the seeing of which fulfilled no useful purpose whatever and was entirely outside the line of their duty. Almost invariably, they were eager to be taken to see the front line trenches, and whenever they could, they pulled wires to bring this about. More than one unfortunate officer, detailed to conduct such a joy-ride in person, told me afterwards of his experience, in language that cannot be printed. They never seemed to have the remotest conception of the unnecessary danger in which they placed, not only their own party, but also all the troops in that immediate area, through their desire to gratify mere curiosity. They never in the least realized that, even in a quiet sector, every yard of the territory through which they passed was under perpetual enemy observation; that the slightest abnormal circulation at an unusual hour in that area, such as the arrival of their motor half a mile in the rear, would be noted; that any extraordinary activity in the trenches, caused by the advent of their party, would be spotted. The Boche, on the chance of being able to interfere with something which was going on that might possess military significance, was extremely likely to start a bombardment on general principles. The visiting party might escape without injury, after a thrilling experience which made a good story to tell later on, but there might well be several casualties after their departure among the troops holding that part of the line, as a result of this display of feminine interest. Again, these uniformed women were inclined to be over-talkative, to talk from insufficient knowledge. A traffic jam in the forward areas would attract their attention, and they would speak about it to some long-suffering junior officer; there must be inefficiency somewhere, they thought, and someone in authority ought to be told. They could not know that the plan for some offensive had been advanced in point of time, and that what they saw was a superhuman effort to accomplish in four or five days that which it had been planned to do over a period of two weeks. Parenthetically, to the civilian eye, the movement of military traffic almost always seemed to betoken confusion; it always looked worse than it really was; there was always order and purpose behind the seeming chaos. But I became more and more convinced that, outside of trained and efficient nurses, women had no place in the battle areas.

The Armistice brought with it another experience which caused intense dissatisfaction in the American Expeditionary Forces. Indeed, it is not overstating it to say that it caused an incipient spirit of revolt, so keen was the disappointment, so acute was the sense of injustice which it inspired. Three or four days after the Armistice it was announced in General Orders from G. H. Q. that all promotion had been suspended in the American Expeditionary Forces.

The impelling force had, of course, been Washington, where a thrifty but short-sighted Congress, appalled at the cost of the War, had determined, in view of the cessation of hostilities, to shut down at once on unessential expenditures, and had decided that a desirable first step would be to avoid the increased expense which a large number of promotions in France would automatically bring about. Many recommendations for promotion had already been submitted to G. H. Q. by commanding officers, and had been awaiting action for some time. Many others would have been submitted, based upon efficient or heroic performance in the days and weeks immediately preceding the Armistice. There had simply not been time, in the pressure of rapidly moving events, to send forward the customary papers in these cases; it was one of the things that could wait. This ruling was particularly hard on the younger line officers, for in many instances, owing to casualties, lieutenants had for days been in charge of companies, and captains had been commanding battalions, and they had shown themselves worthy of the higher rank which they had temporarily held. This edict was like a douche of cold water on the morale and on the spirits of all ranks. Indeed, it was more like a blow in the face. With the meanness always characteristic of a democratic form of government, our Congress had, in effect, said that the show was now over, and as the best efforts had already been obtained from all concerned, there was no use rewarding anyone for what had been done; that it was all on a cash basis anyway; that everyone had been paid up to date and would be paid as long as it was absolutely necessary, but that the views of constituents at home in regard to further war expenses, and future political careers, were now the controlling factors. As a matter of fact, the total additional expense that would have been involved by even wholesale promotions in France, made immediately, would have been relatively small, and it would have been money well spent, looking at it only from that rather sordid standpoint. The immediate recognition of merit would have infused into men, worn out physically and mentally, who had been giving all that they had in them, a new gratitude and pride, a new patriotism, a new ardour and zeal. As it was, they felt, exhausted as they were, that the people at home did not care; that they had been "let down"; defrauded of something which should have been theirs. It was the way this official action made men feel about our country and our Government that did incalculable harm, when it would have been so easy to have produced such an entirely different effect. Promotion was resumed in the American Expeditionary Forces several months later, towards the end of the winter, and many men came into their own; but it was too late then, and the real opportunity which our Government had had, was lost.

I was amazed, in those days, to see how profoundly affected many officers were by this drastic edict. I suppose, in many cases, it was because they had nothing by which to measure for themselves the real quality of their performance except the degree of the outer recognition. But, even with the War over, there was no time to dwell for very long on all this; there was too much to be done, and it was just a case of "being out of luck", as the Army has it. Activity

was concentrated on withdrawing the divisions from the former front lines, and in starting them on their way, some to the Rhine, where they became part of the Third American Army, our Army of Occupation, others to the area adjacent to General Headquarters at Chaumont, where they settled down in billets to wait until there was ocean transport available to take them home. At the end of two weeks, First Army Headquarters was ready to move back to Bar-sur-Aube, between Troyes and Chaumont, and to settle down for the winter, and on November 25th the Message Centre packed itself up in its own transportation, and started from Souilly to the rear, so as to be on the spot and functioning, by the time the rest of the Staff arrived. Major General McNair, who had been Chief of Artillery of the First Army, was left in command of the old First Army area, to supervise the work of tidying-up and of salvage. But once the activity of the move was over, and once we had settled ourselves in billets at Bar-sur-Aube, life was dreary in the extreme. It rained all the time; the Aube overflowed its banks and spread over the adjoining fields; the dampness pervaded everything with a chill that cut like a knife. Occasionally, a watery looking sun would come out for an hour or two, take a look at the dismal scene, only to disappear again, and then it would rain some more. I sloshed about in mud and water, in a sort of treadmill, going from billet to mess, to Headquarters and back again, over the same route, lingering where there was a stove or some other form of warmth. Everyone at Headquarters wrote up the history of the War in so far as their respective departments of the Staff were concerned. This was a monumental work for the Operations and Intelligence Sections and for the Chief of Staff's office, but it did not take me personally very long, as there was not a great deal of ground to cover, and after that there was literally nothing at all for me to do. Upon two occasions I was sent back to Souilly by General Drum as his personal representative, to inquire into certain aspects of the work of salvage and of policing the old First Army Sector which were unsatisfactory. I was received by General McNair at his mess, and conducted my inquiries, and made my suggestions and my report, with such tact as I could muster. These two trips were welcome breaks in the monotony, but they only accounted for a few days. The routine work of the Message Centre was now so light that I left one of the juniors in charge as a rule, and only spent three or four hours a day in my office. Influenza, of varying degrees of severity, induced by the constant rain and dampness, gave most of us something to think about for a while. I remember that on the night before my final departure from Bar-sur-Aube, I dined with General Liggett's Aide in the very superior house in which they were billeted. Waited on by two "strikers" and fed by the General's cook, we had the place to ourselves, for, upstairs, General Liggett and General Drum were both in bed with the 'flu. My pleasant relations with the General's Aide had been resumed; he confided to me that he felt suffocated at times by the constant atmosphere of high rank in which he had to live, although he was now a Lieutenant-Colonel himself. Often, when the weather permitted, we would take walks together in the evening. It was the thought of the approach of Christmas which made

me resolve to get away at all costs from my watery surroundings, even if only for a few days, and I applied for a week's leave in Paris.

Leave for Paris was not easy to secure; one had to have a good reason for wanting to go there. Knowing this, I thought that I would make assurance doubly sure by having several. In my application I stated that I must have my eyes examined and my glasses changed; that I must see one of my family who was on the Staff of the Chief of Air Service in Paris, in order to discuss with him some matters of importance; that another relative was with the Peace Conference, and that I must talk over some more family affairs with him. Assistant Secretary of War Stettinius had suddenly appeared in my office at Souilly one night on a visit to his son at the front, and had been so polite as to say that he hoped to see me later in Paris; I implied in my application for leave that the Assistant Secretary of War was simply marking time there until I arrived. I do not know which of these reasons did the trick. Certainly, the combination of them proved irresistible, for my application was returned, approved, and I went to Paris, where it was at least fifteen degrees warmer than in the provinces in spite of the constant rain, and where I spent a week in a servant's room at the top of one of the hotels, the very last accommodation, I think, that was available in the city. The Peace Conference was all over the place, but the underlings whom I saw did not know anything, and I could not get to any of the "higher-ups". I gave it up as a bad job, therefore, and spent the mornings visiting many of the churches, and the afternoons in driving about with a wounded friend who had been so fortunate as to secure a car for his private use (all motors, including many cars from Army units, had been commandeered for the Peace Conference, which, as can be seen, had already started to make trouble), and the evenings in dining with officer friends. Two events of that visit stand out in my memory. I dined one night at the apartment of a French Major General who had commanded an army corps; his wife was an American, who had been given the Legion of Honour for her war work. There were a number of people at dinner, both army and political, among them old Madame Waddington, whose *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife* I had read long before and enjoyed. I told her so, when I found myself next to her at table, and discovered that she had known some of my people in the older generations, and we, or rather I, had a perfectly delightful evening. Far advanced in years then, her mind was as keen and as accurate as ever. Her questions and her comments were acute and trenchant. She took part in all the table talk, both military and political, and I learned more from her in an hour of what was actually taking place at the Peace Conference than I should have discovered by hanging about Paris for a month. She was *au courant* with everything, and I left immensely stimulated, not only by the atmosphere which was so different from that in which I had recently been, but by contact with this remarkable old lady, so prodigal of her vitality although already infirm and frail.

I shall never forget the Christmas Service which I attended at the church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. It was one of those things which can never be

forgotten. The church was thronged; it would have been impossible for another person to have entered; the crowds were massed in the aisles, and extended forward to the altar itself. The numbers were impressive, but it was the atmosphere, the feel of that great congregation, that clutched at the heart, that made one's breath come short. Black, of course, predominated; there were few, if any, there who had not lost those who were near and dear. But the War was over, the enemy at their gates had been driven back after long years, France had been saved. Nothing else mattered. They had come there, in a spirit of utter thankfulness, to give thanks, to adore. All else was forgotten, or, if it was not forgotten, they had come to give thanks that personal sorrow and sacrifice and loss had been possible, that they had thus been able to give. Devout, with a reverence and a consecration that could be felt, they took their part in the service and in the responses. It was when the choir began the "Venite, Adoremus", that the climax came. A wave of feeling swept over that vast throng that brought one to one's knees. Everyone sang. Some standing, heads thrown back, faces illumined; others, kneeling and bowed, prostrate in utter humility; but all sang. Tears were running down the faces of men and women; they wept openly and unashamed. They were tears of joy, oblations. As that swelling volume of sound rose and fell, one could sense, as it were, all of the elements of which it was composed, one could almost catch the notes of individual heart-break; of unendurable longing for those who were gone; of inexpressible regret that they, too, could not, as they would have wished, give thanks there for the preservation of all that they had died to save. But the individual note was blended, was drowned, in the universal *motif* of thanksgiving, in a spirit of adoration such as must animate the choirs of angels when they sing in the Presence. As verse succeeded verse, a new note was struck, struck again and again, and finally held, until it became the predominant tone in the symphony. A note of courage and of hope, of supreme confidence for the future, based upon certain assurance. They *knew*, those people, carried out of themselves, looking down, momentarily, from the heights. It was as if those high in the spiritual hierarchy, drawn to Reality, present in person because Reality was there, had in their divine compassion infused into adoring hearts this new hope, this fresh courage, until it sounded forth. Sacrifice and heart-break and sorrow had been transmuted and changed. All things had become new, by virtue of that wave of selfless adoration, of instinctive thanksgiving. The deathless Spirit of France was looking forward again. The former things had passed away.

I returned to Bar-sur-Aube on December 30th. On that same day, as I was to learn two days later from a cablegram which I received late in the night, Mr. Griscom had died. I could hardly believe that it was possible. I had not, of course, even known that he was ill. I sat up most of the rest of that night, thinking things out. I knew that I must get home, and at once. It was not that anyone, least of all any of the younger ones, could take his place. But I knew what a great gap his going would leave, that it would be necessary to close ranks, and I hoped that, perhaps, if I were on the spot, I might be

allowed to assist in assuming some of the minor burdens which the older ones in the Movement were carrying, so that they could to that extent be free to carry on those phases of the work to which Mr. Griscom had devoted himself. His death seemed to me, without any doubt, to be a sign that the work which I had come to France in the hope of doing, was over. From the military point of view, it *was* clearly over. There would be no more fighting. Later on, if I remained in France, it was likely that new work might be found for me, perhaps similar to my two return visits to Souilly, when I had represented the General on special missions of inquiry; possibly there would be in this new work opportunity for personal advancement. But all that was of no importance whatever now; anyone could do that sort of thing acceptably; the real work, the real duties, were done. It became a question as to how I could arrange an early departure for home.

Fortunately, I had developed a minor physical ailment, which I thought might profitably be exaggerated. This meant assuming the status of an invalid, and I did not feel in the least like one, but it was as good a way as any to get home, I thought, and I decided to try it. Success appeared doubtful for some time, as I became thoroughly entangled in the red tape of the Medical Corps. Finally it was decided that my medical status would depend upon what an authority at the Base Hospital at Chaumont thought. He turned out to be a doctor from New York, an attendant at one of the large hospitals there, who knew some members of my family; and, without relaxing any of the Army medical etiquette, he assured me that I could count upon his getting me past the examining Board of Officers and upon my being marked for home. I took nothing for granted in the Army any more. I moved over to the Hospital at Chaumont, but I arranged with the Adjutant General First Army that I should not be dropped from the Roster at Headquarters until I had telephoned him from Chaumont that I had been safely passed. I spent several pleasant days at that Hospital, suffering no inconvenience whatever, paying calls on officers whom I knew at General Headquarters, and taking my meals at the officers' mess. Finally, my specialist was as good as his word, and I was ticketed to be returned to the United States as physically disabled, which made me want to laugh. It took some time, however, to get home. It was several days before the hospital train went out, on which I must travel, whether I liked it or not. I felt that I was there under false pretences, among the seriously wounded on that train. There were men on board whose legs had recently been amputated, the stumps of which were still so painful that they could not bear the touch of a blanket; they could not feed themselves, and the medical attendance was inadequate, so I joined hands with several other officers, all "walking cases", and we passed food around at meal hours, and held tins of fluids to their lips while they drank. It took thirty-six hours for that hospital train to reach Nantes, a distance of about two hundred miles, I think, during which time the sick men were without proper medical care; fortunately, no one died en route. I spent two weeks at an Officers' Hospital at Nantes, which was run with such negligence and inefficiency, by one of the Regular Army

Medical Corps, that a Lieutenant-Colonel, with whom I had made friends en route, and I, seriously discussed the advisability of preferring charges against the Commanding Officer and of remaining in France for the Court Martial; we finally relinquished the idea as being impracticable. Nantes was a pleasant town, with an opera and a good picture gallery, but its resources were exhausted long before the two weeks were up. Another week was spent in a Hospital at St. Nazaire, where there was nothing whatever to do. Finally, on January 31st, 1919, I embarked on the SS. "Finland", which had been converted into a hospital ship, and was full of sick and wounded, and, after a rough and stormy passage,—I arrived safely in New York on the 14th of the following month.

At the end of the third week in October, 1918, Marshal Foch had drawn up a special instruction for the General Commanding the American Army and for the General Commanding the Centre Group of French Armies, with the object of assuring close co-operation between the American First Army and the French Fourth Army in their joint offensive, and particularly in that last phase, that final drive which had as an objective, unblocking the line of the Aisne from the east. The enemy had for long been on the defensive, he showed signs of giving way, his retreat was in sight. It seemed to Marshal Foch that, in the circumstances, the preliminary plans "indicated a return to the method of attack which consisted in marking beforehand on the map successive lines to be reached, and betrayed an exaggerated solicitude in the matter of alignment". Accordingly, the following directive was issued:

Important results such as we are pursuing in the present stage of the war, when we are confronted by an enemy whose exhaustion increases every day, can only be achieved by progress as rapid and as deep as possible.

Troops launched into an attack need not think of anything except *the direction of their attack*. In that direction they must go as far as they can, attacking and manœuvring against the resisting enemy with no pre-occupation as to alignment,—units which have got the farthest forward working for the advantage of those temporarily delayed. They must operate, not against lines indicated *a priori* and suggested by the nature of the ground, but against the enemy; and once they have seized him they must never let go their grip.

The strategy and the tactics of the inner spiritual warfare are not for the beginner; they are not for him who stands at the very commencement of the Way. For him, it is a case of first proving himself in single hand-to-hand conflict with individual faults and sins and weaknesses. He must first withstand counter-attack after counter-attack; he must be tempered and tested and tried, until he can control the elements of his lower nature, until he has his higher forces—partially developed, partially trained, it may be—under his command. Not until he has met successfully test after test of this nature; not until he is able, in some measure at least, consciously to direct those higher forces, can he avail himself of the strategy and the tactics of the inner life. He cannot do this while still defending himself from an attacking inner enemy, who can choose the point of his attack. He can only do so when that inner

enemy is on the defensive, when he shows signs of giving way, when his retreat is imminent. This much accomplished, he can marshal his inner forces, as a general moves his divisions in battle, deliberately choosing, not the ground upon which he will stand on the defensive, but the point at which he will himself attack, and how he will do it. Then, and then only, does the parallel between the inner spiritual warfare and the outer conduct of modern war become clear to him, and, translating from one set of terms to the other, he seeks skilled direction, he seeks those facts which have been proven in actual outer experience, by those who speak with authority, that he may apply them within.

We have been told that, because Marshal Foch really dealt with principles, expressed in terms of force instead of in terms of consciousness; because he had thought deeply; because he was profoundly religious, his writings may easily be paraphrased as a treatise on the spiritual combat. In terms of that inner warfare, what exactly is the hidden meaning for us in the extract above from a purely military directive? He is telling us, I think, that we must stop appraising and measuring our inner progress; that we must cease being satisfied with the attainment of a minor inner objective which we have laid out for ourselves in advance. He is saying that there is no such thing as finality in inner growth, that there is no limit whatsoever to that to which we may attain in inner ways, or to that to which we should aspire. He is pointing out that, as inner effort continues and is pressed, latent weaknesses of character—the things which we still have to “mop-up”, to overcome—grow less strong daily; that, when the growing exhaustion of our inner enemy becomes apparent, we must press forward in attack—always the attack!—giving no consideration whatever to anything save to the attack itself. We must not be concerned with our weaknesses, with our known faults; we must not be afraid that they will impede our progress or hold us back. We must utilize our tried qualities in attack and in manoeuvre, forcing their further growth and development to the fullest possible extent, in the realization that they, farthest advanced as they are, will work always to the advantage of our most backward characteristics. We must know where we are going, where it is we want to go, and, once we know this, we must go as far as we can, where we can. If we will do this, never faltering, never wavering, never letting go, we may be sure that we shall find back of us, reinforcing us, the High Command.

This, I think, is what a master of outer warfare is telling us, in terms of the inner spiritual combat. We shall do well, I think, to apply it, always basing the action we take upon the fundamental qualities of the true soldier, of which the greatest, perhaps, is humility. It is humility which makes initial obedience possible. It is the habit of obedience, the instinctive recognition of higher authority, of the hierarchy, which, in turn, reinforces humility, and which leads to other things.

CENTURION.

(The End)

NOURISHMENT

TO avoid possible misconception, perhaps it is well to state now that this article does not recommend specialization, on the one hand, nor expansiveness, on the other; at least according to the connotation often given those words to-day. In discussing, recently, some of the more blatant bewilderments current in the world, two acquaintances, neither of whom is a student of Theosophy, made the following salient comments. One of them said, "There are too many specialists. A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less, and everything about nothing." The other acquaintance took the opposite view. He remarked, "How about the multifarious number of expansive ideas? The world literally is choked with them. They are tumbling over each other, in constant conflict and debate; some going so far as to take issue with God because God does not seem to agree with them." So, the subject matter of this article advocates neither of these two extremes: narrowing knowledge down to ascertain the diameter and the circumference of a pin head; nor reaching out broadside, as it were, to take hold of some idea which, momentarily, has popular appeal.

Instead, our theme is man's use of his whole nature wisely; that is, in accordance with the natural law of evolution; which is divine law. Our theme is transformation; exfoliation.

During a past winter, several meetings of the New York Branch were devoted to a discussion of man's power to receive and to use inspiration. It was pointed out that inspiration is a divine gift; yet man can help to prepare the way to receive this gift more abundantly. Also, it was shown that inspiration is dangerous. So is any divine gift, for it is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. Nevertheless, man can take measures to lessen, if not entirely to eliminate, the danger of the misuse of that which comes from the spiritual world. Man is a creature of dual nature. He has a higher and a lower nature; a Higher Self and a lower self, with which latter he, now, for the most part, associates his centre of consciousness, his sense of *I am I*. The problem is for him to raise his centre of self-identification, inward and upward, so that it becomes conjoined, at one, with the Higher Self. That Self, in man, is the individualized vehicle of spirit, with the power, the capacity, to receive and to use divine gifts.

There is the goal; but, that man is far from any such state of perfection, is apparent from the general confusion rife in the world at present. Wherever one looks, are to be found false prophets crying, "lo here, lo there"; each with his own pet panacea offered as a cure-all. Among these, there are some who, in a sincere search for truth, have found a small fragment of it; and, because it has helped them, they have wrapped it around with creed and dogma, and, with the best of intention, offer the formula to others as the only sure way

out. With their motive one can have sympathy, even while recognizing a misuse of divine gifts. On the other hand, there are those who premeditatedly have concocted selfish schemes, dressed them in a cloak having mob appeal, and who deliberately use their schemes, either to place themselves in power, or to retain their power if they have it. Recently, in America, much has been heard about "the forgotten man", and thousands rallied to that phrase because of its appeal to the lower emotions. In reality, there is no such thing. Those who have the slightest familiarity with the Christian Bible should be able to recall the words of the Master Christ on this subject: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

It is man who has done the forgetting. He has forgotten his relationship with, and his indebtedness to, the Fatherhood, and so fails to see that without true recognition of the Fatherhood there can be no brotherhood.

The misuse of divine gifts by man is a national problem, a world problem, and a universal problem; for it has direct bearing on the ultimate salvation of mankind. Nevertheless, it resolves itself into an individual problem as expressed in the age-old maxim: "Man know thyself". To that problem this article addresses itself in terms of nourishment, as illustrated in the law of Cycles, the doctrine of correspondences, and the seven principles of man.

Western man takes himself too much for granted. The peoples of the East are not so inclined. By nature they are more contemplative, and are more disposed to ask, "Who am I; whence come; whither bound?"—and to seek the answer by retreating quietly within themselves. Westerners, on the other hand, are given to action rather than to contemplation, to regarding externals instead of looking beneath, or behind, the surface. Superficial action, springing from a wrong, or lower, centre, often results in producing a sense of superiority. Hence, we of the West have made the mistake of trying to occidentalize those of the East, ignorantly, perhaps arrogantly, assuming that our method is superior. Yet it would be as much of a mistake if Easterners tried to orientalize us; nor should we attempt to follow their system in its entirety, especially as it has become perverted in certain Eastern cults of to-day. Nevertheless, we can apply with profit the philosophy which lies behind the Eastern mode of life. That philosophy is based on the truths held and lived by the sages of old; truths which have survived the surface flux and flow of the centuries; the truths which Madame Blavatsky—the Lodge Messenger of the nineteenth century—revived for the Western world as Theosophy.

Theosophical philosophy shows that manifestation is not a continuous process; but is periodical, recurring, cyclic. At the beginning of a Manvantara, or Great Cycle of manifestation, lasting some trillions of years, Light, or Life, issues from the Source, the One, courses outward and downward from plane to plane, setting all in motion, vivifying, vitalizing, unifying; somewhat as we might imagine a giant electric spark infusing the entire universe. As the radiant energy descends, each plane is a projection, or reflection, of the plane next above; Light, or Life, diversifying more and more, until, on our plane,

it manifests in heterogeneous ways and forms that it, the incomprehensible, may become comprehensible to our finite minds. Hence, it is said of a Great Cycle of manifestation, that the fructifying and energizing genius proceeds from Unity, through diversity, and back to Unity; for, when the descending impulse has spent itself, the life current turns inward and upward and starts its ascent back toward the One, the Source. As the indrawal proceeds, the reverse of the outward movement occurs, for, now, each plane is nourished by the plane next below; that nourishment—the fruit of experience gained during manifestation—ultimately being carried up to enrich the Source.

The doctrine of correspondences shows the same process taking place in nature, in the way in which the mineral kingdom nourishes the vegetable, and the vegetable, in turn, the animal and the animal man. The seed, and, later, the roots of the plant, draw nourishment from the minerals in the earth. When the plant has reached its ripeness, it is used to nourish the kingdom next above, the animal. This is a perfectly natural process in nature, a normal function of life; so normal, in fact, that we hardly think of the sacrificial aspect of it. Should it not be just as natural, as normal, for man to sacrifice the lower within himself that the higher may be nourished; the lower self in favour of the Higher Self? Yet, man hesitates at taking the step; he shrinks from it as though it were suicidal. He sees it as loss through sacrifice, instead of as gain by transformation, exfoliation. He remains smug in his wrong self-identification.

It is not that nourishment ceases to come from above, any more than the sun stops nourishing the plant; but man must cease to pervert it to his own selfish uses. All nourishment originally came from above, and it is with that which he has perverted that man must gain his immortality. As the plant grows, it meets, and, in its way, uses, at a higher level, the rays coming to it from the sun. Likewise, man, turning inward and upward the force he has misused, can receive and use divine gifts at a higher level of consciousness. Not only that, but there are tides in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, lead on to "fortune". Within the Manvantara there are many lesser cycles, one of which is the one hundred year or century cycle. At present, we are passing through the indrawal phase of this cycle. It is a period particularly pertinent to the thesis of this article; a time when man, by drawing inward and upward the force he has perverted, can put himself *en rapport* with the present cyclic current.

Western theologians point to no such road to immortality. Having dwarfed and perverted the teaching of the Master Christ, and failed to discern the resemblance between it and the teaching of the Buddha, they would have man believe that an anthropomorphic God in some way confers immortality, after one brief, and, usually, haphazard, existence on earth. The philosophy of the Eastern mode of life, on the other hand, shows that everything in nature, including man, must use effort to survive, and not at haphazard, but an effort that is pointed and purposeful; shows, moreover, that individual immortality is for him who gains it through his own courageous work and aspiration, sustained during a series of incarnations, and not just for one short corporeal

span. This philosophy emphasizes the necessity of transferring the centre of consciousness from the transient personality to the enduring individuality, if we would gain immortality. To help towards an understanding of the way in which this transfer may be effected, it shows man, as well as the Universe and all in it, to be sevenfold: man as a creature of seven principles.

A brief consideration of three of these principles will be sufficient to indicate the method of the transfer in question. To use the English equivalents of the Sanskrit names, these three principles are: at the upper pole of man's nature, Divine Will, pure and eternal; at the lower pole, its perversion, personal desire, essentially selfish and transitory; and, oscillating between the two, Mind or Self-consciousness—the sense of *I am I*. The transfer is made by drawing inward and upward the force that is now behind personal desire, starving personal desire, as such, and using the force, thus turned, to nourish Divine Will. As this force, originally divine but perverted by man, is raised, Mind or Self-consciousness is carried inward and upward, from level to level, as it were, until, ultimately, it is transferred from the selfish and transitory personal desire, to the pure and eternal Divine Will. Thus the sense of *I am I* becomes conjoined with the immortal element in man.

To accomplish this, meditation and, its advanced step, contemplation, are necessary. Meditation, however necessary, is but part of the process. There must be accompanying action. In this regard, Western man has a precious heritage in that he is a creature of action, once his acts spring from, and are controlled by, a centre which is one-pointed and high-pointed; once his sense of *I am I* has been raised to a level where the feeling of superiority has given way to the quality of humility. The doctrine must be lived, acted out in daily life; the impulse of the meditation put into practice, so that each successive meditation is enriched by the fruits of experience. The transfer of self-identification from the lower to the Higher Self is a definitely practical matter, involving man's seemingly trivial and mundane, yet infinitely important, every thought and act. Why does he cross the street? Why does he eat corned beef and cabbage? Why does he keep a certain book on the table beside his favourite chair? As in the Great Life Cycle, spirit descends into matter, manifests in the particular, and carries the nourishment of the experience thus gained, from plane to plane, back to enrich the Source; so man, no matter how obscure his place in the world may appear to be, by his every thought and act, not only can nourish the god within himself, but, so doing, can benefit his nation and the race: more than that, he can help to bring forward the ultimate salvation of the whole of mankind.

In the revolution of the Manvantaric Cycle, and in the evolution of the soul, the Universal translates itself in the particular, and the particular assumes universal significance.

G.M.W.K.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE promise to speak on the subject of what happens after death was beginning to worry one of our number. As soon as we assembled he said so, determined to pick the brains of his friends, whose suggestions he was prepared to adopt or reject with entire impartiality. He would in any case make them work for him; they would liberate some energy, perhaps including his own. His name, for the Recorder's immediate purpose, may as well be Smith.

Said Smith: "How shall I begin? With a lot of quotations from Madame Blavatsky and Judge?"

"No!", the Philosopher exclaimed. "Do not rely on authority; begin with a brief statement of the problem, followed by an equally brief statement of the solutions which the public is offered, on the one hand by materialism, on the other, by orthodox religion, and show that both are unsatisfactory."

Smith laughed. "Orthodox religion! Do you mean the Hell, Purgatory, Heaven of the Roman Catholics, or the 'Hope for the Best' of the Protestants?"

"Mention both", the Philosopher replied, undaunted.

"What next?"

"After showing that the Protestant solution is hopelessly inadequate, and that the R. C. solution is cut-and-dried, and that it excludes the large majority of the human race, go on to —."

"Excuse me: but whom does the R. C. doctrine exclude?"

"Everyone except themselves and a few Protestants whom they smuggle into Purgatory by pretending that they would have been Catholics except for 'invincible ignorance'. They make no provision for a good Pagan; they deprive the Indian of his 'happy hunting ground'; they would leave Buddha, Shankara, and the great adepts and saints of other religions, past and present, shivering in the cold, not fit for Hell as they have to admit, and, in their eyes, equally unfit for Heaven, while Purgatory is impossible because only those who desire Christian salvation can go there."

"Please continue."

"Go on, as I was saying, by presenting the theosophical solution, basing this upon what we know of universal laws of growth."

"Why don't you give my talk?" asked Smith.

"I shall before we get through", the Philosopher answered cheerfully.

"No such luck", said Smith; "but what of these universal laws of growth? Why start there?"

"On the principle of working from the known to the unknown, and because 'Man is the mirror of the Universe'."

"I never knew anything quite so pat", said Smith. "You must have been giving this talk all your life."

"No", said the Philosopher, "but you are forcing me to take the trouble to think."

"Sorry", said Smith; "but please keep it up. What comes next?"

"Really", said the Philosopher, "that ought to be obvious."

"I wish it were. It's not."

"After explaining very briefly—for you must not exceed your thirty minutes—the law of alternating periods of expansion and contraction, of exfoliation and indrawal, and using sleeping and waking, summer and winter, and the life-cycle of a bulb or a tree to illustrate this, you should point out how useless it is to speculate about man's condition or nature after death, until we have solved the problem of his nature or constitution while alive on earth. For example, if man were merely a body; if, as Büchner said, the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, death would be the end of consciousness and there would be no future life. Instead, what we now are, we shall be,—minus only the physical body, and the grosser elements of the astral or etheric body."

"I think that would be misleading, or in any case that it begs the question, which is: how much of our present consciousness will be left behind when the body dies? In other words, what, if any, will be the difference between the state of consciousness which we enter, and the state we leave behind us when we die? People want to know: Shall I be the same person?"

"The two questions are not the same, for the same person is in many different states of consciousness during every day and night of his life. However, the state of consciousness which we first enter when we die, must necessarily be the result of our state at the time of death. Thus, if a man dies in great discomfort or pain, his first reaction on the other side would be one of immense relief: the physical pain would have ceased. If he were killed instantly in battle, and the whole force of his nature had been concentrated on what he was doing, he would at first continue doing it,—except in those rare cases when a man has acquired sufficient detachment to see himself as the spectator of his own actions, and keep in touch, while fighting, with his Master and the spiritual world. In that case he would know instantly that he had been killed, and would find himself with his Master, in Paradise. By some means or other you will have to make it clear to your audience that our *first* state of consciousness after death is the result of our dominant thought and feeling when we die, and then of our habitual thinking and feeling."

"Easier said than done", commented Smith.

"Quite easy", was the reply, "if you will explain that death is like waking from a nightmare: in some cases the awakening is immediate and complete; in others, the impression of the nightmare persists for an appreciable time. In view of the usual approach to these things, even among students of Theosophy—that what happens to one, happens to all—it is of great importance to show that in death as in life, no two persons have the same experience. You must rub this in: a thunder-storm will terrify one person and exhilarate another; that what is a temptation for some men will repel and disgust others of different

character. Character is the determining factor, there as here; so even the first reaction to death varies enormously as between different individuals."

"At this rate", said Smith, "I shall need two hours instead of thirty minutes."

"You can't have two hours. If you had them you would cause death, instead of explaining it."

"Thank you", said Smith, beaming. "That possibility was beginning to worry me. Now for what corresponds to the 'Day of Judgment',—I mean that summation of a man's deeds and experience, as seen by his higher self, which some have remembered when resuscitated from drowning."

"You can't cover everything", vouchsafed the Philosopher, as a concession, perhaps, to Smith's limitations; "you might leave that to be brought up by some questioner."

"And if it should be brought up?"

"My answer would be that the summation of a man's life, and of the lesson to be drawn from it, ought to take place before death, and does when he has acquired the habit of self-examination and of regular review of his days and years. In other cases it happens when life has left all parts of the body except certain centres in the brain, and in yet other cases, such as sudden death by accident, it happens as soon as a man wakes up to the realization that he *is* dead. But, once more, if people want a cut-and-dried programme of this infinitely varying process which is known as Death, no true student of Theosophy will attempt to supply it. From beginning to end, death varies as much as life varies. How can it be otherwise! Suppose someone were to ask: 'What happens when you are born into this world?'

"But there are certain fundamentals you will have to cover, even if you omit all else. First, you must make it clear that Time, as we know it, is a concept derived solely from the limitations of our physical senses. You must remind your audience of what all of them should know from their experience of dreams,—that in three minutes or less of waking time, we can dream of events which seem to last for years, while, on the other hand, if a man be waked at six and at once goes to sleep again, to be waked again an hour later, he may be ready to swear that he had shut his eyes for less than a second. Time is an illusion. States of consciousness which, as it were, incorporate a sense of time, are still 'earth-bound', that is to say, are still controlled to a great extent by the residue of earthly experience. or, in the case of an Adept, are deliberately accepted as part of his sacrifice. People always want to know: How soon shall I reincarnate? H.P.B., pushed to the wall by the persistence of this question, answered that the average interval between lives on earth, for the average of the human race, is about fifteen hundred years; but apart from many well-known cases of reincarnation within a very few months or years after death, the soul that returns quickly may feel as if he had been away for ages, while one who exceeds the average may feel like the man who has just shut his eyes, only to be wakened again.

"Another fundamental truth you will have to emphasize is that 'We find what we bring',—when we die, just as while we are on earth: for that is a law

of consciousness. If an old peasant, a prize-fighter, an artist, go through an art gallery, each of them finds what he brings, and cannot see more than his nature, his past experience, his education, and his spiritual perception (if any), make possible. Another aspect of the same law is that we find what we seek, for our desire, often mixed, expresses what we are; but it may take time to find what we seek, while we find what we bring, instantly."

"Explain yourself", said Smith. "I do not want to make my audience dizzy."

"Why not?" was the reply. "If you explain everything, you will give them nothing to think about."

"You leave that to me", said Smith. "It is in any case your business for the moment not to make *me* dizzy. Explain yourself."

"Really you ought to supply something", the Philosopher protested. "However: *ex nihilo nihil fit*. I was of course referring to expectation, which is part of what we bring, but often is different from what we desire. H.P.B. is reported to have said that when Bradlaugh, the avowed materialist and atheist, died expecting the annihilation of consciousness, his expectation would control, and that, until he reincarnated, he would remain in a state of stupefaction or lethargic sleep. But his was an extreme case, and, properly to understand what happens, we must again turn to our own experience. You meet someone, expecting to dislike him intensely, having been told by your friends that he is conceited, arrogant, insufferable; and you do dislike him, until slowly it dawns upon you that he is not what he seems to be, and that his bad manners are a deplorable artifice to conceal his lack of self-confidence and his timidity. His vanity, you discover, is of the negative, not of the positive type,—and thereafter pity, and a sort of sympathy, take the place of your earlier dislike. The same thing is true of places: you may have been prejudiced against them, only to find that first-hand acquaintance reveals them as most attractive. Expectation governs at first; it is part of what we bring to the encounter of any situation; but if there be stronger elements at work, these soon gain the ascendancy, and we begin to find what we seek,—what we really desire.

"Incidentally, expectation in its creative aspect, is a very interesting subject. Without expectation, faith is a mere figure of speech. You might enlarge on this if you have time."

"Time!" exclaimed Smith. "First you annihilate it, then you fill it to the bursting point, and now expect me to have some of it to spare. Time! The last of it disappeared several paragraphs ago."

"To return to our mutttons", said the Philosopher blandly; "if a man dies, either fearing or desiring a life hereafter, but not expecting it, he will find what he brings, and, like Bradlaugh, may at first pass into unconsciousness; but in most cases this will not last: his desire, whether for good or evil, will wake him,—and then he will find what he seeks. In other words, he may go to Hell, or he may go to some kind of Heaven."

This was too much for one of our visitors. "Hell!" he said; "you don't mean to say that you people believe in hell!"

"I never met anyone", replied the Philosopher, "who did not believe in hell

on earth; and if in the body, why not out of the body? Hell on earth is a state of consciousness, is it not? We speak of a man as in hell because he is consumed with envy, hatred, malice, or some other devilish feeling. Why should this cease at death? Are you assuming that because a man sheds his physical body he suddenly becomes a saint, or that he leaves his dominant desires and obsessions behind him? Once more let us examine our experience. If a man who is possessed by some feeling of resentment, goes to sleep praying with all his heart to be delivered from it, there is every likelihood that he will wake up in the morning, morally cleansed at that point. He has escaped from his hell. But if, as so often happens, instead of hating the evil that is in him, and praying for deliverance, he clings to it, and goes to sleep justifying and fostering it, he must inevitably wake up in the same if not in a worse condition. You must surely have known someone who lived on his grievances—whether real or imaginary makes no difference—and who brooded on them incessantly, cursing his fate, and imagining, perhaps, with what eloquence he will accuse his enemies 'before the judgment seat of God'. He was in hell if ever a man was, and, when he dies, will naturally remain in the same state of consciousness until he reincarnates. He will then bring his sense of grievance with him, instinctively seeking those whom formerly he regarded as his enemies, and also seeking to revenge himself on society in general, possibly as an anarchist, more likely, as things now are, as a communist."

"But *where* is this place, with its burning pit and devils with barbed tridents?"

"Nowhere", was the reply. "In the first place, your suggested furnishings are not in line with modern *expectation*. In the second place, have you ever had a nightmare, asleep perhaps in New York or London, but dreaming that you were tottering on the very edge of a precipice, with a wild torrent in the gorge below you, drawing you down, down, down? Where was that 'place'? You know that in terms of waking consciousness it was not a place, though, in the world of dream, it was as vividly real as any experience of earth."

"Do you mean that life hereafter is just a dream?"

"Begin, if you will, by deciding to what extent our present existence is real, and to what extent it is made up of fancies,—some painful, as when we dread the future, some agreeable, as when a girl thinks she is marrying a hero or a millionaire who is actually nothing of the kind. Then try to realize that some people are closer to reality than others, depending upon the stage of evolution, that is, the degree of spiritual perception they have attained. Discrimination between the real and the unreal is, as Shankara said, the first step on the path of attainment."

"But what has that got to do with life after death?"

"Everything; because if we seek reality here, we shall find it there, while those who now cling to their fancies, to their illusions—illusions about themselves, or about the source of happiness—will carry their dreams with them."

"Reality", said our visitor, "strikes me as out in the cold, and lonely."

We laughed; but the Philosopher by this time was too busy to laugh. "Would you feel that way about it", he asked, "if beauty as we know it here, were merely

the shadow cast by the transcendent beauty of things in the real world? If reality meant the perfection of all that you, in your better moments, truly love and desire?"

"I suppose not", our visitor replied; "but I should like to think it over." He seemed uneasy. "What are these illusions you were talking about?"

"Their name is Legion", the Philosopher answered. "Even the wise man, who knows them for what they are, has to fight them, in some form or other, to his dying day. There is the illusion of Time, of which I have already spoken,—if only he had more time! There is the illusion of results, of judging his past efforts by visible results. But we need not worry about *his* illusions. Our concern is with our own. We have outgrown, let us hope, the idea that a plentiful supply of 'wine, women, and song' would insure our happiness, or that unlimited opportunity for playing golf or bridge or even for reading, would content us. But have we rid ourselves of other illusions,—do we still desire popular acclaim, or exalted position? Do we think that money alone, or ample leisure, or bodily health, or any other of the world's 'good things', would make us happy? Finally (for this afternoon!) do we attribute our failures to 'bad luck', or to the enmity or stupidity of others, and do we imagine that we love when actually, though unconsciously, we are self-seeking and selfish? All these and innumerable other illusions, depending upon the hold they have on us, will tend to create the character of our life hereafter, because, once more, we find what we bring: our present life, made up, as it is, of states of consciousness, will be continued 'in our next', except for those states which are entirely physical in origin,—and it would be a great mistake to suppose that 'the lusts of the flesh' are necessarily left behind, seeing that, in so many cases, they are the off-spring of a diseased imagination and inhere in the psychic nature."

"But they cannot be satisfied apart from the body!"

"Exactly; that is why one definition of hell is,—a state of burning, unsatisfied, evil desire."

Smith by this time was restless. "All very interesting no doubt, but you are forgetting my talk; the thread of it is in such a tangle that——."

"In that case the sooner you untangle it the better", the Philosopher interrupted; "that is, unless you prefer to leave it to your audience to do so for you."

"Not a bad idea", said Smith. "After all, an audience ought to do something besides listen. You suggest, as I understand you, that a certain amount of muddle stimulates thought."

"I am suggesting nothing of the kind. You should be crystal clear."

"That is just what I want to be", said Smith. "Please proceed. Where did you leave off?—with me, I mean."

"I did not leave off with you. Our visitor asked about hell, partly on your behalf, because voicing a question any audience would ask."

"But in that case you left me with no reply to other questions, inevitably resulting from what you said. Is hell everlasting? If not, how can you get out of it?—and so forth."

"How *can* hell be everlasting? Nothing is everlasting which involves separa-

tion from divine unity. The Greek word means æon-ian, or age-long. It has been mistranslated,—although to anyone in that state of consciousness it may seem everlasting. How escape from it? Dante explained that: by reversing the polarity of desire. How absurd you are! How many times in your life have you said to yourself,—this is hell! Examine your own experience."

"No", said Smith. "I am here as a questioner, and while that involves some thought, and no little worry in this case, it is part of the understanding that you are to do the bulk of the thinking for me. Please proceed. Examine your own experience. How did *you* escape?"

"No", said the Philosopher in his turn; "but I will tell you how you did: sometimes by realizing, at last, that the torment was of your own creation; that you alone were responsible both for its origin and continuance. Then, by effort of will, you forced yourself to pray that you might see things truly, and when that prayer was answered, as it always is, you prayed for forgiveness,—and escaped. In that case you entered temporarily a sort of heaven-world (still speaking in terms of states of consciousness). More often, however, instead of fighting to escape, your emotional and mental obsession merely wore itself out, in which case, instead of entering a higher state, you just drifted back into your less insane, but very ordinary selfhood."

"Thanks awfully", said Smith. "What next?"

"Make it clear, even if you have to repeat yourself, that none of this is new doctrine, but is simply the less exoteric explanation of the teaching of Christ and of all the Avatars. When Christ said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions', and when he told the story of the rich man, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom,—he revealed in a few marvellous sentences, the substance of all that Theosophy has to say on the subject of what happens after death. Theosophy, as the common source of all the great religions, explains and elaborates the symbolism and parables which the Avatars employed when they addressed 'them that are without'. And how few, even to this day—even among the clergy—see and rejoice in the significance of those words: 'I go to prepare a place for you'. Truly, heavenly death is also well provided for!"

"What next?" asked Smith.

The Philosopher laughed. "Don't be absurd", he said. "In one breath you complain that I have filled your thirty minutes to bursting point; in the next, ask for more. Is the thread still in a tangle?"

Smith stared into the fire; then, ruminatively: "The newspapers recently announced that there had been a bad earthquake in Poland, particularly in Plszkhowski. Someone asked what was the name of the town before the earthquake. I feel rather like that too."

"Cheer up!" was the reply. "You'll feel better when you set your own brains to work. What is that about 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'? So far as I am concerned, it is The End."

"What comes next?" the Recorder now asked, turning from one to another of his contributors. "Have you anything on your mind?"

"A protest", the Student volunteered. "The American Museum of Natural

History in New York is supported, in large measure, out of city funds,—that is, by those who pay municipal taxes. To this, there can be no possible objection; but I do object when an institution of that kind assumes the function of public educator, especially when the instruction it fathers is not only grossly materialistic, but when it proclaims surmises, and the speculations of a sect of scientists, as unquestionable facts. On the cover-page of the March issue of *Natural History*, which is the official magazine of the Museum, there is a picture of a rat-like animal with a tuft at the end of its tail. Beneath this is the description: 'Your Rat-Like Ancestor'. An article in the same issue tells you all about him, and supplies a pictorial genealogical tree showing the same creature as the common ancestor of monkeys, orang-outangs, gorillas, chimpanzees,—and men. The creature is known as *Ptilocercus*. The article states: 'At the foot of the ladder leading up through monkeys and apes to man, this first ancestor of ours, however reluctant we may be to admit it, looks much like a rat.' The article itself will be read by very few. The trouble is that it repeats the lesson inculcated throughout the Museum, and especially, of course, in its biological departments, where the exhibits are designed to demonstrate the animal descent of man. Troops of children from the Public Schools of the city—schools in which the teaching of religion in any form is prohibited—are marched through the Museum that they may be impressed by pictures, or the stuffed forms, of their alleged ancestors, and may thus be imbued with the doctrine that they themselves are merely little animals.

"This is a monstrous misuse of taxpayers' money; it is deliberately anti-religious, only one degree removed from the exhibits in Soviet Russia, the avowed purpose of which is to bring religion into contempt by ridicule and 'demonstration'; and it is inherently dishonest and unscientific, seeing that there is no proof whatever that the theories advanced as facts are true, while all the evidence tending to disprove those theories is carefully suppressed.

"Those who are responsible for this sort of subversive propaganda have doubtless persuaded themselves that their motive is above suspicion,—the enlightenment of the human race; but the truth is that there are hidden motives in a great many cases, sometimes known though not acknowledged; sometimes subconscious. The dictum of Karl Marx, the prophet of Socialism, that 'Religion is the opiate of the People', accounts for much of what is being done to undermine religion surreptitiously, as a preliminary to the establishment, by force if necessary, of the Socialist State. 'Parlor pinks', though they would prefer to avoid the use of force, share the same dreams as those of the red variety.

"The motive which actuates others, sometimes subconsciously, is the desire to justify their own conduct, and to lead their acquaintances into the same habit of giving free rein to their rat-like and other animal propensities. 'We are only one stage removed from apes', they say; 'therefore what is natural and right for apes, cannot be wrong for us: all this talk about the moral law is superstition, from which it is our duty to escape. Do what you feel like doing; express yourself and your "natural urge",—and you can't go wrong.' I repeat: such

efforts to justify self-indulgence, account for much of this animal-descent propaganda.

"For all of which reasons, and because the teaching in itself is false in premise as in conclusion,—I protest against the use of museums supported by public funds, not only in New York but throughout the country,—I protest against their use for purposes which at best are sectarian, and which, in their results, cannot fail to be demoralizing."

"I second the motion", said the Engineer, "but with this addendum: that whenever *Ptilocercus* or some other Lemuroid is displayed in Museums as the ancestor of man, the notice shall in no circumstances read, 'Your Rat-like Ancestor', but 'My Rat-like Ancestor', and that this shall be signed by the Curator who is responsible for the exhibit. After all, as opinions not facts are at issue, the way to settle things amicably is to agree with our adversaries quickly that they *are* the descendants of rats, toads, or any other animal, with the manners and morals of which they feel particularly in sympathy, or of which, in any case, they believe themselves to be the kin. On the other hand, those of us who are convinced that we can trace our descent to man as he was before the Fall—before the animal kingdom materialized—and who have not forgotten our birthright, must necessarily infer that we are of a different and vastly better breed than our animally-inclined opponents."

"Well", concluded the Recorder, "having settled that matter to our satisfaction, if not to theirs, what, may I ask, have you been reading,—less *ex cathedra* in tone, perhaps, than the finalities of Museum and similar scientists?" And the Recorder turned to the Historian, who is always reading something.

"I thought you would be asking me that question", was the response, "so I brought with me a book, *Twenty Years as Military Attaché*, by Colonel T. Bentley Mott (U. S. A.), which, in addition to much that is entertaining, contains reminders of truths which most people either try to forget, or have refused even to recognize. If I may, I will read an extract as an illustration of what I mean." Whereupon the Historian read aloud as follows:

On my way to Fayolle's H.Q. at Saarbrücken, during this trip, I passed through Morhange, now once more French territory. At this place Robert Bacon and I had spent a horrible night while travelling to join General Pershing for the solemn entrance into Strasburg, and the memory of what we had then seen arose to poison my present satisfaction. The vast military hospital appeared like a charnel house; for immediately upon getting news of the Armistice, the Germans had smashed all the radiators, cut the water-pipes and the toilet-drains, taken their food, medicines, doctors and nurses, and left the poor English and French prisoners that filled the place to die at their leisure. Before help could arrive many of these weakened men were beyond revival, and the horror of the spot, the very stench of it, remains with me to this day.

I could not but remember this spectacle of useless cruelty when I lunched with General McLaughlin on the Rhine a few days later. He occupied part of a large house in a smiling German town and he told me of his efforts to defend himself from abasing politeness on the part of the inhabitants. The owners of the house and their daughters were sending delicacies to his table and manifesting their friendly spirit in various ingenious ways. Finally McLaughlin had been compelled to send for them. "We are still at war with your country", he told them. "I am occupying a part of your house in consequence of

this situation. I desire to cause you the least possible annoyance, but our personal intercourse must be limited to what is strictly necessary. I thank you for your presents but I beg you to send no more."

McLaughlin went off the next day to watch the Christmas sports of his command. On returning for dinner he found the table decorated with little Christmas trees and a note from the lady of the house! I feel sure that had the situation been reversed, these same persons would have taken keen delight in doing to McLaughlin's men what their brethren had done to the poor devils in Morhange six weeks before. These are things that decent people the world over ought to keep in mind, even though their rulers are impelled by policy not to refer to them publicly. The German has an innate love of cruelty which creeps out whenever he is in the saddle, just as his cringing in the presence of superior force seeks to soften the blows which he naturally anticipates will be handed him. That his people in the Rhine Provinces were not kicked about by the Allied troopers surprised him completely. He knew what his soldiers would have done had the shoe been on the other foot.

"There would be no need to remind the world of such things", the Historian continued, "if it were not for the obstinate incredulity of some people, and the ceaseless propaganda of others whose purpose it is to show that the English and French were just as bad as the Germans. The Irish in this country overflow with that sort of poison, and even in England there are Pro-Germans and Pacifists who adopt a similar attitude."

"I am not sure that Colonel Mott has diagnosed the German psychology correctly", the much-travelled Engineer now remarked. "Somebody once said that senseless atrocities are usually committed by people who are trembling with fear, in order to reassure themselves. Germans differ greatly. Prussians are one type; Hanoverians and the people of the Rhine Provinces are another; and the Prussians dominate. We know in any case that all peoples are inclined to judge others by themselves, and as it is indisputable that Germans believe in a policy of *schrecklichkeit*—in terrorization—in times of war, and even in times of peace within their own borders, it is a fair inference that they know the treatment which would be effective if employed by other nations against themselves; that, in other words, the German General Staff, realizing the native timidity of most of their own people, infer that the English, Belgians, French and Americans must be similarly constituted. However, there can be no question as to Colonel Mott's facts, while the question I raise is more or less academic. Of one thing I am positive: that the Germans, throughout the War, behaved like fiends in Belgium and Northern France, and that, because of England's attitude of 'Forgive and Forget', and of American indifference, Germany is determined, when she breaks loose again, to employ even worse forms of 'frightfulness' than before."

"I agree with you under that head", said the Historian. "The worst of it is that England, France and America have learned no more than Germany as a result of their War-time and subsequent experience. There will be no peace in the world until someone of the stuff of Genghis Khan outdoes the Germans at their own game,—in Germany. No Armistice then!"

"I am sorry for the Lodge", the Student commented. "What with its stupid but well-meaning children—nations and individuals—and its cunning,

unscrupulous and self-assertive children, shouting their contempt of God and man, it must still be a case of 'the Son of man hath not where to lay his head'."

"You are right", said the Ancient. "The best of us are stupid in many ways, but we need not let our stupidity go so far as to lead us to forget that faith and love and aspiration are gifts which the least of us can offer, and which the Lodge will not only accept with gratitude but can use for the salvation of the race. I do not mean that we ought to accept our stupidities as inevitable, for clearly, by study and thought we should do our utmost to draw the lesson from each day's experience, that we may learn the laws of life, and the difference between the real and the unreal, between right and wrong in their wider reaches and deeper significance; clearly, too, we should pray for common sense and for the elements of wisdom: but, meanwhile, let us rejoice that, in spite of our limitations, we can look up and believe and trust,—and give thanks. It must seem to us, often, that our love and gratitude are so thin as to be almost invisible; but in that case, if you are dealing with the Master Christ, remind him of the Widow's Mite; say to him: 'Master, you accepted her gift, next to nothing though it was, because it was her all, and if we give all the love of which we are now capable, you will accept that too, and perhaps will multiply it, as you multiplied the loaves and fishes, and will turn it into something strong and beautiful.'

"We are still deceived by the god of the western world,—Success, though in no department of life is success attainable, seeing that it for ever recedes. Success is a step towards success,—or failure: it is never a finality. This is as true of spiritual attainment as it is of money, worldly position, or human love. Therefore, as Judge used to say, let us offer up the results of all our efforts, realizing that the effort alone concerns us, and that the Lord will take care of results.

"It is of such things that our annual Convention reminds us,—and we need to be reminded of them, living as we do in a world which sees only the fleeting as real, and which would persuade us, if it could, that our ideals are both unattainable and impotent. Unattainable they may be in this life, if only for the reason I have already suggested,—that the nearer we approach them, the greater the heights which become visible; but impotent, No! The very fact that we recognize the ideals which the Lodge has revealed to us—the ideals of chéliship and of all to which that may lead—the life of the unconquerable Warrior and Master—that recognition alone is a power in the world which makes evil tremble; and if to recognition there be added honest effort to be and do as the ideal demands, we shall be serving the Lodge as it is given to few to serve it; we shall be making ready the way for the coming of a Kingdom on earth, which already is, thank God, in heaven."

T.



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY¹

I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he is prosecuting you for introducing new things into religion. And he is going into court knowing that such matters are easily misrepresented to the multitude, and consequently meaning to slander you there.—PLATO.

I FIRST met dear old "H.P.B.", as she made all her friends call her, in the spring of 1887. Some of her disciples had taken a pretty house in Norwood, where the huge glass nave and twin towers of the Crystal Palace glint above a labyrinth of streets and terraces. London was at its grimy best. The squares and gardens were scented with grape-clusters of lilac, and yellow rain of laburnums under soft green leaves. The eternal smoke-pall was thinned to a gray veil shining in the afternoon sun, with the great Westminster Towers and a thousand spires and chimneys piercing through. Every house had its smoke-wreath, trailing away to the east.

H.P.B. was just finishing her day's work, so I passed a half-hour upstairs with her volunteer secretary, a disciple who served her with boundless devotion, giving up everything for her cause, and fighting her battles bravely, to be stormed at in return, unremittingly for seven years. I had known him two years before, in the days of Mohini Chatterji, the velvet-robed Brahman with glossy tresses and dusky face and big luminous eyes. So we talked of old times, and of H.P.B.'s great book, *The Secret Doctrine*, and he read me resonant stanzas about Universal Cosmic Night, when Time was not; about the Luminous Sons of Manvantaric Dawn; and the Armies of the Voice; about the Water Men Terrible and Bad, and the Black Magicians of Lost Atlantis; about the Sons of Will and Yoga and the Ring Pass-Not; about the Great Day Be-With-Us, when all shall be perfected into one, re-uniting "thyself and others, myself and thee."

So the half-hour passed, and I went downstairs to see the Old Lady. She was in her writing-room, just rising from her desk, and clad in one of those dark blue dressing-gowns she loved. My first impression was of her rippled

¹ By Charles Johnston, from *The Theosophical Forum*, Vol. 5, No. 12, April, 1900, page 221; and Vol. 6, No. 1, May, 1901, page 2.

hair as she turned, then her marvellously potent eyes, as she welcomed me: "My dear fellow! I am so glad to see you! Come in and talk! You are just in time to have some tea!" And a hearty handshake.

Then a piercing call for "Louise", and her Swiss maid appeared, to receive a voluble torrent of directions in French, and H.P.B. settled herself snugly into an armchair, comfortably near her tobacco-box, and began to make me a cigarette. The cuffs of a Jaeger suit showed round her wrists, only setting off the perfect shape and delicacy of her hands, as her deft fingers, deeply stained with nicotine, rolled the white rice-paper round Turkish tobacco. When we were comfortably alight, she told me a charming tale of Louise's devotion. She had got away from her base of supplies somewhere, in Belgium I think, and things were rather tight for awhile. A wealthy gentleman called to see the famous Russian witch, and tipped her maid munificently. As soon as he was gone, Louise appeared, blushing and apologizing: "Perhaps madame will not be offended", she stammered, "but I do not need money; *enfin—madame consentira . . .*" and she tried to transfer the *douceur* to her mistress.

Louise's entry cut short the story, and H.P.B. turned with a quizzically humorous smile to another theme: "Of course you have read the S.P.R. Report?—The Spookical Research Society—and know that I am a Russian spy, and the champion impostor of the age?"

"Yes, I read the Report. But I knew its contents already. I was at the meeting when it was first read, two years ago."

"Well", said H.P.B., again smiling with infinite humour, "and what impression did the frisky lambkin from Australia make upon your susceptible heart?"

"A very deep one. I decided that he must be a very good young man, who always came home to tea; and that the Lord had given him a very good conceit of himself. If he got an opinion into his head, he would plow away blandly, and contrary facts would be quite invisible. But your case was not the first on the list. They had a paper on modern witchcraft, at which another of your accusers proved that pinches and burns could be sent by thought-transference to a person miles away. It was quite gruesome, and suggested ducking-stools. Then you came on. But as far as I could see, the young Colonial had never really investigated any occult phenomena at all; he simply investigated dim and confused memories about them in the minds of indifferent witnesses. And all that Mr. Sinnett says in the *Occult World* seems to me absolutely unshaken by the whole Report. The Poet, the third of your accusers, came down among us after the meeting, and smilingly asked me what I thought of it. I answered that it was the most unfair and one-sided thing I had ever heard of, and that if I had not already been a member of your Society, I should have joined on the strength of that attack. He smiled a kind of sickly smile, and passed on."

"I am glad you think so, my dear", she answered in her courtly way, "for now I can offer you some tea with a good conscience." Louise had laid a white cloth on the corner table, brought in a tray, and lit the lamp. The secretary soon joined us, receiving a tart little sermon on being unpunctual, which he was not. Then we came back to her friends, the Psychical Researchers.

"They will never do much", said H.P.B. "They go too much on material lines, and they are far too timid. That was the secret motive that turned them against me. The young Colonial went astray, and then the bell-wethers of the flock followed in his wake, because they were afraid of raising a storm if they said our phenomena were true. Fancy what it would have meant! Why it would practically have committed Modern Science to our Mahatmas and all I have taught about the inhabitants of the occult world and their tremendous powers. They shrank at the thought of it, and so they made a scapegoat of this poor orphan and exile." And her eyes were full of humorous pity for herself.

"It must have been something like that", I answered, "for there is simply no backbone in the Report itself. It is the weakest thing of the kind I have ever read. There is not a shred of real evidence in it from beginning to end."

"Do you really think so? That's right!" cried H.P.B.; and then she turned on her secretary, and poured in a broadside of censure, telling him he was greedy, idle, untidy, unmethodical, and generally worthless. When he ventured an uneasy defence, she flared up and declared that he "was born a flapdoodle, lived a flapdoodle, and would die a flapdoodle". He lost his grip, and not unnaturally made a yellow streak of egg across her white tablecloth.

"There!" cried H.P.B., glaring at him with withering scorn, and then turning to me for sympathy in her afflictions. That was her way, to rate her disciples in the presence of perfect strangers. It speaks volumes for her, that they loved her still.

I tried to draw a red herring across the track,—not that there were any on the table. We were limited to tea, toast and eggs.

"The funny thing about the Psychical Researchers", I said, "is that they have proved for themselves that most of these magical powers are just what you say they are, and they seem to have bodily adopted, not to say, stolen, your teaching of the Astral Light. Take the thing that has been most made fun of: the journeys of adepts and their pupils in the astral body; you know how severe they are about poor Damodar and his journeys in his astral body from one part of India to another, and even from India over to London. Well, they themselves have perfectly sound evidence of the very same thing. I know one of their Committee, a professor of physics, who really discovered thought-transference and made all the first experiments in it. He showed me a number of their unpublished papers, and among them was an account of just such astral journeys made quite consciously. I think the astral traveller was a young doctor, but that is a detail. The point is, that he kept a diary of his visits, and a note of them was also kept by the person he visited, and the two perfectly coincide. They have the whole thing authenticated and in print, and yet when you make the very same claim, they call you a fraud. I wonder why?"

"Partly British prejudice", she answered; "no Englishman ever believes any good of a Russian. They think we are all liars. You know they shadowed me for months in India, as a Russian spy? I don't understand", she went on

meditatively, yet with a severe eye on her secretary, "I don't understand how these Englishmen can be so very sure of their superiority, and at the same time in such terror of our invading India."

"We could easily hold our own if you did, H.P.B.", ventured the patriotic secretary, pulling himself together, but evidently shaky yet, and avoiding her eye. She was down on him in an instant:

"Why!" she cried, "what could you do with your poor little army? I tell you, my dear, when the Russians do meet the English on the Afghan frontier, we shall crush you like fleas!"

I never saw anything so overwhelming. She rose up in her wrath like the whole Russian army of five millions on a war footing and descended on the poor Briton's devoted head, with terrific weight. When she was roused, H.P.B. was like a torrent; she simply dominated everyone who came near her; and her immense personal force made itself felt always, even when she was sick and suffering, and with every reason to be cast down. I have never seen anything like her tremendous individual power. She was the justification of her own teaching of the divinity of the will. "But H.P.B."—hesitated the secretary. But she crushed him with a glance, and he desperately helped himself to more buttered toast only to be accused of gluttony.

Again I attempted a diversion: "There is one thing about the S.P.R. Report I want you to explain. What about the writing in the occult letters?"

"Well, what about it?" asked H.P.B., immediately interested.

"They say that you wrote them yourself, and that they bear evident marks of your handwriting and style. What do you say to that?"

"Let me explain it this way", she answered, after a long gaze at the end of her cigarette. "Have you ever made experiments in thought-transference? If you have, you must have noticed that the person who receives the mental picture very often colours it, or even changes it slightly, with his own thought, and this where perfectly genuine transference of thought takes place. Well, it is something like that with the precipitated letters. One of our Masters, who perhaps does not know English, and of course has no English handwriting, wishes to precipitate a letter in answer to a question sent mentally to him. Let us say he is in Tibet, while I am in Madras or London. He has the answering thought in his mind, but not in English words. He has first to impress that thought on my brain, or on the brain of someone else who knows English, and then to take the word-forms that rise up in that other brain to answer the thought. Then he must form a clear mind-picture of the words in writing, also drawing on my brain, or the brain of whoever it is, for the shapes. Then either through me or some Chêla with whom he is magnetically connected, he has to precipitate these word-shapes on paper, first sending the shapes into the Chêla's mind, and then driving them into the paper, using the magnetic force of the Chêla to do the printing, and collecting the material, black or blue or red, as the case may be, from the astral light. As all things dissolve into the astral light, the will of the magician can draw them forth again. So he can draw forth colours of pigments to mark the figure in the letter, using the magnetic force of the

Chêla to stamp them in, and guiding the whole by his own much greater magnetic force, a current of powerful will."

"That sounds quite reasonable", I answered. "Won't you show me how it is done?"

"You would have to be clairvoyant", she answered, in a perfectly direct and matter-of-fact way, "in order to see and guide the currents. But this is the point: Suppose the letter precipitated through me; it would naturally show some traces of my expressions, and even of my writing; but all the same, it would be a perfectly genuine occult phenomenon, and a real message from that Mahatma. Besides, when all is said and done, they exaggerate the likeness of the writings. And experts are not infallible. We have had experts who were just as positive that I could not possibly have written those letters, and just as good experts, too. But the Report says nothing about them. And then there are letters, in just the same handwriting, precipitated when I was thousands of miles away. Dr. Hartmann received more than one at Adyar, Madras, when I was in London; I could hardly have written that."

"They would simply say Dr. Hartmann was the fraud, in that case."

"Certainly", cried H.P.B., growing angry now; "we are all frauds and liars, and the lambkin from Australia is the only true man. My dear, it is too much. It is insolent!" And then she laughed at her own warmth, a broad, good-humoured Homeric laugh, as hers always was, and finally said:

"But you have seen some of the occult letters? What do you say?"

"Yes", I replied; "Mr. Sinnett showed me about a ream of them; the whole series that the *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* are based on. Some of them are in red, either ink or pencil, but far more are in blue. I thought it was pencil at first, and I tried to smudge it with my thumb; but it would not smudge."

"Of course not!" she smiled; "the colour is driven into the surface of the paper. But what about the writings?"

"I am coming to that. There were two: the blue writing, and the red; they were totally different from each other, and both were quite unlike yours. I have spent a good deal of time studying the relation of handwriting to character, and the two characters were quite clearly marked. The blue was evidently a man of very gentle and even character, but of tremendously strong will; logical, easy-going, and taking endless pains to make his meaning clear. It was altogether the handwriting of a cultivated and very sympathetic man."

"Which I am not", said H.P.B., with a smile; "that is Mahatma Koothoomi; he is a Kashmiri Brahman by birth, you know, and has travelled a good deal in Europe. He is the author of the *Occult World* letters, and gave Mr. Sinnett most of the material of *Esoteric Buddhism*. But you have read all about it."

"Yes, I remember he says you shriek across space with a voice like Sarasvati's peacock. Hardly the sort of thing you would say of yourself."

"Of course not", she said; "I know I am a nightingale. But what about the other writing?"

"The red? Oh that is wholly different. It is fierce, impetuous, dominant, strong; it comes in volcanic outbursts, while the other is like Niagara Falls."

One is fire, and the other is the ocean. They are wholly different, and both quite unlike yours. But the second has more resemblance to yours than the first."

"This is my Master", she said, "whom we call Mahatma Morya. I have his picture here."

And she showed me a small panel in oils. If ever I saw genuine awe and reverence in a human face, it was in hers, when she spoke of her Master. He was a Rajput by birth, she said, one of the old warrior race of the Indian desert, the finest and handsomest nation in the world. Her Master was a giant, six feet eight, and splendidly built; a superb type of manly beauty. Even in the picture, there is a marvellous power and fascination; the force, the fierceness even, of the face; the dark, glowing eyes, which stare you out of countenance; the clear-cut features of bronze, the raven hair and beard—all spoke of a tremendous individuality, a very Zeus in the prime of manhood and strength. I asked her something about his age. She answered:

"My dear, I cannot tell you exactly, for I do not know. But this I will tell you. I met him first when I was twenty,—in 1851. He was in the very prime of manhood then. I am an old woman now, but he has not aged a day. He is still in the prime of manhood. That is all I can say. You may draw your own conclusions."

"Have the Mahatmas discovered the elixir of life?"

"That is no fable", said H.P.B. seriously. "It is only the veil hiding a real occult process, warding off age and dissolution for periods which would seem fabulous, so I will not mention them. The secret is this: for every man, there is a climacteric, when he must draw near to death; if he has squandered his life-powers, there is no escape for him; but if he has lived according to the law, he may pass through, and so continue in the same body almost indefinitely."

Then she told me something about other Masters and adepts she had known,—for she made a difference, as though the adepts were the captains of the occult world, and the Masters were the generals. She had known adepts of many races, from Northern and Southern India, Tibet, Persia, China, Egypt; of various European nations, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, English; of certain races in South America, where she said there was a Lodge of adepts.

"It is the tradition of this which the Spanish Conquistadores found", she said, "the golden city of Manoa or El Dorado. The race is allied to the ancient Egyptians, and the adepts have still preserved the secret of their dwelling-place inviolable. There are certain members of the Lodges who pass from centre to centre, keeping the lines of connection between them unbroken. But they are always connected in other ways."

"In their astral bodies?"

"Yes", she answered, "and in other ways still higher. They have a common life and power. As they rise in spirituality, they rise above difference of race, to our common humanity. The series is unbroken."

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS

Make Life Worth Living, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo; The Macmillan Co., New York, 1938; price, \$1.75.

We cannot too highly recommend this book as a defence of religious principles against the irreligion and materialism of to-day. Dr. Sizoo, who is of French Huguenot extraction and of Dutch parentage, is at present the minister of the well-known Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas in New York. He is also Vice-President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America,—which is, incidentally, the only good thing we know of that Council. How he can get along with his associates, considering the difference between his philosophy and theirs, is not easy to imagine; for his philosophy, though not mystical, is in most respects theosophical, while theirs seems to be: Give them plenty to eat, and lots of leisure, and religion will take care of itself.

The following extracts will give some idea of Dr. Sizoo's attitude:

[The church] does not stop with social justice, but with divine justice. It does not put man, but God, in the centre. It is not concerned with the distribution of wealth, but with the stewardship of wealth, which is infinitely higher and more difficult.

It is the function of the church to establish an order in which men shall see more than the eye can see, hear more than the ear can hear, feel more than the hand can touch. It is something that begins on earth, but does not end here. It is born in time but will take eternity to unveil and unfold. It is something that begins with God and ends with God. Its goal is neither political, social nor economic reform, but the redemption of man from sin through the cross of Christ. . . .

The causes of God are never lost causes. The great moral ventures men make, the holy aspirations to which they cling, the unrequited love through which they live, and the high dreams for which they agonize, are never in vain.

Like most Protestants, Dr. Sizoo has no respect for the purely contemplative life of certain Roman Catholic religious orders,—an attitude with which it is difficult for a student of Theosophy to sympathize, considering what we know of the contemplative side of the Lodge, and of the creative power of prayer when really spiritual. But he is liberal in his outlook, and, after pleading that the church should make it easy for people to find God, and hard for them to forget Him, and that "it must increasingly develop a technique which will foster that sense of reverence",—does not hesitate to add: "The Catholic Church has made that contribution, and all too often has the Protestant Church failed miserably in that respect."

The chapters entitled, "We shall Live and Meet Again", and "Standing up to Life", are particularly valuable. The only blemishes on the book, as we see it, are that the author is too much inclined to "write down" to the level of his readers, and descends at times to ordinary journalese (as we have done, in the use of that word!), while, in one instance, he is distinctly misleading in his historical summary, implying, as he does, that St. Augustine introduced Christianity into England (A.D. 596), thus ignoring the successful labours of St. Patrick in Somerset and elsewhere, of St. Columba in the north, the evidence of the early chronicles of the Roman, Eastern, Gallic and Spanish churches that Joseph of Arimathea established a congregation of Christians at Glastonbury not long after the Crucifixion, and the narratives of William of Malmesbury and others, which show that in the second century, under the great-grandson of Caractacus, a large part of England had accepted Christianity. But these are trifles in comparison with the merits of a book which, once more, we cannot praise too highly as a counterblast, within Protestantism, to the materialistic humanitarianism which is reducing our churches to the equivalent of social welfare clubs.

T.

Souvenirs d'un Journaliste, in three volumes, by Lucien Corpechot; Librairie Plon, Paris, 1936; price, 13.50 francs a volume.

Figures de Chefs, by Henry Bordeaux; Librairie Plon, Paris, 1937; price, 20 francs.

Some of us love France. We love her so much that her present desperate plight bears down upon us like a nightmare. We are deeply troubled in our hearts and minds by the spectacle of a great and noble nation reduced to apparent impotence by the experiments of *idéologues*, the intrigues of demagogues, and the self-seeking of politicians. No American can afford to throw the first stone, after what has happened here, but there are some Americans who are peculiarly distressed by the French "new deal", because they expected better things of France.

However, those who truly love the genius and inner life of France have not lost faith in the destiny reserved for her, nor in the recuperative power which has saved her so many times in the past and which *must* save her again. She has the "karma" of many errors which must be exhausted, but so much spiritual force has been poured into her very soil, that we can conceive of no war and no revolution which will destroy her before her appointed work is done. The Lodge does not lightly abandon its "investments". It can provide those who will restore the values which seem to be utterly lost. Let us remember Jeanne d'Arc, Henri IV, Richelieu, Napoleon, and the multitudes who have rallied again and again, to convert the appearance of complete disaster into certain victory and peace.

The latest of the saving "miracles" of France, as has been often said, was the Battle of the Marne, although in truth this "miracle" began before the Great War and lasted until the Armistice. It is this "miracle" which is the real sub-

ject of these books. M. Corpechot writes, in particular, of the group of men of letters and men of science, who laboured without rest, during the two decades before the War, to awaken the conscience of the nation. He was an intimate friend of Marchand (of Fashoda fame), Quinton, Barrès, Bourget and many others. Some of us may have become so cynical, that it is not easy to understand how public opinion could at any time or in any place be inspired and directed by men of such culture and temper, but, in that case, all the more reason for recalling, in these dark times, how before the War, the way of sacrifice and death in the cause of civilization was prepared, in a certain sense, by a group of truly civilized people whose love for *la douce France* was so intense, so vital, that it revitalized the heart of the nation by a sort of "contagion of consciousness". Who will measure the degree in which these enlightened souls made possible the glories of the four "terrible years"? Incidentally, as Marchand and Quinton—to mention only two—amply proved, they were eager and ready to practise the doctrine of sacrifice and selfless devotion which they preached. Quinton on the battlefield was as magnificent as a hero of Homer or Plutarch, or a figure from a romance of chivalry.

Quinton often said: "War is a passion of the soul." He experienced this passion with the ardour which he carried into all his feelings. There can be no doubt. He loved war. He spoke of this love to me when he was dying. He loved war, "because he loved risk, danger and effort, because he felt the need of spending himself for others, because he held in horror a life of ease, the life which kills the gods." He knew the fatigue which is sometimes "so great on the battle-field, that it makes us desire the release of death"; he knew privations, cold, extreme danger, wounds, illness. But he loved all that because "hunger, combat, sleeplessness raise to the highest degree the moral force of the man who serves, because a divine soul inhabits the harassed body, because the soul is purified when the body is exhausted."

Let us not confuse this heroic version of war, which makes explicit—as it were—the spirit of the true warrior caste of France, with the blood-lust of the "militarist", nor with the pompous boasting of the adventurer. The hero is neither a murderer nor a clown.

One very real value of M. Corpechot's book is that it brings consolation and hope. The human race is not always and necessarily governed by "morons" and barbarians. Barrès actually sat in the Chamber of Deputies! Such things happened before: they can happen again. Meanwhile, if the student of Theosophy really believes in re-incarnation and in the abiding union of souls who have loved and worked for the same cause, he cannot doubt that the devotion of these men to France is a living power in the world beyond death, and that it will lead them to incarnate again, when cyclic law makes this possible, to defend the land to which they have dedicated their service. Can we imagine that the Master, whom they served in serving France, would deny them this privilege?

M. Bordeaux's work, in a sense, supplements M. Corpechot's, for it is an admirable and sober study of the military leaders whose strategy, and whose character, even more than their strategy, guided France through crisis after crisis, during the War. He has devoted special attention to Joffre, Fayolle, Maistre and Serret. All these commanders illustrated qualities which mark

the traditional French officer. These cannot be easily defined, because what is paramount but undefinable is the individuality which makes each of them real. M. Bordeaux, excellent artist as he is, makes manifest the characters of his heroes by telling the story of their trials and aspirations. Each of them was an individual, a unique personage, but the foundation of their prestige was the same for all,—fortitude, vigilance, the will to command and the desire to serve, uncompromising rigour towards the foe conjoined with paternal kindness towards all those, even the humblest, who were in their charge. One recalls the fact that the French military unit is, in a very real sense, a "family"; that the relation of the captain and the private is that of father and child.

The last chapter of this book contains one of the most beautiful passages to be found in any account of the Great War. Bordeaux quotes from the diary of the *sous-officier* Chambrières, the account of the death of General Serret on the scarred and blasted slope of Hartmannsvillerkopf in Alsace. Chambrières was devoted heart and soul to the General, whose "standard-bearer" he was. His simple narrative has the poignant quality of an ancient ballad. We quote a few sentences, although it is impossible in translation to preserve the moving force of the original:

From the moment when the General was struck until we found shelter in the shell-hole, he lost much blood. His trench-helmet served as a pillow and I covered his head with my dragoon's casque. I said to him: "General, you must be suffering a great deal." He replied: "There is a noble thought in the *Imitation of Christ*: 'If you cannot suffer with joy, suffer at least without complaint.'" And he did not complain. His eyes were closed; I kissed his hand. He opened his eyes and said to me: "I have faith, I am at peace." . . . We arrived at last at the dressing-station. The General's helmet had fallen on the stretcher; an orderly replaced it. The General said to him: "Not like that, the stars in front, always."

Les étoiles en avant toujours. As M. Bordeaux remarks, those words, among the last which the General spoke, are an inspiration to the lovers of France, who only in their weaker moments ever lose faith in her destiny and her immortal genius.

S.V.L.

Design in Nature, by James Ritchie, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and Country Life Limited, London, 1937; price, \$2.50.

Professor Ritchie uses as an epigraph a sentence from the writings of Sir Thomas Pope Blount: "The deeper insight any Man hath into the affairs of NATURE, the more he discovers of the Accurateness, and Art, that is in the contexture of things." These words sound the key-note of this delightful book. We recommend it to all lovers of country life, to all who find the society of birds and flowers more restful and more entertaining than the society of not a few of their "fellow-humans". Professor Ritchie says that his object is "to explain in simple language the ways in which the living world has been moulded by some of the forces in inanimate nature—the all-prevailing influence of the sun, the succession of the seasons, the rhythm of day and night". He has been

successful, not only because he has mastered his subject, but because he writes with a clarity and wit which distinguish him from the vast majority of the popularizers of science.

He states his thesis as follows:

Study any example you like—here for variety we have taken as examples, life in a wasp's nest, the spring migration of birds, the significance of song, life in a pond, and so on, and the impression grows that an understanding of the lives of plants and animals can be gained only through an understanding of the designs which the rhythms of nature have imposed upon them.

This is confirmed by observation and experience. All the cycles of the Universe collaborate in the shaping of every creature, including man himself. Recollection of this central fact in Nature should never leave us, for constant reference to it will illumine much that would otherwise be unintelligible in existence. And it is pleasant to witness, in our contacts with our humble brethren of the fields and forests, countless illustrations of the "Accurateness and Art" which distinguish the operations of cyclic law. We can take advantage of an excursion into the country to strengthen our too feeble faith in the deep wisdom and fitness of the nature of things.

Professor Ritchie is careful to point out that the living creature does not play a wholly passive rôle in the shaping of its destiny. The voice of creative Nature is lost in the void, unless the creature reply to it. As he remarks, "Life is a responsive thing", and its responses are infinitely varied. It is as if Nature, in all her processes, sought above all to produce a race, not of slaves, but of collaborators.

Natural selection cannot make an animal fitter, any more than an eliminating round of a golf tournament makes a man a better golfer, unless it be that, since failure here does not bring annihilation, fortunately for us, a man may benefit from his experience of the test. And perhaps in that sense, in impressing the lessons of experience, natural selection does help to make animals fitter. Even so, and this is the point I wish to be at, the animal or the golfer is not *made* fitter by any outside condition; it is himself or itself, the living creature, which makes the change. There can be no selection unless there are differences to select, and it is part of the unique character of living matter that it supplies the differences or variations, some of which lead to increased fitness and so to survival.

It is interesting to note that *The Secret Doctrine* defines *Kundalini Shakti*, the "universal life-principle", as the power which brings about both "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations", and the "continuous adjustment of external relations to internal relations". When the great mystic, Meister Eckhart, affirmed, "God has need of me", he was stating a principle which is effective wherever there is life,—which means, according to Theosophy, everywhere. It is the law that the creature, in order to survive, must become in some degree a creator, a co-worker with Nature.

B.D.

Lost Horizon, by James Hilton; William Morrow & Company, New York. This novel of adventure in the East has been a best-seller for four years.

However, there would be no reason for reviewing it here, if it had not become a cause of some confusion of thought. It is an excellent "mystery" story; but there is no evidence whatsoever that its author intended to emulate Bulwer Lytton and to write an "occult novel". Nevertheless, undiscerning readers have read into it "occultness", "spirituality", and a host of other qualities which are not there.

It is an original story. A British official and a small group of nondescripts are kidnapped in an Indian frontier station and transported by aeroplane to Shangri-La, an earthly paradise in the wilderness of Tibet. Here they find a community of cultivated men and women of many races, who have solved the problem of human well-being, and who still appear youthful at the age of a hundred. The Grand Lama of this happy valley is a French priest who arrived from Peking in 1734! "It was his way to accept from native life all that it offered which he found harmless and pleasant, and to give in return the spiritual treasure of the West. . . . He even embarked upon the study of certain mystic practices that the Indians call *yoga*, and which are based upon various methods of breathing." He has kept himself and his disciples alive, by means of "drug-taking and deep-breathing exercises". However, Nature imposes limits, even in this Tibetan Utopia, and his body finally wears out, though not before he has time to choose the English hero as his successor. Unfortunately or fortunately, according to the point of view, the Englishman feels constrained by his sense of duty to run away; but he returns to civilization only to disappear again, for the call of Shangri-La is too strong. He wants peace and quiet, a haven of refuge from a storm-tossed world. Not a few people in real life cherish similar desires,—which may partially explain the popularity of the book.

It would be idiotic to complain that all this is a tissue of impossibilities. Fiction does not have to be the servant of the possible. But it would be worse than idiotic to take the plot seriously. It does not give the prescription for the "elixir of life". "Drug-taking and deep-breathing exercises" are *not* the basis of the true Indian *yoga*. Shangri-La may resemble some views of Devachan; it is not, in the remotest sense, a vision of the Trans-Himalayan Lodge. Something more than narcotics and a misconceived *yoga* and a lovely climate, is required to make the actual physical body of man outlive the centuries. No one, in the present cycle, can grow fabulously old and, at the same time, live comfortably, his mind and senses constantly soothed by every delicate pleasure which nature and art can contrive. Candidates for occult training are not conscripted at random; nor is it reasonable to expect even a British empire-builder to fit himself by a few days' residence in a luxurious lamasery to head a community of centenarian sages. These propositions are so elementary, so self-evident, that the reader is justified in wondering whether the reviewer who repeats them has any sense of humour. Certainly it is not Mr. Hilton's fault that such an analysis has seemed necessary. He does not pretend to be a mystic and seer. He is an entertaining novelist who happened to choose Tibet as the background of one of his tales.

Many who did not read the book, have seen the "movie" with the same

title. The less said about this, the better. There are some magnificent panoramas of mountain scenery; but no amount of landscape can redeem the banality and vulgarity of the characters and their actions. An incredibly silly love-story has been added to maintain intact the Hollywood tradition. If anyone has seen the "movie" and has liked it, let him look up in any standard dictionary the definition of "glamour".

V.S.

The Citadel, by A. J. Cronin; Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1937; price, \$2.50.

This reviewer dislikes novels. At best they are but psychic reflections of a psychic reflection of life. But partly because most people will read nothing else; partly because a good novel broadens the mental outlook, especially of those who have not seen much of the world, and partly because *The Citadel* has become a "best-seller" both in England and America, and is avowedly a novel with a purpose,—we read it, and on the whole are glad to have done so. The author, with an established reputation as a novelist, is an M.D., M.R.C.P., and, in this novel, shows himself as a man with a mission, and manages, while doing this, to add to, instead of detracting from, the interest of his story. It is the story of a young doctor with high ideals of his profession, who marries a girl with ideals as high as his, and whose character is far more stable. She loves him devotedly, with the whole of her nature, he loves her, but loves himself better. Desire for success and for money—at first they are very poor—gradually turns him from his original purpose; he compromises with his conscience and adopts the unscrupulous professional practices which formerly he had condemned. His wife realizes this; pleads with him and is roughly rebuffed. She is heart-broken—for his sake; he resents this against her, and becomes bitterly unkind. It would not be fair in a review to tell of his awakening and repentance, nor of their renewed but brief happiness together. She, through her suffering, saves his soul.

The story is full of dramatic incidents, well told, and, morally, is the cleanest modern novel we have read in English (there are outstanding French novelists, such as Henry Bordeaux, who put all our authors to shame in this respect). But why does Dr. Cronin, who handles matters of sex with such unusual and welcome refinement, use words in other connections which are needlessly, offensively vulgar? Once more in these columns we protest: the photography of hard, sharp outline is not art; it is not even artistic photography. Why should decent women-readers be affronted by the language of dirty little school-boys?

None the less, the book will do good. The character of Christine, the wife, is in many ways beautiful; and the author's exposure of commercialized medical practice, with its tricks for extracting extra fees, its superficial knowledge, its intense narrow-mindedness, should be illuminating to those who were not disillusioned long ago. He does not condemn the profession as a whole. To do that would be both unfair and absurd. There are many doctors whose motives

and ethical ideals are beyond reproach. Even they, however, are terribly handicapped by the instruction they received when passing through the medical schools, for that instruction was based upon a purely materialistic if not mechanistic philosophy, and as that philosophy is false, darkness, not light, flows from it. And because this is something which Dr. Cronin, with all his learning, evidently does not realize, his criticisms are less fundamental than he thinks they are,—except when he upholds honesty, fearlessness, and intellectual integrity against their prevailing opposites. There, of course, he is on safe ground, and we are heart and soul with him; but we cannot follow him in his respect for “the latest” in scientific development, believing, as we do, that a very small percentage of “the latest”, whether in theory or method, will survive the experience of the next ten years; believing also as we do, that the percentage of superstition in the medical theory and practice of ancient China, India, Egypt, or, in later times, of Paracelsus, the two Van Helmonts and other “mystics”, was probably lower than the percentage of superstition in the orthodox textbooks of to-day. Wonderful progress has been made in certain directions, but in other and perhaps more important directions the movement has been retrograde,—and the medical profession is too conceited to be able or willing to admit this. Girolamo Cardano, the Milanese, knew much that the modern physician does not know (his autobiography is fascinating reading), even as the modern physician knows a thousand things of which Cardano knew nothing; but where is the modern physician or medical student who is capable of turning with respect to the recorded experience of that sixteenth-century celebrity, expecting to learn from him, and remaining open-minded when the doctrine of that day conflicts with the orthodoxy of our present schools? Where is the medical student of six months’ standing who does not look with pity or mild amusement upon the “blind gropings” of his predecessors of five hundred or a thousand years ago? It is not the student’s fault; it is the fault of his instructors, whose acquaintance with superficial phenomena is astonishing, but who fail utterly to grasp the significance of the principle that the cause of all visible things is in the invisible. So long as they ignore the medium between mental and emotional states and nerve reactions, they will remain blind leaders of the blind. A right philosophy is their greatest need, and they will never accept this if thrust upon them. They can acquire it only by slow assimilation resulting from a study of ancient authors, whom they must approach, not for the purpose of increasing their own sense of superiority as at present, but with an honest desire to discover as much truth as possible in the recorded experience of those who thought more, even though they read less, than we do to-day. (When will people learn that reading without intelligent and deep thought, is a hindrance rather than a help to the attainment of understanding!)

In brief, the basis of a sound medical education is not now provided. It will consist of a study of the history of medical philosophy, which must be taught by those who will honestly try to help their students to think for themselves, and to revere the principle: “There is no religion higher than Truth.” Obedience to that principle will in time lead to the conviction that man is a soul,

functioning through psychic, astral, and nervous bodies of which the physical is merely the rind or casing,—the outermost expression of the inner, and important as the means of contact and communication with the outer world, and as the instrument through which alone the soul can gain experience and control of objective existence. Only when that conviction has been gained by the majority of those who practise medicine, will Dr. Cronin's true aims become possible of attainment.

T.

Return from the U.S.S.R., by André Gide; translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1937; price, \$1.00.

M. André Gide is considered one of the greatest living novelists by some critics, and his opinions carry much weight with the *intelligentsia*. He is also a member of the Communist Party. This is the opening paragraph of his book on his visit to Soviet Russia:

Entering into direct contact with a people of workers in factories, workshops and yards, in gardens, homes of rest, and "parks of culture", I had moments of intense joy. I felt the establishment of a sudden sympathy between these new comrades and myself; I felt my heart expand and blossom. This is why I look more smiling—more laughing even—in the photographs that were taken of me out there, than I am often able to be in France.

If the reader can bring himself to go on after this exhibition of Gide's egotism and lack of humour, he can probably live through the rest of the book. Why was Gide unable to view French workmen with an equal sympathy and joy, or with such a beaming countenance? The reader will ask himself this question not only at the beginning but at the end of the book. We suspect that Communism is a disease which destroys the faculty of logic as well as the sense of humour.

M. Gide was full of enthusiasm for the "unprecedented experiments" being carried out in Soviet Russia. On his return, he ventured to criticize a few of the results of these experiments—not that he is out of sympathy, of course, with the principles of Communism, but, because, like many people who approve of any experiment until it affects themselves, he suffered pain when he came into contact with the restraints laid upon his own profession, that of Letters.

I believe that a writer's value is intimately linked to the force of the revolutionary spirit that animates him—or to be more exact (for I am not so mad as to believe that only left-wing writers have artistic value), to the force of his spirit of opposition. . . . For the question arises: what will happen if the transformation of the Social State deprives the artist of all motive for opposition? What will the artist do if there is no reason for him to go *against* the current, if all he need do is to let himself be carried by it?

Evidently M. Gide's idea of revolution is to keep on dancing and shouting in the same spot, as in a squirrel cage. He does not seem to realize that if someone who always opposes the government, starts out as a Communist, eventually he will "revolute" to extreme "ultra-bourgeois" conservatism. There seem to be signs of this even in the Russian Utopia. "We cannot doubt, alas, that bourgeois instincts, degraded, greedy, self-centred, slumber in many

people's hearts, notwithstanding any revolution (for many can hardly be reformed entirely from the outside); it disquiets me very much to observe, in the U.S.S.R. to-day, that these bourgeois instincts are indirectly flattered and encouraged by recent decisions that have been alarmingly approved of over here."

"Comrade" Gide's logic is sometimes positively weird. In one place he says of Soviet Russia: "I doubt whether in any other country in the world, even Hitler's Germany, thought be less free, more bowed down, more fearful (terrorized), more vassalized." Later on, in a lucid moment, he admits: "And as it always happens that we recognize the value of certain advantages only after we have lost them, there is nothing like a stay in the U.S.S.R. (or of course in Germany) to help us appreciate the inappreciable liberty of thought we still enjoy in France—and sometimes abuse." He does not explain how France could have developed this liberty of thought during the rule, for a thousand years, of Capetian "tyrants". However, he cheers up, and ends with this thought: "The help that the Soviet union is giving to Spain shows us what fine capabilities of recovery it still possesses. The Soviet Union has not yet finished instructing and astonishing us."

The descriptions of parks of culture and state farms drip with sentimentality. Gide even achieves an unconscious humour when he tells us of the beauties of Bolshevo, a large town inhabited entirely by criminals, now all reformed characters! He attended a meeting where some of them spoke, and says: "It all reminded me oddly of the series of edifying confessions that I heard at Thun two years ago during a great meeting of adepts of the Oxford Group."

Unfortunately, the sentimental and false maunderings of M. Gide's mind are those of too many people who ought to know better. The test of our present era would seem to be that of discrimination between the false and the true, a discrimination rendered infinitely difficult by the scrambled state of men's minds and all national affairs. M. Gide's book will scarcely carry any illumination, but it may well serve as a horrible example.

St.C. LAD.

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Great Contemporaries, by Winston S. Churchill; Thornton Butterworth, London, 1937; price, 21s.; Putnam, New York; price, \$4.00.

Winston Churchill's peculiarities as a politician have been mentioned more than once in the pages of the *QUARTERLY*; often brilliantly right, he is as often glaringly wrong, both practically and ethically. But he writes as few can, with perfect clarity, with humour, in a style ideally adapted to his subject. There is not a dull or superfluous paragraph in these 300 pages, which are delightful and stimulating reading, and which might well serve as an example to the multitude of contemporary writers whose utter lack of refinement and poverty of imagination lead them into the vulgarities, impudicities, and what seems to be a preference for coarse words, which decent people find revolting, and against which the *QUARTERLY* will never cease to protest. In his most bitter invective

—and Churchill does his best in *Great Contemporaries* to rend Trotsky limb from limb—there is not an expression which offends the canons of good taste.

The portraits of the Earl of Rosebery, of Asquith, of F. E. Smith (first Earl of Birkenhead), of Curzon, of Clemenceau, all based on close contacts, are masterpieces of character-drawing. His passing references to Kitchener are unfair and prejudiced; but this was to have been expected, as Kitchener was several sizes too big for Churchill's comprehension. Kitchener, for one thing, was extraordinarily impersonal and detached, while Churchill is nothing if not vividly personal, without a notion, we suspect, of what detachment means.

That, however, is incidental. We strongly recommend the book to those of our readers who are interested in men who helped to make European history during the past fifty years.

H.

CORRESPONDENCE

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

As a comment on what is going on between England and Germany to-day, may I remind your many English readers of something which doubtless they learned when at school, but which they may have forgotten? I refer to the procedure of Ethelred, surnamed the "Unready" (a significant name), who attempted to buy off the incursions of the Danes, and who, for that purpose, instituted, in 991 A. D., the tax known as Dane-geld,—with the inevitable result that the Danish pirates, finding how profitable their demands, threats, and ravages were, renewed these with increasing success until, in 1017, the Danes became supreme throughout the greater part of the country.

May those of us who are of English descent, venture to hope that Hitler-geld, or Deutsch-geld, will not now be levied for a similar purpose?

A suggestion of this kind from America may seem ungracious, if not impertinent; but the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, although published in New York, is an international magazine, and may well claim that its repeated condemnation of the selfishness of the United States in matters of foreign policy—a selfishness as short-sighted and inexpedient as it is morally wrong—should be sufficient evidence of your impartiality to justify the insertion of my reminder.

OLD MEMBER.

March 9th, 1938.

*Try first thyself, and after call in God;
For to the worker God Himself lends aid.—EURIPIDES.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 406.—*What is the difference between a saint, a disciple, and a chêla?*

ANSWER.—There are various grades of saints, disciples and chêlas. Often, a saint's development, though truly splendid, is along one main line, that of holiness. A disciple's development is more rounded, and leads to a better balanced and clearer idea of his Master's requirements of him. The chêla must develop his *whole* nature wisely, putting it, *in toto*, at the disposal of his Master; becoming at one with him in mind, in heart, in strength, so that he instinctively, and with understanding, carries forward the plan and purpose of his spiritual Father.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—The lives and writings of the saints reveal an almost overwhelming sense of their own sinfulness and unworthiness, thereby displaying great humility, which is the basis of all the virtues. Another outstanding characteristic of the saint is intense love and devotion to his Master. These qualities are essentials to discipleship and to chêlanship, but are by no means all that are needed by the aspirant to either. The disciple has these qualities of the saint, *plus* others, chief among which is a certain degree of understanding, but *minus* the limitations of creed and dogma which narrow the vision of the saint. Discipleship has been described as the preliminary step to chêlanship, which is the completion of discipleship. The disciples of the Master Christ, in spite of their close association with him, failed for the most part, during his lifetime, to understand his nature and mission. St. Paul and St. John, on the other hand, are said to have been initiated chêlas; and it is clear that there was a great change in all the disciples following Pentecost. Discipleship means self-surrender, and many who think they desire it fail to realize that they have not surrendered their own wills, which in many cases is due to inability to judge their motives correctly through lack of self-knowledge.

The chêla becomes; he is not made. The process of becoming involves growth in self-knowledge, which enables him to use his entire nature wisely, and also growth in understanding of the laws of Nature, of the Universe, and of the spiritual world, which are, in reality, one and the same. He also grows in likeness to his Master, until he becomes an "accepted chêla", when his mind and heart and will are united with his Master's.

G.H.M.

ANSWER.—A saint is one who has attained to a certain degree of holiness. A disciple is one who has attained that, and also a certain degree of understanding. One description of chêlanship is as follows: "Chêla (literally 'child') is usually translated 'disciple', but the word means much more than this. The steps of the evolutionary scale between man as we know him, and Masters, are filled by chêlas of various grades, lay-chêlas, probationary chêlas, accepted chêlas, etc. Its higher grades are said to involve a closeness, a degree of union with the chêla's Master beyond anything in our experience. Such chêlanship, in addition to the attainment of first-hand knowledge of the Divine, implies a higher, richer and more selfless state of consciousness, a 'change of polarity' in which the centre of the chêla's interest is transferred from himself to his Master and his Master's work. It is not an outer condition and cannot be conferred, but must be attained by the man himself as the result of his own inner development. The rules governing this development constitute the scientific basis for ethics. Its attainment is possible in any outer circumstances. . . . It is the next step in human evolution."

J.F.B.M.

QUESTION No. 407.—*When in doubt as to what course to follow, and when one honestly seeks inspiration or guidance and cannot find it, what is wrong?*

ANSWER.—When we seek, do we at the same time ask? If we have asked, do we then listen? If we listen, do we continue to listen, intently and with faith, or do we become impatient and self-centred, and so impair and dull our true power of hearing? What kind of an answer do we await? Do we expect to see, in a blinding flash, our entire future course mapped out for us in the most minute detail? Or are we content and satisfied to go step by step, acting upon such guidance as we are able to recognize, first at one point and then at another, until, as we slowly build, we finally realize that each separate act is becoming part of an harmonious and ordered whole? Let us ask ourselves as well whether it is that *we* want to do the right thing, or whether what we really desire is, that the right thing should be done and that we may merely do our part in it aright. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Those above us are always eager to give all the inspiration and guidance we need, and which we have made ourselves capable of receiving. Our failure to find guidance may be due to many different causes. Perhaps the answer to our problem is written clearly in our own experience, and what we are wanted to do is to examine that experience to learn its neglected lessons. Good teachers help a pupil, but do not solve his problems for him. Life sets us problems to teach us how to live.

It is not generally recognized that to perceive truth is supremely difficult,—as difficult as to live rightly. In fact, perception depends on right living, for only those who live the life can know the doctrine. Every fault we have, obscures or distorts our perception of truth. No vain man, for example, can ever give a true, justly proportioned account of any incident in which he himself was concerned. The skill of the mind in altering and colouring its picture of events for reasons of vanity or self-justification, is a matter of every-day observation. Guidance from above is received from a much higher level than that of our mental processes, and must be interpreted to our every-day consciousness by the mind. To the extent to which the mind is "impure", is under the habitual domination of self-love, self-will, self-indulgence, etc., there is danger that the guidance will be distorted or perverted. Failure to recognize the difficulty of interpreting divine guidance through polluted human minds, is one of the great errors of Buchmanism. The probability of misinterpretation must often make it impossible for Masters to supply the guidance they long to give. One essential is a genuine desire on our part for the truth, irrespective of vanity, hurt feelings, personal predilections, or anything else. A test is the way we receive criticism. When we have learned to welcome it, we have gone a long way toward earning guidance. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—The trouble may be lack of practice. Spiritual faculties, like physical and mental ones, require development and cultivation and constant use. If one habitually identifies himself with his personality, obeys the commands of self-love, self-indulgence, and self-will, and is guided by worldly wisdom rather than desire for Truth, his intuitive powers have little opportunity to manifest themselves. He does not recognize or value them. Is it surprising that when, in time of trouble, he does seek guidance, he finds only uncertainty? C.M.S.

ANSWER.—It is questionable if one who honestly seeks guidance, will fail to find it. We have the promise: "Seek, and ye shall find". The lower nature employs many wiles to keep us from our goal: over-scrupulousness may be used to screen timidity and vanity; laziness and mental inertia may cause us to wait for someone else to solve our problems. A motto in an office reads: "He who never makes a mistake, never does anything." G.H.M.

ANSWER.—Our understanding is not sufficiently awakened to grasp what is before us, for inspiration and guidance are always at hand. Doubtless our blindness at this point is a result of previous disobedience, our refusal to follow and act on light that *was* revealed. To regain our lost estate, and to quicken our awareness, we can be humbly and meticulously obedient to such spiritual truth as we can see. It is said that obedience invariably brings understanding. G.M.W.K.



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 30th, 1938, 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, May 1st, at 4 p. m., tea will be served at 64, Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

I. E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1938.

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 will be meetings on,—

April 9th and 23rd, May 7th.

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.

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 organisations 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.

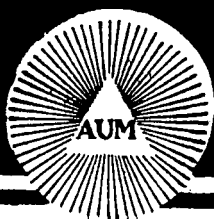
"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous 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.

XXXV, No. 3

JULY, 1938



THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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



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.



JULY, 1938

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

OMNE VIVUM EX OVO

NO science would be possible, if the universe were not *one*, a cosmos, in which all events are linked together and somehow correspond to one another. There are many planes and modes of existence, and each being regards the Whole from a different point of view; but there is no contradiction between various aspects of the one and indivisible Truth. *Natura non facit saltum*: Nature does not proceed by leaps and bounds. If the future were not continuous with the present and the present with the past, we could trust no calculation and plan no action. When something unexpected, like a "miracle", seems to disrupt the natural order, its occurrence merely proves that we do not understand Nature as completely as we may have assumed. The unexpected is as normal as the expected; and the wise man, admitting the vastness of his ignorance, ceases to be surprised by anything which happens. Moreover, reasoning from the known to the unknown, he comes to the conclusion that everything which seems ordinary by dint of repetition, must have at one time appeared extraordinary. The laws of Nature are constant, but the laws of Nature are also laws of growth. The extraordinary is continually growing out of the ordinary. The process is as natural and also as mysterious as the leafing of a tree in May.

It is sufficiently extraordinary that anything whatsoever should exist. However, materialistic habits of thought are so ingrained to-day, that many find it easier to imagine the normal order of existence as lifeless rather than as living. A stone or a lump of clay, which is rashly assumed to be "dead matter", appears to be more "natural" than a plant or an animal or a man. Indeed, the apparition of what is called organic life on this planet, literally offends the majority of scientists, because it does not fit into their ideas as to what ought to take place in a neat and tidy universe.

The trouble is that organic life cannot be manufactured, like steel or soap, in a laboratory. *Omne vivum ex ovo*; everything living is born from an egg or

germ; life alone can produce life. Thus the biologist is faced with a variant of the old riddle: Which came first, the hen or the egg? And as so often happens in the case of riddles, he has given up the attempt to answer it and has changed the subject. What else can he do, as long as he persists in the notion that life is nothing but an abnormal conjunction of chemical and physical factors? Following, in imagination, the lines of evolution backwards, he approaches a point in time when the physical state of the earth must have been radically different from what it is to-day. The organisms which exist now, could not have existed then. How then did life originate, when there could be no "hen" and no "egg"? As can be easily seen, this riddle is even more exasperating than the one which it has displaced; for *ex nihilo nihil fit*: nothing can be created out of nothing. All that is left for the biologist to do is to assume that life is virtually nothing at all, since it is merely the "epiphenomenon" of a preposterous chemical accident. More than one scientist has not hesitated to affirm that Nature herself has never duplicated this "accident"; that our little earth must be the only life-bearing orb in space. Thus it has become conventional to represent life as so utterly insignificant that, in any comprehensive description of the Universe, it can be completely ignored, as even the most meticulous housewife takes no account of an infinitesimal speck of dust on an otherwise spotless surface.

LIFE ALONE CAN PRODUCE LIFE

The age of blind and stubborn dogmatism did not come to an end, as some have fondly supposed, when modern science superseded mediæval theology as the supreme arbiter of human opinions. No schoolman ever clung more tenaciously to his preconceptions than does the typical modern biologist. The biologist does not reason from the known to the unknown, for wherever he has studied life, he knows that it has proceeded from something living. No one can propound a just theory of organic evolution, unless he accept this attested truth as his starting-point. The difficulties of the scientist arise, because he arbitrarily defines life as the unique attribute of the "organic" kingdoms, of vegetables and animals and the human species; because he declaims against the possibility of any forms of life under conditions different from those which accompany the formation of terrestrial physical organisms. The idea of living beings with spiritual or astral bodies, dwelling upon planes where our consciousness is not at present objective, is of course wholly meaningless to him; the worlds inhabited by angels and nature-spirits, by the Gods, Demi-Gods and Heroes of ancient mystagogy, are for him as incredible as "Alice in Wonderland". But he finds almost equally fantastic the theory that there may be life on other planets, like Venus or Mars. How can this be, he asks, if their climatic conditions are evidently unlike ours, and carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen do not occur there in the same proportions as on earth? What is even more to the point, he recognizes no evidence of living activity, that is to say, of *purposeful* activity, in the mineral kingdom, in spite of the behaviour of crystals, in spite of the fact that the study of filterable

viruses proves how difficult it is to draw the boundary between the inorganic and organic realms.

The student of Theosophy ventures to suggest that physical, terrestrial organic life is only one of the infinite number of the "forms" of life in the great Universe; that life is co-extensive with Nature; that life is as omnipresent as Being and is identical with Being. Wherever there is any "organization" of "matter" in any kingdom, in any dimension, on any plane, there the universal life-force is at work, building for itself some vehicle through which it can attain some measure of expression, some degree of what Leibniz called "apperceptive consciousness". Thus the aphorism, *omne vivum ex ovo*, has universal meaning, applying not only to the birth of individuals but to that of species and classes and kingdoms: each "form" necessarily emerges from a germ developed within the matrix of another "form".

Doubtless, at one time, when the earth was young, "organic" life—as we understand it—did not exist. Then, to use the jargon of contemporary biology, a "mutation" or "emergence" presumably occurred, and something which might be described as an "organism" was born. But why do we assume that such an event must have been an outlandish and unheard-of thing? We are constantly experiencing "mutations" in our own lives, whenever, in fact, our consciousness is impressed by any new or unfamiliar sensation or idea. If the "organic" developed out of the "inorganic", this must have been because the promise and potency of the "organic" was present in the "inorganic".

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE CANNOT BE EXHAUSTED

If life be as universal as Nature, it is as beginningless and as endless as Nature, proceeding—as Theosophy teaches—through cycles of Pralaya and Manvantara, alternately exfoliating from unity to multiplicity and indrawing from multiplicity to unity. It would seem that the path of life is figured by an endless climbing spiral, not by a straight line that either stops or continues indefinitely in one direction. Its possibilities cannot be exhausted, as the biologist pretends, by a single "organic" evolution which terminates in the production of physical man. If the mineral contain the germ or potentiality of all plant and animal life, we may logically infer that the animal man in turn contains the germ or potentiality of a superior form of being, the spiritual man.

Some scientists have suggested that physical organic evolution has spent its force. There is evidence that the tendency to multiply species has been decreasing in intensity since the early Tertiary; that in a certain sense the fauna and flora of our globe have approximated to their definitive forms in the present great cycle. In spite of their eagerness to find their ape-like ancestors, anthropologists are obliged to testify that the physical appearance of man has scarcely changed during a period of more than a million years. Not unnaturally the spectacle of a world in which evolution has stopped, does not provide a reassuring outlook for the future. What will happen to man? Most of those who speculate upon this problem are quite ready to admit that

they do not know, but many are inclined to expect the worst. It is fashionable to offer an alternative between two prospects: either Nature herself will destroy man by a series of catastrophes, or man by his ineradicable folly will destroy himself.

The student of Theosophy sees no reason for indulging in a blind optimism; but he does not share the notion that the creative force of life on this planet is diminishing. Evolution has not stopped. It has changed its direction. There is a theosophical hypothesis that many millions of years ago evolution passed a "mid-way point", when the human kingdom became definitely established as part of the physical order. At that moment, it is said, the major tide of the life-force turned, and, after flowing downwards and outwards into "matter" for æons, began to *indraw* upwards, to return, as it were, to Spirit. It created physical man at the climax of the "descent into matter"; but the physical man, the mortal, was designed to be the matrix from which could be born the spiritual man, the immortal. According to the theosophical teaching, the next stage of evolution is, or should be, the emergence and growth of new and higher forms of human or "superhuman" life.

We know how absurd this must sound to the scientific ear. But there is ample testimony that such new and higher forms have already appeared. The qualities of mind and heart which we regard as most distinctively human—such as self-sacrificing love for values that are neither personal nor physical—cannot be adequately described as specializations of ordinary animal qualities. Nor can we explain, as a mere by-product of animal evolution, the nature of the *élite* of mankind, of those who, like the Buddha and the Christ, have completely proved that it is possible for the human being to transcend himself, to immortalize himself, to liberate consciousness from the personal and physical limitations that are so familiar to us. Since the universe is one, the "spiritual" is doubtless foreshadowed and prepared by the "animal", but the "spiritual" is not a "species" of the "animal". Although a spiritual being may be said to come into manifestation through a transformation or transmutation of animal nature, it grows and evolves in its own distinct "kingdom".

Theosophy therefore proposes the doctrine that the cycle of evolution has turned inwards from multiplicity towards unity, from the phenomenal towards the noumenal world. The emphasis of creation has been shifted from the outer to the inner world, and this transfer would seem to be intimately connected with the development of man as a self-conscious, responsible individual, whose first mission is to co-operate with Nature in the creation of himself as a living soul.

THE MYSTERY OF TRANSFORMATION

If the laws of transformation and growth be consistent and constant, the passage from potentiality to realization in every kingdom must illustrate the same fundamental principles. When we observe the growth of a plant from a seed, we are witnessing the way in which every potentiality unfolds, the way in which all that is invisible in Nature exfoliates into a visible form.

The study of vegetable growth should make clear one simple fact. The

seed will never grow of itself; it must receive a stimulus from external forces. The potential plant will remain potential for ever, unless the life within it be quickened. There must be contact with earth and water and air, and there must be enough heat to start and maintain organic action. Above all, the growing plant must be placed where there is light; for without light it cannot build its body, it cannot convert "inorganic" into "organic" substance, it cannot "diligently separate the subtile from the gross". To recapitulate, in order that a plant may come to maturity, three factors are indispensable. There must be the seed, containing potentially the form of the plant and the spark of life; there must be the substances of earth and air and water which are integrated into the form as it develops, and which constitute the elements upon which the spark of life feeds; and there must be the immaterial agencies of light and heat, directly or indirectly derived from the Sun, the cosmic energies which ignite the spark—so to speak—drawing it out of its latent condition and interacting with it. However we may explain it, it is by virtue of this interaction between the active force of radiation and the potential force within the seed and the growing plant, that the essential vital organic activities are carried on.

Theosophy points to one underlying cause of the dependence of organic life upon radiant energy. "The Sun is the store-house of Vital Force, which is the Noumenon of Electricity; and it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths, that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 579). Elsewhere it is suggested that from or through the Sun proceeds "that vital and intelligent Force which informs the seed and develops it into the blade of grass, or the root and sapling. It is the germ which becomes the Upadhi of the seven principles of the thing it resides in, shooting them out as the latter grows and develops" (*op. cit.*, I, 311). It may be assumed that in its aspect as the reservoir of life or *prana*, the Sun is not simply the shining orb which we see in the sky, but is the body of its radiance filling the solar system in its entirety; and that the planets and all their creatures live within it, as tissues or cells of that body. That is why for any organism on earth, insulation from radiant energy is equivalent to death.

POTENTIALITY AND REALIZATION

According to an old definition of the mystics, matter is "crystallized spirit". It is, as it were, spirit without the clear consciousness that it is spirit. But because it is still spirit, as Plotinus says, there is always, even in the deepest abyss of material existence, an essence which is an "obscure contemplation" and which dimly yearns towards the Good. It would seem that it is this inherent quality of yearning or contemplation, which expresses one aspect of what is called the Monad in theosophical literature. The presence of a Monad, or "atom" of spirit, if one may so describe it, endows a thing of matter with such reality as it possesses; and this reality appears to be, in part at least, identical with the *potentiality* of the thing of matter to be transformed into something

superior to that which it now is, whatever that may be. Thus, the *real* man—as defined, for example, by the Upanishads—is not his “self” as it exists, but the Higher Self which he can become.

One begins to understand why, in so many mythologies, the Sun-God is represented as a sacrificial victim, like the “All-seeing Vishvakarma” of the *Rig Veda*, who “sacrifices himself to himself”, in order that the “Spiritual Egos” of mortals who are of one essence with him, may be released from their prisons of flesh and, through conscious union with him, participate in his freedom. The Monad, the potentiality of the growing plant, realizes itself, according to its measure and degree, by its response to the outpouring of life from the Sun, which may be not inappropriately called its “Father in Heaven”. But this vitalization of the plant is surely a sign and symbol of the universal sacrifice of the higher to the lower in every kingdom and department of Nature, the sacrifice which alone endows the lower with the power to transcend itself. So the Master, the Perfected Man, spends himself endlessly to bring life and light to his children, to all who exist within his “body of radiance”.

LOWER NATURE UNAIDED FAILS

There is a passage from *The Secret Doctrine* which refers to an early disturbed period in the earth's history when our Mother, the Earth, “would call no Sons of Heaven, she would ask no Sons of Wisdom. She created from her own bosom. She evolved Water-Men, terrible and bad.” To some this may sound senseless or rather quaint, like an episode from a fairy-story; but Madame Blavatsky's comments are singularly pertinent to the present day, which is producing its own breed of “Water-Men, terrible and bad”.

Thus Physical Nature, when left to herself in the creation of animal and man, is shown to have failed. She can produce the first two kingdoms, as well as that of the lower animals, but when it comes to the turn of man, spiritual, independent and intelligent powers are required for his creation, besides the “coats of skin” and the “breath of animal life”. The human Monads of preceding Rounds need something higher than purely physical materials with which to build their personalities, under the penalty of remaining even below any “Frankenstein” animal (II, 55, 59).

One may deduce this general law, that no being in the Universe, no matter who or what it may be, can transcend its actual state by its own efforts alone. It must call to its aid the “Sons of Heaven”; it must invoke the aid of potencies higher than itself. As we are told, this is the law obeyed by Masters. How much easier it should be to recognize that it is the law prescribed for the mortal and unregenerate man! Yet it is the law which he most persistently distrusts and defies, both collectively and individually. Every good and perfect thing in the long annals of human history has indeed come down from above, for there have always been in existence individuals and groups capable of some real response to the radiance from Heaven. But every civilization has succumbed to decay and death, because after the peak of each cycle has been passed, the ruling classes, those who really mould public opinion, have lost faith and interest in their “higher selves” and in Divine Powers, and have

become absorbed in the concerns and passions of the body and of the "personality" that haunts it.

Under such conditions, as should be obvious, the Monad or divine potentiality in man, that which in response to the radiance from above can become the conscious Higher Self, must be virtually incapable of growth and exfoliation. According to Theosophy, once the human stage of evolution is reached, the Monad can only respond and become active in the measure that its "vehicle", the conscious, thinking, "free-willing" human Ego itself, obeys and conforms to the intimations of man's divine destiny. Not until the human Ego has learned in completeness the lesson that in the Divine Will is its peace, will the "spiritual man" be capable of growing "as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air".

THE BUILDING OF A CITY

One may illustrate the tragedy of man's "self-will" by reference to a recent book, which is none the less interesting because one may disagree with many of its conclusions,—*The Culture of Cities*, by Mr. Lewis Mumford. The author is concerned with the terrible paradox that no civilization can grow and flourish without a highly developed urban life, although it is the horrible corruption of urban life which infects and destroys civilization. "Here in the city"; as he says, "the goods of civilization are multiplied and manifolded; here is where human experience is transformed into viable signs, symbols, patterns of conduct, systems of order." But in what measure does the typical city of the machine age realize such an ideal? Mr. Mumford describes the growth of these "urban masses":

The brakes of tradition and custom were lifted from the exploitation of land; there was no limit to congestion; . . . no standard of order or decency or beauty to dictate the division and layout and building of urban structures. . . . The two main elements in the new urban complex were the factory and the slum. By themselves they constituted what was called the town. . . . Such urban masses could and did expand a hundred times without acquiring more than a shadow of the institutions that characterize a city in the sociological sense—that is, a place in which the social heritage is concentrated, and in which the possibilities of continuous social intercourse and interaction raise to a higher potential the activities of man.

It is evident that the tone and quality of a city are ultimately determined by the dominant motives which draw men to live together. Doubtless, that explains why a city like Paris has an "atmosphere" wholly unlike Detroit, in spite of the fact that both may become famous for "sit-down strikes". Of course, most people probably live in a given place because they were born there, but why were they born there and not elsewhere? A student of Theosophy would suggest that for good or bad reasons they wanted to be born there, and that such was the *karma* of their past acts and desires. We greatly doubt whether many sociologists will be impressed by this argument, but they will probably admit that when the average man migrates from the country to the town, it is most frequently because he wants to make more money

and to find more amusement and excitement. Greed and the love of pleasure can certainly be numbered among the "dominants" which determine the destiny of the average modern town. There have been other "dominants", as the evidence assembled by Mr. Mumford makes clear. There have been cities designed primarily to glorify their builders. There was the mediæval city which he seems to prefer to most others, and which was certainly partly founded in response to the natural need of the surrounding countryside for a centre of protection from marauding barbarians and for a regional market-place. Also, even to-day, there are those who settle in great metropolitan centres because they seek an intelligent society and hope to improve their minds, if not their characters.

However, none of these motives can suffice to build a *real* city or to preserve the community which they establish from convulsions and ultimate ruin. The earth is a graveyard of "urban masses", most of which have not even left a name. Ancient Babylon and Rome were probably not very unlike modern New York and Chicago. Only a city literally founded and continuously governed with the aid of "Sons of Wisdom" can permanently prevail. What does that mean? Madame Blavatsky suggests an answer in a quotation from Ragon's *Maçonnerie Occulte*:

Do we not know that the ancient initiated poets, when speaking of the *foundation of a city*, meant thereby the establishment of a doctrine? Thus Neptune, God of reasoning, and Apollo, God of hidden things, presented themselves as masons before Laomedon, Priam's father, to help him to build the city of Troy—that is to say, to establish the Trojan religion (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 840).

In brief, the only true human community is one that is animated by a common service and worship of the Eternal. The only real city is a centre of the Mysteries, because it alone is capable of a real growth, of a real unfoldment of its potentialities, in response to the inspiration which comes to it from a centre of yet Greater Mysteries, from the Lodge, from Masters of Wisdom. Very seldom, indeed, has this condition been approached by mortal man, perhaps never more closely during our historical period than at certain moments, in certain places, during the Middle Ages. This may, indeed, account for a certain charm and harmonious proportion which Mr. Mumford admires in the mediæval town and which is so painfully absent from its modern successor. The mediæval town was not "planned" in the deadly contemporary sense of that term. Its design was not arbitrarily imposed upon an unwilling or indifferent population. Its outer form was, in greater or lesser degree, the expression of an inner religious life which was almost universally accepted as the ideal "pattern of conduct" for the citizen. Its "master-builders" brought to a focus the aspirations and inspirations of a multitude. Its veritable nucleus was not the market-place but the cathedral.

MENTAL REVOLT AND PHYSICAL DISEASE

The building of a personality is analogous to the building of a city. As certain physicians are at last beginning to recognize clearly, there is a direct

relationship of cause and effect between states of consciousness and the functions of the body. It seems too good to be true, but there are actually some "orthodox" medical practitioners who now practically affirm that a particular disease is often caused by a particular idiosyncrasy of character,—which explains why each individual is more susceptible to some diseases than to others. We quote from *The New York Times*, April 23, 1938:

Emotional and mental activities of everyday life play an important part in physical disease, and in extreme cases may actually induce changes in the structure of the human body, according to six of the nation's neurologists and pathologists who yesterday took part in a symposium on neuropsychiatry at the Academy of Medicine. An adverse environment can no longer be considered as the sole cause of disease, and destructive causes within man may reduce the environment to secondary importance as a factor in maintaining health, it was pointed out. . . . Dr. George Draper [of the College of Physicians and Surgeons] asserted that although man has had sixty million years to adapt himself to space and time, it is only within recent years that "we have begun to rationally face the humiliating realization that even the camouflage of an outraged Deity is no longer sufficient to obscure the truth that man's most destructive forces are within his own soul". Dr. Draper explained that a person's susceptibility to a particular disease may be determined by his individual make-up. Gradations in differences of personal identity often paralleled the varying severity of an attack of infantile paralysis in each child, he pointed out. Two entirely different types of mankind are susceptible to the two diseases of cataract and peptic ulcer, he said. . . . Dr. Oscar Dietheim [of Cornell University] urged the need of studying the philosophical, religious and ethical aspects of both normal and sick persons in order to guide medical and psychiatric treatment. There is increasing recognition of the importance of considering the integrated personality as a whole in prescribing treatment, he declared.

This seems like plain common-sense to a layman. Our only quarrel is with the assumption that the human race has had to wait "sixty million years" for a rational science of self-knowledge to be born. Unless some psychiatrists take care, they will themselves catch one or another of the diseases which are produced by an excess of self-satisfaction. Century after century there have been wise men who have proclaimed the simple truth, that a physical disease is primarily an externalization of a mental or emotional disorder; that the human will and imagination can both heal and kill the organism. To mention a single example, the Indian doctrine of Karma, in one of its aspects, is nothing but a formulation of the working hypothesis that Nature moves from within outwards, and that her method of purging the human soul of sin is to make its consequences felt in some malady of the human body. By sin is meant any act, great or small, which is instigated by self-will or sensuality. It was not a modern psychiatrist who devised the axiom: *mens sana in corpore sano*: a sound mind in a sound body. *Deus non fecit mortem*: God did not create death. Death is the handiwork of the creature which separates itself in imagination from the Divine Radiance, and which disintegrates, since without the constant reinforcement of that Radiance it is incapable of that constant self-transformation which is the essence of real life.

GOOD AND EVIL IN ART

"Left-wing intellectuals" often profess admiration for M. André Gide. M.

Gide is a novelist of exceptional talent, but his work has been vitiated by a tendency to champion many subversive and immoral causes. In recent years he has become an avowed communist of the sentimental atheistic type. It is quite probable that his works have done incalculable harm, if only because they are in large part dedicated to the doctrine that any effort towards moral or spiritual betterment is useless and a waste of human energies that should be devoted to "self-expression" and physical pleasure.

M. Claudel, who believes that only the Spirit has "survival-value", made a terse and caustic comment upon the counterfeit quality of all immoral art. *Le mal ne compose pas*: evil does not create. M. Henri Massis undertook the almost impossible task of explaining to M. Gide what this sentence means. We paraphrase a few sentences from his letter (*La Revue Universelle*, January 1, 1938):

For a Catholic, like Claudel, evil is a pure deficiency, a privation, a *lack*, and can therefore have no positive existence. Human evil is, indeed, nothing else but the lack of one or many of the factors which condition the presence of good, together with the consciousness of this lack. Man must remain in the order of the Good, in order to *be*, in order to develop according to his nature; if he commit evil, he diminishes himself, he ceases even to be really a *self*, he robs himself, even while he imagines that he is adding something to himself. It is not in so far as it is itself that a being, issued from God, is the source of evil; but in so far as it is limited, in so far as it is "non-being".

It is interesting to apply these considerations to art, to the works of man's heart and brain and hands. It is as if there were a rigorous law of "natural selection" which determines the "survival-value" of each work. To take literature for instance; it is a fact that only the scriptures and the classics really survive in the memory of humanity from generation to generation. Not only do they survive, but in some way they seem to contrive to illumine consciousness, even when they are not read. How many people read little or nothing except trash, and yet some uncorrupted instinct causes them to throw the trash away, while they keep the Bible and Shakespeare in the book-case! So it appears that the durability of a particular work is actually prescribed, not by its "public" which may be always small and at certain intervals actually non-existent, but by the purity of the *motive* which impelled its author to compose it. If the motive be primarily a "consuming need of order and love", something will be brought into being that will continue to exist as an inspiration to others. In our opinion, it will continue to exist as an inspiration, even if the composition itself be engulfed in the ocean of physical time. After all, time is an illusion, and any creation, great or small, eternally is, as a life-giving fact in the real world. Let us not think with despair of all the monuments of man's spirit which have disappeared from the earth. What is real in them has not vanished from the Universe, for that reality is of the spirit and not of matter.

What we have sufficient cause to bewail to-day is the multiplication of trash. "Evil" may seem to be a big word to apply to the average "best-seller" in any department of letters. But there is no other word to apply, if we think of evil as privation and non-being, for these works are as empty of substance as the

reflection of a reflection. Moreover, although evil is non-being "under the form of the Eternal", on the planes of illusion it can take on the semblance of a powerful force which attracts and fascinates. The most miserable of literary concoctions, in so far as it stimulates and justifies the lower nature of the reader and denies the reality of any higher Nature, contributes to the work of Satan and all his host.

Evil cannot create, but on the planes where it is active it can destroy. That is the supreme danger at this moment. Nations and multitudes have been persistently instructed by both "art" and "science" in the doctrine that man has no reality apart from his body and the so-called "self" which depends for its existence upon the body. Is it any wonder that this age is not rich in the production of classics? A classic is not produced by the author alone. It is, so to speak, the fruit of a collaboration of the author with potencies higher than himself and which he draws to himself from the "causal world" by the force of faith and strong desire. In the arts, as in every phase of existence, "lower nature unaided fails". Nothing can make any work a classic—neither technical skill nor the most accomplished craftsmanship—if it be not illumined by a light from on high.

THE CREATION OF LIVING SOULS

The supreme art, of which all others are reflections, is the art of creating a real self, the fashioning from one's own being of a living soul. This is the task which sooner or later every man must set himself to fulfil, or perish. There can be no escape from the tyranny of evil and illusion, until the human being recognizes his "individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality". That recognition can only come in its fulness as the effect of a love which attracts the fire from Heaven. The human ego must turn away from itself as an object of contemplation towards the Divine Power which gave it birth and to which it belongs. Or, to state the same idea less abstractly, joy and peace and power will come to him who sets forth with an indomitable will to find his Master, his spiritual Father, in the real world.

To the world, as at present constituted, such words must doubtless seem unintelligible or, at best, mere "counsels of perfection". However, students of Theosophy have no longer the least excuse for doubting the "divine possibilities" in man. Living souls *can* be created within the matrix of our physical existence. The way to chéliship, to the Great Lodge, *is* open; and it is seen to be the normal way for man, the continuation of the road along which Divine Nature has guided the "Pilgrim", the Monad, throughout the long æons of evolution and involution. As the plant grows by responding to the rays of the physical or *pranic* sun, so the Higher Self, which is potential in mortal man, can become active and conscious if the human being respond without reservation to the radiance of the Divine Sun, streaming down upon each soul from and through the Master on whose ray it is.

CONVENTION, 1938

WE HAVE all come from a Convention that was vibrant with a call to chélaship. I have considered what the reactions, in the weeks that have followed, may have been.

The stimulation of those hours having passed, the great wave of force that swept through that assembly-room having gone forth into the world beyond, where are we? And how is it with us, as we look back on those hours, reflecting on what was said, and on our impressions and response?

To that question each will make his own reply.

There must be those, I fancy, to whom it now seems like a beautiful dream, too lovely, too iridescent with the lights of heaven, to last upon this drab and weary earth,—at least to last for such as they (they say). Yet in some inner shrine, where are treasured sweet and sacred things, they cherish its memory,—the memory of a moment when they seemed to touch the heights, and hear the music of the very spheres. O friends, cherish those memories for evermore, since in that winged moment you really lived. It contains the promise of a future, which a stronger faith, to be won some day, please God, will give you. Remember it, remember it: do not let the noise and rush of ordinary life put it from your minds. It is well for a man to have really lived, if only for an hour; well for him to have discovered his true longing, to have had a glimpse of that for which he exists.

There will be others too—though one turns with sadness from the thought—who have rather a sense of shame when they remember. They fancy they were carried away, beyond the level of their normal common sense, in a momentary excitement, permitting their feet to be lifted from the safe, firm ground of rational behaviour. Maybe we can say that was a natural reaction, especially in such of them as were young and inexperienced, still under the glamour of the notion that the world is balanced, and that the earth is firm. They will need to live longer, much longer, many incarnations probably; but the fulness of the time having come, when the burden of their experience will be crushing them, there will be for them also the memory of a call. Then, we shall dare to hope, they will turn from the emptiness of what they have sought and found, to the richness of life immortal.

For, if chélaship means anything, it means the beginning of immortality. No wonder that a man faces it awe-struck and trembling. Like one born in a

cavern, he stands dazed and frightened at the revelation of a noon-day sun, and shrinks back into the accustomed darkness with a sense almost of relief. When the Divinity within him stirs, claiming its birthright, he sees himself about to launch upon a perilous sea. And so in truth he is.

But then, O then is the test of him,—whether he be a *man*, with a man's love of adventure and glad willingness to strive and risk for a coveted goal, a man's wish to step up and out from the commonplace into wider fields and higher positions; or whether he merely be the ghost of a man, that, under an appearance of such feelings, seeks the well-beaten paths and the safety of old ways. It is all a question of vision, of realization, of his point in evolution, and whether he be pressing forward or slipping back.

Untold millions to-day are refusing to evolve—for this is a crucial time, the new race is forming; and in ages to come their masses will be rotting on the shore, where the tide of life and spiritual progress left them.

In all justice we cannot expect that there could be many for whom chélaship would have the least attraction. It is in fact meaningless, save to the very few.

There are those, however, to whom chélaship means everything,—the call of it, the lure of it, commands whatever they are; and this by no outer compulsion, but as the flaming desire of the heart. The “small, old path” leads on from one prospect, to another still more lovely; and all that nourishes the heart and enriches the mind and exalts the whole nature, floods over it. Danger, yes; struggle and sacrifice, yes; sharp conflicts and suffering, yes. What of it? For the Radiance is there, and the Glory just beyond. Above all, one Presence is to be found there—there only in completeness—whose beauty is worth any price, and who makes the music and the meaning of the world.

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Many times has this call been sounded, notably in 1922. Must that Voice once more call in vain?

In God's name come over and help us. The need is so great.

K.

FORCE AND ITS MOULDS

ONE of the most common and one of the most unnecessary causes of unhappiness in the world is the sense of life as purposeless and futile, a meaningless, dull routine. Everyone knows how the presence or absence of purpose completely alters the aspect of identical actions. Set a boy on a summer's day to digging a ditch the reason for which he cannot understand, and the shovel will weigh a ton. Set him to digging for buried pirate gold, and the earth will fly. A mother will go without sleep for night after night with a joyful heart, if thereby she is enabled to help her sick child. Take away the motive, and the sleeplessness would be unrelieved torture. Our purpose—or lack of it—determines the spirit in which we approach all things. In fact, to find one's soul is, among other things, to find one's purpose in life, the reason why one incarnated.

One of the glad messages of Theosophy is that no life need be purposeless, that any and all circumstances, no matter how narrow and restricted they appear, can be used both for the benefit of the world and for the personal spiritual growth of the individual concerned. A bed-ridden invalid who never leaves her sick-room, a hard working farmer on an isolated farm, a woman living alone in a cottage, may all be, if they will, powerful centres for good in the world. Few things would do more to transform their lives than the realization of their opportunity.

Ever since the time of Zoroaster, some ten thousand years ago, life has been described as a battle, a never-ending warfare between the powers of righteousness and the powers of evil, with every man, whether he be aware of it or not, a soldier on one side or the other. This fight goes on, not only in the world around him, but inside each man, a constant struggle between what he knows he ought to do and what he thinks he wants to do, the better against the dearer, a battle a great deal older than the hills. In view of his centuries of experience with it, it is extraordinary how little man knows of the nature of the fight, or of the weapons with which it is waged on his behalf. For, fortunately for him, it is waged not only by him but also for him by those far greater than he, else he had long ago been overwhelmed.

Weapons are two-edged, and so long as men fight as often or oftener for evil than for good, it is not hard to see why they have not been permitted to know more of spiritual weapons and of the way they may be used. Nevertheless, there are hints in theosophical writings that enable us to get a glimpse of what is going on, and of how those who wish to do so may take their part in the battle. Behind all life and all cosmic processes, Theosophy sees, in place of chaos and the play of blind forces in the universe, a plan designed by infinite love, wisdom and compassion, a plan overseen and carried out by a hierarchy of great spiritual Beings, a hierarchy stretching all the way from the Supreme to man. Man

himself is, or ought to be, a part of this hierarchy, with his own function to perform in the evolution of the universe. The leaders in the battle against evil are the Masters of Wisdom, the "just men made perfect". In that battle, every man is given, with fine courtesy, the opportunity to help those above him, and so to repay some tiny part of all they have sacrificed for him throughout the ages. Consciously or unconsciously, every one helps or hinders, for it is eternally true that "he who is not with Me is against Me".

In "War Seen from Within" (THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1915), Mr. Griscom, writing under the pen name of Men-Tek-Nis, pictured each act of nobility, self-sacrifice or devotion, as providing force which the Masters of the White Lodge can use in their ceaseless warfare against the powers of darkness. Masters may draw on limitless power from above, but, under the law forbidding any interference with man's free will, this force can be used on earth only at the risk of dangerous reactions, since, if rejected or perverted, it releases an equal amount of energy for the use of the evil powers. Force of the right type, created by men themselves through faithfulness, devotion or sacrifice, can be used and multiplied many times with safety and without reactions. In this law that men must themselves provide at least a portion of the force needed for their salvation, would seem to lie the answer to a number of problems, among them to the question that has puzzled so many people: "Why pray for others when surely a loving God will give them all that would be for their good without prayers from us?" The fact that man must attain by his own efforts, must earn his own advance in evolution, is fundamental in the universe, and the Masters do not interfere with that law. But vicarious atonement is also a fact in the universe. Power provided by one man through prayer, one of the most potent of forces, may be used to help another over a hard time. Doubtless it has to be repaid in the course of the ages, just as in double figure-skating each of two partners provides his own momentum, yet each is able to give his partner support at the weak point of his stroke, receiving support at his own weak point later.

That prayer is a force is difficult for many people to realize, as their idea of force is too often limited to the tangible, with no conception at all of different kinds. They may grant the existence of mental force, but probably feel that the word is being used figuratively. To understand life, it is essential to grasp the truth of the theosophical tenet that force, substance and consciousness are all aspects of the same unity, that there is no force without some kind of consciousness, and no consciousness without its own form of force and its own vehicle of matter. The type of consciousness determines the type of force. Anger evokes one kind of force, compassion another, and so on. What we might call the raw material of force in the store-house of the universe is constantly being transmuted by man into higher or lower forms and sent out into the atmosphere of the world, for good or evil, as the case may be. The letters of the Master K. H. in the *Occult World* are illuminating on this point:

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 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. Please do not consider me vaguely metaphysical. The idea I wish to convey is that the result of the highest intellection in the scientifically occupied brain is the evolution of a sublimated form of spiritual energy, which, in the cosmic action, is productive of illimitable results; while the automatically acting brain holds, or stores up in itself, only a certain quantum of brute force that is unfruitful of benefit for the individual or humanity. 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 Aeons of time to come.

Parenthetically, we have here the answer to the theories of modern science in regard to "Entropy" and the "running down" of the universe. Left to itself, the "random element" does tend to increase, and force tends to return to the low, brute potential of nature. These tendencies are constantly being counteracted by the purposeful and selective action of life in its various manifestations. The soil around the roots of a tree, for example, is a more or less random mixture of a number of elements. From these the living roots of the tree select the nitrogen, the carbon or the moisture which the tree desires and which are then built into the highly complex structure of the wood, reducing the "random" element and raising the potential of force correspondingly. All life does this to a greater or less extent.

Intellection, as Master K. H. points out, refines energy to a high degree, and love, "the only power that moves the spiritual world", raises it to its supreme form. If scientists would abandon the quite arbitrary limitations which they place on the existence of life and consciousness in the universe, and adopt, as a tentative hypothesis, the theosophic viewpoint, they would obtain the answer to a number of the problems that now baffle them. Why, for instance, can the sun radiate energy at the rate of billions of ergs per second, and yet suffer no diminution of its mass? Regard it as living and the problem is greatly simplified or disappears altogether. But to return to our main point.

The letter goes on to speak of the "vast difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, is on his way to his daily quiet work, and another on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station. . . . Still less does exact science perceive that while the building ant, the busy bee, the nidifacient bird, accumulates each in its own humble way as much cosmic energy in its potential form as a Haydn, a Plato, or a ploughman turning his furrow, in theirs; the hunter who kills game for his pleasure or profit, or the positivist who applies his intellect to proving that $+$ \times $+$ $=$ $-$, are wasting and scattering energy no less than the tiger who springs on his prey. They all rob nature instead of enriching her. . . ."

Not only does each action, in accordance with the motive that actuates it, refine and store, or coarsen and scatter, energy, but nature is also enriched or robbed by every thought of man, for each thought "upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity", enduring for a longer or shorter period in accordance with the original intensity with which it was generated. "Thus a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon."

The fact that men on their way to their quiet daily work, and, in truth, birds, ants and bees as well, are all in their way and degree storing force and enriching nature, alters one's entire picture of life, and reveals something of its possibilities and significance. It further deprives the most obscure of any excuse for feeling that his life is futile and purposeless. There is no life that does not give its opportunity to "store force and enrich nature", thereby leaving the world a little better than it found it. All that is needed is right motive and desire, doing whatever ought to be done, because it ought to be done, offering it, as Mr. Judge wrote, "on the altar of the heart", for love of one's Master and the enrichment of the world.

Imagine, for example, a grey-haired New England woman living alone in a little house in an elm-shaded village street. She had, perhaps, nursed an invalid father until his death left her, at fifty, with no relatives, few neighbours, no apparent duties, and just enough money to live with rigid economy in the old house. There are thousands of women in situations like that, and many, perhaps most of them, feel that they have little or nothing to live for. It would transform their lives to realize their opportunity, and that the quiet performance of their daily work, if done with a right motive, in itself enriches the world. But they can do far more than that. One of the purposes of life is to incarnate spirit in matter, taking spirit as the Platonic trinity of truth, beauty, goodness. Every man who speaks the truth, every noble action, every creation of true beauty, is to that extent an incarnation of the spirit. Something is drawn down from heaven and made manifest on earth. When a woman turns a neglected front yard into an orderly, beautiful garden, she may make it an act of far-reaching spiritual effect. What is needed is love, an intensity of desire to serve, and a clear realization of why she is doing it.

It is very difficult for us to realize the power of such acts, yet we have analogies. It does not matter where a poem is written, or on how small or old a piece of paper. A printer can reproduce it, and it may move millions through centuries of time. Our thoughts, desires and actions make moulds in the astral light, and endure according to the intensity put into them. Like the loaves and the fishes with which a small boy provided the Master Christ, they can be reproduced and used to feed, or to harm, thousands. Every time a man plays with a temptation, even though he knows that he will not yield to it, he is adding to the power of that temptation in the atmosphere of the world, and may be adding just the additional force to push over the brink a waverer who otherwise would have stood firm. Conversely, every temptation resisted, every right thought and action, adds to the power of resistance in the world, and pro-

vides a fund on which others in need may draw. Just as with the radio, so minds pick up and are influenced by thought waves from other minds tuned to the same level, high or low, as the case may be.

The subject of astral moulds is a fascinating field for speculation. The world in its present confusion and blindness, desperately needs models for right action. The originals, the ideal manner in which given circumstances should be met, must be made by the Masters themselves, but it would seem that to be effective with men on earth, these moulds must be incarnated, as it were, must be reproduced in the outer world by men acting in accordance with them. Each such reproduction on earth has tremendous spiritual potentialities. One can imagine that, when the world needs such moulds, *chêlas* may incarnate for the express purpose of making them, by living through experiences planned to call forth the exercise of the particular qualities needed, in the particular way desired. These can then be impressed on the consciousness of men, leading them to emulation. In their lesser degree, aspirants for *chêlaship* may be given similar opportunities more often than they realize. Let us suppose, for example, that a great nation is about to pass through a period of hard times and difficult readjustments. Suppose, too, that there are those whose ardent desire is to serve. It might well be that the outer circumstances of their lives would be so arranged as to bring them in advance through great financial strain and critical situations that call for the exercise of the high courage, the quiet poise, the indomitable energy, and the faithful reliance on eternal principles, with which the Lodge desires the nation to meet its crisis later on. Of course, no voice from heaven tells them of their privilege and opportunity. They must find that out for themselves.

It is essential to realize that it is the type of force, and not the apparent outer importance of the occasion, that is controlling, and that the type is determined by the motive with which the act is done. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." It is a right spirit that the world needs, not a violent rearrangement of outer circumstances, which, after all, are only a reflection of the inner attitude. The spirit may be the same irrespective of the scale of the action that draws it down from heaven. Something is wrong in the Masters' world, and, with high resolve to make it right, Sir Gareth rides forth from King Arthur's court, Saint Louis leads a crusade to the Holy Land, or a New England woman scrubs her kitchen floor. It may be the angels see little difference between the three acts. If the motive be love, love of right and hatred of wrong, love of the Master at the head of one's ray and passionate desire to carry out his will, that is the spirit that is brought into the world, no matter whether it takes one form or another. The form passes, the spirit remains. The scale of an act is of no importance to the universe,—that is, scale as we measure it. Logically, it cannot matter to the universal creative forces whether it be a galaxy of stars, millions of light years across, or the exquisite, microscopic texture of a gnat's wing that they are moulding. Perhaps the true scale is determined by the intensity and purity, in the occult sense, of the motive, its nearness to the central light of love, the heart of the Eternal Rose. Even in the physical world,

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the size of the shadow is determined, not by the object, but by its nearness to the light.

It follows from what has been said, that anyone, in any circumstances, can supply force that may be multiplied and used in the age-long battle of the White Lodge against the Black. If that be true, there is no life that need be dull or futile or purposeless. Our New England woman, never stirring from her village, can supply power that may turn the scale and affect the history of nations. She perhaps refuses to countenance one known to be guilty of shameful immorality, and, in doing so, helps to make a mould in accordance with which, later on, a great nation rejects an unworthy king. The potency of such an act is determined by the degree of understanding and selfless love with which it is done. Neither the understanding nor the love is easy to acquire or often found. If they were, the world had long ago been made the paradise it is destined to become. Nevertheless, they can be acquired. It takes faith to begin, perseverance to continue, and whole-heartedness to succeed. One of the chief difficulties is that we ourselves rarely see results from what we try to do. Results must be left to Masters. Yet we may be certain that no sincere effort ever fails to bear fruit. It has been said that one chéla, meditating alone in his room, can change the atmosphere of a great city. One beginner, honestly striving, will assuredly accomplish far more than he realizes or believes possible, and each effort will bring greater power, and its own reward.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

God demands rather our effort than our success; provided that we labour for his glory, the result is his affair.—GOURAUD.

A little lifting of the heart suffices; a little remembrance of God, one act of inward worship, though upon a march and sword in hand, are prayers which, however short, are nevertheless acceptable to God.—BROTHER LAWRENCE.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Convention: all of us were full of it when we next assembled. There could be no question as to the remarkable response of those who had been present in the Studio; great demands had been made on their devotion to the cause of Theosophy and the Lodge, and, with very few exceptions, they had adopted a Resolution which embodied those demands in the most explicit and binding terms. While the Resolution in no way committed the Society or the members who did not vote, all of us felt that the way in which it had been received should prove a turning-point in the history of the Movement,—“should”, but not necessarily “would”; for the real result, in the nature of things, would depend upon its unseen effect later, when members had resumed the ordinary tenor of their lives. The Convention had lifted us to high levels of endeavour; would the reaction be recognized as the inevitable protest of lower nature, and be brushed aside, or would the reaction come to be regarded as more reasonable—more real—than that which had caused it?

We discussed this question at some length, agreeing, finally, on the safe basis of “who lives will see”. One of us, who had so often seen enthusiasm evaporate in cheers, found promise in the fact that the intense feeling of the Convention had been quiet and self-contained: he could not imagine, he said, anything more satisfactory. “How wonderful it will be”, he added, “if the dynamics, the underlying occultism, of what members undertook to do, is understood,—the creation of a reservoir, a pool, of endeavour, fed from many different sources, in many different ways, by members widely scattered physically, but each of them ‘offering up’ the fruit of his efforts—yes, and the fruit of his failures—wholly without self-seeking, for the common purpose which the Resolution sets forth: the flowering of chéliship in our midst. Masters would be able to do almost anything with such a reservoir to draw upon, fed like that from below.”

“What do you mean by ‘fed from below’?” asked a younger student.

“I mean that a prayer from hell is worth many prayers from heaven, seeing that in heaven it is impossible not to pray, while in hell it is very difficult,—except for personal ends. I mean that the Lodge can supply unlimited spiritual force from above, but that the lower the level from which force ascends to them, and is placed unreservedly in their hands, the more they can accomplish on the planes where chéliship *starts*, that is, on the planes of worldly existence.”

“It is not easy to believe that an unregenerate like myself can supply the Masters with force”, objected the younger student.

The Philosopher now broke in, partly from exasperation, but not without amusement. “O faithless and perverse”, he began, half laughing, “what do you do when you walk upstairs, when you dress in the morning, when you

masticate your food (if you do masticate it, which I doubt)? You both use and generate force, and do so without any thought of its ultimate destination. Give it a destination in your mind and heart; say, in effect, 'May this energy, or the fruit of this act, or this effort to do my duty, go into the "pool" for T.S. chélaship, and be used by the Lodge for that purpose',—and you will be supplying the Masters with force that they can use, but which they cannot generate because they are not low enough down, as it were, in the world of matter."

"If that be true, and the gulf between them and myself be so great, how can they make contact with my offering?"

This question evidently pleased the Philosopher. "You have got the idea", he said, "or in any case an important part of it. The answer to your question is that the point of contact will be the unselfishness of your motive. And that will be one of the magical features of the Convention Resolution if it be really lived. Efforts for individual chélaship are so often tainted with elements of self: the desire to shine, or to be superior, or to gain the Masters' recognition and favour, or to derive the satisfaction of having attained,—all wrong, and not only wrong, but complete barriers to chélaship and to any sort of spiritual progress. Efforts on the other hand, such as the Resolution requires—efforts which involve sacrifice, not that *you* may attain, but that someone, anyone among us, may be helped to reach that stage of love and self-forgetfulness at which chélaship begins,—such efforts almost of necessity will spring from pure charity; and we know what St. Paul said of that.

"I ask myself whether it has ever happened before: that so many men and women, living in the world, amidst the inevitable trials, tribulations and distractions of earthly life, have collectively affirmed their belief in the existence of Masters and the Lodge, and in chélaship as an immediate possibility, and then, setting self aside, have promised to do their utmost to dedicate their lives, and to give their hearts and minds, to the purposes of the Lodge, 'while always praying that some among us, by the completeness of their self-giving, may make themselves acceptable as chélas, and may thus become able to complete the Work begun by H.P.B. and Judge' as Lodge agents. If it has been done before, history does not record it so far as I am aware: recognition, followed by the surrender of personal attainment for the sake of a collective good,—a gift of pure love. The idea itself, of course, is as old as the hills. There was Judge in the *Letters That Have Helped Me*: 'Never, never desire to get knowledge or power for any other purpose than to give it on the altar.' But now we have an opportunity consciously to work together—not just the few, but the relatively many—not merely as a private, limited endeavour, but as the avowed purpose of most of our members—to offer the fruit of all their efforts on that altar which is the heart of the Lodge. The marvel is that the rank and file of our membership responded with such obvious intensity of desire. Will it last? you say. Naturally, everything depends upon that. There will be forgetfulness and 'backsliding' of course; but I believe that these will be followed by determined struggle to recover what ground has been lost, especially when it is realized that the slackness of one will be a drag on the effort

of others. Members should mark any passage in the Convention Report that particularly appeals to them, and should re-read those passages at fixed intervals as part of their resolution. No matter what we undertake to do or strive for, weariness is certain to prove an obstacle, for lower nature quickly tires, even of its pleasures. It is only charity (which means love) that never faileth—which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things'. We should, therefore, anticipate weariness, and fortify ourselves against it in advance, just as a man would do if training for a race or when undertaking any task requiring perseverance."

"Discouragement", said the Historian, "is likely to prove as serious an obstacle as forgetfulness. We need to remember that it springs from looking for results, and, behind that, from vanity. Are we so superior that we expect never to fail! 'Jumpin' at it belongs to me; gettin' through it belongs to the Lawd', as the darkie said of the stone wall. And while on that subject, let me quote from Jacques D'Arnoux. Some of you read his *Paroles d'un Revenant*, an extraordinary book, published in 1925. He appears to have devoted the intervening years to the study of heroism, particularly in its religious aspects, for he has now written a book of even greater value, entitled *Les Sept Colonnes de l'Héroïsme*, the Seven Columns of Heroism, which shows immense erudition and, better than that, prolonged experiment, meditation, experience. It will doubtless be reviewed in the QUARTERLY in due course. I refer to it now because of something he says which bears directly on discouragement,—that defeat invariably begins in the imagination; that once you are in a fight (he is speaking of inner warfare), the man who stops to measure his adversary, to calculate the chances of success, is already half defeated; that, unless he shuts 'with violence' his inner eye against all the phantoms of disaster—if he so much as considers them with the idea of driving them away—he lays himself open to his enemy. If 'angels of evil', he says, can deprive you of the hope of victory by exhausting you through the anticipation of troubles yet to come, they will have gained their objective. Discouragement is often the failure of *future* courage. 'The way of triumph is long; but he who follows it from minute to minute, and never permits himself to measure its distance, will not be crushed by it.' Finally, this very helpful warning: Make ready to do with the fire of your will, everything that you dreamed of doing with the fire of enthusiasm. . . . D'Arnoux's advice is based on universal experience, and therefore is purely theosophical."

"But how can you prepare for battle if you do not 'measure your adversary'?" asked the younger student.

"You prepare for battle before you come to grips; once at grips, it is fatal to think of defeat as possible. Think of yourself as fighting a burglar, or a lunatic: you will realize that the moment you question the outcome, you are nearly done for,—that is, unless the thought of it arouse in you a fury of determination, a greater fury than that of the lunatic. The spiritual combat is not for weaklings, who (to quote D'Arnoux once more), slaves of instinct and fancy, may be recognized infallibly by their inability to say, No."

"May I suggest", the older Student now volunteered, "that a simple method of keeping the Resolution we are discussing, will be to act upon the principle summarized years ago as a 'Filler' in the QUARTERLY in these words: 'Really to serve and to please Him, we must perform not merely the minimum required, but the maximum that loving zeal can discover.' The individual who wrote that, let me add, was one who knew what he was talking about, and if it were adopted as a rule of life, and were acted upon in the performance of our ordinary duties—the extra attention and effort involved being offered up on behalf of the Resolution's objective—I do not know how the 'reservoir' could more effectively be kept filled."

"We should not forget either," said the Philosopher, "that all efforts for an unselfish and spiritual end, will of necessity be reinforced by the Spiritual Powers. Those who really make this Resolution their own, are likely to receive inner help such as they have never experienced before."

"Both the Convention and the Resolution were expected to serve more than one purpose", the Ancient now said; "only Masters know how many. You have been discussing the appeal to the gratitude and generosity of members to contribute, not money, but their desire, thought and will to a common spiritual fund. They did not bind themselves to try to become chélas, but to make sacrifices that chélas might become. None the less, much that was said at the Convention, and that some of you have elaborated this afternoon, bears directly on the Four Qualifications for chélaship of which so much is said in Shankara's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*: Discernment between the real and the unreal, between the eternal and non-eternal; Freedom from self-indulgence in the fruits of works; Quietude, Control, Cessation, Endurance, Faith, Concentration; and Desire for Liberation from self."

"On the understanding that this does not necessarily apply in the least to those who adopted the Resolution, but only to chélaship itself, I want to emphasize the importance of Cessation among Shankara's Qualifications, partly because it is so little understood. Shankara explains it as 'the condition of refusing to lean on external things'. Translating that into terms of Western thought, it means (as Ignatius of Loyola phrased it) *not counting the cost*; it means whole-hearted, uncalculating indifference to any risk which others see, but which the aspirant himself does not even think of unless his attention be called to it; it means—once an opportunity to serve is recognized, with the belief that our Master is willing for us to attempt it—it means care-free indifference to all the hazards involved, a sort of divine (not human) recklessness. It is not the spirit of a gambler, because a gambler anticipates his gains. The chéla thinks neither of gain nor loss, of life nor death; he simply hurls himself into the fray."

"Too many, in the spiritual combat, instinctively keep one eye on a 'safe' place somewhere—a place of solid earth—to which they can retire in case of need, and thus unconsciously refuse to detach themselves from the anchorage which is their bane. Love is the remedy; love of one's Master, and the complete self-giving which that love alone achieves."

T.

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 30th, 1938, 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.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. HARGROVE: As Temporary Chairman it is my great privilege once more to welcome you to a Convention of The Theosophical Society. That I do so with all my heart, you will believe I am sure,—welcoming those who are present, and the many others whose hearts are with us so completely that their physical absence hardly counts. Collectively we welcome and greet also those who have passed to a life of greater intensity—Clement Griscom, Charles Johnston, Archibald Keightley, General Ludlow, Julia Keightley, Katharine Hillard and a host of others—whose love of Masters and the Work unites them inseparably with the Society and with us. Masters would see to it that they are in communion with us to-day.

Then, speaking for those members who believe in the Great Lodge, we reverently salute and greet those of the Masters who, from the beginning, have been with us,—Masters who, after launching the frail bark of the Society in 1875, have not only steered its course from that day to this, but, by their continued sacrifice, have brought it through stormy seas with timbers strengthened and masts renewed. We owe everything to them, and perhaps at this Convention as never before, we shall have an opportunity to show that we are grateful.

Because it is as Chairman of the Executive Committee that I greet you, it has been thought best that I should make my report in that capacity at this time instead of later. You will hear of the Society's outer activities from the report of the Secretary, from the Letters of Greeting, and from the speeches of delegates. I shall confine myself to the Society's inner work, and should like to

remind you that our annual Conventions are the synthesis, the culmination, of the work done, both inner and outer, by Branches and members during the previous twelve months. Now, that work, since the last Convention, has been one of indrawal in the true sense,—that is to say, both members and Branches have tried harder than ever to find and to work from their real centre: and we to-day must crown that effort; we must enter, so far as we can, the world of the Real, our true home; we must breathe, so far as we can, its rarefied atmosphere; we must feel as much as we can of its joy, must see something of its beauty, must draw as close as we can to its spirit and to those Great Ones who *are* that spirit and who reveal it; and, instead of losing ourselves in a “cloud of unknowing”, must check the present manner of our lives by what ought to be; must test our working Table of Values by the Table of Values which is changeless, and which all denizens of the Real world accept.

The Real world! Deep in the hearts of all men who are not spiritually dead, there persists a blind longing which they do not understand, and which, as a rule, they try to forget because it lies so close to tears. It is the longing for our true home, the home we forfeited,—to lead us back to which is the purpose of life, and of all joy and sorrow. So many songs that have gripped the hearts of men—songs often trivial in themselves—have done so because they aroused echoes of the soul's desire. Sometimes the music has done this; sometimes the imagery of words. Think, for instance, of the war-time favourite, “It's a long, long way to Tipperary”: how few if any of the millions who sang it, had any thought of the Irish county or its Golden Vale. The secret of the song's appeal was that in those days of war, it served to bring to the surface the submerged but ceaseless yearning of the human soul for Paradise. Think of that other song, of greater and more enduring worth (some of you should remember it better than I can): “But we are exiles from our fathers' land. . . . Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas. . . . Yet we in dreams behold the Hebrides.” Yes, *behold*,—which is what this Convention should make possible.

I purpose to use the help of Gautama Buddha to lift us from our present world of shadows to that world of the real, that “land o' the leal”, that place of peace and light and refreshment of which I have been speaking, and which, pray heaven, some of us will never leave interiorly again.

It was not long before the Buddha died, and Ânanda, the beloved disciple, was urging him not to die in the insignificant village where they then were, but to move to some important city like Benares, where the Buddha had many followers, some of them rich, and where fitting honours could be paid him after his decease. Those of you who have read the *Sutta* (the *Mahâ-Sudassana Sutta*) will remember that the Buddha rebuked Ânanda for this, telling him that what was then a village had once been the capital of a great Kingdom, and that he, the Buddha, had been its King, known to his subjects as the Great King of Glory. He told Ânanda something of the life, both inner and outer, of that long-dead King, and described, among other things, the King's habitual method of indrawal to the Real world,—described, in effect, the first step of *your* indrawal as you entered the Studio not many minutes ago, and your still further indrawal

into that world as this Convention will proceed. Follow, please, here and now, the path of the Great King of Glory.

Now the Great King of Glory, Ânanda, ascended toward the inner chamber, and when he had come there, he stood at the door, and there he broke into a cry of intense emotion:

"Stay here, O thoughts of worldly craving!

"Stay here, O thoughts of ill-will!

"Stay here, O thoughts of hatred!"

And when, Ânanda, the Great King of Glory had entered the inner chamber, having put away all unrighteousness, he passed into, and remained in, a state of joy and ease, born of seclusion, full of reflection, full of inner seeking,—self-possessed, a state of intense elevation of mind and heart.

And then, Ânanda, there appeared to him the heavenly Treasure of the Wheel; and the Great King of Glory, holding in his left hand a pitcher, with his right hand reverently sprinkled water up over the Wheel, as he said:

"Roll onward, O my Lord, the Wheel! O my Lord, go forth and overcome!"

You, as you entered this inner chamber—this chamber of your heart—did not say, I imagine, what the Great King of Glory cried out with such emotion: there was no need, because your eager expectation in itself was magical, and brought about the same result. You were looking forward, expectant, and dropped without effort the cares, temptations and evils of the world and lower nature, thus making it possible for you to find something at least of what the Great King of Glory found: a state of joy and ease, a state of intense elevation of mind and heart. And you are realizing already, I think, that you are sharing that state of mind and heart with others, with all your fellows; that you are experiencing unity as perhaps you have never experienced it before,—unity of will and purpose, reinforcing marvellously your own determination (because this Convention would be a failure indeed, if it did not conclude with an indomitable determination). Then, as you enter more and more into the spirit, into the being of this Convention, as you partake of its substance and its gifts, I hope and pray that you will discover for yourselves how truly Masters are present with us. You may even feel their aura surrounding and containing this assembly; may even discover for yourselves that within that aura this place sings and throbs with prayer,—with the prayers of those present, and of those absent, and with prayers inherent in the Movement itself. Imagine, if you will, what those prayers are. It will in any case need no psychic or spiritual power, and but little imagination, to hear the prayers going forth from here, whether you are aware of the response or not. "Send us fire from heaven, O my brothers! Send us fire from heaven!" And you can imagine, if you choose, that some member of the Lodge, perhaps fighting his way over the Andes, pauses as he hears that cry for reinforcement, and turns to look, and sees this assembly, and hears the same cry repeated,—*"Send fire from heaven, O my brothers; send fire from heaven!"* And like an arrow from the bow he sends a shaft of himself, of his Kundalini, to set our hearts on fire, to give us something of his courage, that we may go forward as he went forward, to victory.

Then, if you will listen again, I am certain you will hear a prayer for final perseverance,—a cry far-reaching, insistent: *"Give us final perseverance, oh*

you who have overcome, you who are compassionate, you who are strong through suffering; give us the power to fight, unwavering to the end!"

There are other prayers, part of the life of the Movement, part of its fibre, which we have inherited from the distant past, and which a Convention such as this makes present and immediate,—vibrant in our united aura: the prayers of Buddhist Arhats, of Hindu sannyâsis, of Sufi mystics, of Christian saints and martyrs, and of Adepts of every nation and period. All these prayers are yours, if you will make them yours; they *are* yours through your membership in the Society which is the link the Lodge has established with the world. Many of these prayers you will remember.

This day we have a Father, who from His ancient place rises, hard-holding His course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trials of our lives. . . . If it be well, we shall meet, and the light of Thine eyes make mine glad. . . . This much I make prayer to Thee: Go Thou on Thy way!

The prayer of a Stoic, some would say; yet, though in Zuni Indian form, it is the prayer of the Christian Master, "Thy will be done".

Perhaps, however, of all the prayers that belong to us by right of inheritance (if we will claim our inheritance), that which best epitomizes the spirit and purpose of our Convention is the heart-broken cry of St. Rose of Lima, "Ah Love, thou art not loved, thou are not loved!"—the cry of all those who, having been brought to their knees by some sense of their Master's love, and having felt in their hearts the abiding sorrow and humility of those terrible words of the prophet, "Oh my people, what have I done unto thee? Wherein have I wearied thee?"—have risen from their knees possessed by one desire, one determination: This shall no longer be! He must and shall be loved. He, the Beloved, who has given all things, forgiven all things, endured all things for love of us, can no longer be left to beg the leavings of our lives and hearts; hereafter he must and shall come first, must and shall be King in fact as well as in name,—King, to begin with, of our own small kingdom, of all we have and are; and then, working from that reconquered centre, we must go forth to live and labour to bring his Kingdom to him,—to make him King for ever of that vast domain which to-day rejects him.

To make our wills steadfast at that point, and to understand once for all that the obstacles in our path are of our own making, to be swept aside with comparative ease, once we recognize their origin,—these two steps forward will be taken by all of us, I pray, before this Convention ends. Further, as a result of that better understanding and more resolute will, and because of our united and vivid realization that the spiritual world is our true home, that it is here and now—surrounding us, penetrating us, lifting us, blessing us—a realization, let us hope, never to be lost again—there should arise from this Convention such unity of purpose, such one-pointed aspiration, such invincible determination, that H.P.B.'s last prayer on earth will be answered—that we keep the link unbroken; answered because it will no longer be her prayer only, nor ours, but *yours*; answered in the one way possible,—by the flowering once more of

chêlship in our midst, for the salvation of the Society and for the salvation of the race.

The Report of the Committee on Credentials was then called for, presented, and accepted, after which, Mr. H. B. Mitchell was elected Chairman of the Convention, and Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering, Secretary and Assistant Secretary.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: It is significant of the guidance that has been given the Society from its inception, that we find, year after year, as we listen to what is said in these Conventions, that we have all been moved by a common inspiration. It is so to-day. What I had planned to lay before you is in essence the same as what we have just heard, and what, doubtless, will be repeated later,—the same needs and truths being reflected from different minds, so that they stand out boldly in being thus viewed from such varying angles.

All that I have to say may be summed in a single question, though to its implications I can set no limit. Can we, members of The Theosophical Society, to whom has been given a vision of *Theou Sophia*, Divine Wisdom,—can we respond to it with love? For love is the only response that is effective. The root of all other powers, and able to generate them from within itself, it is the only one that can meet our need. The question is, therefore, Can we love the Divine Truth and Beauty and Goodness that have been shown us through the years?

That is all; but it will be found far-reaching. It is not a new question. We have heard it voiced with steadily increasing insistence at Convention after Convention. It is voiced with even greater insistence to-day. And the reason for this is, that, year by year as the cycles advance, the issues involved in this question become more momentous. It becomes more pressing, more impossible to postpone.

We all remember what H.P.B. wrote of the hundred-year cycle, in accordance with which The Theosophical Society was founded by the Masters, the cyclic law permitting them to make a special effort, in the last quarter of each century, to bring to mankind knowledge of its true heritage and divine potentialities. She told us that that outgoing and outgiving from the Lodge had to come to an end with the close of the century, and that the Masters could not send again, in the same way into the world, until the last quarter of the next century. Some of our members gave considerable study to tracing these cyclic outgivings from the Lodge; and in the old volumes of the *QUARTERLY* we shall find a number of articles by Mr. Griscom dealing with the history of the Movement in past centuries, and showing how dominating was the cyclic law.

It required no study to recognize the action of the law in our own Society and experience. Precisely as foretold, there came the crisis at the end of the century, between 1898 and 1900. But for the first time in the age-long history of the Movement, the shattering force of the crisis was met by a greater power of love, which, holding fast to the Lodge, carried the Movement over the close

of the cycle, so that it entered ground it had never entered before. It did not disintegrate as in the past, when the direction of the cyclic current changed, but, maintaining the link unbroken, gave to the Lodge what it had never before had in our western civilization, a focal point in the world from which to work in the in-breathing phase of the cycle.

From 1900 on, therefore, our continued existence has created wholly new conditions. Year has been added to year, each a unique achievement, keeping open the door of opportunity and a path from the world to the Masters. However thin our line of connection may at times have been, we have still kept it unbroken, and still pressed forward into unexplored territory. Seventy-five years separated us from the time when we might expect a new Messenger or group from the Lodge to take over the work that has been ours. Do we realize that to-day half of that seventy-five years has passed? A full twenty-five year cycle and half of another? Our Society was founded in November, 1875. The twenty-five years of its "expectation of life" brought it to November, 1900. To May, 1938, is just thirty-seven and a half years more, and brings us to the dead-centre of our course.

It is easy to see how crucial this point must be for us, when we think of the way in which an engine works. The expanding power of the steam or gas, within the cylinder, drives the piston back and forth, and by means of a connecting rod and crank, this back and forth motion is turned into circular motion, imparted to the wheel. But when the piston is at the extreme limit of its stroke in either direction, at the point where it ceases, let us say, to move forward and turns back,—at the point where the piston-rod and the connecting rod and the centre of the wheel are all in one line,—there the engine can exert no force upon the wheel to turn it. If the wheel were to stop at that point, neither push nor pull of the piston, no matter how powerful, could move it. Over that point it can be carried only by a force acting from a different angle, or by its own momentum. That is why single-acting engines are built with heavy fly-wheels, to increase the momentum, and to take care of sudden shocks and variations in load. The analogy shows clearly the nature of the test our Society is now facing: Are we of sufficient weight, have we of ourselves enough momentum, to carry us past this dead centre, so that the great engine of the Lodge force may again energize and move us?

The Theosophical Society was founded to be a bridge between the inner world and the outer, or, in the words of *Light on the Path*, "a link between man and his divine part, . . . between the stir of the market place and the stillness of the snow-capped Himalayas". Throughout the year we invite to our meetings all those, in the world, who, for any reason, even the most trivial may be interested to come. On this day only, in its annual Convention, the Society meets alone. The door which has been open to the knock of the world, is to-day opened only to our own members. We withdraw from the world that, as clamour is silenced, we may hear more clearly the voice of the Society's own Soul, and the will for it of its "Father in the Heavens". To-day we meet and concern ourselves only with our own.

Who are our own? What do we find as we enter here? Again Mr. Hargrove has answered for us. We see the faces of old friends and new; those who have been our comrades through the years, and those whose tests and battles still lie before them. But I think there can be very few of us who are not seeing also, with the inner eyes of memory and gratitude and love, comrades whom we can no longer greet physically, but whose presence we none the less feel,—whose lives, given to the Work, still live in it. There can be few of us who can speak of our Society, or our work, or our philosophy, and not be keenly conscious of those from whose hands these came to us; who kindled with their own flame such fuel as we could bring, and who are, whether in life or death, an indissoluble part of our Movement. Mr. Hargrove called the names of some, personally closest and dearest to us, whose pictures are here upon our walls. But back of them, back of Judge and H.P.B., are those who sent them forth,—rank upon rank of flame-bearers, the endless hierarchy of the servants of Divine Wisdom and Divine Compassion, the Great Lodge of Masters and their chélas.

We all know that The Theosophical Society has no dogmas nor official beliefs, not even belief in the great Masters who founded it, and who have maintained and guarded it through all the years of its life. But here, where we meet to plan for the Society's needs, in fulfilment of the trust that has devolved upon us, each of us must base what he says upon the facts as he himself knows or sees them. To very many of us the primary facts are these which I have just stated: that our Society owes its being to the Great Lodge of Masters; that it was founded at their direction, to serve as an instrument for their work, a link between them and the world. There was nothing in the world capable of forming that link. It had to be made from above, from the Lodge, *and be and remain part of the Lodge*. "All the road to heaven is heaven." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me", can be said only by the Master. It is true only of "man's divine part", of what pertains to the Lodge and the Spirit, never of the personality or of anything of the world. Thus the T.S. is a bridge, but the two piers of the bridge are not equal, nor do they fulfil an equal function. We can, as to-day, shut out the world; and in that exclusion find ourselves the more whole and complete. But to shut out the Lodge would be to shut out all that has made, and that makes us what we are. Shutting out its "divine part", it would shut out the Society's very Self. Our Conventions bring this truth close home to us.

I do not think that any of us can put into words the vision that Theosophy has brought him, but it is only as we realize something of the profound difference it has made in our whole outlook, that we can understand the nature of our responsibility. The recognition, of which I have just spoken, that our Movement emanates from the Great Lodge of Masters, involves the recognition, also, that the true being of man, as man, stretches out to the Lodge, and includes limitless divine potentialities of which the modern world has lost all consciousness. There is, for us, "no bar or wall" separating man from the Divine, and this perception gives to human life a splendour of opportunity and purpose which is in sharpest contrast to the despairing pessimism of material philosophy.

Through the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, we see justice and mercy and love, where others can see only injustice and cruelty; and to us death is no more the end, than is the sleep that separates our active days. How are we to tell of these gifts which Theosophy has brought us, and of the new life to which they lead? We have heard "unspeakable words", and of their truth have become the custodian.

I think of the opening of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word." It was so with us. In the beginning was the "Word" which H.P.B. brought us, telling us of the theosophical philosophy, and of the laws of the inner world and the soul,—intellectual doctrines that changed all our thinking, and opened long vistas into unimagined possibilities. But that is not all. St. John goes on: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." Perhaps we recognize in that phrase, "the only begotten of the Father", the mystical characterization of accepted chelaship.

It is not only the Word that has been given us; it is the incarnating Word, and we have seen it incarnating. As we look back to our companions in the past, our predecessors in the Movement, have we not a clear remembrance of how, despite the veil of the personality, they showed us "grace and truth", and the transforming power of the theosophical doctrines that had been taught to them and to us? Have we not had proof, in them, of the power and the beauty of the incarnating spirit of Theosophy, of faith and courage, and the self-giving to a Cause that swallowed up all thought of self? And have we not each felt, in his own way and in his own nature, that same power of Theosophy contending against all the meannesses and littlenesses in his personality,—the power of the Perfect seeking incarnation in the imperfect, striving to make of it an instrument it can use, struggling to lift it from unlikeness to likeness? We cannot have knowledge and escape responsibility for its use. From such vision as is ours, the question must inevitably arise that confronts us to-day. To us has come light. Are we to prove that we prefer the darkness? Or can we genuinely love the light, and turn to it with whole-hearted self-giving?

This is the crisis to which the cycle has brought us, where none can help us but ourselves, since none can answer this question for another. I used the mechanical analogy of an engine, as the stroke of the piston came to its dead centre. But living analogies are better and truer; for this is no mere mechanical matter, but a question that goes to the heart of the individual life. Mr. Hargrove spoke of the prayers that arise from these Conventions. You remember his words: "Send fire from heaven." I suspect that very few of us have ever come to these Conventions without some such prayer in our hearts. Yet as I came here this morning, I realized that what was uppermost in my mind, and dominant in my desires for the day, was not something that I could pray that the Great Lodge might give us, but something which I prayed that we ourselves might give the Lodge. Do we know how to ask more than they have given us? Is there more of beauty that they can show us? More of holiness, more of truth? Is there anyone who feels he has reached the limit of what was offered,

rather than the limit of his own ability or willingness to receive? Is there more of fire to kindle us, that they can send us? More than they have sent through these sixty-two and a half years?

It is like the crisis in an illness, where doctor and nurse have done all that medical skill can do until the patient himself makes some response, and the issue rests with him, dependent upon his inner vitality and will to live. Or like a General, in battle, who has thrown in his last reserves. The issue is now with his men; in their past training; in their response to the present demand; in their will to victory; and the ability to hold that will the minute longer than the enemy, which achieves victory.

So, it has seemed to me, the issue of this day does not rest with the Lodge. It rests with us.

But though great issues hang upon the answer, let us not complicate the question itself. It is simply whether we really love the loveliness we have been shown. The response asked is the response of love; that is all. If we love what the Great Lodge loves, then we take our place with them. Otherwise we cannot do the work which now must be done to maintain the link. It can be done only by those who love what Theosophy stands for, and who have given themselves to it.

It is no question of our virtues or powers. We are not called to great acts of heroism beyond our small capacities. We are not asked to be perfect. Our question is not one of statics but of dynamics. We are asked only whether we cannot love the Perfect. If we can, then we shall seek union; and desiring to move toward what we love, we shall move. Drawn by what we have seen, consciously and purposefully we shall move in accordance with it, pressing on, in forgetfulness of all lesser things, to the reality and supreme worth which Theosophy has shown us.

Nevertheless, as I have said, simple as the question is, great issues hang upon the answer. The reason is that, in it, we are dealing with the inner, primal and central powers of the Universe, so that a small effect, accomplished here, becomes enormously magnified as it radiates through the outer world. Dante, reaching the Ninth Heaven, beyond which is only the Empyrean, eternally above all mutation, sees the *Primum Mobile* of all the worlds in the motion of the Seraphim, responding with love and adoration to their vision of God, as the Divine Light falls upon them. By that movement of love, which makes God its centre, the whole universe is drawn in sweeping circles, that rise and narrow as they revolve. And in this, Dante is shown the origin of all other forces and motion,—the cause of evolution and of cyclic law, and the roots of time, which measures them,—so that the entire system of Nature is revealed as one vast movement of love and desire for union with God, as its final rest. There is more than one lesson here that it would profit us to learn, but we are immediately concerned to note that it is not the Seraphims' own power that moves creation, but the Light of God reflected in their love. So with us. It is not we that can do the work, but the light of Divine Wisdom itself, the vision of Theosophy which is ours, reflected in our love of it.

Sometimes I wonder whether the casual reader of the reports of our

Conventions in the QUARTERLY, must not think that we take ourselves with an absurd seriousness. Does it seem like the delusion of grandeur to say, as we do say, that the whole world may be altered by what is done in our small Society? It is not so. We have no illusions about ourselves. Indeed, from one point of view, the more commonplace and unimportant we are as individuals, the more important might be our actions. For if we be a "run-of-the-mine" sample of humanity, our present response to the light we see may predicate the future response of all mankind. Moreover, the size of a shadow is not dependent alone upon the size of the object which casts it. It depends also upon the closeness to the light, and to the light of Theosophy we have been drawn close. Again, if we believe that the Society was founded by the Great Lodge, we cannot avoid the corollary that all it does will prove archetypal, making moulds which the future will fill. Or, to use another simile, we are like the handful of earth into which a seed has fallen. The sower sows his seeds, and they fall here and there. Until they have fallen, one handful of earth is little different from another; but afterwards, the earth where the seed has lodged becomes charged with all the potentialities of the seed itself. Not because of anything of our own, but because of what has been given us, we, and what we do, have become of vast significance. It is we who have been given the vision of Theosophy; it is we alone who *can* respond to it.

We do not give the heed we should to the fragility of consciousness, nor commonly realize how easily it may lose its hold upon any realm of being. You very rapidly cease to be conscious of what does not interest you, and of which you do not intend to make any use. Even in physical sight, experiments in camouflage suggest that we "see" only what has significance for us, and this is far more true of mental and spiritual sight, in the inner world of ideas and ideals. Thus if we do not respond to such vision as we have, we lose it; and if we lose it, it is lost to the world,—for in the world, we are its custodians. If the vision is lost, the possibility of realizing it is lost.

Once this truth comes home to us, we see it illustrated on every side. Wherever we look in our civilization, we see the consequences of man's loss of consciousness of spiritual realities, a loss that has been due to disregard. Religion is no longer taught in our schools. It is beyond the pale of our science. In many of the churches its name has been prostituted to a sentimental humanitarianism that worships only material comfort. Everywhere it is ignored; and disregard soon passes into denial. Without faith or knowledge of his spiritual heritage, man turns his desires back to the mere animal gratifications that can never satisfy him; and retrogression and disintegration spread through his nature and his works.

It was not for ourselves that Theosophy was given us, but that we should preserve its truths for the need of the world. Our responsibility lies in this: that truth can live only where it is lived. It is useless to enthrone it and lock it away in the strong-room of dogma. When the need comes, and the door is open, the throne is found empty.

There is curious testimony that this is not a mere figure of speech. In his Terry Lectures on *Psychology and Religion*, recently published, Professor Jung

adduces the evidence of the subconscious, revealing, through dreams, the historic symbols of the seat of Deity, but revealing that seat now as empty, or as occupied only by an image of the man himself (p. 96). "As soon", Professor Jung comments, "as a god ceases to be an overwhelming factor, he becomes a mere name. His essence is dead, and his power is gone." Earlier, he points out that our civilization has forgotten that man's life, by its very nature, must be sacrificial, offered up in service of something greater than itself,—failing which it must inevitably disintegrate. His testimony here is the more noteworthy in that we can seldom share his point of view, but indeed no testimony is needed to a truth we see exemplified on every side.

The value of the bodily organism is its ability to subordinate its own impulses to the dictates of the will; and this same principle runs through all the personality, which, as *Light on the Path* says, each of us has "with pain created for his own use". Its value is never in itself, but only in its union with what is above it,—a union that is realized through the utter self-giving which is love's deepest desire, but which, without love, can be seen only as self-sacrifice. The worth of the Spirit is in the Spirit, realized, actual and active. But the worth of our personal life is in its potentiality,—in our ability to respond and to give ourselves to the light and truth of the Spirit so as to become its vehicle. If this potentiality cease, if the response be finally refused, nothing of value remains, and the useless organism is swept away. Therefore in its deepest sense, the question which we face to-day is quite literally one of life and death, for our Society and for ourselves.

It is, I think, the form in which we face the supreme question that Being itself poses to all creation. Scientists talk of entropy and the Second Law of Thermodynamics, in which they have postulated that what we can all observe in the flow of energy around us, is the manifestation of a universal law. As water flows down hill, as heat spends itself in radiation, so the natural flow of energy is from higher to lower potential, from above down. For a generation past, physicists have spoken of this law as the death sentence of the universe; for to such a ceaseless giving from what has to what has not, the only end must be a dead level of neutrality, where all heat has cooled, all power been lost, all difference obliterated, and all life become impossible.

No student of Theosophy can accept this doctrine of the physicists as more than a half truth; but we cannot deny that wherever we look we see it illustrated. In our own Society we have seen it through all the years of its existence—the unstinted, unmeasured giving from the Lodge to us and to the world, from the high to the low. Nor can we escape the conviction that this must inevitably spell death, if there be no giving back. In this proviso, all Being faces the question that we face, and in it is involved the mystery of the life of the soul.

That which proceeds from the Spirit must return to the Spirit. As there has been descent, so must there be ascent; and it is with this ascent, the return movement of love and self-giving from what is below to what is above, that true religion and true occultism are alike concerned. To the soul, the Master that hath, must be given; from the personality, the self, that hath not, must be taken

away even that which it hath; and he who surrenders his life shall find it. By such laws as these, are the laws of physics counter-balanced, and the sentence of death transmuted into the eternal, majestic procession of the cycles.

It is against this background, and into this frame, that we may place the superb words that have been quoted: "Roll on, my Lord the Wheel,—go forth and overcome." May that be our prayer, and be answered in our response.

We have long since had to realize that it is very far from safe to adduce the newspaper science of the day in support of any philosophical conclusion, for to-morrow the scientific fashions will probably have changed. Yet in the *New York Times* of three days ago there was a despatch from Washington, reporting a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences, which is both pertinent and suggestive. Doctors Osterhout and Murray, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, described "a chemical model which imitates in many important respects the behaviour of the mysterious, invisible fluid wall surrounding all living cells, and gives the appearance of 'perpetual motion' that can go on for months". It was added that "strange phenomena, observed in the apparatus, indicate that life itself defies, to a certain extent, the second law of thermodynamics", as the flow, instead of being from high potential to low, was reversed and moved from lower to higher activity. It was inferred that only within such sacrificial walls, where the lower responds to the higher by rising to it, could the cell continue to live.

I shall not need to point out the bearing this has upon our question. We remember *The Voice of the Silence*, and the Guardian Wall, formed by the Masters, by whose protection we, and the Society, and all mankind, have been preserved. Can we so guard the life that has been entrusted to us? Can we become, by our response to the Truth which we have seen, the Guardian Wall that will enable that Truth to live?

The Chairman, having been duly authorized, appointed the following three standing committees:

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. Hargrove; Dr. Torrey; Dr. Hohnstedt.

Committee on Letters of Greeting: Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell; Dr. Clark; Mrs. Regan.

Committee on Nominations: Mr. Miller; Mr. LaDow; Mr. Mullinax.

The Report of the Executive Committee having been accepted with thanks, the Report of the Secretary was next called for.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S.

MISS PERKINS: I have the honour to submit the following Report:

Branch Activities

The Branches report excellent meetings in which their younger members have manifested a new sense of responsibility. They also record increased unity, and better understanding of the mission of the Society at this critical stage in world affairs. Believing that only the cure supplied by Theosophy can bring order out of chaos, they have undertaken to infiltrate its principles and standards into the world by devoting themselves to living the "theosophic

life", confident that use can be made of this unseen effort. While not intent, therefore, on bringing recruits into the Society, the Branches are delighted to welcome any newcomers who are fired by T. S. ideals and who desire to share in its present endeavour. Since each Branch chooses material for its meetings, there may be significance in the fact that a number have been studying the Christian Bible, and, in the light of Eastern scriptures, discovering deeper meanings and evidence of its harmony with other Lodge teachings. "This serves", one Secretary writes, "to emphasize for our members the identity of the Mystery teaching and of the immemorial Wisdom religion, and reminds them that Theosophy is always Wisdom-in-action." The accomplishments and hopes of each Branch are outlined in the reports, but instead of attempting any summary of my own, I would refer you to the account of their stewardship given in the "Letters of Greeting", which are always a moving and inspiring feature of our Conventions.

In Europe, the Branches have again contributed to some Allied Relief Fund the amount they paid the Society in dues prior to 1929, and it has again received from one of its American members a special donation that more than reimburses the Treasury for the sum thus diverted from it.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Were each member asked to what extent his thought and actions had been influenced by reading the QUARTERLY, we may readily imagine, with our own experience as guide, that there would be numerous tributes to its value,—but how form an impression of what it is doing for readers outside our ranks? There is an increasing number of them in the libraries all over the world. Occasionally they write, telling, perhaps, of having read the magazine for many years until it has become intimately associated with their lives,—and suddenly realizing how much they owe to it; or the writer may give thanks for "conversion" to the religion of his own country and race, through the deeper view of it gained from theosophic interpretation. Thus preparation is being made—possibly for active participation in the next "incarnation" of the Movement.

Contributors to the QUARTERLY, who put us under deep obligation by giving there the results of their study, experiments and experience, frequently respond to our thanks by declaring that in this giving their own rewards are great,—one being the editorial assistance received: comment on some unconsidered aspect of their subject which enables them to round out the treatment of it; or the editorial pencil may insert, for their consideration, sentences that clear up some obscure point and disclose its intimate connection with another fact not before recognized as the key-stone of that particular arch. This is a sidelight on the inestimable service done the Movement by those older members who both edit the magazine and contribute generously to every issue.

Book Department

Since the "Standard Books" on Theosophy listed in each QUARTERLY provide an excellent student's library, the publication of additional titles has not yet been thought desirable. Mastery of those listed would throw much light on articles in our magazine, particularly those bearing on the devotional side of

Theosophy which is so little understood. Our books by Charles Johnston and by "Cavé" are noteworthy in their exemplification of Theosophy as related to Mysticism and the religious life; new editions of several of these have been printed during the past year.

Secretary's Office

The Society necessarily has rooms equipped with facilities for filling book orders, supplying the magazine, etc., but there are no longer, as in early days, centralized quarters where officers carry on their work and local members attend to such details as may be assigned to them. Consultation and co-ordination are never overlooked, but at present each individual does his portion of the work in his own home or office,—a method that is time-saving, and also one that gives training of a highly desirable kind. At their request, I have ceased to mention the names of those who assist in the activities here, but it is a pleasure to report that the organization of them this year has been improved, and that all who participate do so with the feeling that to serve the Society in any way is the greatest privilege. The two younger members who volunteered their time last year have shown such interest and capacity that the number of their assignments has been steadily increased. Others are "on call" whenever there is pressure of extra work; and the Assistant Secretary T. S., to whom we owe so much for her full report of Convention proceedings, is always helpful. The Society has occasion to thank these various members who give liberally of their time, and to its thanks I should like to add my own.

Notwithstanding the increased labour that has devolved upon the older members with the death of those who once shared the responsibility, and in spite of the unceasing pressure of this tumultuous era, they have exercised even closer oversight of all that concerns the Movement. For example, many a letter that goes out from the Secretary's Office, in response to some appeal for help, is based upon their perception of the querent's real difficulty, and how he can be given a clue that may enable him to discover for himself its cause and cure. Their readiness to give aid is as unfailing as is their adherence to Mr. Judge's principle of action which he stated in the words of the *Gita*, "The duty of another is full of danger",—"danger" for the one who begs to be told how to handle some problem that has arisen in his personal relations, and also for the one who might venture to give such advice, because both of them would be acting against spiritual law, and in ignorance of the plan of the Lord of Karma. From this, and from many another tangent that might vitiate our efforts, the older members rescue unwary workers, patiently pointing out the error, and the course that should have been taken. Only those who are the fortunate beneficiaries of such supervision can realize how much they and the Society owe to those who thus stand behind the Movement, and, as it was put last year, make us lower links in that great hierarchical chain that stretches upward beyond our boldest imagining.

Respectfully submitted,

I. E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

The Chairman, remarking that it is always one of the pleasantest moments of the Convention when we thank our Secretary and her helpers for their un-failing work, invited the Convention to vote the acceptance of the Secretary's Report, which was done unanimously and with sincerest thanks. The Treasurer then submitted his Report, which was accepted with thanks to him and the Assistant Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

MR. MILLER, for the Committee, nominated Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell and Mr. Auchincloss to succeed themselves on the Executive Committee; as Secretary and Assistant Secretary, Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering; as Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell and Mr. Kobbé. The Secretary of the Convention was instructed to cast one ballot for the election of the officers as nominated.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: It will not be possible to read all of the letters received, but I should like to say that members of the Executive Committee have read all of them, with the greatest interest and appreciation. The following are selections.

Letters, messages and telegrams from Branches and from individual members all over the world, were listened to with deep attention and frequent applause. The Chairman then spoke of these Greetings as focussing the aspiration, desire and will of those whose hearts were with us throughout the Convention. The Report of the Committee having been accepted with an expression of appreciative thanks to the writers of the letters, the Convention adjourned until 3 p. m.

Afternoon Session

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: As the Chairman of this Committee, I ask that Dr. Torrey speak first on our behalf,—and I am going to give away a secret. One of the oldest, if not the oldest member of the Society (not in terms of age but of membership) has more than once said that she can listen to Dr. Torrey with delight. No such remark has ever been made about my speaking, or Professor Mitchell's, or Mr. Miller's speaking! And strange as it may seem, we are not jealous,—for the very simple reason that we agree. Why do I say this in the presence of Dr. Torrey? I have a motive, and the motive is that once in a while, when he is in the mood and tired, he is inclined to say: "What's the use, I can only echo!" In these moods, he forgets that if any one of us *can* echo, we are doing pretty well! I suspect that that is the utmost we can do anyway. Now we shall have the pleasure of listening to him.

DR. TORREY: There is probably no member of The Theosophical Society who is not watching with keen interest the events of the world drama so rapidly unfolding before us, and trying, at the same time, to understand them in the

light of the great principles which his studies have revealed to him. Therefore any book which can aid him in his comprehension is always welcome. It need not necessarily be a book written by theosophists. We have learned that every man who intends his mind honestly and fearlessly upon a subject, will discover something of value and of truth about it which we can use to complete our own truth, or to link together certain fragments whose connection may have eluded us heretofore.

So it is that this afternoon I would speak of a book which I have recently read with pleasure and profit. It is a volume of Gifford Lectures given at the University of Glasgow in 1935-37 by W. McNeile Dixon, and entitled *The Human Situation*. Already it is in a second edition, a fact which suggests that it is being read.

The conditions of the Foundation under which the lectures are given appear to preclude the appeal to revelation, and the philosophic and scientific material must, so to speak, stand on its own human feet.

Before we have read very far we become aware that the author is dealing with the present and most perplexing situation in which the human race finds itself as regards its philosophical and religious beliefs.

Now I must confess that my first reaction, after a rather hasty reading, was one of some surprise. I asked myself: Is this man living in the nineteenth century or in the twentieth? For there, buttressed by space-time, quantum mechanics, genes, hormones and fruit flies, is set forth the old, stark agnosticism of the last century with its accompaniment of darkness and despair for the sensitive soul—and all represented as the preponderant testimony of science.

Dixon writes:

The worst is that the world, life, all things, should be wholly senseless, without meaning, and the worst has happened. For if you ask what is this power everywhere throughout the universe doing? the answer is, "It is doing nothing: it is a lunatic energy making and breaking, building up and knocking down endlessly and aimlessly".

To be sure, Professor Dixon quotes this cheerful scientific sentiment (and the book bristles with parallel passages) only to combat it, but it appears to me that his defence is none too strong or convincing. In fact the cumulative power of the arguments drawn from the physical and biological sciences constitutes a formidable indictment of the world and of life. He is hampered in his defence by his own temperament. He is all for Elizabethan gusto and adventurous living. The heaven of his choice, he tells us, "would contain but few saints or examples of moral perfection".

Indeed I am not sure that it would contain any. It would be mainly peopled by agreeable sinners, not too unlike myself for companionship. How sad are the virtuous, and how cheerful and light-hearted so often the profane. . . . Holiness is a strong perfume and a little of it goes a long way in the world. I have never been very clear whether it was compatible with laughter. . . .

After this revealing self-portrait we can understand how the Eastern faiths, Christianity included, are to him only "escape mechanisms" and anæmic asceticisms. He finds Christianity singularly useless in the present world because it

has nothing definite to say about financial and labour troubles, social and political problems, education, criminology and the thousand and one other matters that agitate us. He admits that Christianity was an other-worldly religion, anyhow, and was never intended to deal with Cæsar's realm; that it conquered the West only by making concessions, and now, when the folly of the *mésalliance* has been exposed, we may not justly blame Christianity. All of which is a mixture of irritating half-truths, though it probably represents the prevalent academic view of the matter. But with blind spots like that, can we wonder that Mr. Dixon is considerably tasked to prove a universe of spiritual values? His Tennysonian faith that "good shall be the final goal of ill", and that a spiritual monadology of the Leibnizian pattern fits the facts of the world as we know them, better than the alternative theory of materialism propounded by science, is all to the good, though without the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation we ourselves should be hard put "to justify the ways of God to man".

I have said that science seems to have made small progress in its philosophy of the world in the last century. Let us glance back to the year 1881 when there appeared in the November *Nineteenth Century* a poem by Tennyson entitled "Despair", with a caption which tells us that a man and wife, beaten down by suffering and full of the current agnosticism of the time, had resolved to drown themselves. The wife dies but the man is rescued. He tells of his thoughts as they faced the waves. A single stanza suffices:

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—
Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own—
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

That was written nearly sixty years ago, yet it appears to be in complete accord with the generally accepted doctrine of the day. Strange, is it not, that after sixty years of the most intense and laborious physical research which the world has ever known, the agnostic doctrine is more firmly fixed in the saddle than ever before? Surely in sixty years, if a theory had proved untenable, if it had failed to accord with the later findings of science, it would have been quietly discarded to take its place with the wrecks of other abandoned hypotheses. Can it be possible that science has really discovered the final truth? Is the world, indeed, a meaningless mechanism? Lord [Bertrand] Russell writes: "Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving: his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms."

To which our irrepressible Mr. Dixon replies: "Wherever he got his information, he seems to know more about it than I do, or than any other man has ever known."

Similar dogmatic affirmations were in circulation in Tennyson's day, but they were used by college boys to shock the deacons of the church. To-day

they carry a more sinister ring. This is no callow, bad-boy philosophy; it is a matured, reasoned doctrine of nihilism, because to-day the problem is more subtly apprehended than it was in Tennyson's time. Scientists have been forced to become metaphysicians, and, in my opinion, granting their premises, their position would appear to be impregnable.

The man of Tennyson's "Despair" was a sensitive soul brought up in the conventional religion of the period which, for generations, had provided him and his ancestors with convenient lighthouses to guard their barks from shipwreck on hidden reefs. The great wave which rose at the Renaissance had swept away the lighthouses, and man was left unguided and crying in the night. God, the heaven just above the clouds, with its streets of gold and its gates of pearl, were gone, and science had set in their place its miles and miles of empty space sown thinly with stars. Instead of a living soul, precious in the sight of God, man saw himself as only a brute beast endowed by evolution with a swifter intelligence and a greater capacity for suffering than his brothers the anthropoids.

It was at this critical period, when the choice seemed forced between the extremes of irrational superstition and rational agnosticism, that, in the opinion of many of us, the White Lodge took a hand in the matter.

We who are gathered here to-day are living witnesses to the fact that the universe revealed by expanding science might have been and should have been greeted with enthusiasm and joy—not as destructive of faith and optimism, but as revealing and confirming and fulfilling the deepest aspirations of the human soul. But the learned world in its haughty self-sufficiency thought differently; it rejected the Masters, preferring to walk its own various ways to confusion. Left to itself, science became snared in the fatal and false natural-supernatural antithesis from which it might have been saved by the ancient teaching that the Natural is the all-inclusive, though the natural to which the senses have access is only the outermost shell of the All.

Even as late as the first decade of the twentieth century the issue between the forces of good and evil still hung in the balance. The work of the Masters through Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge had told, and the beam was slowly swinging toward the positive side. One who will re-read the earlier volumes of the *QUARTERLY* cannot fail to catch the sense of expectancy and of happy anticipation with which the editor and the contributors sift the world's movements and winnow the good grain from the chaff. A New Theology had appeared and, likewise, a New Science was coming to birth. But the shadow which follows all innovations lurked in the background. Already in 1907 an article entitled "Lights and Shadows of the New Theology" is given prominence. A Summer School of the movement had just been concluded in Wales. After indicating the various "Lights", such as a growing realization of the immanence of God, a tendency to identify the self of man with the Self of the universe, the teaching of emanation, a deepening understanding of the nature and meaning of inspiration, the writer goes on to say:

There is another side of this movement, or we had rather say, an overgrowth of the

movement, of which we must now say something. We find one of the speakers, whom we have already quoted with high admiration, expressing himself thus: "The land of the earth was given by the Father for the use and delight of all men—not for the few, who, by any means, legal or illegal, may secure private possession thereof for their private profit. The Divine Presence did not store the cellars of the earth full of coal and oil and iron in order that when opened in the twentieth century, coal barons and steel magnates and oil billionaires should control these treasure-vaults of the earth, enslaving the children of men in the mines, and then bleeding the nations by monopoly sale of these gifts of God in nature."

One speaker uses the phrase, "political economy of the Sermon on the Mount", and the writer comments sharply: "The Sermon on the Mount has no more to do with economics than with astronomy",—not at this stage of evolution, in any case.

Thus we can see that a promising religious movement was already being undermined by sentimentalists, and as the years passed it ran off into the present Protestant confusion. The writer of the *QUARTERLY* article points out very simply and clearly to these muddled theologians the issues which make either for life or death:

To those who would promote spiritual life by social revolution, it may be said: Do you think the Father rules his kingdom so ill, that all these his children sin in vain or suffer in vain? Are you not unconscious followers of those who held that, in wide realms of life, the Devil veritably ruled? Think you there is any corner or crevice where the Father's will is not instantly done? Increase your faith. Make your victory over Mammon a victory of the heart and not of the tongue. Lose your life, that you may keep it to life eternal. Then will you see these things in a new and clearer daylight. Then will you seek to increase love and aspiration and sacrifice. Then will you seek to minister to the well-being of souls, to the new birth from above, knowing certainly that these earthly conditions are but shadows of the things that truly are; and no more seeking to deprive the "rich" of his wreath of mist than to give the "poor" a heritage of moonbeams. Cease to deal with shadows. Awake, arise, and deal with real life!

Turning to the New Science we quickly discover that, in contrast with the New Theology, its sins were of the intellect rather than of the emotions. Thin, cold, hard intellectualism has banished genius and enthusiasm, and substituted a barren regimen of extreme analysis. In choosing the sensuous world of natural phenomena for its portion, science, at the very outset, had cast in its lot with the intellect. Science was to be "organized common-sense". Now, just in so far as any matter is confined to the province of the intellect, any organization so effected must of necessity be an artificial one. For the intellect cannot formulate or understand a true unity. If it is to work at all it can only disintegrate. It can shatter; it can violently break a natural whole into fragments, resolving unity into an artificial multiplicity, the better to deal with it. This is the well-known separatist tendency of the mind. "The mind is the slayer of the real."

Aware that it has reduced a complex system to more easily comprehended units, the mind is willing, at a later stage, to re-effect a synthesis if it is permitted to do so upon its own terms. Thereupon it proceeds to palm off its own spurious creation upon us as just as good as the original unity. In fact it even

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deceives itself, and will fiercely repel the insinuation that an apprehension of true unities lies quite outside its province. If we need evidence of this basic flaw in mental activities, we may find it in the reception which the scientific camp accords to Bergsonism.

Science, then, intellect *in excelsis*, cannot deal with life, and its reconstruction of the organism, or of any other living whole, accords with the pattern of mechanism. It is obsessed with the analytical tendency, and, in the words of Jacques Loeb, science can never reach its goal till it has resolved the world into a series of points under mathematical relations to one another—which is merely another way of saying that science turns the world into a series of pointer readings.

Many of us will recall the masterly way in which Mr. Johnston dealt with this matter, and showed us that the practical outcome of the philosophy of dematerialized science is sheer sensualism. Rank hedonism is, therefore, the outcome of the philosophy of science. It is the kind of life that is lived to-day by the great majority of educated men; it is the kind of philosophy that is tacitly and unquestioningly accepted as true in our universities, preached in thinly disguised form in our churches, and fostered by our governments.

But the wind begins to blow from another quarter. There are plenty of minor scientists who still see in dead matter the source of life and consciousness—a doctrine which Schopenhauer once said is "well suited to barbers and apothecaries' apprentices". But in turning metaphysician the subtler brethren have been forced to recognize the axiomatic truth that the world of each one of us is indubitably subjective and psychological. Now if there be no objective ground of truth, no outer, unchanging, independent standard to which experience can be referred, no common denominator which factors both your truth and mine, and if the very nature of science forbids the appeal to a transcendental Unity which, failing an objective groundwork of truth, might play the same part of independent witness (but which the intellect could not admit or understand anyhow, since a true unity is outside its comprehension), then we are left in the charming situation of having to admit that experience is entirely relative to the experienter and is valid to him alone. There is no independent standard of truth at all to validate our separate truths.

This sort of debased relativity is running loose in the world and is particularly popular among those who love to call themselves the "intelligentsia". Codes of morals and ethics? Dear me, how very mediæval! Standards in art? If I splash red paint on a piece of canvas and then cover it with yellow spots, the thing is "art". It may, for all you can tell, express a deep, esoteric significance to me. It is my truth and, in consequence, it must be accepted as a revelation of a unique genius. Here we have the last wretched perversion of the principle which Mr. Johnston sets forth in *The Song of Life*. The work of the True Genius is, indeed, unique—"no more to be imitated than the fire in the ruby's heart or the different glory of the stars". True Genius is a facet of the central Jewel of Truth, and finds its completion and its other selves in the Unity of the Whole. That the personality should finally lay claim to genius,

basing its rubbishy argument on the metaphysics of the many in opposition to the metaphysics of the One, is in character with its whole lying nature. Whereas, so far as I can see, if, in very truth, the One did not support and underlie the many, it would be impossible for two men to converse intelligibly with one another (which, by the way, is the complete *reductio ad absurdum* which logic forces these pseudo-philosophers to take). It is the One alone which validates the separate truths we utter.

This, then, has come to pass. In the nineteenth century science rejected the Way, the Truth and the Life, and chose Satan, or multiplicity, or *Maya*, or the shadow world, for its portion. Metaphysically all these terms amount pretty much to the same thing. Science in our day has found the truth it set out to find, and that truth—the inescapable, final, unpalatable logic of its position—is philosophical Nihilism: the doctrine that denies the existence of any ground for truth at all, and leaves the *psyche* an independent stream of consciousness in a vast nothingness.

If we have understood these things, if our feelings have been moved by what we have heard to-day, it is fitting that, as a member of the Committee on Resolutions, I should try to add a third link so that the Trinity of Mind, Feeling and Will may be complete. What are we going to do about it? The Theosophical Society appears to represent about the last stand of sanity in a world fast going crazy. The least we can do, therefore, is to stand to our guns, keeping the banner of the White Lodge flying and making no concession to the world's miserable ideals.

[As I review these notes several days after Convention and in its Light, it becomes so clear that in the power of the transcendent Will alone can we conquer. It is a power which the world cannot give; it cannot be found in scientific machinery, in hatreds and compulsions, in much shouting and gesticulating, in planned economies and social rehabilitations. These pitiful things dissipate power endlessly and fruitlessly. But who can measure or set limits to the power of wills united in terms of a mighty resolution? Then is born an Organism far greater than the sum of its parts—a mighty Genius through whose body Power, Wisdom and Joy may flow in undiminishing splendour till each smallest cell, ever perfecting itself in service and sacrifice, may in time come to know that it “is an inlet to the same and to all of the same”. To that we have been called with no uncertain voice.—R. E. T.]

MR. HARGROVE: I cannot imagine a better introduction to what I shall try to say than Professor Torrey's address, because he has made it so clear that if ever, at any time, The Theosophical Society had a mission, it has one to-day; that in view of the trend of science and of so-called scientists, The Theosophical Society has a message which it is our paramount duty to keep alive in the world and to carry forward into the next century.

Frankly, I am not sure where to begin; therefore, I shall begin with a text,—which is always helpful to the speaker. My text is an old Sanskrit Proverb: “You cannot take one part of a fowl for cooking, and leave the other part to

lay eggs." The immediate application of it, is our half-heartedness. We may not believe it, but the large majority of us expect to be able to do that which the Sanskrit Proverb says is impossible. In terms of our mental, emotional and will-energy, we expect to be able to give, let us say, half of it to the Cause of the Masters and the other half to our personal interests in the world. We make the fatal mistake of imagining that of necessity there is some conflict between the two. In spite of everything that has been said for many years, explaining over and over again that the duties of life are means to a spiritual end, people are still inclined to say: "Well, look at my duties—I have no time". But what are their duties there for, I should like to know!

This morning, Professor Mitchell used the very illuminating analogy (speaking of The Theosophical Society and of the Movement) of the crank shaft and its dead centre. I should like to call your attention to the fact that when the crank shaft is near the dead centre, a thousandth of an inch makes all the difference. We see from this that in the life of the Society and in our own lives, there has come a time when we must call on our reserves of capacity and momentum if we would keep the wheel moving,—as it will move if we supply the necessary thousandth of an inch of greater effort and of drive. You will have understood already that it is really about chêlanship that I want to speak. I am not suggesting that everyone in this room (far from it) can become a chêla. The real question is, whether the Movement is going to produce chêlas, and this will depend to a very large extent upon the real desire and effort of the membership as a whole. Buddha attained Nirvana on the shoulders of a million men. No one ever got into heaven alone, through his own unaided efforts.

What are the obstacles? I want to consider these obstacles under two main heads. First, there are certain intellectual misunderstandings. I am not referring to the class of individuals about whom Professor Torrey was telling us; I am speaking of the membership of The Theosophical Society. There are, even now, certain intellectual misunderstandings, some of them derived, I think, from that early, orthodox Christian training which most of us received. This does not imply criticism of orthodox Christianity. The time for that has long since passed. We have learned that almost any form of religious faith is better than none. Further, as many others have remarked, true Christianity has never been tried, and therefore cannot be criticized. When, however, it comes to its orthodox interpretation, it would be well for us to recognize these facts:

The Master Christ gave out the Truth, stark and unadulterated, even when speaking in Parables; but he knew that his immediate followers would dilute it, and he accepted that as necessary. He was using the human nature and the human weaknesses of his followers for the benefit of the world. Take, for instance, the Master's teaching, "Take up thy cross daily and follow me", and compare that with St. James's dictum that pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. Christ demanded everything (St. Paul too, in my

opinion); St. James, on the other hand, appears to have said to himself (in the light of disillusioning experience): "If I can keep these people from deadly, carnal sin, it is about all that can be hoped for". So instead of "Take up thy cross", his hope was reduced to keeping his followers out of mischief by means of "good works".

Do not complain because Christianity has been materialized. If it had not been materialized, there would not be any of it left; at best, it would be the secret study of a few score of mystics. You have to talk to people according to their condition, and the Lodge has seen to it that the needs of all kinds of people are met. Consider the crudest kind of Catholicism, and ask yourself: Does it do more harm than good? The answer will be that it does far more good than harm. Take the religion of the uncivilized among the inhabitants of South America and Mexico—extremely crude in many ways, with aboriginal gods all mixed up with the Virgin Mary, and so forth. But that is all those people are capable of, and to deprive them of it is a sin. The alternative is anarchy.

As students of Theosophy, we must shake ourselves free from the materialistic coverings of that which the Christian Master revealed. One of the ways in which the ancient Wisdom Religion, as that Master taught it, has been perverted, is where he himself is concerned. We need to remember that Christianity was not given out to empty minds, was not written (as it were) on blank paper. It was taught to Jews and to Gentiles, and among those Gentiles were people who had been brought up on echoes of the Mysteries, or in the atmosphere of Nordic mythology or Druidism. Their minds were already occupied by certain mental pictures of God and the ways of God, the result being that the *popular* conception of God soon became a strange blend of "the Father", as revealed by Jesus, and of Jehovah, Zeus, Mithras, Wotan, and others; while Christ, whom St. Paul had described as "the first born among many brethren", was relegated to a sort of heavenly Olympus, sitting at the right hand of this composite God, and interceding with Him for sinful men. It was crude, but it was simple and graphic, and served to introduce to a savage world the idea of compassion as a divine attribute,—an idea which did finally take root here and there among peoples not too completely given to the worship of themselves,—and of Wotan. In spite of this gain, however, the general result was, as has so often been stated here, an increasing tendency throughout the centuries to exile Christ from the world in which we live; and some of us, in spite of our Theosophy, may still be labouring under misapprehensions derived from that source. We need to realize that Masters, though perfect, are human, and that Masters are in our midst. The immediate importance of this, lies in its bearing upon chéliship, especially when the aspirant strives to reach and serve the Master Christ, because, if that Master be thought of as far off, and if his human nature be regarded as of the past only, during the incarnation in Palestine,—a barrier is created which makes intimate, inner intercourse almost impossible, not to speak of outer intercourse.

It is true that many Roman Catholic saints have recorded their experience

with and of that Master,—and, incidentally, I doubt if students of Theosophy appreciate sufficiently the record of such experience, the trouble being that it is so often plastered over with psychic images, psychic “trimmings”, for which allowance needs to be made with the understanding that the Christian Master never attempts to break the moulds of minds, directly. For instance, if he is speaking to a Roman Catholic saint, he does not tell that saint that his or her interpretation of the Eucharist has turned the truth upside down: he will not do violence to that soul. Instead, he takes things as they are, takes us as he finds us,—for what applies to the saint, applies equally to us. He takes our mental content—our preconceptions and so forth—and meets our condition. That ceases to be true only when he is dealing with a pledged chêla, because the pledged chêla has asked him, unconditionally, for light and guidance. The truth is, we are greatly indebted to the Roman Catholic Church in many ways. For one thing it clings to the old and better moral code, and then, like Masonry, it has preserved at least the form of certain occult truths (as in the Eucharist), and also definite evidence of contact with the Master, speech with the Master, as being possible. So many of the Protestant sects, alas, have thrown that belief overboard. They really have exiled him; they regard him as remote from human affairs. The proof of it, as Dr. Torrey has said, is that so-called Christians, many who believe they are religious, would never dream of going to Christ for light on economic or scientific or similar questions: he is supposed to be concerned solely with dangers threatening the individual, and with the ultimate fate of the soul.

There are exceptions, of course. Among them is the experience of a woman which she recorded in a book entitled *The Great Conjecture: Who Is This Jesus?*—a book which ought to be helpful to students of Theosophy, because she set out, with an open mind, to determine by experiment whether Christ was a reality or not, and she proceeded on the theory that he was, though treating this solely as a working hypothesis. To her amazement she found that her efforts met with a response which became clearer and clearer, more and more vivid, until she would claim to-day to be in conscious hourly contact with him. She has, however, preconceptions and mental moulds as hard-set as those, for instance, of St. Gertrude, who, in her visions, saw St. John, St. Peter and others in heaven, celebrating Holy Communion, and who describes their gorgeous vestments and jewelled array. Like St. Gertrude, the modern Protestant writer colours essential verities, but in modern fashion; instead of gorgeous raiment and priestly celebrations, she sees Jesus as a young Jewish carpenter, a good democrat and ardent pacifist, who, like herself, regards war as the greatest of evils. In her case also, it would seem that the Master, instead of forcing the truth upon her, leaves her to outgrow such illusions, which, after all, do not affect the fundamental value of her contribution to religious experience, or the fact that she has done what too few members of the Society have done, that is, made it their chief purpose in life to gain first-hand knowledge of their own Master, and to pursue that purpose with inflexible determination. Let us, as students of Theosophy, at least rid ourselves, once for all, of inherited mis-

understandings as to the nature of Masters and the immediate possibility of chélaship, and set ourselves free to that extent to serve the Lodge without needless hindrance.

So we draw closer to the real question by asking ourselves: Do we really believe? Are we really convinced, not only of the existence of Masters in a general way, but do we believe in their interest—their interest in this Convention—in your individual reactions to what is being said? Do you believe that they watch with the greatest concern how each one present responds?—watching intently, not the speaker, but you,—watching with burning hope that the efforts and sacrifices of all these years will not be thrown away—will at last be crowned with success.

What are the barriers? Self! There is no other. Self, in its myriad forms: self-concern, self-love, self-hatred, self-excuse: self the centre, if not the circumference, of all our thinking. Here are the Masters pouring out upon us their love, and their blessing, and their power; and what do we do with their gift? We take it and we turn it toward self. Someone may say, "Well, at least I do not love myself". Yes, but do you hate yourself? And what is the difference? The point is that self is the centre. The man or woman who takes it all in terms of self-love is in a bad way; but, on the other hand, those who take that divine gift, and go through life revolving around their sins and weaknesses, are just as bad, for they are stealing and perverting the energy thus consumed. The feeling that goes into it, the emotions that go into it—all are perverted from the use which that man's Master intends. Our obstacles are of our own making; there are no others. All we have to do is to sweep them aside. Stop calculating, too. What of it that, in the past, there may have been failure, or that you lack one or all of the qualifications. No one is suggesting that any one of you should say, "I will be a chéla". Leave that to your Master. All you have to do is to learn to love him. If you do that, the rest will take care of itself.

In view of all that has been said this morning, and again this afternoon, of the desperate need if this work of Masters is to continue in the world, imagine that you were to see someone whom you love, drowning, and were to stand there and say, "This is terrible! I am a bad swimmer and therefore can do nothing!" If you see someone you love drowning, there is at least one thing you can do—jump in and *drown with them*; do not stand on the shore in safety and watch them drown. Is it not clear that in the last analysis this is a question of manhood and not of piety or anything else? Not, heaven knows, that a man can drag his sins along with him; if he is doing that, he is discarded; nobody turns him out, but he goes,—as a light weight is thrown off a rapidly revolving table.

What I am speaking of is the need to get away from self, to forget self. Forget your miserable virtues and idiotic faults, and forge ahead. That does not mean that if you are shooting at a target, you just shoot,—because if a man shoots at a target he takes into account the velocity of the wind, the character of his rifle, its trajectory, and so forth,—he uses all his intelligence, all the

information he can get, in order to hit the mark. It is not reckless, blind jumping that is needed. But do not waste the rest of your life in preparation! Let the practice, the *being*, serve as preparation.

I am going to tell you, because personal things sometimes help, that when word came that we must once more appeal for chêlas, my first reaction was: Oh! *Again!* In justice I must say that that lasted only for a moment. Yet at every age, there are temptations peculiar to that age. Youth has its temptations; age has its temptations. And one of the temptations of age is the outcome of disillusionment, namely, the grave danger that it results in waning enthusiasm, waning zeal, which must be recognized at once as springing solely from lower nature; and lower nature must be treated as of no account whatever. It is the man who takes his lower nature seriously, who never gets anywhere. Disillusionment should not have such results, and will not, if love be sufficient. One need only think of Masters. Do you suppose they suffer from illusions? What has been their experience?—in spite of which, because they love, their zeal is inexhaustible. Unlike us, they see not only the faults and limitations, but the divine possibilities, the divine in every one of us, and, fixing their vision and their faith on that, they work for ever and ceaselessly with a zeal and a devotion and energy of which we are utterly incapable, even of imagining.

Let us consider a typical illustration of their experience, which would be heart-breaking if they were not Masters. A few of you will remember that some twenty-five years ago, a young man, an American, who had spent some years in India as a missionary, visited us on his way through New York. He had had a magnificent idea, a genuine inspiration, which already, to some extent, he had put into effect. The idea was that the only way to reach the Hindu religiously (and many of them need reaching, in that sense, at least as badly as any people of the west), is to do, in the name of Christ, as their own holy men do,—to live a life of absolute poverty and humility; to live among them without possessions of any sort; to live, in short, as a Sannyasi lives. He was a High Church Protestant. With the consent of his Bishop in India, he had founded a religious Order, with a Rule similar in spirit to that of the Franciscans. He, with two or three associates, had taken the three vows, including the vow of celibacy, and had set to work, meeting with considerable success. When he visited New York he was looking for recruits, and we, though our vocation was very different, fully recognized his "call" as genuine, and wished him well. The Christian Master had met him more than half way: that was evident. On one occasion, when this young man had been tramping the roads of northern India, almost exhausted and greatly discouraged, his Master appeared to him. Quoting the words of a well-known English clergyman who was Warden of one of the Colleges at Cambridge, and who wrote an Introduction to a small volume of poems by the young man of whom I speak:

The author of this little volume is by birth an American, aged twenty-six, who, having seen—whether in the body or out of the body God knows, but in any case with convincing clearness—a vision of the Lord Jesus, toilworn and travel-stained, trudging on foot along an Indian high road, has found in that vision a call to give his life, from love

of his Master, to the service of his Indian brothers, in literal imitation of the poverty, humility, and self-sacrificing devotion of the earthly life of Jesus.

In one of his poems, the author attempts to describe his experience. Many of you are familiar with it. I will not weary you with a long quotation.

From out the dark a voice came clear and calm,
Quite low, and yet so full of melody,
So full of pathos, ringing so with love,
That my poor soul, all thrilled and dazed with joy,
Could scarce make out the meaning of the words.
"O little lamb, I came to seek thee here.
"Thou askest who I am and where I dwell.
"I am thy Shepherd; though thou knewest not,
"I have been seeking thee the whole world o'er,
"Aye, calling, but thou would'st not answer me. . . .
"Thou soughtest peace below, but thou hast found
"It is not there, so I have come to help,
"And give thee what thou long hast sought in vain."

The Master had sought him out,—and no Master can do that without paying for it. What was the result? (I wonder whether our response differs so greatly from that young man's.) In some three or four years, the recipient of so wonderful a blessing, turned from his vocation, forgot his vows, and married a hill-woman, to become the father of half-caste children. The Order he had founded, which seemed so full of promise, and which might and should have accomplished great things for India, was wiped out of existence.

Such is the response the Masters meet with, time after time, as self-pity or some other form of self-indulgence destroys the seed which they have sown. "Lord, I will lay down my life for Thy sake", is more easily said than made an hour by hour practice. Yet they never lose hope, nor faith, nor charity. They see the weakness, but never cease to cling to the divine possibility. Must not we profit, so far as we are able, by their example? Can we hesitate to voice their appeal again? More than that, can we forget what they have said from the very beginning of the Society,—that the neophyte must develop through his contact with the world, in business, and through the performance of all his duties, "the indomitable resolution to succeed",—as a Master, then known as "Serapis", wrote in 1874, and as *Light on the Path* repeats with added emphasis: "Only he who is untamable, who cannot be dominated, who knows he has to play the Lord over men, over facts, over all things save his own divinity", is fit to tread the path of chélaship.

Therefore, in so far as, even remotely, we are able to speak for those great ones, it is our duty to persist until we die, that this Society shall produce chélas, *must* produce chélas. Everything is at stake. There can be no question of telling this, that or the other person that *he* should become a chéla. That is not the way things are done; it would be worse than folly. What we need is union of determination, so that, from within our ranks (no matter in whom), there shall arise this flower of chélaship for the Lodge. What appeal can be made, in the name of heaven, if not the appeal of Masters! They are not going

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to talk about their need. *We* can talk about their need, *and we shall!* That everyone here present shall leave this place determined to do all that he can—to make some small sacrifice that he has not made in the past; to give some time to spiritual reading, to think, and pray—that chélaship shall develop that somebody—or more than one—shall prove acceptable as victim: for Masters have never promised rewards; always they have sought out those who will be victims gladly; who are capable of the deepest joy if they can suffer for love's sake.

Thinking this over, two days ago, it seemed that it might be possible to word a Resolution that could be passed—not by the Society but by individual members—covering the prayer of this Convention, the hope of Masters for this Convention. I am going to read it to you, and if you do not like it, please say so. Anybody can be and remain a member in good standing, and can rightly, properly, if he choose, declare that this Resolution is not for him.

Whereas, We, members of The Theosophical Society, founded by Masters, realize to some extent the dire need of the world for help and guidance which Masters of the Great Lodge alone can give; and

Whereas, We realize also the imperative need of the Society to produce chélas from within its ranks if our link with the Lodge is to be kept unbroken, and if the Society is to continue to serve as a bridge between the Lodge and the world; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, members present at this Convention [not necessarily *all* the members], humbly but unreservedly offer ourselves, individually and collectively, for service, promising to do our utmost to dedicate our lives, and to give our hearts and minds, to the purposes of the Lodge, while always praying that some among us, by the completeness of their self-giving, may make themselves acceptable as chélas, and may thus become able to complete the Work begun by H.P.B. and Judge.

It was only possible, before this meeting, to confer briefly with the other members of the Committee on Resolutions, but both Dr. Torrey and Dr. Hohnstedt favoured it, naturally on the condition that it be explained that it does not commit the Society. One of our By-Laws, as you may remember, reads as follows:

A copy of all resolutions affecting the policy, principles, or platform of The Theosophical Society, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee three months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee.

I have read that By-Law to you because I do not want anyone to say or to think that we have forgotten it. We have not forgotten it. Further, I repeat that no one, on the basis of his T.S. membership, is under any obligation to approve of that Resolution. But there is a thousand times more power and more appeal in the united resolution of a group than in the separate resolutions

of individuals. Speaking for myself, and for myself only, I am convinced that if a resolution of that kind is, as it were, offered up, it will at least be some comfort to those who, as I said this morning, have given everything and forgiven everything throughout all these years, and who never lose hope of us, even when we lose hope of ourselves (and to lose hope of ourselves is one of the worst of sins). Once more, treat self and its defects as of no account. Forget it! Then it will cease to trouble you; will cease to get in your way. Up and onward for evermore—doing what you can—doing your utmost—finding your goal in each moment, leaving the future to divine compassion.

Mr. Chairman, I think that enough has been said for the time being, and perhaps other members of the Committee would care to express themselves on this subject. Or may I suggest that it be thrown open to discussion, for and against?

THE CHAIRMAN: You have heard the Report of the Committee on Resolutions. You have heard the Resolution that they suggest might well be adopted by members present here. It should be unnecessary to say that not even the existence of the Masters to whom this Resolution refers, is an official belief of our Society, or that this Resolution cannot in any way commit the Society. It is an opportunity that is offered to the members present, to express themselves individually and collectively, in regard to what they wish to do for The Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement. The subject is thrown open for discussion, with the request that it be full and frank and free.

The Resolution was then read a second time.

MRS. BELL: Mr. Chairman, is there anything more to be said, any argument to be entered into about that Resolution? It does not seem as though anybody here could want to do anything but adopt it.

DR. HOHNSTEDT: Out West, along the highways, you often cross railroad tracks, and as you do so, you will see signs: "Stop—Look—Listen—Danger". It occurred to me, a couple of weeks ago, that it would be a good policy for us to keep that sign in mind, daily. Are we following a dangerous path in our daily conduct, our daily thoughts, and our daily acts? Is our attitude neutral? If so, let us adopt a positive attitude for good. This Resolution provides a special opportunity to do so. The Masters need our help. Will not the force that you throw out as a result of your thought and desire, help to charge the spiritual storage battery from which the Masters can draw to illuminate the world? That is all they ask of us. They ask us to do our part. If we believe in Masters, why not help them? If you believe in Masters and think you can help them, it is for you to vote for that Resolution. It does not bind the Society. It only binds you to try to do the best you can to help the Masters.

DR. TORREY: This is a serious matter. It means a great deal, or else it means nothing. Let no one be rushed off his feet. Some of our younger members might be in danger of this. Be sure! If it only means that we are going to *try*—but I think it means something deeper than that.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: I should like to express my appreciation of the marvellous privilege that is offered us to do our utmost to further the purposes of the Lodge for the good of mankind. If giving everything can advance the purpose of the Lodge by a fraction of an inch, surely there is not a person in the room who does not want to do it.

DR. CLARK: With everything in me, I think we should respond to this appeal. We are asked to do something entirely within our power. All obstacles fall before real desire. If a man desires a very fine diamond that is in Australia, though he may not have a dollar in his pocket, if his desire be sufficiently strong and sufficiently lasting, that diamond will ultimately become his.

MR. LADOW: I have just recalled a story which I had forgotten since school-days, the story of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. There was a small body of Greeks who had enlisted in a Persian army that met defeat in a civil war. They set forth for home, and their captains led them across mountains in winter, through burning deserts, on and on. One day, they came out upon a mountain top from which they looked down upon the sea. The way home was revealed to them! They fell on their knees, and embraced one another with tears of joy streaming down their faces, crying out: "*Thalassa, Thalassa; the Sea, the Sea!*"

This resolution simply states that we have been led to a mountain top, from which we have a vision of the Great Sea, the Ocean of Theosophy, *the way home*. Can anyone refuse to follow that way?

MR. MILLER: The question was raised this morning as to whether we have the ability, the power, to respond to the call of the Lodge that was made anew to-day. The answer to that depends upon what part of us is to do the deciding. . . . Surely, no member, young or old, if he will apply the test as to which part of his nature is being quickened, will hesitate a moment for his answer to this Resolution.

MR. AUCHINCLOSS: I do not see how we can be grateful enough for this opportunity which has been offered us, and for the call to meet this tremendous need, of which we have had to be reminded. It is a time for us, at whatever points we are still sound asleep, to find out what those points are, and to wake up; at whatever points we are still holding back, to find out what they are, and to go forward; to give ourselves all over again, completely; to put out, will into it, and our back into it; to make ourselves able to co-operate as our hearts desire to do.

MR. KOBÉ: Mr. Chairman, I am whole-heartedly in favour of the Resolution, but disappointed that it was not instigated by some of us who are younger as students of Theosophy, so that it could have come from the ranks of the Society, so to speak, instead of being handed to us,—as things have been, year after year, on silver platters, with spoons,—or, now and then, with cups, if we seemed able to quaff larger draughts.

Be that as it may; we now have our individual and collective and *immediate* objective before us in concise form: that new chélaship must be born within the ranks of the Society, if that body is to continue as a healthy, vigorous entity in the world. If each of us who considers himself a real member does not contribute to this end, I go so far as to say that we shall have failed in the purpose for which we incarnated this time, and shall have betrayed a Lodge trust.

However, there is no need to fail. We are part and parcel of a time-honoured Lodge movement, not some spiritually-orphaned beings who are here for an isolated span of twenty-five or fifty years. What can we do to bring new chélaship to birth? One simple way is to cease to bury ourselves under our duties, to cease to identify ourselves with them, no longer to be *self-busy*. Our duties are staves in our hands if used aright, the very implements by means of which we can contribute directly towards bringing about this great birth. Let us, then, get from under our duties and into the atmosphere of the Lodge,—or of our own Master, if we know who he is; for, in the final analysis, it is *he* who will bestow this mysterious birth,—and upon the one who makes this choice possible.

MR. BRUSH: This Resolution, as I see it, simply objectifies and epitomizes what all of us in our hearts, have been trying to work toward. It is now given to us to proceed from that stage and to objectify it still further. The fact that it is a collective formulation means that each of us will be on his honour to incarnate it, as much as possible, in his personal life.

MR. SAXE: I, also, find myself with mixed emotions,—joy and gratitude that we should have this wonderful opportunity, but shame and deep regret that such an appeal should again be necessary. Year after year, on many occasions, the older members have made strong appeals to us, and we know that we have not done nearly as well as we could have done in response. Professor Mitchell once pointed out that the essence of the religious life is courageously attempting the impossible, and then achieving the impossible. Have we really tried, each day, to do the impossible?

You will remember that the Master Christ often spoke to his disciples about lack of faith, “a faithless generation”. He wanted them to have a far higher ideal of faith, saying that if they had faith as a grain of mustard seed, they could move mountains. And *Light on the Path* says that faith is a great engine, an enormous power. These are lessons for us. I think we flatter ourselves that we have faith merely because we are not unbelievers; we are blind to the fact that we really have hardly any faith at all.

MR. CARÁS: Surely we believe in a universe, the essential and ultimate purpose and trend of which is toward the Good. I should think that we must want to believe this, whether it is the Masters who tell us so or not. That being so, it would seem to me that this Resolution offers us an opportunity to do now what we ultimately must; to do now, what we surely will ultimately and essentially want to do.

DR. DEWEY: I feel that the opportunity to join in this Resolution is the greatest privilege offered to us during the few years I have been connected with this Society. Mr. Hargrove took pains to make clear that this is individual action, though it does not show on the face of the Resolution taken by itself. I wonder if the insertion of the word "individual" in two places: "Whereas we individual members", and "Now therefore be it resolved, we individual members", would give a greater sense of individual responsibility to each member who concurred.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Chairman would like to make it wholly clear, in response to that suggestion, that the resolution does not commit the Society as such. He sympathizes with the purpose of the suggestion, but would be sorry to see the wording changed so as to lose the added power which, as Mr. Hargrove pointed out, could be realized through collective action.

MR. POLITELLA: In this Resolution, submitted for our endorsement in heart and mind and will, the Cause of the Masters and the Society which is its embodiment, are placed before us for judgment. By our verdict, by the whole-heartedness of our endorsement, we may make it once more clear that Theosophy is not a mere philosophical doctrine, but a life to be lived in measurable completeness by all of its adherents. And even more,—Theosophy is the Cause of the Masters, for which, when the call comes, all must be sacrificed. By our own verdict, therefore, by the measure of our devotion, Theosophy and what it represents, stands or falls in the heart of each of us.

In this summons, we of the younger generation find once more made tangible the call to *keep the link unbroken*. In this solemn hour, by the force of our united aspirations and the help of those whose life-blood is in the Society, the very gate of Heaven seems to have been forced open. Now we can see the meaning and significance of this, our united and also individual act of devotion, with undimmed sight and also with a perspective from which—if only for a moment—the veil of Maya has been lifted. I am sure that it must be the feeling of many of us, that in this awesome moment we are closer to the mountain top, and have a clearer view from there of the sunshine of life, than we have ever had before. In this interval our petty little "self" is so stunned by the sacred demands made upon the true Man, the Higher Nature of each of us, which desires to adopt this Resolution, that it can not, it is fortunate us with advice about caution and moderation and its infernal, "What will become of me?" At this invocation, so magically prepared, our united will has the potency of a vision gained from the mountain-peak far above the clouds; to-morrow we become valley-dwellers again, and the height and what we have seen from there, may once more seem inaccessible. Now we seem to be face to face with the speaker whose call rings out: "In God's name come over and help us. The need is so great!" To-morrow we may hesitate and weigh the pros and cons and ask, "Master, is thy need so great that I must sacrifice my all?"

In this Resolution is embodied all for which the Society stands, as the *spirit-*

ual organ of humanity. The Society is a living organism for the production of chélas, and if it fulfils not its function, its fate must be that of the barren fig tree. The magnificent opportunity is granted us now to aspire to and make concrete that which for years we have subscribed to with our lips. "But if I fail?" Failure is an illusion, and like all others, a snare of Mara. In the Lodge, acts are not judged by success or failure; its aspirants do not stand or fall by human standards. Here, "not failure, but low aim, is crime". To the timid one who seeks the things of the earth, the poet has given the advice: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all". These are good, but for the would-be chéla, words of even deeper import are written: *The power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men. . . . Thy right is to the work, and never to its fruits. . . . The first and only right of the neophyte is—to be tried.*

By the life-force with which we endow this united Resolution, and seek individually to answer the call, by that measure does the cause of the Masters, the attempt to redeem a dying world, gain or lose in strength. Now each of us is being tested: how much do we understand? how much do we love? what is the measure of our love? We have been given this afternoon the only test by which love can ever be measured—by the completeness of its sacrifice. And the Masters ask for the sacrifice of this mole-eyed demon of self, the slayer of the real who keeps us from the object of our love.

Let us enter freely, with hearts aflame, that glorious warfare of the soul; let us make instant use of that fire which we have demanded from Heaven and which must be returned to its source. Face to face with all that is good and true and beautiful in the whole wide world, with our own supreme selves, what does it matter what becomes of us, so long as the Cause of the Masters triumphs?

MR. MULLINAX: I have long wanted to attend a Convention, and it is gratifying to me to be here in such unusual circumstances. Something has been brought up which, as I see it, is of the utmost importance to the Society and to every one of its members. We can talk till our minds become numb, but it will not get us anywhere. Sooner or later, each one must do something about it. I think it should be done now. I would whole-heartedly subscribe to that Resolution and I hope the Masters will help us all to do the same.

MR. W. E. SMITH: I am a very young member in service, and very unworthy to voice any opinion here. I have less knowledge than faith and hope, but I feel we are confronted with a great opportunity. If, as Dr. Torrey suggests, some of us who are young, change and fail, it would be deplorable; and there is always the possibility that we shall change and fail. But if some of us fall, and have to go forward on our hands and knees, and yet one of us reaches the goal,—it will be worth it.

MR. JOHN MITCHELL: I think the Resolution is in the nature of a pledge of one's life. I think that for someone to take this pledge and fail later would

do much more harm than good. It would be preferable for an individual like that, not to vote on it. I am whole-heartedly in favour of the purpose behind the Resolution, but I think it would be harmful for one to fail.

MISS HUSBY: In answer to that, I should say that perhaps we should feel that the personal Karma of failure is not so important as what we may be able to accomplish collectively. A collective pledge is not the same as a personal pledge. If we contribute, individually, to what would help the rest to go forward with a united purpose—to produce a chêla—our individual failure would not be important.

MR. GANSON: It is to me the most marvellous thing that has happened in any Convention that I can remember: to have a call voiced to us from the Masters in such definite and ungarnished language. It means the opening up of our nature to the Master's nature, so the heart touches his heart and the fire comes in to us. It does not make any difference whether you or I become that chêla. It is the collective work that will count.

MRS. BELL: It seems to me that in all this talk about failure, we leave out all that the Masters are going to do to help us keep this Resolution.

MR. JIMÉNEZ: I think this may be a turning point, an opportunity offered by the Masters. They know what they are doing. I think the adventure is worth all the possible losses.

MR. HARGROVE: Personally, I am grateful to those who have spoken, to one and all. I should like to include Mr. John Mitchell,—because it takes courage to voice a solitary objection. But of course the truth of the matter is that the failure of the individual, lamentable though that be, is of no consequence whatever in comparison with the possible success of the group of which he is a part. Think of a regiment of soldiers—a man can go forward with his regiment, or he can stay behind. If he goes forward, he may be killed. That would be unfortunate, but at least he will have the honour of having gone forward. If he says, No, the risk is too great and he might be killed,—he may save his life, but I am not sure that he will find it.

I am completely in accord with Dr. Torrey's warning. Keep out of it, if you do not want it, because we do not want you in it.

At the same time, do not act on a wave of emotion, and then go outside the door and feel that you made a fool of yourself. I do think, however, that it is only fair to those who have made up their minds, that they should have an opportunity to go on record. If anyone disapproves of the Resolution, he can vote against it; or, if some have not grasped its meaning—in spite of the fact that it has been read twice—they can (and should) abstain from voting. May I ask, therefore, that those who are in favour of the Resolution, signify this by holding up their right hand. [Very few abstained from expressing immediate and enthusiastic approval.] Those against should have an opportunity to register their disapproval in the same way. [None did so.] I do

not believe that I should be saying anything unwarrantable if I were to express the belief that the Masters thank you.

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business of the Convention would be, in regular procedure, to hear from the delegates present; but I am wondering whether it is true that there was nothing more to say after Mr. Hargrove sat down. There is, at least, something I should like to add, and that is an expression of our gratitude to the Theosophical Movement, to its members, living and dead, to its founders and the Great Lodge of Masters, that by their divine compassion they have brought us to the point where we can take this Resolution, and make it the conscious purpose of our lives.

Miss Hohnstedt was then asked to speak for the Cincinnati Branch.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: I do not want to say much about our work in Cincinnati, but I should like to say how glad I am that this Resolution was brought before us. It occurs to me that parents never ask children to do anything that is impossible; and the Masters are our parents on the spiritual plane, and they would not ask us to do anything impossible; and if we all make up our minds to live up to it, we shall have their help.

MR. OBERLANDER: I can only say that I am glad that I am here to partake of the inspiration, the guidance and strength that a Convention like this gives us for the following year.

MRS. REGAN: It is very hard to remember what you had planned to say as a delegate, because our hearts are so full of the Resolution.

When I first began coming to our Conventions, I remember that as we greeted each other, year after year, invariably one of us would say: "I am so glad I could come to Convention—I get so much from it." As the years go by, our attitude changes. We begin to think, "What can I give to Convention?" And all that we can give is ourselves—what we are, or at least what we have been struggling for through the years. But at this Convention, we have had an opportunity that we have never had before, an opportunity to pledge ourselves to stand by the Masters, to fight for them, and I thank God with all my heart that we have had that opportunity.

MISS GORICH: My gratitude to Theosophy and to the older members is something which I cannot express. I know that everything that I am is due to what I have learned through Theosophy. I bring greetings from the Branch in Denver. I am hoping to take back to them much of the inspiration I received at this Convention. I am heart and soul in sympathy with the Resolution, and am glad to have the opportunity to serve the Masters in that way.

MR. MULLINAX: This is the keenest pleasure that I have ever had, in this room to-day. It is perfectly marvellous. I have wanted to come here for a very long time, and it just did not seem that I could. I have never had any conception of what it would actually be like. I am proud to stand in your

presence. It is an honourable company, and it is a very great privilege. It is this wonderful feeling in the heart, of unity,—that we are part of that greater life which rules all nations and which is ours if we will make it so. It is not possible for me to express, with any degree of adequacy, my sense of gratitude to those who have done so much for me and for the Masters' Cause. I thank you.

MR. GONZÁLEZ JIMÉNEZ then read the following message on behalf of the Branch in Venezuela.

To the members of the T.S. in Convention assembled: Another benediction; another gathering of men and gods; another Convention! How shall we respond? We have been told again and again: by subjecting our lower nature to the higher; by living as a soul; through *re-ligion*, the binding of ourselves to the Father in Heaven.

Our Society was conceived and formed by Masters of the Lodge, whose Patron is the Heavenly Father, for the purpose of re-linking us, through the specific and personal devotion of the Head of our spiritual genealogy, to the Perfect and Universal Father. To arouse this filial devotion in us, is the essential mandate of all the Emissaries of the Lodge.

The most striking and dynamic definition of Theosophy, as we understand it, is "to live the life" (a platitude, intellectually). But nowadays it ought to be a life of combat, waged as never before, with the ceaseless, growing joy of the celestial companionship. After its 63 years of existence as a body, it seems to us that the Society is more and more concerned with this inner attitude and less and less with simple formalism. We feel that it has transcended the interest of Branch routine. You all, and much more, indeed, our Masters, who we believe are in our midst to-day, are more avid of the invisible aroma arising from the censer of hearts set afire, than of descriptions of exterior activities. How we wish we had, instead of a written Report, the incense distilled from the bark of our Kama, to be burned in the censer of this Convention! We surely would co-operate if we could, humbly, unknown, with the Masters in their perpetual holocaust for the healing and deification of the race! H.P.B. called this co-operation the pinnacle of art. "Is it not", she says, "the greatest art of all; this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to colour the day for those about him."

This is not a benevolent counsel to be heard lightly. Is this call to be wasted on the deafness of our desert? Never! must be our response. It is the implicit pledge of our membership; the summons to our sense of decency, or fitness, but in any case, to our filial gratitude, which confronts us with a dilemma that we cannot elude: to be or not to be; to conquer or perish, to people the Heavens or to fill the cemeteries. Thus, H.P.B. proceeds: "Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point

is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death; we see the black magician at work. And no one can be quite inactive." In other words, if we do not co-operate with the Guardian Angel of our Higher Self, or Master, in the divine re-making, we, by the open door of the Theosophy we have assimilated, lend ourselves of necessity to ten demons of our lower nature for the undoing of the race. An angel sufficed to save Tobias, but ten fiends were sent to kill Sensa.

You all know that living the life involves a twofold process: a demand and a supply. Inconceivable is the effort of evolution without the recompense of involution, just as "below" is inconceivable without "above", or a shadow without a form that projects it. For, after all, what we call personal evolution is but the silhouette of spiritual involution.

It is not an easy task in an easy environment; but have we not been told that the theosophical life is for those who have courage and common sense, brain and resolution, feeling and understanding? And, on the other hand, in the eternal law of compensation, we must remember that extremes meet: the greatest help comes to the maximum need. Let us hear what Judge says: "There is one thing peculiar to the present *Kali-Yuga* that may be used by the student. All causes now bring about their effects much more rapidly than in any other or better age. Thus by bearing all the manifold troubles of this age and steadily triumphing, the object of his efforts will be more quickly realized, for, while the obstacles seem great, the powers to be invoked can be reached more quickly." Infallibly, when in the storm we admit our insufficiency, and self resigns as pilot; when, submissively and with faith, we send out the S.O.S. evoking divine guidance,—Krishna appears on deck, and takes the helm of our tossing boat.

The humble work of our Branch has been an effort to commence to live this kind of life that the Masters ask of us; and, by their gracious inspiration and direct help, we hope our commencement will be definite, in keeping the law of our Lord, for we are longing for the day when, like the oriental devotee, we can say: "I take my refuge in the Buddha, in his Law, in his Sangha".

MISS HUSBY: After this afternoon, I think that, first of all, I should like to express my gratitude for being a member of this organization, through which I have such an opportunity. I could not have it otherwise. Life suggests a parallel with our collective effort. In the world of art, there are creative artists, and art appreciators. The appreciator is seldom thought of as a creative artist, but I think he may well consider that when he looks upon a thing of beauty, and recognizes its beauty, he has helped to create it; that he can thank the artist for doing the work, for being a creator in one sense, but that he is also a creator, because he has loved the beauty.

MR. CROSS then spoke of his experiences in the Biological Department of an American University, deploring the fact that only the husks of life are studied there. He had found the teachers devoted to their tasks but obsessed with the notion that the accumulation of facts was the goal of research.

They were uninterested in the possibility that principles lay behind the facts.

This did not seem to be so true of the older generation of biologists in whose writings we find evidence that they held certain convictions and broad ideas which they were not afraid to defend, though their defence often grew to heated argument and led to intense personal animosities and notorious academic squabbles.

The theosophical doctrine of tolerance has now penetrated society to some extent, yet the forces of darkness have worked to pervert this very truth, for we now find that it is considered bad form to object to anything.

The older biologists were trained in classics and philosophy as well as in science. Consequently they had a set of criteria based upon knowledge of recorded human thought and experience by which to distinguish between truth and falsehood. To-day, with our intense specialization, this broader background has been lost and, as a result, the basis for sound judgment has largely disappeared with it. The younger biologists are no longer interested in evolution or the other great principles. Hence many old fallacies reappear under the guise of new opinions which a perverted sense of tolerance, as well as general ignorance, put into circulation. This is particularly true of mechanistic doctrines, which are once more popular.

So it is that a few students welcome the broader outlook which Theosophy provides. They feel that it takes up biological work where the greater students of the nineteenth century left it, and carries it forward along the lines to which their researches pointed, and along which it ought normally to have moved.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have always felt that this part of the Convention, when we hear from our distant members, is one of special pleasure and interest. We have enjoyed it no less to-day; yet as several speakers have said, it has seemed that the Convention reached its climax with the Report of the Committee on Resolutions, and that all which has been said since has been important only as it bore upon the aim that we could now consciously set ourselves. This note has been sent to me: "Please, won't you say just a word before we close, of our joy and gladness, inner and outer, that we have been given this glorious opportunity?" It shows where our thoughts are centred. It may well be that our New York members, upon whom I shall call next, had intended to say something else to us, but perhaps what had been planned is not so important as that we should get back to the central truths and purposes which are now in all our minds. What is it that The Theosophical Society has to do? What is the opportunity offered us?

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The opportunity offered to us is one found only in The Theosophical Society. It is too big to put into words. One could describe one aspect as magnificent courtesy. Through their great generosity and courtesy, we are offered the supreme privilege of helping the Great Ones of all time; of serving our own highest ideal, embodied in the Masters of the Great Lodge. We, as we are—little and poor—are offered the chance to help them in carrying out their great purposes for mankind. If we could choose,

for what more splendid destiny could we ask than the opportunity to have a part, no matter how small, in that Cause, the greatest of all causes, under the most superb of all leaders?

How can we keep alive in our hearts the fire that that thought always ought to light? It is easy to feel the fire here. It is not easy to keep it burning throughout the year—not easy to keep it from being overlaid by worldly matters, by absorption in one's business, in one's duties. To keep the fire alive, we must use our imaginations to see what the true facts are, and to bring realization of them home to our hearts. And we must keep it alive by will, by offering all that we do, with the intention that it will help in the Masters' Cause, leaving results to them.

MR. LADOW: It seems to me that one way of expressing our experience to-day is that, in greater or lesser degree, but in the most concrete sense, we have come into contact with the real world. That sense of reality has doubtless come in many forms. For example, there has been a sense of real time, wherein past and present and future are all seen as one, "under the form of the Eternal". In particular, I think we have all had some sense of real space. A great mystic said that in real space in the real world, souls are separated not by physical distance but by difference of purpose. And just because, to-day, we have been drawn by a compelling power, by the magnet of a single purpose, I believe that we have been aware of a unity greater than many of us had imagined to be possible. And all this has happened surely because we have been in the presence of *real people*, in the presence of members of the Lodge. As Mr. Mitchell has just said, we can feel these things here—it is not even a question of belief, but of conviction—but when we go out on Fifth Avenue, as we soon must, we are going to live and move once more among "walking corpses"; we are going to be plunged back into the world of the unreal. And every day of the year which is before us, we shall have to face that unreal aspect of existence. But in so far as we hold fast to the certainty that here to-day we have had immediate consciousness of the true and the real, in so far as we practise continuous *recollection*, we shall actually help the Masters (the real people of the world) in their efforts to turn men's attention from the unreal and false to the real and true.

All of us must have heard of Adept Kings. What is an Adept King? In one sense, the Adept King of a nation is the real, the natural leader of that nation. He is a fact in Nature. He is not elected, is not presented with a certificate or with anything of that sort. A certain nation belongs to him. He may be an exile from his people, but he is no less their true king. To bring the Lodge nearer to the world, what can we do? If we make ourselves the loyal and devoted subjects of our Adept King (of the Master to whom we belong), that will mark at least a beginning of his return from exile. It seems to me that in no other way than by first a few, and then more, and then still more of his children turning to him,—in no other way can the Master's exile be ended and can he return to earth.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am again in a quandary. There are others from whom we should like to hear; but a question has been twice repeated: Can more be said? Talk for talk's sake, when all that is needful has been said, is definitely immoral,—a waste of force which none can afford, least of all we, who face an undertaking requiring all we can command. I do not myself think we should gain by prolonging our discussion. Rather do I believe that we have come to the point where we should act, and that the first steps toward the realization of our purpose, were indicated to us in the note struck in opening the Convention,—the note of indrawal to the Real. The true Self of the Movement, as the true Self of our own souls, is to be found in silence. To-day the parade of the World's Fair has passed within a stone's throw of our door. It was not from it that we could learn either of our own or of the world's needs. Instead, we shut out the world, and sought to look back to the source of inspiration and the touchstone of reality, that we might learn how to deal both with the world and with ourselves. That was the note which was struck clearly at the beginning, and which has run through all our deliberations. The bridge between the inner and the outer worlds, between man and his Elder Brothers, the bridge which The Theosophical Society was founded to form and to maintain, cannot be maintained if it rest upon the shifting sands of glamour and opinion. It must reach and contact the outer world, but it cannot rest upon it. It must rest solidly upon spiritual reality. Therefore we, the custodians of the bridge, entrusted with its maintenance, must reach that spiritual reality ourselves. We can maintain the link unbroken in the Movement, only as we maintain it unbroken in ourselves. The link with our "divine part", which our individual, sentient lives should be, must be so strengthened by use, so quickened by our response to what comes to us from above, that it develops—in some among us at least—into chélaship, becoming a conscious link with the Lodge, between the man and his own Master.

This purpose has been brought clearly into consciousness to-day, and has been recognized and recorded as our own. To be achieved, it must be pursued by each within his own thought and acts. It will not be furthered by overmuch talk with our fellows; nor by overmuch attention being paid to the state, good or bad, of our outer personalities, for it is not what these are now, but what we can make of them, which is of moment to us. They are of value only for their potentialities, for what they can become, as instruments in the work. We do not realize potentialities by crystallizing them in their present undeveloped stage—by thinking of our present capacities or sins or virtues, as though they were something fixed and permanent; but rather by looking steadfastly to what we want accomplished, and by insisting upon accomplishing it. Our experience, as we listened to our Branch Reports, and found ourselves considering them only in the light of the Resolution we had taken, is typical of what should be our attitude toward all our characteristics and affairs,—their significance for us should be in their bearing upon our central purpose.

I think, therefore, that our Convention has reached its culmination. This morning I asked whether there was anything the Masters could do for us that

they had not done, more of fire they could send to kindle us than they had sent; and now we must answer those questions differently. By some miracle of their grace they have sent us far more, as all of us must be well aware. It only remains, therefore, to register your gratitude, as well as my own, for the opportunity this day has brought us to engrave upon our consciousness and wills the true purpose of our lives.

By request, the Resolution was re-read, after which the Committee on Resolutions was discharged, and the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

Secretary of Convention.

JULIA CHICKERING,

Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

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 are glad that this home-coming is made possible once again, for we feel that as the years go by, these Conventions increase in value and significance. They are a source of strength to the members, as a whole, and a gleam of light to the outside world.

We shall therefore be with you in heart and mind on this great day, and may you feel the spirit of our presence and our never-flagging interest. We feel that we must have something to give, something to contribute to this Great Cause, and not be like young birds merely waiting to be fed. We feel that our best gift, our best contribution, will be that of ourselves. But it must be whole-hearted giving—not partial—where something is kept back. This implies vision, resolution, effort, sacrifice. And what a rallying to the standard such a realization would be! The valour of the dauntless warrior would strike like Vulcan on the hearts of men, and the waiting Messenger would find a vehicle to his hand. We, therefore, at this time, give what we have—what we are—and consecrate ourselves anew to more efficient, more worthy service.

We would particularly express our gratitude and thankfulness for the Wanderer's comments on the international situation in October last. With force, because of embodiment and, hence, understanding, he states clearly and convincingly, that "Right, not might, always triumphs in the end." And is it not our Work at the present time to stand boldly and fearlessly for the Right, no matter at what cost? To resort to no expedient or compromise where a principle of righteousness is at stake? Is it not for us to follow the example of H.P.B. to the very utmost? Mr. Johnston says of her:—"With unparalleled force, she asserted the Soul; with transcendent strength she taught the reality of Spirit, by living the life, and manifesting the energies of an immortal. She cast herself with torrential force against the dark noxious clouds of evil that envelop and poison human life. The rift in their leaden masses through which, high above, we catch a glimpse of the blue, bears testimony to the greatness of the power that rent them asunder."

We are told that "love is the power that moves the world, the only power that moves the spiritual world". So, as long as that "nucleus" which has been formed, is maintained and carried forward, Brotherhood, based on no mere sentimentality, but on real love, on the spiritual unity of mankind, will continue to be a living factor in the world.

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We feel that it is still on these lines that the Work of the Masters has to proceed, and we trust that your deliberations to-day, may be fraught with renewed vigour and insight to that end.

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

OSLO, NORWAY.

To the Secretary T.S.: I have been requested by our Chairman—who is ill—to send Greetings on behalf of the Oslo Branch to Members of The Theosophical Society assembled in Convention and elsewhere.

Knowing from personal experience what it is to be present, and also what these Annual Conventions mean to the many members who for divers reasons are prevented from attending, I doubt if there exists any other Society—with members spread all over the World—where *all* are so united in heart and mind on Convention Day.

Believing in the power of thought, this "tuning in" is assuredly registered by those present, the knowledge of it strengthening still further the inspired impulses which from there again go forth into the world,—and which we believe are of greater importance and have a more far-reaching effect and influence than can be accounted for. The condition of the World to-day, the complexity of the political constellations, and the constant threat of War, make one feel that guidance and true perception are needed more than ever by all nations, and by their leaders and rulers in particular, to enable each and all to see the real issues and thereby know how to choose rightly. To this end, too, we are grateful that a Convention again is taking place, our gratitude extending to the Elders, who by their presence, their loyalty to the Cause, by their self-sacrificing labour, give light and life to the proceedings, to the Society—year after year: the nucleus of the nucleus.

To the editors of the *QUARTERLY*, to all who contribute to it, we likewise again wish to express our heartfelt thanks, for this link which enables us to keep in contact with Headquarters—no matter what distance separates us in body.

For the Oslo Branch T.S.,
H. KNOFF.

NORWICH, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: Every year we hope that the Convention will be stronger, nobler, more inspired than any of the others, great though they have been, and so, both personally and as President of our Norfolk Branch, I send my warmest greetings and heartiest good wishes to all our fellow members assembled in New York.

We are living through difficult and dangerous days; I suppose that there have been times as bad in the long history of mankind, but what strikes one most is that all the old landmarks that appeared so stable—things that one could cling to in days of danger—are being rapidly swept away; all moral standards are vanishing, and it seems as if the very foundations of civilization are being destroyed, in an oncoming wave of chaos and anarchy. It is not an encouraging prospect, and yet reflection shows that it holds great possibilities and opportunities, for history proves that it is precisely in such times of chaos that some great man has appeared, some noble faith has arisen that has been called forth by the suffering and the longing of that part of humanity in which at least a remnant of faith and devotion survived. Krishna told Arjuna that when there was decay of truth and faith, and exaltation of ignorance and evil, "He himself came forth"; and such a statement is one to stay all our hope on, and to prevent any tendency towards discouragement. In the turmoil of the present day, what alone is stable and unshakable is the Theosophical Movement and the Lodge of Masters, who can see far beyond what is now occurring and are guiding the destinies of mankind and The Theosophical Society which is the instrument of the Lodge in the world, to which we have the immense privilege of belonging. . . . The whole world appears to be locked at present in the deadliest of conflicts, and unfortunately some of the great nations, which should be fighting whole-heartedly for the right, have become tainted with the spirit of compromise, of defeatism, which is sapping all their energy, paralysing the good that is in them.

We know that in the great fight that is now being waged no one can be neutral, and it seems to me that our chief duty, as members of the T.S., is to prove this in our own lives and so to infect others with the same spirit. We have been told over and over again that the Lodge needs chélas, that the T.S. should be able to provide them. What are we doing about this? Are we all doing our best and utmost to answer the call of the Lodge for them? These are questions that become more insistent as Convention draws nearer, and we meditate on it. On our answers to them may depend more than we can possibly imagine. Great military strategists have said that the best method of defence is to attack, and that is what we are asked to do to-day.

ESPOIR BAGNELL,

President, Norfolk Branch.

NORWICH, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: Once again our thoughts turn towards Convention, in this month of preparation, while we look forward with hope towards that assembling of the Powers, with thankfulness that once again a Convention may be held, with prayer in our hearts that we may respond aright to the outpouring of power which is given at that time.

Those of us who are not free to attend in person, come to understand with the passage of the years, that it is our privilege to listen, in stillness and silence, for the note, or vibration, which resounds at Convention-time; the challenge to us is to keep rightly attuned, and this demands all our powers of concentration, steadfastness, self-forgetfulness.

It is of the utmost interest, when the July QUARTERLY reaches us, to read the Convention report, to note how the thought of the different speakers exemplifies that "unity in diversity" which is the hall-mark of the Society. In this connection, I was thinking of the words of H.P.B., the Pioneer—"Follow the Path I show, the Masters who are behind, do not follow me or my path." It is interesting to remember that the diversity must ever lead back to the central Unity, even as the seven Rays seen through the prism are but diverse aspects of the white Light of the Real. As to that, it was also written by another of the Pioneers—"The Masters and the Light within are not different."

With sincere good wishes to all "in Convention assembled", whether present in the Studio, or closely united, from their own homes, in heart and intention.

HOPE BAGNELL,

Secretary, Norfolk Branch.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Toronto Branch sends Greetings to the Convention.

The study by the Branch of the New Testament has shown the necessity of studying it in the light which Theosophy brings. So much of its meaning is obscure, so much of it misunderstood, that it is small wonder so many have lost their faith in its teaching. Studying it in the light of Theosophy is like bringing a bright light into a dark cavern, and we see, it seems for the first time, the figure of a Master of Compassion, full of love and sympathy, seeking his lost sheep.

The gratitude or lack of it expressed by individuals or nations for such love and sacrifice, is a criterion as to whether they are worthy of continued life, or the destruction that awaits all evil.

This is the only time when it is possible for us to express publicly what we feel privately,—our deep appreciation of the QUARTERLY and our gratitude to its Editors and contributors.

ALBERT J. HARRIS,

Secretary, Toronto Branch.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

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

Great changes are taking place in the ideas and thoughts of men and nations, but there

are two fundamentally opposing ideas which can be summed up in a few words. On the one hand they say "Might is Right", whereas all who understand the doctrine of the moral law know that only "Right is Might". Here is the old story of physical might casting the shadow of darkness on the minds of men in the effort to dim the light of spiritual values. The shadow cast by the desires of men to make might prevail, is indeed very dark, but may not the depth of this shadow indicate that the shining light of the warrior who stands behind righteousness, is drawing nearer, and that truth may soon stand revealed?

May we therefore by a united effort put forth the whole strength of our conviction of the existence of the moral law, so that right may prevail, and the existing turmoil and strife be ended.

FREDK. A. ROSS,

President, Whitley Bay Branch.

PONDICHÉRY, FRENCH INDIA.

I wish to send greetings to my fellow members of the T.S. as they are all gathered once again in the friendly, deep, strong atmosphere of the little room in the Mews. I too will be there in my thoughts, and as I sit at meditation with the disciples of the Ashram, I shall feel the spiritual energy which you have drawn to yourselves. It will reach me also here on the opposite side of the earth in circumstances also entirely different from yours. For here all is at peace. Away from strife, rush, greed and noise, away from all mechanization and artificialities, sheltered from any anxiety, the disciples of the Ashram also seek the Divine Life. As I see them daily going about their labours, looking much like angels that have never known incarnation, I think of you all, the fighters, the warriors, who must reach the Divine through sweat and blood. I know then what Theosophy gives of confidence and power, and know too that nowhere else could we find a guidance so true and so complete, ranging from the field of pure Spirit to world politics, from problems of personal conduct to problems of the Soul.

Surely you will come away from Convention renewed, rebuilt, and with a new sword which the Masters will have given you for the fight that is coming.

I join you in your prayers for strength, and fortitude, and your prayers of gratitude for all that has been done for us.

I send the scent of jasmine with my greetings.

NOÉMI P. RAYMOND.

Letters of Greeting were received by delegates and members with the greatest interest and with frequent applause. In addition to the foregoing, the letters included greetings from Mr. W. H. Box (Los Angeles); Miss Anne Evans, President, and Miss Wallace, Secretary, Virya Branch (Colorado); Miss Eleanor Evans (England); Miss Anna Fjaestad, President of the Arvika Branch (Sweden); Mrs. A. Good (Nova Scotia); Mrs. Maughan, Secretary, Krishna Branch (England); Miss Maria G. Reyes, Secretary, Venezuela Branch; Mr. W. G. Roberts, President, Middletown Branch (Ohio); Mr. and Mrs. Schoch (Brazil); Mr. A. Valedón (Venezuela); Mr. P. W. Ward, Secretary, Gateshead Branch (England); telegram from Captain and Mrs. Hamlen (Maine); cablegrams from Mrs. and Miss Bagnell (England); Mr. Riquelme (Venezuela); Mrs. Vaile (France), and from the Venezuela Branch. Many other letters, and another cablegram, from abroad were read, and were received with much sympathy and interest, but, to our regret, cannot be acknowledged or quoted in the open pages of the QUARTERLY for the reason that conditions in some parts of the world would make this inconsiderate and inexpedient.



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY¹

II.

“ADEPTS are a necessity in nature and in supernature. They are the links between men and the gods; these ‘gods’ being the souls of great adepts and Masters of bygone races and ages, and so on, up to the threshold of Nirvana. The continuity is unbroken.”

“What do they do?”

“You would hardly understand, unless you were an adept. But they keep alive the spiritual life of mankind.”

“What does it feel like, to go sailing about in your astral body? I sometimes dream I am flying, and I am always in the same position; almost lying on my back, and going feet foremost. Is it anything like that?”

“That is not what I feel”, she said; “I feel exactly like a cork rising to the top of water, you understand. The relief is immense. I am only alive then. And then I go to the Master.”

“Come back to what you were saying. I ought not to have interrupted you. How do the adepts guide the souls of men?”

“In many ways, but chiefly by teaching their souls direct, in the spiritual world. But that is difficult for you to understand. This is quite intelligible, though. At certain regular periods, they try to give the world at large a right understanding of spiritual things. One of their number comes forth to teach the masses, and is handed down to tradition as the Founder of a religion. Krishna was such a Master; so was Zoroaster; so were Buddha and Shankara Acharya, the great sage of Southern India. So also was the Nazarene. He went forth against the counsel of the rest, to give to the masses before the time, moved by a great pity, and enthusiasm for humanity; he was warned that the time was unfavourable, but nevertheless he elected to go, and so was put to death at the instigation of the priests.”

¹ By Charles Johnston, from *The Theosophical Forum*, Vol. 6, No. 2, June, 1900, page 22; and Vol. 6, No. 3, July, 1900, page 44.

In this instalment, which completes the Reprint, Mr. Johnston continues the account of his conversation with H.P.B. at “Maycot”, Norwood, near London, in the spring of 1887.

"Have the adepts any secret records of his life?"

"They must have", she answered; "for they have records of the lives of all Initiates. Once I was in a great cave-temple in the Himalaya mountains, with my Master", and she looked at the picture of the splendid Rajput; "there were many statues of adepts there; pointing to one of them, he said: 'This is he whom you call Jesus. We count him to be one of the greatest among us.'"

"But that is not the only work of the adepts. At much shorter periods, they send forth a messenger to try to teach the world. Such a period comes in the last quarter of each century, and the Theosophical Society represents their work for this epoch."

"How does it benefit mankind?"

"How does it benefit you to know the laws of life? Does it not help you to escape sickness and death? Well, there is a soul-sickness, and a soul-death. Only the true teaching of Life can cure them. The dogmatic churches, with their hell and damnation, their metal heaven and their fire and brimstone, have made it almost impossible for thinking people to believe in the immortality of the soul. And if they do not believe in a life after death, then they have no life after death. That is the law."

"How can what people believe possibly affect them? Either it is or it isn't, whatever they may believe."

"Their belief affects them in this way. Their life after death is made by their aspirations and spiritual development unfolding in the spiritual world. According to the growth of each, so is his life after death. It is the complement of his life here. All unsatisfied spiritual longings, all desires for higher life, all aspirations and dreams of noble things, come to flower in the spiritual life, and the soul has its day, for life on earth is its night. But if you have no aspirations, no higher longings, no beliefs in any life after death, then there is nothing for your spiritual life to be made up of; your soul is a blank."

"What becomes of you then?"

"You reincarnate immediately, almost without an interval, and without regaining consciousness in the other world."

"Suppose, on the other hand, you do believe in heaven, say the orthodox El Dorado?"

"Your fate after death is this. You have first to pass through what we call Kama Loka, the world of desire, the borderland, in which the soul is purged of the dross of animal life; of all its passions and evil desires. These gradually work themselves out, and having no fresh fuel to keep them burning, they slowly exhaust themselves. Then the soul rises to what we call Devachan, the state which is distorted in the orthodox teaching of heaven. Each soul makes its own Devachan, and sees around it those whom it most loved on earth, enjoying happiness in their company. If you believed in the orthodox heaven, you see the golden city and the gates of pearl; if you believed in Shîva's paradise, you find yourself in the midst of many-armed gods; the Red-man sees the happy hunting grounds, and the philosopher enters into the free life of the soul. In all cases, your spirit gathers new strength for a fresh incarnation."

"Must you come back? Is there no escape?"

"If your material desires are unexhausted at death, you must. Desires are forces, and we believe in the conservation of force. You must reap the seed of your own sowing, and reap it where it was sown. Your new life will be the exact result of your deeds in your preceding life. No one can escape the punishment of his sins, any more than he can escape the reward of his virtues. That is the law of Karma. You must go on being reborn till you reach Nirvana."

"Well, it seems to me that all that is more or less contained in the orthodox beliefs, only a good deal distorted."

"Yes", she answered; "that is just it. The orthodoxies do contain the truth, but their followers do not understand it; they put forth teachings which no intelligent man can accept, and so we are all drifting into atheism and materialism. But when we Theosophists show them how to interpret their teachings, it will be quite different. Then they will see how much truth they had, without knowing it. The stories in Genesis, for instance, are all symbols of real truths; and the account of the Creation there, and of Adam and Eve, has far more real truth than Darwinism, once you understand it. But that can only be done by Theosophy."

"How would you, as a Theosophist, set about it?"

"Well", she answered, "in two ways; first, by giving out the truth, as it is taught to-day in the occult schools, and then by the comparative method; by setting people to study the Aryan and other Eastern scriptures, where they will find the other halves of so many things that have proved stumbling-blocks in the Bible."

"For instance?"

"Take that very teaching of heaven and hell and purgatory. The sacred books of India light up the whole of it, and make it a thoroughly philosophic and credible teaching. But you must study the Oriental religions before you can fully understand what I say. Remember that in the Old Testament there is absolutely no teaching of the immortality of the soul, while in the New Testament it is inextricably confused with the resurrection of the body. But the Upanishads have the real occult and spiritual doctrine."

"Well, I can thoroughly understand and sympathize with that; and to put forth any such teaching at a time like this, when we are all drifting into materialism, would seem a big enough work for any school of adepts and Masters. I can see how the teaching of rebirth would make life far more unselfish and humane, and therefore far happier. What else do you teach, as Theosophists?"

"Well, Sir! I am being cross-examined this evening, it would seem", she answered with a smile, and rolled me another cigarette, making herself one also, and lighting up with evident relish. "We teach something very old, and yet which needs to be taught. We teach universal brotherhood."

"Don't let us get vague and general. Tell me exactly what you mean by that."

"Let me take a concrete case", she said; and glanced meditatively at her secretary, who had been listening quietly and with serious and sincere interest

to all she had been saying, even though he had heard much of it from her, time and again. He began to grow a little uneasy under her gaze, and she noticed it and instantly fastened upon him.

"Take the English", she said, and looked at him with those potent blue eyes of hers, as though he in his own person must answer for the sins of his race.

"H.P.B.", he said, rising with a sigh from the table; "I think I had really better go upstairs and go on copying out the manuscript of *The Secret Doctrine*"; and he disappeared.

"Do you think he will?" said H.P.B. with a smile of infinite good-humour. "Not he; he will cuddle into his arm-chair, smoke endless cigarettes, and read a blood and thunder novel." She was mistaken, however. When I went upstairs to say good-bye, he was in the arm-chair, serenely smoking, it is true; but it was a detective story. He sat upon it, and said something about getting to work.

"Take the English", she repeated. "How cruel they are! How badly they treat my poor Hindoos!"²

"I have always understood that they had done a good deal for India in a material way", I objected.

"India is a well-ventilated jail", she said; "it is true they do something in a material way, but it is always three for themselves and one for the natives. But what is the use of material benefits, if you are despised and trampled down morally all the time? If your ideals of national honour and glory are crushed in the mud, and you are made to feel all the time that you are an inferior race—a lower order of mortals—pigs, the English call them, and sincerely believe it. Well, just the reverse of that would be universal brotherhood. Do them less good materially—not that they do so very much, besides collecting the taxes regularly—and respect their feelings a little more. The English believe that the 'inferior races' exist only to serve the ends of the English; but we believe that they exist for themselves, and have a perfect right to be happy in their own way. No amount of material benefit can compensate for hurting their souls and crushing out their ideals. Besides there is another side of all that, which we as Theosophists always point out. There are really no 'inferior races', for all are one in our common humanity; and as we have all had incarnations in each of these races, we ought to be more brotherly to them. They are our wards, entrusted to us; and what do we do? We invade their lands, and shoot them down in sight of their own homes; we outrage their women, and rob their goods, and then with smooth-faced hypocrisy we turn round and say we are doing it for their good. There are two bad things: hypocrisy

² It was part of H.P.B.'s mission to "break up the moulds of minds". Talking to a devotee of Science, she would expose its ignorance and berate its dogmatism; talking to an orthodox Protestant, who would be unlikely to approach her except from curiosity, she might expatiate on the greater liberality of her own, the Russian Church, or pour contempt upon the then current conceptions of heaven and hell. Speaking to Charles Johnston, at that time twenty years old, she will doubtless have had in mind that he was preparing for the Indian Civil Service, and that his father was a prominent Orangeman (Johnston of Ballykilbeg, M. P.). Naturally, therefore, she used her opportunity to excoriate British rule in India,—much to Mr. Johnston's amusement when he recalled the incident in later years, for his service in India had filled him with admiration for the spirit and methods of British rule and he thoroughly understood H.P.B.'s motive in abusing it as she did to him.—THE EDITORS.

and cruelty; but I think if I had to choose, I would prefer cruelty. But there is a just law", she went on; and her face was as stern as Nemesis; "the false tongue dooms its lie; the spoiler robs to render. 'Ye shall not come forth, until ye have paid the uttermost farthing'."

"So that is what the adepts sent you forth to teach?"

"Yes", she answered; "that and other things;—things which are very important, and will soon be far more important. There is the danger of black magic, into which all the world, and especially America, is rushing as fast as it can go. Only a wide knowledge of the real psychic and spiritual nature of man can save humanity from grave dangers."

"Witch-stories in this so-called nineteenth century, in this enlightened age?"

"Yes, Sir! Witch-stories, and in this enlightened age! What do you call it but a witch-story, that very experiment you told me of, made by my friend the Spookical Researcher? Is it not witchcraft, to transfer pinches and burns, pain and suffering, in fact, though only slight in this case, to another person at a distance? Suppose it was not as an experiment, but in dead earnest, and with dire malice and evil intent? What then? Would the victim not feel it? Could he protect himself? And would not that be witchcraft in just the sense that sent people to the stake and faggot all through the Middle Ages? Have you read the famous witchcraft trial at Salem? Yes, Sir! Witchcraft in this very enlightened age,—the darkest, most material, and unspiritual that the world has ever seen."

"Oh, but sending pinches by thought-transference can do no great harm?"

"You think not? Well, you don't know what you are talking about. That is the privilege of the young! Once the door is open for that sort of thing, where do you think it is going to be shut? It is the old tale; give the devil an inch, and he will take an ell; give him your finger, and he will presently take your whole arm. Yes, and your body, too! Do you not see the tremendous evils that lie concealed in hypnotism? Look at Charcot's experiments at the Salpêtrière! He has shown that a quite innocent person can be made to perform actions quite against his or her will; can be made to commit crimes, even, by what he calls Suggestion. And the *somnambule* will forget all about it, while the victim can never identify the real criminal. Charcot is a benevolent man, and will never use his power to do harm. But all men are not benevolent. The world is full of cruel, greedy, and lustful people, who will be eager to seize a new weapon for their ends, and who will defy detection and pass through the midst of us all unpunished."

"Yes, Sir! Witch-tales in this enlightened age! And mark my words! You will have such witch-tales as the Middle Ages never dreamt of. Whole nations will drift insensibly into black magic, with good intentions, no doubt, but paving the road to hell none the less for that! Hypnotism and suggestion are great and dangerous powers, for the very reason that the victim never knows when he is being subjected to them; his will is stolen from him, and mark my words: these things may be begun with good motives, and for right purposes. But I am an old woman, and have seen much of human life in many

countries. And I wish with all my heart I could believe that these powers would be used only for good! Whoever lets himself or herself be hypnotized, by anyone, good or bad, is opening a door which he will be powerless to shut; and he cannot tell who will be the next to enter! If you could foresee what I foresee, you would begin heart and soul to spread the teaching of universal brotherhood. It is the only safeguard!"

"How is it going to guard people against hypnotism?"

"By purifying the hearts of people who would misuse it. And universal brotherhood rests upon the common soul. It is because there is one soul common to all men, that brotherhood, or even common understanding is possible. Bring men to rest on that, and they will be safe. There is a divine power in every man which is to rule his life, and which no one can influence for evil, not even the greatest magician. Let men bring their lives under its guidance, and they have nothing to fear from man or devil. And now, my dear, it is getting late, and I am getting sleepy. So I must bid you good-night!" And the Old Lady dismissed me with that grand air of hers which never left her, because it was a part of herself. She was the most perfect aristocrat I have ever known.

It was long after that, before we came back to the question of magical powers. In August, 1888, H.P.B. had a visit from her old chum, Colonel H. S. Olcott. He was writing, at a side table. H.P.B. was playing Patience, as she did nearly every evening, and I was sitting opposite her, watching, and now and then talking about the East, whence Colonel Olcott had just come. Then H.P.B. got tired of her card game, which would not come out, and tapped her fingers slowly on the table, half unconsciously. Then her eyes came to focus, and drawing her hand back a foot or so from the table, she continued the tapping movement in the air. The taps, however, were still perfectly audible—on the table a foot from her hand. I watched, with decided interest. Presently she had a new idea, and turning in my direction, began to send her astral taps against the back of my hand. I could both feel and hear them. It was something like taking sparks from the prime conductor of an electric machine; or, better still, perhaps, it was like spurting quicksilver through your fingers. That was the sensation. The noise was a little explosive burst. Then she changed her direction again and began to bring her taps to bear on the top of my head. They were quite audible, and, needless to say, I felt them quite distinctly. I was at the opposite side of the table, some five or six feet away, all through this little experiment in the unexplained laws of nature, and the psychic powers latent in man.

No experiment could have been more final and convincing; its very simplicity made it stand out as a new revelation. Here was a quite undoubted miracle, as miracles are generally understood, yet a miracle which came off. But at our first meeting, Mme. Blavatsky did not even approach the subject; none the less, she conveyed the sense of the miraculous. It is hard to say exactly how, but the fact remains. There was something in her personality, her bearing, the light and power of her eyes, which spoke of a wider and deeper life, not needing lesser miracles to testify to it, because in itself miraculous. That

REVIEWS

Les Sources Occultes du Romantisme: Illuminisme—Théosophie, 1770-1820, by Auguste Viatte; Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, Paris, 1928, 2 volumes; price, 80 francs.

This book was published ten years ago, but we have selected it for review at this late date because its contents suggest certain lessons singularly appropriate at the present time. We doubt whether the author will appreciate the nature of our interest. The "theosophy" of which he speaks is eighteenth century "illuminism", and he tries to prove that it influenced the Romantic School in nineteenth century French literature,—a highly artificial subject worthy of a "doctor's thesis" in an American university. With few exceptions, he regards the personages whom he dissects as charlatans or visionaries. However, he has assembled with much skill an extraordinary amount of material. Although this material is drawn from many sources, some of which are in no sense "illuminated" nor "theosophical", much of it is valuable and quite unavailable in original form to the average student.

H.P.B. said that during the last quarter of each century a "messenger", assisted by agents of various degrees, is sent by the Great Lodge to awaken the consciousness and conscience of mankind. According to cyclic law, the Masters are able at this time to work in the outer world and on the public stage. The primary effort in every century has been the same, *must* have been the same,—to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood on earth, by establishing a devoted group of disciples or *chêlas*, who can carry on the work of the Great Lodge, after the turn of the century, when Masters no longer act directly in the world. The present situation is unique, since the Theosophical Movement was actually carried over the end of the nineteenth century, this being the first time in history when such an event has occurred.

At the end of the eighteenth century, so far as the major objective was concerned, there was failure. Some of the causes of that failure are made apparent by reflection upon the "sources" quoted by M. Viatte. There was the treachery and misconduct of Cagliostro, for instance. But whatever may have been the delinquencies of those who were sufficiently advanced to work under the direct guidance of the Comte de Saint-Germain, the insurmountable barrier to success during the eighteenth century seems to have been the lack of true followers, of candidates for discipleship, who sincerely, whole-heartedly and unselfishly

desired to serve Truth for its own sake. What were the dominant motives of those who attached themselves to Saint-Germain or Cagliostro or Mesmer or Martines de Pasqually or Saint-Martin? M. Viatte makes the answer very clear. Primarily, as it appears, people were stirred by idle curiosity, by the thirst for psychic excitement, by the appetite for strange experiences on some "astral plane", by the desire for power or wealth or personal security, by the craving to know more than others and to be able to influence the destinies of others, by simple hatred of the established order of Church and State, etc., etc. All of these motives have figured in the history of The Theosophical Society which has triumphed so far in spite of them, in spite of the fact that some, if not all, of them are still more or less prevalent among members to-day. That is why it is salutary to study what happened to the Movement in the eighteenth century and how it happened, for a similar destiny even now may overtake the T.S., if the rank and file of its members cannot respond *anew* to the Lodge's appeal for disinterested helpers, as a few responded forty years ago.

There is an apparent correspondence between certain aspects of the eighteenth century Movement during the period from about 1790 to 1800 and the period of indrawal which characterizes the Movement to-day. The sudden explosion of the French Revolution seems to have forced the Great Lodge—prematurely, as it were—to withdraw its energies and its agents. Only one of the leading characters remained on the stage, Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin. It is most interesting to follow M. Viatte's account of his behaviour.

Saint-Martin began his work under the guidance of Martines de Pasqually who apparently taught a doctrine of the "reintegration" of fallen human nature by theurgic processes that recall some Neo-Platonic references to the Mysteries. Pasqually seems to have understood certain aspects of "ceremonial magic", and to have given special instruction in the evocation of "spirits" and "elementals". But in 1775 Saint-Martin informed his "Brothers" that he was leaving this "exterior path". He abandoned the "occult arts", which he denounced as full of dangers for the beginner. The true way to "reintegration", he affirmed, is by aspiration and meditation and self-discipline. He became active in search of possible disciples among the French aristocracy to which he belonged by birth. He was admired and even adulated in the *salons*, but as his correspondence reveals, met with nothing but failure. When the Revolution came, he withdrew increasingly both from his masonic associations and from the social world, and, in outward appearance became immersed in the study of Jacob Boehme, upon whose work he corresponded with a few friends. But the real nature of Saint-Martin's activity became apparent towards the end of the century. After 1790 he definitely "indrew", following the "interior path", moving towards the opposite pole from his starting-point under Pasqually. His writings testify to a deep and abiding mystical experience. He left his experience on record, for such must have been part of his duty. It should be a source of inspiration to-day to think of this lonely occultist seeking and finding *union*, turning his whole soul inwards, *keeping still* amid the din

of a great holocaust. We may believe that this was indeed the task which was set him to do, and that he fulfilled it. And though no real disciple was ready to take over his work, one man of genius was at least deeply stirred. We are grateful to M. Viatte for his revelation of the indebtedness of Joseph de Maistre to Saint-Martin.

M. Viatte, whose admiration for Saint-Martin is sincere, cites a passage from *Le Ministère de l'homme esprit* on the "ineffable Victory" of the crucified Master,—a passage which, as he says, is like "a cry of love and gratitude".

It is the only sacrifice which has ever been terminated by those words, at once so consoling and so terrible, *consummatum est*; consoling by the certitude they give that the work is accomplished, and that our enemies shall be under our feet, whenever we will to follow the footsteps of Him who has conquered; terrible, because if we make them null and void for ourselves by ingratitude and lukewarmness, no more resources are left us, since we can expect no other God, nor hope for any other Liberator.

There are those who believe that Saint-Martin reincarnated as W. Q. Judge.
V.

Winged Pharaoh, by Joan Grant: Harper and Brothers, New York and London, 1938; price, \$2.50.

For those seeking good books for light summer reading, we heartily recommend this novel. It is simply and beautifully written, and accomplishes what few books are able to do,—that is, it makes us feel that we have lived among and known people who lived long ages ago. The setting is in the First Dynasty of the Two Lands, when men still believed the gods were near the earth and were interested in it, and when life in the body was thought of as a necessary period of exile from our true home. Justice and mercy prevailed in the laws of the land, but there was no compromise with evil, and the laws of Karma were considered and obeyed in the judgments pronounced by Pharaoh.

The story is told in the first person by Sekeeta, daughter of the Pharaoh Za-Atet, and tells of her life as a child, in the palace, playing with her pets, getting into mischief, and growing up in the companionship of her parents and her brother whom she loved, and with whom she later ruled as Co-Pharaoh. Next we see her enter the temple for years of training as a seer and one "strong of will", culminating in Initiation and return to the world, to be crowned Pharaoh. There are splendid battle scenes, when the neighbouring people of Zuma invade the country and are driven out. There is a trip to Crete, with descriptions of the life there and its contrast with that of Egypt. In their shallowness and love of their bodies and a "good time", the Cretans are described as "not evil, they are young. And when they are older they will be reborn into a land like ours." There is a slight love story which seems unworthy of the brave and controlled Egyptian princess, and which is totally inconsistent with her supposed Initiation, although the author treats it as a bagatelle for a Co-Pharaoh and for one who was merely the ceremonial wife of her brother. Her last years and death are briefly described, and her final return to her "dear companions, in the Light".

Sekeeta is a lovable person, human and wise, with a courageous spirit which is very moving. As one follows the events of her life, she becomes a real friend and an inspiring companion.

This reviewer is not able to say whether or not the book is historically accurate, but that is not important in comparison with the remarkably consistent feeling it gives of the reality and nearness of the spiritual world. The author must have steeped herself, with love and understanding, in the religious teachings of the Egyptians, in order to make them seem so alive and natural. Students of Theosophy will recognize the doctrine of the seven principles of man, and of reincarnation as a means of training and of eventual perfection. Readers unfamiliar with such teachings might be slightly bewildered at the ease with which Sekeeta leaves her body to meet her loved ones in sleep, or to go about the country to watch for approaching danger. The invasion from Zuma is described as led by great ones of the Dark Powers, and the ensuing struggle is between the Light and Dark forces. On page after page the author's flashes of understanding will delight the theosophical reader.

The book is a real oasis in these days of cheap and degrading novels, and one must be grateful to Joan Grant for writing it, and to Harpers for the vision and optimism which prompted them to give it to the public. H. M.

Chinese Gardens: Gardens of the Contemporary Scene; An Account of their Design and Symbolism, by Dorothy Graham; Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1938; price, \$5.00.

Despite the chaos in which China is plunged to-day, the peace of her old gardens still persists, and, reading of them, one is transported for a while out of our frightful turmoil into the atmosphere of high civilization which created them, and into the loveliness of Nature itself.

The philosophy, if one may call it such, behind the European garden is very different from that which produced the gardens of China. Our garden design comes to us from the Romans, and probably the Pincian is not unlike what it was when Sallust owned it. The mediæval garden, as we see it in illuminated manuscripts or in the background of paintings, laid out within the castle walls, was a place of geometric order. The pleasures of French châteaux or Elizabethan houses were set with beds of "knots" and clipped hedges. It would seem that the European sought to make himself a place as unlike the wilderness as possible, a refuge of formal design, a disciplined nature, a safe haven. Let the dark forests with their wolves, said they, and the grain fields which the enemy may burn, stay outside where they belong, but let us have a snug little parterre with no straying flower, with a restrained fountain and a comfortable bench or a bank of herbage. We are only easy when we have tamed nature and feel ourselves its master. Not until the eighteenth century, under Chinese influence, did the *Jardin Anglais*, the "natural" garden, come into fashion.

The Chinese, on the contrary, felt themselves one with all Nature, and venerated the divine spirit which informs it. In their gardens they desired to re-

produce the effects of Nature, or to emphasize certain of its aspects: not, of course, that their gardens were without design, for order is the essence of Art, and a garden is Art.

To the Chinese the making of a garden is the effort of the individual to attain unity with the universe. The planning transforms ordinary existence into an art; one perceives that change is the eternal law, that from disintegration springs new being, life fulfilling itself in satisfying stability. From the deep repose comes enlightenment, a communion in which understanding transcends fact and becomes revelation.

One would like to quote all of Mrs. Graham's first chapter, which is on garden design. One can only urge everyone interested in gardens to read the book for himself, that he may enjoy all of its delights. Mrs. Graham gives a history of Chinese gardens throughout the ages. Gardens, doubtless, date back from the very beginning. Were not Adam and Eve placed in Eden and told to take care of it?

But for an unfortunate remark of Confucius, a meticulous record of Chinese gardens might have been kept. One day, the Sage was questioned by a persistent pupil. "Master", inquired the youth, "what have you to say about gardens?" Confucius was occupied in codifying a troublesome point in his scheme for human conduct; he disliked having his train of thought interrupted. With devastating indifference he dismissed any theme on which he could not discourse with authority. "As for gardens", he said sharply, "leave such things to gardeners." This pronouncement paralysed scholars for more than two thousand years. No member of an intelligentsia based on Confucian dogmatism dared to find this subject worthy of attention. Then, too, there was another obstacle. Tomes were compiled on herbs and flowers, yet no one wrote on the theory of design, because the planning of a garden was conceded to be a matter of inspiration, the expression of individual personality.

However, descriptions of gardens have come down to us, and paintings, and some of the gardens themselves. There are the lovely water-gardens of Hangchow, the city described so glowingly by Marco Polo. Their names are enchanting; The Island of the Three Pools of the Moon's Reflection, The Pavilion from which the Cranes went forth, The Pavilion of the Lake's Heart, etc. There are the gardens of Soochow and of Peking, and there are famous old monastery and temple courts and parks. The Emperors laid out magnificent gardens, and so did the officials and merchants. Everyone who could have a garden had one, even if he were so poor that he could only contrive a miniature scene in a bowl. Her enemies said that the late Dowager Empress used the funds appropriated for the navy in making the Garden of Smiling Harmony at the Summer Palace. Mrs. Graham has visited many of these gardens, and she describes them so well that one feels their charm, and is filled with a great longing to visit them. Her book is profusely illustrated with photographs which increase one's desire.

The Fourth Moon, The Month of Peonies, the Chinese make pilgrimages to Tung Hsiao Ssu, to view these arrogant splendid blossoms. There are more than two hundred varieties at this temple, planted in raised terraces of marble that are called "mountains" but look like ancient Roman sarcophagi filled with earth. . . . A withered monk, ascetic and lean, takes the visitors through the courtyards, naming the different varieties. There is the rose-tinted peony with double and single blooms on the same plant. The deep

red *moutan*, the male vermillion, which is the most highly prized. Another plant, *lie de vin* in the sun, becomes in the shade a velvety black. Others are pearly white, white tinged with yellow, or the palest of yellow, like a faint gleam of candlelight. The most curious specimen, one evolved from long experimentation, is the green peony. The flower is as effulgent as the others. It is actually a delicate green, like that of willow buds on the point of opening.

The old monk, astonishingly agile, runs towards a pond and scoops out water with a gourd. This he throws in long splashes on the ground before the peonies, so that the vapour may refresh them. In the evening, of course, the roots will be wet and the leaves sprinkled; but throughout the heat of the day they are given this supplementary care.

Proudly fondling the flowers, the monk tells their histories. One plant with a stalk like that of a young sapling, is two hundred years old. Others have been praised by famous men or have some association with events of the past.

The Abbot of Tung Hsiao Ssu has received so many visitors that he has developed an instinct for hospitality. He takes the guests inside to offer tea. He removes a foreign-style clock from the table and, as if to arrest time, sticks a toothpick into its mechanism. Its ticking stops and with it all sound ceases. . . .

This supremely tactful gesture of hospitality also abolishes space for us, and we too listen intently for the message of that silence. Where there is neither time nor space there is eternity.

St.C. LAD.

China Hand, by James Lafayette Hutchison; Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston, 1936; price, \$3.50.

The author, as a very young man, found employment with the American Tobacco Company as a salesman of cigarettes in China. This was in 1911. China was still an Empire under the rule of the Manchus. The Dowager Empress, the "Old Buddha", was dead, but the boy Emperor, Pu I, was on the throne, with his cousin, the Prince Regent, acting as guardian. The young American salesman found much that was attractive in the Chinese, and it speaks well for him that he especially admired the cultivated and charming manners of the Chinese-educated classes, and the great respect of all classes for scholarship. He learned Mandarin Chinese, and studied the Chinese classics and Chinese art. The more he learned, the more he found to admire. There were many signs of disintegration and degeneracy, particularly in government circles; but the Confucian tradition still had an immense influence for good, and wherever that controlled, the author found a civilization more real than, and in many ways superior to, that of London or Paris,—although the character of the civilization was so different that comparison can only be based on personal preference. Unfortunately, the influence of the Confucian tradition was not strong enough to withstand the encroachment of western ideas, of which Sun Yat Sen was the leading proponent. These ideas had been propagated originally by English and American missionaries who had misunderstood their Christianity, and then by the younger Chinese who had been educated in America,—ideas of "liberty, equality, fraternity", of "government of, by and for the people",—ideas which soon became definitely socialistic and then communistic. The result was that the Manchus were turned out, and that China

became a Republic,—greatly to the delight of all European and American liberals, though not to the delight of Mr. Hutchison, the man on the spot, who observes that:

The Chinese who have taken on Western culture have become neither fish nor fowl—they are sorry hybrids—with their innate æsthetic sense smothered under a veneer of Western shrewdness, business and political cunning, that make of them self-conscious gigolos posing as men of the world.

He ends his book thus: "Farewell to Eastern culture! Hail to Western jazz!"

We sympathize; but the truth is that if China had been loyal to the best as she knew it—which means loyal to the Confucian tradition—none of this would have happened. Disloyal to that, with the worm of corruption gnawing at her vitals, she had lost all power of resistance, and could take to herself only the worst in western civilization instead of the best.

China Hand, though too long, is of real interest for more reasons than one. Its author draws no parallels with conditions in America, but it is difficult for us not to do so. For instance, when he visited Mukden after an absence of several years, he was anxious to learn all he could of the effect of the "Young Marshal's" administration; so he called at a number of shops (stores), always asking the question, "How's business?" At every shop he received the same answer: "Very bad. Before have plenty money. Now, very bad." "Why no business?" "Tax—all the time more tax." That was in Manchuria. In China proper, conditions were just as bad. In Kiukiang, and along the Yangtze Valley, formerly so prosperous,—no business. He learned that at Nanchang, long famous for its pottery, the makers "only turn out rotten stuff now, and only just enough to pay for food from day to day. If they turn out any good work, or try to accumulate any money, the bandits take it away from them." Ah me! If not one kind, then another!

D.A.

In Search of the Mahatmas of Tibet, by Edwin G. Schary; Seeley, Service & Co., London, 1938; price, 15s.

This book is not about the Mahatmas, though a desire to meet them was responsible for journeys which would have killed most men, and which are a wonderful testimony to the author's courage, endurance, and perseverance. A young Californian, a wanderer by instinct, his imagination was fired by what he read of Mahatmas in Tibet, and he made up his mind to find them. Three times he earned his way from San Francisco to Calcutta, and from there through India to Kashmir, on one occasion travelling through Tibet from Lake Manasarowar as far as Shigatse, often at an elevation of well over 20,000 feet, when breathing became a torment. He believed that if he could find the Mahatmas, they would be able to explain to him the mysteries of life and death. In the course of one of his journeys, he had a vision of a canyon in the Himalayas, and of a finger pointing to a cave. He became convinced that he would find the Mahatmas in that cave. Many months afterwards, he suddenly found himself in the place he had seen in his vision. After a difficult

climb he reached the mouth of the cave and entered it: there were no Mahatmas.

I had been living in expectation so long that at last, upon arriving here, I had no heart to continue. . . . So here I lay until the sun passed over the cave three times in its wide arc. Many were the strange experiences I went through in those three days; many the troubled visions and dark forebodings. If I learned anything at any time in all my travels, I learned this lesson in that cave—a lesson read somewhere before in one of the writings of an Eastern sage, but never until that time wholly understood: "*Within thyself deliverance must be sought. Each man his prison makes. . . .*" I knew, at the end of those three days of barrenness, that, though not finding the Mahatmas in the flesh, I was understanding them better in another way, and the magnitude of their work, but even then I did not give up hope of some day meeting one of them. . . .

There is an element of pathos in the author's continued blindness. As Judge so often said, you must be able to recognize a Master interiorly before you can recognize him in (or through) his outer form; only the soul can recognize the soul. Further than that, suppose you had a friend in whose spiritual insight you believed, and suppose this friend were to introduce you to someone whose appearance was the embodiment of all your dreams of what a Master would be like, and suppose your friend were to assure you that this man was a Master: what next? Do you suppose he could explain to you "the mysteries of life and death"? It would be impossible unless your inner eye were open. An artist cannot explain the mysteries of his art to a man who has never studied painting, nor an Einstein the mysteries of relativity to a clodhopper. Masters would have met the author of this book—in spite of the fact that, unknown to himself, the motive prompting his search had much in it of curiosity and self-seeking—if it would have done him any good. Such a meeting could only have done him harm. The open sesame to their presence is not the ability to endure even the worst of hardships in order to meet them, but devotion to their Cause, unselfish service, and—the Four Qualifications. C.B.D.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

There was old Mary and her husband. When his last moments seemed to have come, after a pause the doctor said very kindly to her, "Your poor old man is gone." "No, I ain't", piped up a voice from the bed in injured tones. "Hush, John", replied Mary firmly; "doctor knows best."

Borrowed from *The Countryman*, an English quarterly review, that incident from life is almost sufficient comment in itself on the review of *The Citadel* in your April issue; for while I agree with your reviewer's suggestions regarding the reformation of the medical profession, it seems to me that the attitude of the public toward the profession needs reforming at least as much as the profession itself. That attitude is one of rank superstition. Humanity's blind faith in religious dogmas, and in priests and their ritualistic practices, has now

been transferred to "science" and its representatives. What "science" proclaims is *so*,—regardless of the fact that it changes its dogmas semi-annually. The result, under that head, is a philosophy of "Let us eat, drink, and be merry (so long as the money holds out), for to-morrow we die"; and the result of that philosophy naturally is—a call, if not many calls, on the doctor, who is "science" personified.

Now, just as in all religions there were good priests as well as bad, so there are both kinds of doctors,—charlatans who trade on the public's demand for infallibility, and honest men who either starve, or whose clientele is limited to the more enlightened few who realize that good doctors may be known, at least in part, in the same way that good priests were known, that is, by their humility. The general public is, in the first place, incapable of realizing this; in the second place, it insists upon being able to put implicit faith in its medical, as formerly in its religious fetic. This means that if the honest medical practitioner allows it to be perceived that he does not know everything, his patient looks for the man who, with sufficient positiveness, suggests that *he* does; and as doctors must live, extended experience often drives the least pretentious among them to adopt the dogmatic attitude which the credulity of the public demands.

In brief, what is true in the field of economics and in all other departments of life, is true also in the domain of medical practice: the law of supply and demand governs; doctors as a class, like newspapers and lawyers, are the natural response to the requirements of a credulous, sensation-loving, "get-me-out-of-this mess" public. The profession will never be reformed until the majority of patients demand better service, higher ethical standards, more open minds, a less mercenary spirit, and a broader culture from those to whom they turn for healing.

CONSTANT READER.

CAPITALISTS AND WAR

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

In view of the wild statements, constantly repeated, that capitalists and bankers either instigated, or favoured England's participation in the Great War, and that in all countries it is they who are responsible for international conflicts, the following extract from *Lord Riddell's War Diary* is of value, especially when it is remembered that he was President of the official Press Committee, and was on terms of intimacy with the leading politicians of all parties.

Lord Riddell says (p. 2) that on Friday, July 31st, 1914 (England declared war on August 4th), Mr. Lloyd George, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, "told me that he was 'fighting hard for peace' ", and that Lloyd George had added: "All the bankers and commercial people are begging us not to intervene. The Governor of the Bank of England said to me with tears in his eyes, 'Keep us out of it. We shall all be ruined if we are dragged in!' "

HISTORIAN.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 408.—*Does the Convention appeal and Resolution supersede or abrogate what has been said on the subject of indrawal?*

ANSWER.—It does not. In the first place, it remains to be seen whether the Resolution will bear fruit as well as leaves. In the second place, if it should bear fruit, indrawal of the right kind would be insured, while, if it should bear no fruit—that is, if chēlāship should not result—withdrawal rather than indrawal would be inevitable, for while some measure of indrawal would still be possible for the individual, the Society itself would have failed to keep the link unbroken. It would have been carried further into the century than has ever been done before, but, while this would be a great and lasting gain, continued existence on this plane, without the inner link, would be as objectionable as the continued life of a man who had lost his unifying soul. T.

QUESTION NO. 409.—*How can T.S. members keep alive and renew the inspiration that Convention brought, and in what concrete and practical ways can they help to bring about the "flower of chēlāship"?*

ANSWER.—An adequate answer to this question would cover the whole religious life. There is nothing more important for any man than to discover how to keep alive and to renew the deepest inspiration that comes to his soul, how to increase his love for his Master and the things of the spiritual world. For this, attention, imagination and will are always essential. If we wish to grow spiritually, we must desire and give our attention to spiritual things. Man tends to grow into the likeness of that to which he gives his attention. In so far as he gives it to gross or worldly things, he becomes gross or worldly; in so far as he gives it to spiritual things, he becomes, to that extent, spiritual. The reading of spiritual or inspiring books is one helpful method. Alertness in seeking the inner meaning of outer events, is another. The way to gain renewed inspiration is to deserve it by acting on what we have. This means to use one's will to force oneself to live up to the resolutions made in times of inspiration, no matter how dull, cold, or "dry" one feels. Imagination should be used freely and boldly, not to fancy this or that, but as you would use it if, for example, you wanted to get a heedless boy to write home to a loving and long-neglected mother. You would surely try to arouse his imagination to picture his mother's love, her grief and disappointment at his silence, her delight if he wrote. We must use our imaginations to bring home to our dull hearts the realization of certain truths, of Masters, of their cause, of their love for us, their children, of their need, and, most marvellous of all, of our power to help them.

Any one who wishes to help, can help. He can help by prayer, by desire, by little sacrifices, by doing his best and offering all he does with the intention that someone may attain.

J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—Such inspiration should be cherished in the silence of one's inner being, brooded over, not dissipated in useless talk. It should be used to energize the higher will. Acting

upon inspirations helps to keep them alive. "The Gods are nourished by sacrifice." If inspiration illumines and clarifies some truth previously only partially understood, one should act upon this new light. Any and all "right efforts" may be "offered up" for the success of the Cause. One might resolve to be more kind or more calm, more cheerful or more prompt, with that *intention*.
C.M.S.

ANSWER.—One great incentive would be realization of the power of united effort and teamwork. H.P.B., in the concluding chapter of the *Key to Theosophy*, stated that if the Society succeeds better than its predecessors have done, the next impulse from the Lodge "will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth". H.P.B. concluded this chapter by stating: "If the T.S. survives and lives true to its mission, . . . earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now."

The import of H.P.B.'s words has been appreciably increased by the fact that, for the first time, the Movement has been carried over the end of the century. The vastness of the opportunity enhances the grave responsibility which is ours that "the link be kept unbroken". Furthermore, how trivial, how utterly unimportant, all else is in comparison with the glorious opportunity offered at Convention to enlist in the great Cause of the Masters! Thoughts such as these should keep alive the inspiration of Convention, and will surely do so if acted upon with persistence and courage. Such an attitude and such action will develop the ability to recognize new and more effective ways in which each individual can best do his part.
G.H.M.

QUESTION NO. 410.—*What do you say, think, do, when you "offer up" your faults, or when you "offer up the fruits of works" as advised in the Bhagavad Gita? What is the mental process involved? What is gained by it?*

ANSWER.—You may say, from a heart that has surrendered itself, "Please take my faults, and make of them positive forces which can be used for the purposes of the Real World." If the surrender be complete, if the desire be whole-hearted and unselfish, you will at the same time have begun to offer up the fruits of works, in the sense that you will not be watching for results, but will be content to leave them entirely in the hands of the Masters. You intend your mind upon this prayer which you have made, upon this help which you have evoked. You deliberately set yourself to think of ways in which you can do your part, to understand the obligations which you have imposed upon yourself. You keep asking for help, and you arouse your will and swing it, away from the desire for petty selfish attainments, to co-operation with those unseen forces with which you have aligned yourself. The mind becomes more and more, not something to which you refer decisions, but a controlled instrument, surrendered with your other faculties, and now consciously used to further your purpose and to gain your objective.
C.R.A.

ANSWER.—This question deals with our most vital problem: how to get rid of our inverted point of view. We have two natures,—two selves: a Higher, or Real, Self, and a lower, or false self, which latter we have created, and with which for the most part we identify ourselves. Usually, we look at everything from this false centre, and we refer everything to it. It is a usurper, and thoroughly selfish. So, as a rule, when we speak, or think, of offering up anything—faults or fruits of works—we tie a string to the offering, the nether end of which is held fast by "self", so that we can pull back the offering if "self" is not satisfied with the results. From this inverted point of view, the more we speak and think of any offering up, the more *calculating* we become as to its possible effects, and, consequently, what we do about it, is little better than half-hearted. Lower self always is calculating, and to carry such self-reference into the *offertorium*, definitely is a hindrance. "Be solicitous for my interests", said the Master Christ to St. Teresa, "and I will take care of thine." Nothing could be clearer than that.

In terms of consciousness, then, the answer to the question is a definite and complete change of

the polarity of our nature, a cessation of what, at best, is divided interest, and a throwing of the entire weight of the imagination and the will over to the side of the Higher Self; an *insistence* that we are that Self. Then, we shall begin to think, to speak and to act from and as that Higher, Divine Centre; from which and by which *all* is offered up: faults, fruits of works, limitations, imperfections,—everything. As we become acclimated to dwelling in the atmosphere of that Self, neither seeking nor retaining anything for ourselves, we shall know, at first hand, something of that rebirth from above, which Nicodemus found so difficult to comprehend.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—One might say: Master, I offer you this act in its entirety, whatever its faults or merits. May it help the coming of your Kingdom. Having offered it up, one relinquishes all personal interest in the act, desiring no thanks, praise, or other reward, detaching one's self entirely from it.

C.M.S.

ANSWER.—“To offer up the fruits of works”, is consciously to do what we do because it ought to be done, with the prayer that it may be used to help the Masters' cause, abandoning all desire for reward and all personal interest in that which we offer. It means that while working to our utmost to achieve a given end, we must nevertheless ceaselessly desire that, whether we succeed or fail in our efforts, the result will be best for the purposes of the Lodge. It is a process of detachment, and a transfer of one's centre of interest from the lower personality to the Masters and their cause. The practice is a most valuable one in many ways. It strengthens and clears the channels from the soul to the personality. It is a great help toward quietude and peace of heart, toward impersonality, understanding and mental clarity.

The elimination of self-interest, and the purification of the motive with which the work is done, means, moreover, that finer, more potent forces are evolved and, by the act of offering, are made available for the use of the Lodge on this plane. This type of service is open to any one who desires to serve, no matter how undeveloped or full of faults he may feel himself to be.

One way to offer one's faults is to offer one's self, faults and all, for service, and then to forget the faults in the service. Most faults are due to some form of thinking about self, and to forget self in work for a cause, cuts their roots.

J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—What is “offering up”? It is a free-will offering of one's self, one's thoughts, words, acts—everything we have and are—to something or someone greater than self. The Lodge wants us, needs us, just as we are, including our faults and imperfections, which they will take care of and use. We must leave that to them. Our great concern, our paramount duty, is to give ourselves, without thought of reward and relinquishing all personal interest in results.

G.H.M.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. THOMAS LATHROP STEDMAN.

A faithful and honoured member of the Society.

Died, May 26th, 1938.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

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"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

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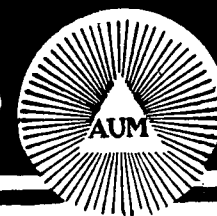
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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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.



OCTOBER, 1938

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THE FACULTY OF MENTAL MEMORY

MEMORY has been described as "the faculty of the mind by which it retains, and reproduces at will, past events". The inventor of this definition must have been an optimist. Most of us know, to our sorrow, that our minds retain only scattered fragments of the past, and that even these poor rags and tatters are deformed almost beyond recognition. How many can "reproduce at will" any episode, exactly as it occurred? The mind is always dredging images out of the chasms of the subconscious, but how often do we exercise the least conscious control over this operation? If we really try to remember anything, how often do we succeed?

The faculty of *mental* memory may be regarded as a specialized instrument, primarily devised to preserve and to make available, to our personal consciousness, the lessons of past experience. To take a classical example, the child who remembers what happened when he touched a red-hot stove, will refrain from repeating the experiment. He retains, and reproduces at will, a past event, because he has assimilated his experience of that event. In the course of time, if the assimilation be complete enough, it will be unnecessary to recall the experience by a mental effort. Whenever he has to choose between touching and not touching a hot stove, his normal, spontaneous, automatic reaction will be not to touch it. A habit—in this case, a good habit—will have been established.

Unfortunately we do not always or often learn the lessons of life as easily as the child learns the lesson inculcated by the hot stove. Experience is, or should be, the food of the soul. However, it is not enough that we should swallow it; it must be subjected to an inner metabolism, before it can be assimilated and become part of our nature. Our inner health, moreover, depends upon the particular ingredients of experience which are assimilated. Every experience, as *Through The Gates of Gold* informs us, yields either a grain of poison or a drop of the elixir of life. We can assimilate the poison and reject the elixir. In

such circumstances, it is no wonder that our memories, like our dreams, so often assume the pattern of a crazy-quilt. The dregs of the subconscious are charged with toxins which act upon the mind, as a putrefying substance acts upon the body, as "the vile emanations of the earth (moral and physical) upon which the Astral Light is fed, are all converted into their subtlest essence, and radiated back intensified, thus becoming epidemics—moral, psychic and physical" (*Theosophical Glossary*, p. 35).

ORGANIC MEMORY

The references to the Astral Light in theosophical literature suggest that memory is not merely a mental faculty limited to man and a few of the higher animals on this planet; that wherever there is any existence, macrocosmic or microcosmic, in any kingdom, upon any plane, experience of some kind is being assimilated by some process of consciousness, which in some way corresponds to what we call memory. Thus the Cosmos has a "memory", and so has every atom within the Cosmos; and there is a "memory" of the earth, distinct from, though including, the "memories" of all its denizens, visible and invisible, "from mineral and plant, up to the holiest Archangel".

By analogy, in the human being, there is not only the memory of the mind, but also there are the "memories" of all his other principles and sub-principles, from the lowest to the highest. Every organ, as well as every cell of his physical body, of all his "bodies", contributes its quota of assimilated experience to the whole. His entire organism is indeed charged with "memories" which are in one sense not his personal property, coming to him, as they do, from the interminable line of his ancestors. To such an order belong the "astral moulds" of the physiological habits and instincts which he shares with the animals. He is overshadowed, sometimes possessed by subconscious impulses, derived both from his family and from the *skandhas*, the seeds of the "memories" of past births. According to the degree of his development, he is influenced, consciously or "superconsciously", by the "memories" of the soul.

The sum-total or synthesis of all these "memories" has been called "organic memory", to distinguish it from ordinary "mental memory". Some psychologists identify it with the so-called "subconscious", but as we have suggested, it is much more than that. It might be described as a composite faculty which, for the most part without our conscious knowledge, has stored up and utilizes the manifold experiences of every conceivable order, garnered during countless æons along innumerable lines of evolution. But in its immediate activities, it may be the cause of many disasters. Like the Astral Light, it may be said to "give out nothing but what it has received", and in the course of our wanderings, recent and remote, in space and time, we have retained many "astral moulds" which are unpleasant, and others which are ghastly to behold.

THE CONTROL OF HABIT

There is an old axiom: "Nature loves to repeat herself." The underlying principle seems to be that it is only by constant repetition that the average

experience can be adequately assimilated. We can observe the usefulness of repetition in the evolution of reflexes and instincts in the animal kingdom. How can any human aptitude or efficiency be acquired, if not by constant and unremitting practice, by doing the same thing over and over again, until a particular series of actions has become habitual and virtually automatic? This rule applies equally, whether we be learning dancing or singing or mathematics or the art of holiness. In each instance, memory-images are deliberately strengthened by repetition, so as to establish the mould of a habit.

It has been said that whenever we put force into a thought, it "coalesces with an elemental", becoming a semi-independent entity, living with our life, and renewing its vitality by prompting us to repeat the experience through which it was born. But many of our thoughts and deeds do not bear repetition; and the continued presence of certain "dynamic mind-images" below the "threshold of consciousness", implies that we shall be instigated to commit the same follies again and again.

Are we aware of the degree to which we have become "creatures of habit"? The faculty of organic memory—doubtless serving the demands of Karma—takes advantage of any sensation, even of a muscular contraction, to re-vivify an "astral mould", a "habit", to which we are still attached by some secret or avowed desire or fear. The tyranny of habit is often visibly manifested by some "organic trick" to which the body is subject, by a tic or nervous reflex or habitual gesture or cliché, which is an ever-present source of annoyance to our friends. There is truth in the modern psychiatric theory that disease symptoms can be caused by obsessions of consciousness, that is to say, by psychic habits over which even a semblance of control has been lost.

To conserve sanity and bodily health, it is necessary to control our habits and to anticipate their recurrence, whenever this is possible, as a skilful driver must not only understand the idiosyncrasies of his horse but must know when to expect their manifestation. This means that we must set to work to liberate the force which in the past we imprisoned in the "dynamic mind images", the memories, that are the basis of our bad or useless habits. Certainly the past moment cannot be erased; it is engraved upon the "tablets of the Astral Light". But our whole attitude towards the past moment can be changed. How can we make any real progress towards the realization of our divine destiny, until we learn how to transform the meaning of past experience?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MEMORY-IMAGES

For example, let us imagine a man who is a coward. Time after time he has fled his enemies, real and imagined, and as a result his mind is haunted by dread and apprehension, haunted above all by the persistent image of himself in flight from every battlefield. But he is finally brought to the point where he realizes, at least intellectually, that his soul is by its very nature courageous, because his soul, being a ray or spark of his Master's life, must participate in the superlative courage of the Master. He understands that if he persevere and trust in his Master's power, he will be able to make that potential courage

of the soul manifest in every department of his personal life. Let us suppose that he succeeds. Must there not be a complete transformation of his memory-images? The past events which formerly terrorized him, no longer suggest episodes in a drama of defeat. What was once seen as cowardice, impelling him to fresh acts of cowardice, now appears as an enemy which he has overcome. He thinks of his unhappy past, as a mountaineer, standing on the summit, thinks of the deadly perils of the ascent as obstacles which he has passed, as episodes which enhance the value of his victory.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

There is a memory of the heart, of the soul. As Napoleon remarked, it is the only form of memory which can really preserve past experience without deformation. Las Cases notes in the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*: "The Emperor said that his memory was of the heart, and that it preserved the faithful remembrance of all that was dear to him."

Everyone must have experienced, in some degree, the power of the memory of the heart. The remembrance of a person, of a dog, even of an inanimate object, which we have loved and still love, does not fade away. Thus a long-forgotten scene, a landscape which has deeply moved us, can be suddenly evoked by some magical suggestion conveyed by the most casual incident, by a perfume or the sound of a distant bell. We open a damp old wardrobe, and the odour of musty wood transports us across the years to a little inn at Barbizon. Once more we look out into the green twilight of the forest, and hear the dripping of the rain and the song of the chaffinch.

THE MEMORY OF THE IMMORTAL

In the heart, as the Upanishads teach, dwells the Immortal. The real memory of the heart is a sacred and intimate treasure, the unique possession of the individual soul, for it is the gift of the Master, part of the memory of the Immortal who is the father of that soul. By love and aspiration, it is said, the memory of the *chêla* can be purified, transmuted, actually as well as potentially made one with the memory of the Master; in so far as he attains union, the *chêla* remembers what his Master remembers. This would seem to be the clue to Plato's meaning when he spoke of the soul's innate power to recollect the Divine Ideas. Many saints and mystics have testified to the experience of *re-living* an episode of their Master's life as intensely, as *personally*, as if they had themselves physically experienced it. The Passion and Resurrection of the Master Christ are not regarded by the disciple merely as historical episodes; they are part of his own true biography.

Have we often considered what the memory of a Master may be like? It must be a memory of joy, for it is a memory of love, even though it preserves the experience of all the wounds which love has suffered in a warfare which is without beginning or end. It must be a memory which can "reproduce at will", without any dimming effect by time, the real form of a past event; the Master sees time *sub specie æternitatis*. In the world where the Masters live, according

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to the testimony of those who have dwelt there, the past is as living and as immediate as the present; in one sense, it is inseparable from the present (and the future). As an Eastern Master wrote many years ago: "I feel even irritated at having to use these three clumsy words—Past, Present and Future. Miserable concept of the objective phases of the subjective whole, they are about as ill-adapted for the purpose, as an axe for fine carving" (*The Occult World*, p. 145).

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF A LIFETIME

It may be suggested that when the balance-sheet of a lifetime is presented to the "Recording Angels", they are primarily concerned with the memories which have settled in the heart. They are probably much less interested than we suppose in our successes and failures, in our achievements and deficiencies, even in our virtues and vices. That which really matters is what we have stored up in our hearts, the things which we remember most spontaneously because they are most dear to us. If the soul has grown any wiser in its affections, if it has learned anything from its mistakes, it can scarcely matter in the Eternal how many mistakes it may have made. The whole life may have been a "comedy of errors", but if the lesson of even one error be learned, it ceases to be a stimulus to continued defeat, and becomes instead an incentive to victory.

A FAMOUS AMERICAN BECOMES A PHILOSOPHER

These last reflections are suggested by an interview with Mr. Henry Ford, published in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday by the *New York Times Magazine*, July 24, 1938. Mr. Ford has done many strange and outlandish things in the course of a long and active life. The too famous "peace-ship" is only one of many examples. He has deluded himself and others by the doctrine that the multiplication of cheap automobiles, bought on credit, has immeasurably increased the happiness of the human race. The casual observer of his activities might easily infer that they had been little likely to lead him to any true perception of spiritual values. Perhaps, he is a bundle of contradictions. In part of his nature, at any event, he now reveals an affinity with the tragically small group of mankind who seek and find some meaning in the events of their lives, and who can, in consequence, profit from errors and defeats. He may have said that "history is bunk", but no disciple of Confucius could speak more respectfully of experience. It is not enough to say that he has succeeded where others failed, because when others dreamed he acted. The real point is that he has recognized many mistakes and has learned from them. He learned, as it seems, for the simple reason that he has always been ready to test the validity of his oddest theories by actual experiment. What is more, he has undertaken full responsibility, paying for his experience with his own money. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he has not experimented at others' expense. It would seem that few men in public life to-day have been as consistently sincere as Mr. Ford.

"THE MOST VALUABLE THING IN THE WORLD"

Mr. Ford was an intimate friend of Thomas Edison, who was at one time a

member of The Theosophical Society. This may account in part for his references to Reincarnation and Karma; but it is evident that the philosophy of life which he outlines is his own, the product of his own meditations. "In the evening of the day comes quietude, and with quietude wisdom."

"Do your own work, don't indulge in controversies", Mr. Ford said. "Don't let argument lead to quarrels; if the matter is one you can do something about—do it; if not, wait until you can. I can honestly say that in my case money has been a by-product. I never kept it in my mind. But I think I always had a subconscious belief that anyone who does anything useful will not go unpaid. There's a higher law that looks after that. From the time I worked on the farm . . . the best pay I ever got was experience, which I think is still the most valuable thing in the world. That's what we are put in the world for, to get experience and to help others get it. It is the one thing no one can take away from us. No, I've never laid out a system of life. Just go ahead, and do the job that one is called upon to do—that is system enough. How can anyone say how he will act to-morrow when he doesn't know what will happen to-day?" . . .

"What is instinct?" Mr. Ford was asked.

"Probably the essence of past experience and knowledge stored up for future use."

"Transmitted to us by our forebears?"

"Not necessarily. Little is known about inheritance. Suppose we inherit from ourselves—from our own past? There are many, you know, who think this life journey through the world is not the first one we have made. Haven't you ever come across children who knew things which it was impossible for them to have learned? Have you ever gone to a place for the first time and felt sure that you had been there before?" . . .

Mr. Ford said that, if he had the opportunity of living his life over again, there are few things he would do differently from the way that he had done them. "I couldn't even if I wanted to. There are some things we must do in order to be true to ourselves. Even a mistake may turn out to be the one thing necessary to a worth-while achievement." It is for that reason that Mr. Ford does not believe in what is ordinarily called luck; he thinks that often what is regarded as hard luck is an experience which, if properly judged, can react to advantage.

THE ART OF BEING TRUE TO ONESELF

The general truth of Mr. Ford's message is self-evident. With one of his statements, as he has phrased it, we are, however, constrained to disagree. Who would not do many things differently, if he had the opportunity of living his life over again? The great consolation which the doctrine of Reincarnation brings, is that we do have this opportunity, with added experience. Our errors are not irreparable. There will be ample opportunity to correct them in the future. Furthermore, we are only true to ourselves in the measure that we do correct them and learn from them. We are not living in accordance with the real nature of things so long as we regard it as inevitable that we must make the same mistakes time after time, and learn nothing. Mr. Ford may have profited more than most men from the observation of his own follies, but he surely would not claim that he has profited to the utmost. And that is what sooner or later must be done by every soul. The maximum profit must be extracted from every experience. When that blissful state is reached, it would seem that the soul stands indeed upon the threshold of Nirvana, for there would scarcely be any further necessity for incarnation, as we understand it. But until this art of being true to oneself is thoroughly mastered, nothing is gained

by a feeling of more or less complete satisfaction with our actual attainment. Perhaps Mr. Ford has not that feeling, but his words are unhappy in suggesting it.

"OPTIMUM CONDITIONS OF GROWTH"

Mr. Ford has had one advantage. He has spent his life in contact with facts; for machines may be soulless, but at least they are concrete and actual things. Many university professors are not so fortunate, for they are in daily contact, not with facts but with notions about facts.

This may partly explain some of the things which are said at congresses of learned men. For instance, at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Ottawa, Professor Frank S. Freeman made some generalizations about "public education in a democracy". The present fad is to regard heredity as less important in the fashioning of character than environment, and this provided Professor Freeman with the subject-matter for a thesis:

This revised concept of the development of mental abilities has far-reaching educational implications. It means that an individual's possibilities of development cannot be known and realized until optimum conditions of growth are provided practically from birth; that social and economic factors and all that they imply are at least as significant in the determination of ability differences as are genetic factors, and that much potential talent goes undeveloped for want of proper nurture, both physical and psychological. Public education in a democracy that seeks to develop and foster all its human resources will have to look forward to providing pre-school education for all in respect to both mental and physical development. It is not enough to urge that talented boys and girls of whatever economic stratum should have opportunity for higher education.

Like so many of the pronouncements of "intellectuals", this sounds amiable and innocent at first reading. Then we stop and wonder what Professor Freeman means by "optimum conditions of growth". Whatever he may mean, it is quite certain that every other professor would mean something else. As a matter of fact, various political groups and their leaders have already decided the question for themselves. Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin have very definite views about "optimum conditions of growth", and they lack patience with anyone who disagrees.

It is impossible to say into what shapes the "potential talent" of Italy, Germany and Russia will develop. God only knows, in any case, what is the "potential talent" of anybody. In the deepest of all possible senses, every soul is doubtless "an inlet to the Over-Soul, and to all of the same", but that does not imply that God expects every child to become at once a Buddha or a Plato.

Theosophy iterates and re-iterates one simple hypothesis, that wherever one is placed by Nature and Karma, one finds the "optimum conditions of growth" *for the soul*. The physical and psychic environment will inevitably change, as the needs of the soul change. The valorous and determined individual does not remain in bondage to any set of circumstances. The self-made man whom Americans formerly delighted to honour, grew often to gigantic proportions, without any "social and economic advantages", sometimes with nothing but

the bare rudiments of a primary school education. He made himself what he became, because he was instructed by his own experience and by observing the experience of others.

No man can be made to become anything, if he be a man. A "scientific" system of nurture might conceivably produce a nation of creatures which would do and say what it was told to do and say, but it would be a nation of automata and robots, not of human beings. It is so much simpler to do one's own duty as best one can, and to leave to Nature at least part of the burden of developing and fostering "all the resources" of everybody else. If a man's talents need development, as surely as Justice rules the world, he will be given a chance to succeed, and if his aspirations be real, opposition, difficulty, even poverty (that terrible spectre of the modern mind) will not daunt him but will only temper the steel of his will.

FAILURE

It may be suggested in this connection that failure is as misunderstood as poverty, in the modern world. So much failure is not failure at all. If a man cannot see for himself the beauty of the "Victory of Samothrace", why blame him? He is simply as yet incapable of experiencing the beauty, as a dog would be incapable. His "failure" is as much an illusion as, in a different sense, is that of the artist struggling to bring some creation to birth, who rejects his first production because it inadequately expresses his idea. There is yet another kind of "failure" which should indeed awaken intense sympathy, although it must be sent by the Good Law, by a Divine Compassion. Many are born into the world with certain obvious talents which they cannot develop, in spite of all their efforts and in spite of every favourable condition. If we really believe in Reincarnation and Karma, we can recognize the possibility that in other lives this particular talent had been over-developed at the expense of other qualities necessary to the soul, and that the use of it is denied in the present life to provide an opportunity for a fuller and better rounded growth.

There is only one certain failure,—the deliberate refusal to conform action to a standard which one knows to be beautiful and true.

ONE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

As history reveals, a civilization exists as long as it can transmit to the future what it has learned in the past. Each generation should add to the sum-total of knowledge, but it must build upon foundations already laid. "A nation loses its life", said Marshal Foch, "only when it has lost its memories", that is, its traditions.

Certainly one purpose of education is to ensure the preservation of the acquired knowledge (spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical) of the race. But very few citizens have the capacity to assimilate more than a small fraction of that knowledge. Formerly, when primary education at least was a function of the Church and the family, the principal object was to impress upon the child's mind and heart certain elementary truths concerning good and evil, right and wrong. Like the Ten Commandments and their counterparts in other religions,

these truths are the fruit of a mass of experience dating back to the infancy of humanity. They must be made part of the child's habitual consciousness, if he is to become even a potential human being. They are incomparably more necessary and more important than reading and writing and arithmetic, not to mention economics, sociology, æsthetics and "tap-dancing". We venture to suggest that if the modern educator would lay aside some of his theories and, especially in the primary grades, would concentrate upon the teaching of the indispensable principles of ethics, the "potential talents" of the infants entrusted to him would take care of themselves. In any event these principles are needed equally by the man of genius and by the humblest entity in human shape.

THE PIVOTAL DOCTRINE OF THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY

It is too easy to lose sight of the mountain-peaks which we must climb to attain our true human heritage. We are not invited by the Logos to a light and frivolous undertaking. Consider the far vistas opened to vision by the third "fundamental proposition" of *The Secret Doctrine*:

The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul—a spark of the former—through the Cycle of Incarnation, or Necessity, in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic Law, during the whole term. In other words, no purely spiritual Buddhi (Divine Soul) can have an independent conscious existence before the spark which issued from the pure Essence of the Universal Sixth Principle—or the OVER-SOUL—has (a) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world of that Manvantara, and (b) acquired individuality, first by natural impulse, and then by self-induced and self-devised efforts, checked by its Karma, thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence from the lowest to the highest Manas. . . . The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric Philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations (ed. 1888, I, 17).

All states of consciousness, all talents potential or realized, all experiences, all "memories of the heart" are significant, in so far as they reveal some aspect of the Eternal and enlighten the way to the Eternal. For the aspirant to chéla-ship this specifically signifies that his life and its powers exist for one purpose, as a bridge leading him to immediate knowledge of the Master at the head of his Ray, who has already attained "individual conscious existence", in union with the Over-Soul, with the Spirit of the Lodge.

MEMORY AND SELF-REALIZATION

As one indispensable means to this true Self-realization, there must be a progressive transformation of our "dynamic mind-images", a progressive change of attitude towards the past. This is a task which can be begun here and now, the sooner the better. Certain things which can be done are self-evident.

We can quicken the processes of self-examination, in a whole-hearted attempt to understand and to overpower the elemental lives and forces animating the bad habits of mind and body, and inciting us to repeat the foolish and vicious acts of the past. We can train the mind to associate the image of what we ac-

tually did on some particular occasion, with the ideal of what we should have done, so that we cannot recall the former without simultaneously recalling the latter. M. Jacques d'Arnoux refers to this aspect of recollection:

The memory of heroes is not only the guardian of the sacred fire. It should not only be filled with glowing coals. It is also a watch which should remain ceaselessly on the alert, and which should never forget the reefs and the shipwrecks. If it does not each day register your weaknesses, you will never reform yourself completely. "A life without self-examination is not a life", said the philosopher. Certain weaknesses are so habitual for you, that you yield to them without being aware of it. It is only by the tenacious recollection of these weaknesses that, little by little, you become conscious of them and will finally react at the right time (*Les Sept Colonnes de l'Héroïsme*, p. 305).

We can face each experience as it happens, with the conviction that it is a sentence in the Book of Life, a sentence placed there by Nature, by Karma, by our Master for our edification. This conviction, firmly held, will link the remembrance of the experience with the thought of a spiritual purpose informing all events, and with the idea of the Masters' constant intervention in the affairs of men.

Such an association of memories and images is not hard to imagine, for it involves the use of a faculty with which we are thoroughly familiar. If we have visited a place with someone we love, our pleasure in bringing back its image is inextricably identified with the feeling that we share the pleasure and the remembrance with another.

This suggests what may be described as the highest state of consciousness attainable by man, the state which in mystical treatises is called Union, when "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality". The true occultism teaches the art of sharing the consciousness of the Masters, of participating in their experience and their memory. In every religion, there have been those who attained some degree of perfection in this art. Thus the follower of Osiris in ancient Egypt became the "Osirified"; thus the *bhakti yoga* of India united the devotee with the Lord Krishna or with some other manifestation of the Supreme, and the Christian saints have participated in the Agony and Passion of the Master Christ.

Many students of Theosophy have pledged themselves to work for the preservation of chéliship as a living fact in the world. Reflecting upon the gifts of the Lodge to The Theosophical Society since its inception, some students would consider it disgraceful to believe that what has been possible for others is impossible for them.

FRAGMENTS

TO THE disciple there is but one way in which any action, even the most insignificant, can be performed, and that is the Master's way. Every motion, every word, every thought, must be cast in this mould, and bear the stamp of its exalted origin and pattern. Thus the disciple's life becomes a sanctified life, and all that he breathes or touches bears his Master's seal.

Yet for each of his children the Master will have a special way, since each will represent a particular colour of the spectrum in the group to which the Master has seen fit to assign him. Therefore the disciple will never demand that his way must be followed by others, for, if so blind as to make the attempt, he may find that he has been contravening the Master's will, and become a force of disruption, not of cohesion.

What he must look for, and insist upon finding, in his brother's way, is the Master's hall-mark. If this be discovered he will rest content, however different in expression that way may appear from his own. Without that hall-mark, however, no course of procedure, no postulate of life, will any disciple endure or condone, since to do so would involve the infraction of fundamental spiritual principle; and such tolerance is no real tolerance, but moral laxity and license, and destroys the integrity of the soul.

Humility is a fundamental of discipleship, since without it all other virtues are spurious. No virtue is so little understood, and its psychic counterfeit is more often seen than the reality. A genuine humility does not create weaklings, nor impair true dignity. It represents a detachment and impersonality so complete, that the disciple's stature is raised, not lowered. By it he is set apart from other men because so ennobled above them. Humility transfigures. It alone can make a man sublime.

No day has been lived as by a disciple, unless at its close there is some sacri-

fice that can be offered, as the result of which that much of self has been lost, and that much of the Master acquired.

When the disciple receives a grace he imparts it. If it be not imparted, by his mere presence, it has never really been received. The light has been shed upon him, but he has failed to become incandescent.

When the day is ending, its work completed, and the mind and body are weary, fold the hands, close the eyes, turn inward. In every heart there is a little wicket gate,—open it, pass through. It is another world. An atmosphere of quiet pervades it which is full of healing. When you have bathed in it for a space, the cares and the griefs slip off and melt away in the shadows. There is a path leading on through the fragrant coolness. It winds and turns. Some one is waiting beyond there. With a prayer on your lips, go on. Perhaps, O heart, perhaps you will meet Him!

CAVÉ.

LIVING PICTURES

IF YOU think you can jump a fence, you may fail when you try. But if you are convinced you cannot jump it, you will certainly fail. Indeed you will not even try. You may, of course, be shamed into something you would like to have look like trying. You may run at it with a grim face, but at the last moment you will balk, or at best make a feeble little spring that does not employ any appreciable fraction of your real muscular power,—and this though, in feet and inches, the fence be lower than many others you jump with ease. Dominated by the notion that it is too high for you, you cannot “see yourself” clearing it, and in the absence of such a picture, you have no chart for the required action. With the exception of the automatic jerkings that are the merely mechanical reaction of our nerves to external stimuli, we never act save upon some previously conceived, or perceived, picture of the act; and if anything prohibits the formation of the picture, the act itself becomes impossible. A lack of confidence can thus paralyze your powers by first paralyzing your imagination. But, as here, it can go further, and instead of merely immobilizing your imagination, it may mobilize it against you. In place of a picture that you wish your jump to fulfil, your mental conviction that it is impossible conjures up a horrid presentment of your tripping on the top bar, and plunging headlong into whatever lies beyond,—a picture which you definitely do not wish to fill, and which therefore reduces your jump to what may be counted upon not to fill it, but to leave you safe on the near side. You fail because your imagination betrays you, supplying pictures to your fears and not to your will.

From this we may record the following general observation: Our purposes and desires are brought to material fulfilment only through the intermediary of immaterial pictures, and if the right pictures be not supplied, the right actions will not be performed.

There is more than this, however, which it should profit us to note. Whether you took your fence, or, balking at it, found some break through which you crawled, the incident is not over with the mere material fact. It remains with you as an immaterial picture, which you now call, not imagination, but memory. If you took the fence gallantly in your stride, the memory is pleasing. If you fumbled it, the picture is not pleasing, but so painfully at variance with the way in which you wish to see yourself, so unassimilable to your self-esteem, that you feel something must be done about it. If you have the courage to look at the picture squarely, you may see what ought to be done, and set your will to its doing thereafter. But as your fears captured your imagination before, so may they again,—though now their concern is for your vanity. If so, you will, metaphorically, again seek a hole through which to crawl. After one sidelong, protesting glance at the record as it stands, you will look away; and while your back is thus ostentatiously turned, your imagination feverishly smudges the

outlines and redraws and embroiders the picture, until its ugliness is overlaid and concealed. The fence is sketched so high that, obviously, no one could have jumped it,—quite justifying your original conviction, and showing ^{to} what the real problem was to find just such a break in the barrier as you, very cleverly, discovered. Or you “remember” that, as you were about to spring, ^{your} foot slipped and your ankle turned,—indeed, when you think about it, it is still painful, and you may even limp a little. Or, etc., etc. By one subterfuge or another, the picture is made bearable, and thereafter, consciously or unconsciously, your effort is to accept the revised version as true. The worst of it is that you may succeed, at least in part.

If you do succeed, a long line of most undesirable consequences will be entailed, with only one of which, however, do we need to concern ourselves immediately. Refusing to face your failure at the fence, fleeing from fact to fiction, whatever lesson of self-knowledge it might have taught you will not have been learned, and you will, instead, have both deepened your self-deception and corrupted your will to its defence.

From this we may draw a second general observation, to put alongside the first: Our actions can yield us self-knowledge, and material events can be distilled into the wisdom of experience, only through the intermediary of immaterial pictures; and if the pictures be spurious, they entrench us in error.

These two observations together indicate the course followed by our actions. From whatever inner centre they originate—whether in duty, or reason, or desire—they pass outward through a surrounding belt or zone of pictures, which both separates these inner centres from, and connects them with, the outer physical world. In this picture-zone is formed the model which the physical action is to copy. And this copy, perfect or imperfect, as it has been impressed upon the outer world by the act, is reflected back, with its results and consequences, into the picture-zone, serving as the carrier through which the harvest of the act is returned to the centre that initiated it. The picture-zone, through which our actions thus make a double passage, is part of what, in theosophical literature, has been called the “astral” plane, the name simply meaning starry, or self-luminous. This points to the characteristic ability of the pictures, not merely to reflect what they represent, but actually to embody it, so that they are truly “living pictures”, luminous from within, as are the stars and sun, and not merely shining with borrowed light, as does the moon. And as the light of the sun is fraught with the energies of heat, and subtle, quickening forces, which work upon all that its rays touch, so the light from each of these astral images, bearing the contagion of its inhabiting life, affects all upon which it falls. The most cursory glance at our daily experience is sufficient to show the tremendous power—too often virulent—of this astral contagion.

“Injuries”, cried Bishop Joseph Hall three hundred years ago, “hurt not more in the receiving than in the remembrance. A small injury shall go as it comes; a great injury may dine or sup with me; but none at all shall lodge with me. Why should I vex myself because another hath vexed me? Grief for things past that cannot be remedied, and care for things to come that cannot be pre-

vented, may easily hurt, can never benefit me. I will therefore commit myself to God in both, and enjoy the present."

Which of us, making that resolve, has not, again and again, met defeat in it, as grief and care pressed upon him, and the light of the astral images incarnating them, shone through his closed eyelids? Or which of us has not found, as Socrates warned Xenophon, that the images of desire are more formidable than tarantulas? For the tarantula can bite only on contact, whereas the distant vision of such images, the mere light that shines from them, may be sufficient to instil their poison and deprive men of their senses. If we are to be the masters of our own actions, therefore, and understand, as we should, the forces which constantly contend against us for that mastery, we shall do well to consider how we deal with the pictures and forces of the astral plane.

To make our inquiry specific we may continue to use the regrettable incident at the fence, and note, first, the part played in it by the desire to "save face",—that is, the desire to preserve intact the face, or picture, which we present to others and which we wish to believe ourselves. The more closely we examine it, the more apparent it becomes that the chief cohesive force, which holds together the bundle of contradictions that make up our lower nature, is this picture of ourselves which our wishful thinking creates. So long as we identify ourselves with our lower nature, anything which threatens it, appears to threaten us; and therefore in this part of our being—the part that is native to the lower astral plane—the desire to preserve our picture of ourselves corresponds to, and is as strong and as instinctive as the animal instinct of self-preservation. We can recognize the operation of both of these instincts in the incident before us. It is through the first that one can be "shamed" into pretence—into running at the fence to avoid confessing unwillingness to attempt it and the belief that it is beyond one's powers. And it is the second that causes one to balk at the last moment, when faced with the picture of physical disaster.

Very clearly, also, it was the desire to "save face" in one's own eyes, that led to the pretence and falsification of memory which marked the second phase of the incident. As in the first phase, the pretence was dictated by fear,—not fear of the facts, which were beyond change and which there was no attempt to supplement, but fear of the picture of the facts, lest, if it were admitted to consciousness, it should shatter with its incongruity the astral image which your self-esteem had formed and which held your sense of self-identity. It seems a strange paradox that any stratum of our human nature should prefer to fail again and again in the same way, rather than to admit to itself that it had ever failed in that way—prefer to descend anew to cowardice and deceit, rather than to acknowledge that it had once been afraid. Yet we find it illustrated every day; and the reason for it is that our actions in the physical world, as we have noted, can bear their harvest back to consciousness only by traversing the astral zone, and only through the medium of astral images. To that part of a man's nature, therefore, which, like his vanity, is concerned chiefly with the impact of such images upon his picture of himself, the physical facts seem of very minor importance in comparison with their reflections, and it seems easy

to believe that, if only the pictures can be shut out or made harmless, the facts can be safely ignored.

We have come to a point where we must change the form of our discourse. We are no longer willing to refer to the depraved object we are dissecting, as "you". Nor are we willing to cover it with a collective "we". It is neither "you" nor "I", neither your real self nor mine, and it is more than time that this should be recognized. It is something other than either of us; it is an "it". Indeed it is not even an "it", it is a "they",—a congeries of astral images, inhabited and animated by elemental impulses and desires and the raw stuff of the qualities of nature, all held together, despite their internecine warfare, by the use you have made and continue to make of them, by your extending to them your sense of self-identification and including them in the astral picture you have made of yourself. It may seem strange to say this, when we have seen how desperately a man may struggle to exclude from that picture everything he thinks shameful. But his very effort to exclude it, testifies to his awareness of its presence. His denials never wholly convince him; his self-deception is never complete; and in resorting to it he renews and engraves more deeply the very lines of shame he wishes to erase. What they depict is, truly, not himself, save as he has made it himself by using it. But having used it, he must answer for it. All that we employ in our service dons our livery; and we are in pawn to our servants until their wages are paid. As the folk-lore of all races has recorded, there is but one bargain that the devil will make with man. Evil will work for him only in return for the pledge of his soul. Its wage is the extension to it of man's own sense of self. Man cannot lie and seek refuge in pretence, without being forced, sooner or later, to see himself as a liar and a cheat. It is against this that he fights as long as he can; but in it is his salvation. For when he sees and owns himself cheat and liar, in that act he ceases to lie and cheat. In it he pays the devil his wage, and can dismiss and be free of him. He loses his life—the picture he has treasured of it lies in shattered fragments—but in the loss of the false he finds the way to the true. The bundle of incongruities, no longer held together by his will, falls apart; and from its contents he may choose anew what he will retain.

We are not wise, therefore, in struggling, as we so often do, to postpone payment of whatever may be the devil's bill against us. It is far better to pay as we go. Wherever we fail, there we need the lessons which an honest fronting of our failure should teach us, and which we miss when we try to blind ourselves to it. We shall not reach our goal by trying to persuade ourselves that we are already there; nor improve, by insisting that we have nothing to correct. As the roots of a tree draw from the mulch of its own fallen leaves, so man's most vigorous growth springs from a soil fertilized with the purified purgations of his failures.

So much for the part played by the desire to "save face". But the self-reference and self-picturing which underlies it, entered into the incident at the fence in yet another way. We noted that our hero (we must call him something) could not "see himself" clearing it. That, then, had been his effort—as

it is so common and unfortunate a habit, in men's undertakings, for them to visualize themselves as the actor, rather than to view impersonally the action to be performed. They try to look at several things at once, instead of at only one, and in consequence what they do is not clean cut, nor directed to a single end, but is at best a compromise between different, and not infrequently diametrically divergent, aims. So here, the man tried to look (1) to his habitual picture of himself and his powers; and (2) to the action which the jump required; and (3) to his own safety. This was only prudent of him, if no duty necessitated the jump and no decision regarding it had been made. It was but prudent, too, that judging these pictures incompatible, he should be loth to attempt the leap. But once it had been decided upon, his whole attention should have been focussed upon the action demanded, leaving no room for anything else. Instead, he continued to look at his pictures of himself, and in the resulting division and diversion of his will, his action was reduced to mere futility or pretence. The factor which became dominant, was, as we saw, his instinct of self-preservation. But even where no question of personal safety is involved, any thought of oneself, any self-consciousness bringing before our inner eyes a picture of self with its familiar characteristics, aptitudes and limitations, must inevitably hamper us in situations foreign to our habitual routine. For such pictures are moulds which our actions tend automatically to fill, and which therefore restrict the flexibility and freedom of our powers, inhibiting the evocation of latent abilities, and confining both imagination and action to the bounds which custom has made familiar. Many a man has been held all his life in this hypnosis to the mediocrity of his past, until overwhelming need, in some sharp crisis, released him from it, and he found, to his own later amazement, how simply and easily he had done what he would have declared wholly beyond him.

We are too deeply immersed in "the great heresy of separateness". The universe is one. Life is one. As has been quoted in these pages again and again, but cannot be too constantly emphasized, "there is no bar or wall where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins". No picture of ourselves can be complete, or true, therefore, which does not in some way include or foreshadow the whole spiritual hierarchy, rising in endless rank upon rank to the Supreme. Man is not separated from the Whole; and all the powers of the divine, as well as of the human nature lie before us, for us to take what we can. What we did yesterday, we did with yesterday's abilities. What we are to do to-day is for the as yet unplumbed capacities that may to-day be ours. We pray for daily bread. Why should we constantly content ourselves with the stale and mouldy leavings of the past,—look only into our scanty cupboards, and not to the infinite granary of which we have been made free? Or why should we think, when we have filled the little cup we bring, that that is all there is for us? Are there no larger vessels we can offer to be filled? Or can we not come anew as often as we have need?

Let us cease to look at the little man weighed down, before his fence, with the burden of "human respect" and the sense of his inadequacy to his little tasks, fearing the opinion of others, fearing his opinion of himself, fearing for

his "face" and for his neck, crawling through holes, pretending, cheating, futile. Let us look to a wide stage, and to a superb, heroic figure, and see that he became such, and carried through one of the most audacious achievements which history records, only through being freed from the pictures of himself as actor, which first came before his mind and held him back. The details of the procedure are instructive.

Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian. . . . And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. . . . And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt; . . . for I know their sorrows. . . . Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt.

And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?

It must be granted that Moses had grounds for his question. If ever there were incompatible pictures of the actions to be performed and the actor to perform them, they are presented to us here. Moses, the detected murderer, self-banished from the land, in flight from the king's justice and anger, is to return and stand before him, and wrest from him the release of the large body of labourers and skilled artisans engaged upon the royal works. And looking to the other side of his task, to the people whom he was to make leave their homes and livelihood, and follow him out of the country, neither he nor they knowing where—had he not been most pointedly asked who had made him a prince and judge over them? What was he to say to them? And the Lord answered:

Certainly I will be with thee. . . . Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you. . . . And they shall hearken to thy voice; and thou shalt come, thou and the leaders of Israel, unto the king of Egypt, and ye shall say unto him, The Lord God of the Hebrews hath met with us; and now let us go (we beseech thee). . . . And I am sure that the king of Egypt will not let you go, no, not by a mighty hand. And I will stretch out my hand and smite Egypt with all my wonders, . . . and after that he will let you go.

This was better. He was not to be the actor, after all. And as for Pharaoh—to whom, even when he was *persona grata* at Court, protected by the favour of the Princess, he would never have dared to suggest any change in a royal edict—he was not expected to succeed with him. The plan assumed that he would fail; and then God himself—the same God that was speaking to him—would take over the failure and make it a success. That part of it seemed all right; God, and not he, being responsible for the result. But as for the Hebrews, he still could not "see himself" convincing them; they would not believe that the Lord had appeared to him. The Lord has, therefore, to assure Moses that this, also, is provided for, and that evidence will be produced to assure credence. But Moses is still unsatisfied. He still sees himself incongruous with his rôle. He has to talk, both to Pharaoh and to the Hebrews, as he has never talked in his life.

And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.

And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? . . . Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.

That ought to have been enough. One by one, the Lord has answered each of Moses's objections, assumed responsibility and taken over the action, so that Moses's pictures of himself have no longer any pertinence. Moses would have done better to acknowledge this, and dismissing his hesitations then and there, to have given himself wholeheartedly to carrying out the plan. But there still clings to him the last fear our human nature is able to dispel, the haunting dread that though Divine Omnipotence control all else, we ourselves may contrive to defeat it, and God's plan fail because we fail God.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses, and he said, Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also behold he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart. And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth: and I will be with thy mouth, and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do. And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people, . . . and be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God. And Moses went.

He might, as we suggested, have done better had he gone earlier. But we should be the poorer, in the lack of a perfect pattern of how to deal with our last fears when we face a task that seems too great for us. When we have taken each doubt to Him who speaks to us from the Burning Bush and whose voice appoints our undertakings, and have listened to His answers and have seen that it is with His power, and not our own, that the work is to be done, then if there remain some point where self still intrudes, and we fear that there we shall fail and betray Him, we may call a comrade to our aid. Have we not, also, some brother, who, the Lord knows, "speaks well" where we are "of a slow tongue", and whose heart will be glad to go with us as our spokesman, to say the thing the Lord commands us?

Note now how changed are the pictures at which we look. Three stages have been indicated. First, where the pictures of self are so dominant as to inhibit all action that is incompatible with them. Second, where, as sometimes in a crisis, these pictures are all swept away, and the outer need alone is seen, and the man acts swiftly and unconsciously to meet it directly. And third, the stage to which Moses now comes, the stage that leads to chelaship. There, beyond and within the outer need, the man sees the movement of Divine Powers responding to it. The pictures of self grow dim, as the pictures of the Heavenly Hierarchy grow clearer and stronger, until at last, in chelaship itself, it is to the Master alone that the chela looks. Though he fights, not he but the Master is the Warrior. Through him, no longer blocked or hampered by the crystallizations of self, the Master's will is done, and the power of God works the wisdom of God. I live, wrote Paul, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. *Christos theou dynamis theou sophia*. No great or lasting work was ever done by any man in any other way, but only as he looks beyond his separate self to something he

sees as greater than himself, and of which he makes himself the instrument. And this is true whether the results of the work be good or ill. For what man does of his separate, mortal self, must partake of his separateness and mortality. The lie that he tells, he must himself support; and when the burden grows too great and crushes him, his works fall with him. But where he tells the truth, testifying "not of himself" but "of the Father", the Truth itself upholds his testimony. Though you crucify him, his word remains untouched.

The reversal between the first and third of these stages is therefore complete. Instead of futility has come efficiency. Instead of absorption in self, and the bundle of irreconcilables that the man has, by main force, held together as himself, his eyes have opened upon the Hierarchy and brotherhood of the Spirit, and he has let his bundle fall apart. Instead of fear of himself and of others, have come faith in the divine powers of the universe, and trust in his comrades. Where he sought to enlist familiar demons in his service, pledging them his soul in payment, and clothing them in his livery, he now seeks to enlist himself in the service of the Great Lodge, and, as his wage, something of the Masters' spirit is extended to him. Little by little, these new pictures, which he holds before him and upon which he acts, flood his aura with their living light. Little by little, there gather and may be seen around him the colours of his Master's livery.

It is worth while to look back to how this transformation was achieved, and to see that the laws which can govern the tumultuous forces and images of the astral plane, are the mechanical parallels of the spiritual and ethical principles that all religions teach. Humility, honesty, courage, purity of mind and heart and singleness of aim, forgetfulness of self in love of another or in devotion to a cause,—they are all easily traceable in their astral effects. The humble man, "the poor in spirit", is not troubled by the need to "save face". He is not thrown into a panic by the thought that some imperfection may be discovered in his character, nor are his pictures of himself such that he wishes to spend his time contemplating them. Where there is singleness of aim, there is no crowding of conflicting images, all striving to clothe themselves in the same act. So with all the other virtues; they can be known by their fruits.

As the forms of all physical things are astral forms, it is equally true that the mechanics of the astral plane parallels that of the physical plane, thus, like the plane itself, furnishing a link between the spiritual and the physical; and it may be that the astral phenomena we have been considering may be clarified by comparison with the corresponding physical phenomena exhibited in optics by refraction and reflection, the interference of light waves, and the superposition of images. It is interesting that, whereas the ethical parallel serves best to show how the astral images may be purified and the astral forces co-ordinated to smoother action, it is the physical parallels that best explain their confused conflicts and deceptiveness.

We noted at the outset that, corresponding to the double passage of each of our acts through the astral plane, astral images are formed in two different ways: first, by the direct projection of the act's purpose, as it presses outward

to material fulfilment; and, second, by reflection back from whatever expression it attains. Both sets of pictures are, as we saw, subject to distortion, contradiction, and even suppression and erasure, by the impact and domination of conflicting pictures. But in the one set the distortion may be likened to the foreshortening and elongation, the displacement and interference of images, which may be caused by refraction, while in the other set both refraction and reflection are operative. It is characteristic of reflection that it always produces a reversal, either, as in a vertical mirror, turning right into left, or, as in the horizontal surface of a pool, showing the picture upside down. It is by no means easy, in looking at an astral image, to know how it was formed, and, in consequence, there is often no knowing how it should be interpreted. Dreams, the proverb should read, *may* go by contraries; but whether they do or not, we usually cannot tell. Assuming there were no other distortion, the interpretation would depend upon whether the reflection were from an odd or an even number of surfaces, and upon how these surfaces were placed. We hold a printed page before a mirror, and the reversal from right to left makes it illegible. But use two mirrors and it can again be read. Thus the introduction of another reflecting element may alter the whole picture; and a further source of difficulty is that, whereas a right and left reversal might be likened to a mere change in emphasis, the turning a thing upside down may make it the direct contrary to what it was. In addition to all else, no two reflecting surfaces, if they be living surfaces, ever yield exactly the same picture.

A dog, for example, sees himself very differently when he looks at his master and when he looks at a cat. Let us suppose that, as in a child's primer, a caption had to accompany each of our pictures. One might read: "A boy takes a dog on a chain for a run". The dog spies a cat. The caption must be reversed: "A dog takes a boy on a chain for a run". But if the cat were out of the range of the camera, a snap shot of the one scene might well be taken for the other,—though to both dog and boy the significant content of the picture has been startlingly altered by the change in emphasis. Or consider how essential it is to graciousness that it should not be self-conscious. The moment a man sees himself as gracious he ceases to be so, but becomes its opposite, and his act, instead of being welcomed, is resented. The content of the picture has been turned upside down by its reflection, though, to the casual observer, the opposites might appear outwardly much the same.

But perhaps, of all the sources of confusion, the most prolific is the superposition of images, particularly in the combining of direct and reflected images to form one composite picture. It is thus that glamour arises and deceives us, the inner light of desire being projected upon some outer object, in which it cannot incarnate, but to which the light is thereafter attributed. Which of us does not know that deceitful composite, and the bitterness of disillusionment when it is resolved,—when, after long striving, we have attained our craved-for goal, only to find ourselves in the dead valleys and airless mountains of the moon, with the sun as far distant as before?

Yet in little and in big we are always making such composite pictures. In-

deed, it is the only way that anything is ever made. As Mr. Johnston used to quote to us, Maya is the one Shakti of Atma; and *The Secret Doctrine* makes clear that it is from the *Chhaya*, the images created and left by the past, that the vehicle is fashioned for the incarnation of the new. If we watch the formation of the astral images, we see that there is always this combination of solar and lunar elements: hope and purpose moving to a future end, and drawing, from the memories of former efforts, the elements which, remoulded and recombined, may serve as means. It is the one universal process of creation and incarnation, and by it man does all his works. But by it, too, he has wrought, again and again, his own undoing; and it permits him to create pictures that are most astounding composites in their contradictions. The astral plane is full of them, for there man creates what he wills. It is there, in consequence, that he is in greatest peril. Fortunately for him, in the physical world his freedom is checked and overruled by the unyielding and ineradicable integrity of nature, that will suffer no violation of divine law, and which, sooner or later, dooms to death whatever does not conform to it.

Here we may see why it is that college professors and other theorists often make the most dangerous guides, not only in social and moral affairs, but in all departments of conduct and government. They have habituated themselves to dealing exclusively with astral images, instead of with physical realities; with abstract groupings and generalities instead of with concrete individuals; and instead of moving vertically through the astral plane, from inspiration to physical action, and from physical results back to increased wisdom of experience and renewed inspiration, their thought moves horizontally along the picture-zone, never escaping from it, and in consequence never encountering any corrective to their imaginative entities and assumptions. No small part of the peril and misery of the world to-day is due to this. Labour, Capital, Class Consciousness, Social Security, Collective Bargaining, Aryan, Democracy, Woman's Rights, Self-Determination,—who knows what concrete realities correspond to these words, or to a hundred others, which are dinned ceaselessly in our ears? What are their astral images? How many self-contradictions do they exhibit? How much of glamour? From how many and from what kind of reflecting surfaces have they come to us? And are they to be interpreted directly or by contraries? The world is in process of finding out; but may have to discover, too, how explosive certain composites may be.

Let us think of a great room, filled with glowing, flashing shapes of glass, of every imaginable form and colour, beautiful and horrible, fascinating and terrifying. Some of these shapes, when we lift them, are heavy; and we then notice that these are filled with clear water. Others are light, and empty. These flashing, glowing moulds, whether filled or empty, might be likened to astral forms, and the water, which some contain, to physical matter. It might be very difficult to tell, just by looking at them, which forms were filled. But however much these might differ among themselves, in shape and size and colour, and all the rich variety of nature, the filled forms would all have one common property, of which we could be sure, even without looking. They

would all be such as to "hold water". That self-consistency, we may thank the High Gods, is the indispensable requisite for physical life. The physical world will fill no bottomless forms, none whose opposite sides do not join, none in which wide gaps are left.

It is fatally easy to compose fancy pictures of what we should like to have true. We can lie back in our chair, and from the angel of Rheims or a statue of St. Michael we can take the wings, and affix them, in imagination, to our own shoulders. We can see ourselves with a gleaming sword in our hand, and a Crusader's cross upon our breast,—in all, a noble picture of a soldier in the army of heaven, enlisted for the overthrow of all human ills and the heralding of a new era. But next morning, at breakfast —? And when we lift our physical hand and feel our physical shoulder-blades, they are still of bone, and not of feathers, and their only resemblance to wings is due, not to our nobility, but to our not standing straight.

The astral plane gives us no short cut to our goal; and perhaps there is nothing in physical life for which we have deeper cause for gratitude, than for the unyielding "No" which it opposes to the astral's facile "Yes".

Every day and every moment of the day we have to deal with the forces and the pictures of the astral plane; and few things can be more important for us than to learn so to deal with them that we shall control, and not be controlled by them, and shall create such as will help and not hinder the Masters' work and our own growth and sanity. But this control is not, and cannot be, exercised from within the plane, but only from above or below it,—from above, where our actions should have their origin, through our adherence to those spiritual and ethical principles which, as we saw, reach down into the astral dynamics; and from below, in the physical world, from which the results of our acts are reflected, by paying more heed to order and punctuality and finish in our work, making it better and more faithful. As *The Voice of the Silence* warns us, our business with the astral plane is to pass through it to what lies beyond, not to linger or wander in it; and no student of Theosophy can afford to ignore this warning.

H. B. MITCHELL.

The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a Temple of Majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of Light and Peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God.—THOMAS TRAHERNE.

REFLECTING ON A NEIGHBOUR

FROM the base of the cliff, a thousand feet below, the water stretches away, vast, unruffled, "an everywhere of silver", to its far-distant blending with opalescent sky. Daisies carpet the ground about me—not here and there a clump, seeking, unwelcome, to gain a doubtful foothold, but a far-flung glory of them, petal to petal, till the fields are white with bloom, and a white in which all the rainbow tints seem delicately veiled. For hours we have driven through them, alternating here and there with a field equally brimful of buttercups, or the paler yellow of wild mustard, reflecting back the sun's rays in a mantle of dazzling brightness. Behind me the spruce forest rises sharply,—the front ranks of an inland wilderness known only to the hunter or the woodsman. In the stillness of the late afternoon, the slender, pointed trees seem standing at attention, in hushed expectancy,—perhaps awaiting, like sentinels, that change of angel guardians which the poet tells us comes at close of day.

It is a land suggestive of permanence, this little corner of French Canada. The St. Lawrence is one of the most ancient of rivers, and the massive promontories at its mouth, their rock cliffs stained purple and green and deep red, have battled the ocean surges since the beginnings of time. As the sun sinks toward the far horizon, its light changing slowly through faint pink to a deep rose glow that fills the vast depths of space till it seems almost palpable, one has a sense of the long æons through which that majesty has been reflected back in exactly the same way by the green-clad hills with their wine-coloured soil and their unexpected misty waterfalls. Doubtless even the attenuated heron standing in the shallows (or at any rate innumerable past incarnations of him), has always meditated on one leg in just that way, as he waited for the receding tide to uncover a bit of sand.

How the bigness of Nature dwarfs the concerns of our little selfhood! Momentarily at least, the struggle of life, the baffling obstacles, the blows which seem so crushing, are seen for what they really are—little graded lessons set a child; each requiring all his powers; each developing in him new powers (if he wills it so) with which to meet the next bigger task, one step nearer to the measure of a man. Our own natures, too, are so much more spacious than we realize. So much of our life is spent in two small lower rooms, drably furnished,—one with our interests, our pleasures, likes and ambitions, the other with our concerns, worries, dislikes and difficulties. While, if we will but learn the way we can step out and up into spacious apartments, and galleries and terraces of rare delight and inimitable prospect. But—

His table's spread too high for us
Unless we dine on tip-toe.

Along the water's edge, by the road linking the scattered fringe of fisher hamlets, a bullock cart plods slowly homeward, mute evidence that life as well as landscape here is little touched by time. It was on these shores, four centuries ago, that a handful of sailors from St. Malo landed, and set up "a faire high Cross of the height of thirty foote . . . in the midst whereof we hanged up a Shield with three Floure de Lucs in it, and in the top was carved in the wood with Anticke letters this posie, Vive le Roy de France." There is constant reminder of that event to-day, for an anniversary celebrated in recent years, decorated the highways with the old emblem of the blue shield with its white fleur de lys. The "posie" to the French King is gone, and in its stead are inscriptions to the honour of Jacques Cartier, the Master Pilot who then claimed the land for France. Fisher folk from the Norman and Breton coasts were the first to come, as many as twelve hundred tiny craft at a time, returning to their native land at the end of each season's catch. Gradually they took root and stayed on, joined at a later date by men from the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. Fishermen they were in those days and fishermen they are to-day. And you who think of fishing as merely a matter of dropping a line and drawing in a wriggling victim, have much to learn. It is an art, and every detail of it, even to the way the cod is split and the arrangement of the beach on which the drying racks or flakes are placed—all is done to-day as it was done long-ago.

Those who know well the French peasant and his ways would doubtless discover many another point at which manners and customs, qualities and characteristics have seen but little change as the centuries passed. Even to the uninitiated there are suggestions of it, especially, perhaps, among the old people: the little old woman beside her antiquated, out-door, clay oven; or the old men bending over their nets. It is said that as recently as fifty years or so ago, there were old men and women in remote parts of the province who would greet a stranger with an inquiry as to the King of France. The characteristic traits of a people are elusive, intangible,—the glance of an eye, a certain air of self-respecting independence, a quick responsiveness, a cheerful contentment with small things. You see it in the family who pour unexpectedly from a lonely cabin when your car is in difficulty; at first merely round-eyed with interest, but quick to understand the need, instant in their response, their pleasure in finding their language understood almost equal to their delight in the well-earned *pourboire*. Or again the line of men enjoying their ease across the verandah of the little native inn: idlers? by no means!—they are the entire man-power of the hamlet, congregated to lend the innkeeper voluble support in answering your question, and then to wave you a gay farewell. You find many evidences of it, of a Sunday morning, when the entire countryside drives to Mass, a queue of ten or a dozen ancient, high-wheeled buggies, jogging along the wine-coloured road toward each little town,—the horses built for dignified proceeding rather than for speed. Perched on their high seats, Jeanne and Jacques drive by twos, as they have done since the world began, in stiff Sunday-best, demurely erect, and shyly happy (proof in itself of their remoteness from our day). Next come the elders, father and mother—and over their shoulders,

so many little pairs of brown eyes, peeping pleasantly, that one marvels as to what legerdemain squeezed their small owners into so minute a space, and what prevents their spilling over with each jerk of the buggy.

By contrast, the natives of our New Jersey pine belt suggest themselves, with their look of starved ignorance and stony indifference—or the natives of some of our isolated mountain districts where the stranger meets nothing but surliness or open hostility. These people of "New France" are equally shut off from the world, it would seem, perhaps equally acquainted with toil and poverty, yet they are alert and alive, their eyes telling of interests and pleasures, contentment and good will. Another evidence of a national trait living on, one may say in explanation; it is evidently a difference in animating power, a difference in the springs from which they draw sustenance.

Perhaps there is further explanation of it in the frequent reminders of the invisible world, with which they surround themselves. In the early days, Cartier, Champlain and many another of the pioneers planted the cross in places of prominence (an island promontory, a mountain top), and to-day, like seed carried by the wind, it has come to bloom in unexpected spots, wherever Canada is French,—in the calvaires, the wayside shrines. What treasure there might be in a pilgrimage to these shrines, if the story of each could be known. This little simple cross, with the well-tended bed of gay flowers at its base—was it placed there by the woman working in the nearby field, a widow's mite, perhaps? Here a dead-end road, marked by an up-to-date government with the inevitable danger signal, but above it an unusually beautiful crucifix, the figure gleaming white against a cross of black. Who placed that, and what heights or depths of experience does it perhaps commemorate? Next a busy town, its central feature a little park of flowers and shrubs, with a noble bronze figure of the Christ, hands outstretched as if in welcome, a great golden nimbus reflecting the rays of the sun. And the churches, little and big: one in particular will stand out long in my memory for its depth of stillness, its atmosphere of adoration, its sense of an immanent Presence. Who are the worshippers whose devotion draws influences so beneficent? Continual reminder of the unseen: and as one quickly realizes on returning to a land which takes its religion differently, it cannot but have its uplifting effect—

The soul should always stand ajar,
That if the heaven inquire,
He will not be obliged to wait,
Or shy of troubling her.

It would seem to be only in occasional and remote spots that French traits are outwardly and noticeably present; yet those who know, claim that the *spirit* of France lives on throughout French Canada. The Canadian miracle, more than one writer has called it, this fact that in spite of change of rule, the lapse of years, and their affiliation with a nation having different customs and characteristics and faith,—the continued imprint of France lives on to-day in these people as a strong force. It has been claimed that it is no accident of nature, but a willed thing: that when they changed their allegiance, as necessity re-

quired, they firmly resolved not to change in essence. "They were animated by that will to live which manifests itself in a people as in an individual, by the tendency to persist in its own being, that is to say to remain that which it is, or rather to develop in its own direction, conformably to its nature and to its tradition." Certain among their leaders to-day are making every effort to foster that spirit, to develop pride in the past, to encourage the use and the perfecting of their own tongue, and to arouse or to strengthen desire for a more distinctively French future.

Miracle it may be, and yet in a sense it is only fitting and natural, because of what went into the making of French Canada. There is profound meaning in that old story of the great Chinese bell, which could not be cast with a perfect tone until the bell founder's daughter threw herself into the molten metal, a willing human sacrifice. Human sacrifice, often unseen and unsung, is exacted for every human achievement—one might say it is the measure of the achievement, on one plane or another. Such sacrifice as that of the early pioneers could not fail to have its effect. Foremost in this connection, perhaps, are the Jesuit Fathers who came ready for martyrdom, and whose utter self-immolation in their lonely missions through the wilderness, must have contributed incalculably to the inner heritage of the country. But among the laymen as well were men consecrated to an ideal, animated by high courage. Yes, there were the usual number of adventurers, the usual number looking only for wealth, but certain of the leaders combined the finest qualities of the *grand seigneur* with the spirit of the ascetic and the saint,—to say nothing of the humbler colonists, every day of whose lives called for courage and endurance, and quiet heroism of the kind that brings neither fame nor fortune.

These little coves, indeed nearly every foot of ground along the river banks, could tell a tale of the dauntless courage of that long-ago time. It was on the far shore, no great distance up the river, that Champlain and his little group of settlers won a victory that was unique. A terrible winter had decimated their ranks; disease had taken its toll; their food was gone—a few ounces of peas could be rationed out daily, but nothing more except an occasional scrap begged from the Indians; fifty pounds of gunpowder still, and then not even ammunition would remain to them. Day by day, they waited in agonized suspense: death, or the longed-for ships and supplies from France, which would it be? Suddenly a ship! But it was an enemy ship, there to do battle, assuring them that succour had been cut off, and demanding surrender. And to their messenger, Champlain returned that proud answer: "Having still some corn, beans, peas and other products which make as good flour as the best wheat in the world, and knowing that to surrender our fort in the condition in which it now is would make us unworthy to appear before our king, I think that you will have a greater regard for our courage if we meet force with force than if we cravenly surrendered what is so dear to us, without first seeing what your cannon can do. Come on. We wait the moment to receive you and to disprove, if we can, any pretension you may have to put your hands on this place." The candid gesture of a brave man—nothing more. And to the amazement both

of that man and his followers, the enemy weighed anchor and sailed down the river. It was Champlain who once used the phrase, "Avec la langue française, un cœur et un courage français."

In these waters, too, though at a later date (just after the death of Montcalm) occurred the naval engagement which placed the name of Vauquelin high in the lists of unsung heroes. Fighting against terrific odds, and realizing that his little ship was doomed, he ran her aground as near the shore as possible, hoping that some of his men might be landed to serve in later fighting. Two enemy frigates closed in, and for two hours poured a close-range cannonade into her hull. As the tide receded and she began to lean, Vauquelin, still fighting desperately, cut first the main mast and then the mizzen, sending them crashing into the water, to leave the decks level as long as possible—and climbed, himself, to nail the flag of France to the broken stump. Through great gaps in the hull, water pouring in around the last four barrels of gunpowder, effectually silenced the guns. Seizing their muskets, the men fought on till the final round of ammunition was spent. When at length all resistance ceased, a boarding party approached from the enemy frigates. Vauquelin, wounded, sat by the mainmast stump, surrounded by the dead and the living (five unwounded officers and six of the crew). His sword he tossed overboard, determined never to surrender it. Above them the flag was still flying.

"Haul down your flag", shouted the approaching officer.

"But for lack of ammunition", cried Vauquelin, "my guns would be speaking further with you. If my flag is to be lowered, it is for you to take it down!"

Such is the spirit behind these people of French Canada, and this they share with all mankind, whenever mankind wants it; for there is no restriction—nobility, honour, devotion to duty are part of the common treasure on which all men may draw. Timeless, belonging to yesterday and to-morrow as well as to-day, it lives on in the undercurrents of life, reinforcing all that is akin to it (a part of our "Daily Bread" all too often unrecognized). Indeed, in the simple lives of these people, it is easy to see an epitome of the experience of the race. Are we not all exiles from a far-off homeland, custodians of a splendid tradition, with the same open question as to the use we shall make of it, the justification we may afford? Are we not heirs of an age-old heritage on which we draw ceaselessly for our very being,—the heritage suggested in that passage from *Fragments*—

The Soul speaketh: Out of the far past I come to you, bridging the distance you have placed between us, in the majesty of my power, in the effulgence of my glory, in the sternness of my displeasure.

I am He whom you have denied and turned against; you have crucified me between two thieves. Yet am I also mighty in my compassion, and therefore turn I not away from you—Oh! reflection of myself.

For though you have soiled the divine image in which you were made, preferring to herd with the animal in you rather than to walk the starry spaces of the sky; yet I, who am yourself, return again and yet again, and so for ever will return, until at last you see and follow me.

THE UNDERSTANDING OF PARTICULAR THINGS

The more we understand particular things, the more do we understand God.—
SPINOZA.

TRUTH, spelled with a capital T, is a noble word, but like most abstract nouns, it is likely to suggest something very shapeless and very hazy. Truth only appears concrete and actual when we realize that we are in personal contact with it at every instant of our lives. The One Eternal Truth is made manifest through the manifold forms of particular "truths" which we can assimilate and comprehend. "The more we understand particular things, the more do we understand God." Our love and knowledge of Truth is measured by our loyal acceptance and recognition of the facts of daily experience.

From one point of view the whole of existence may be described as a conspiracy to compel us to seek and to discover things as they are. We are always being bombarded by facts. All that we have to do is to look at them. But for some inscrutable reason—because of "unwisdom" or "original sin"—mortal man dreads the sight of a fact. We have indeed cultivated self-deception so persistently that most people could not imagine life without it. Thus between ourselves and the world as it is, we have interposed a glamour, a picture of the world as we should like it to be. It is as if we looked out upon the universe through an iridescent veil or film, discolouring and refracting every ray of light which reaches us, altering real perspectives, making the beautiful seem drab and the ugly seem beautiful. Many psychiatrists argue that most of the activities of the average man are inspired by the desire to escape from realities. We fear that the diagnosis is correct. And the worst feature of the whole matter is that Karma holds us strictly responsible for the manufacture of the various "escape mechanisms" which we employ. Nature has not bombarded us with facts for countless centuries without some effect. We have learned a great many truths, in spite of ourselves, and our worst offences against Truth are committed without the excuse of ignorance.

No man can evade with impunity the obligation to seek and to obey the truths which he knows or firmly believes. When an example of evasion is crude enough, we see clearly what consequences must follow. The drunkard wrecks his home; the gambler squanders his capital. Why? Not because they know no better. They know, in their more lucid moments, that they are behaving like lunatics or worse; but they lack the courage to forsake the glamour of folly for the clear, cold atmosphere of realities. For our part, although we do not adopt the drunkard's technique as a means of numbing our sense of the Real,

our behaviour corresponds to his whenever we refuse to look at things as they are and seek refuge in dreams. "There is no Religion higher than Truth." Whatever else these words may denote, they at least mean this,—that we should reverence and contemplate facts, and act accordingly. Where there is fact, there is Truth. Our knowledge of Truth comes to us, not through wishful thinking, but through contact with what is real, and through inferences firmly based upon observation and experience.

What do we mean, when we say that an idea is true? We mean that it accurately reflects or symbolizes some fact of experience, and thus enables us to recognize or identify that fact whenever we meet it in Nature. It is by this means that we find our way, without too many disasters, in our daily meanderings through the labyrinth of physical existence. It is by this means that we distinguish oranges from apples and cows from horses. But a true idea is always an image of an experience, or a sound inference from an experience. Experience and true knowledge are one and inseparable. This is what wise men have been saying since the beginning of history. We live and grow by the assimilation of experience. Moreover, because the potential expansion of our experience is infinite, the potential expansion of our knowledge is infinite also. He who lives the life, shall know the doctrine. The wisdom of a sage is not theoretical but experimental. In the vivid phrase of the Buddha, the enlightened Arhat "sees and knows the Universe face-to-face". As Plotinus expressed the same fundamental thought: "The Higher Self knows by its power of vision, which is itself, the Eternal which is likewise itself." According to the universal testimony of the mystics, we cannot really understand a thing until we experience it, for when we experience it we become one with it: so the Divine Mind experiencing all things, is immanent in all things. He who has attained conscious union with the Divine Mind, "knows what is passing in the mind of the ant".

The mystic dwells in the same world as the rest of us. By effort and sacrifice, he has earned the advantage of being more aware of certain aspects of Being than we are; but the elements of our experience correspond to his. We cannot help realizing that the only sure knowledge is the knowledge which is lived. For example, no amount of reading or speculation could make us understand what the taste of a strawberry is like; there is only one way of knowing that taste, and that is by actually tasting a strawberry. When that immediate intuition occurs, we no longer think of ourselves as subject and of the strawberry as object, for the taster and the tasted have, in the most literal sense, become one. This is a lowly and modest experiment, but it illustrates what is meant by the identity of knowledge and experience. A truth is not known until it becomes part of our experience or corresponds to part of our experience.

We can never learn anything about Nature or about ourselves, unless we face facts. Without doubt some facts are more important than others. Facts may be beautiful or ugly, good or evil, great or small. Moreover a thing may be "real" in one sense and not in another. The great art of discernment between the Real and the unreal is, in one aspect, the technique of distinguishing just how seriously we should take any particular item of consciousness. As *Light on the*

Path points out, our knowledge of physical matter, as a result of æons of experience, has become intuitive. We distinguish without effort between physical things and psychic or mental images. In our waking hours, we assume without argument that a mountain, which we see with our bodily eyes, is one thing; that the mountain, which we see in our mind's eye, is another. A physical mountain is a concrete and impersonal fact; it continues to exist, regardless of our convenience or inconvenience. A psychic mountain is a "fact" also, in the sense that it is a datum of consciousness; but it is tenuous and evanescent: it is not a "self-existent" entity, like a physical mountain. There is no need of labouring the point. Anyone who confuses material objects with the furniture of his mind is obviously a candidate for an asylum.

It is painfully apparent, however, that when we are concerned with facts of a slightly more subtle order, we do not always or easily make an instinctive distinction between our little private worlds of fantasy, and the great and common world. There is the League of Nations, for example. The League, as an "ideal", is a confused dream about some sort of world where all nations are brothers. On the physical plane, in this cycle of history, no such brotherhood exists or can exist, partly because all the great nations are more or less self-seeking and some are positively evil; partly because the vast majority of nations have only the most shadowy kind of existence. Most nations are geographical designations, and little else; and a brotherhood of geographical designations does not make sense. Thus as a physical entity the League of Nations has the status of a nebulous debating society which costs in time and money and exasperation far more than it is worth. When we pretend that it is as real as we should like it to be, we are deliberately misusing our imagination. We substitute a glamour for a fact. We try to escape from reality. We refuse to look at things as they are.

As Woodrow Wilson and others failed to discern between their dreams of international brotherhood and the state of the world as it is, so the average human being constantly makes trouble for himself and his fellows, by confusing that which he pretends to be with that which he actually is. The "elementals" which make up his "personality" and populate the field of his habitual consciousness, are as disunited and as shadowy as the bulk of the world's nations. However, he persists in the delusion that this inorganic aggregate of dreams and moods and passions is a united "self" which commands consideration and esteem from God and humanity.

An immediate problem for everyone is, therefore, to separate actuality from illusion, truth from fancy, in our relations with our own natures. As the Buddhist sage remarked, we must learn that our little pictures of ourselves are neither more nor less real than a "rabbit with horns". Horned rabbits have no existence beyond the boundaries of our alleged minds. Their "presence" is apparent only to the dreamer who invents them. By a blessed dispensation, the rest of us are not obliged to participate in his "vision". So it is that no mortal man sees his personality as others see it. He is, indeed, like a rabbit dreaming that he is a fox, and always suffering from lacerated feelings because

his companions continue to treat him like a rabbit. The thing which he fancies himself to be is *not* a fact in Nature.

Nevertheless, it is the purpose of each human soul to become real, to become a fact in Nature, a fact more concrete and lasting than anything in the physical world. Let us dive briefly into very deep waters, in order to examine a little what is meant by a "fact in Nature". The great mystics have testified, with one voice, from time immemorial, that there is, in the last analysis, one supreme Fact in Nature, and that Fact is Nature itself, the One Reality, the Divine Essence, the Eternal Be-ness, which underlies and makes possible all forms and all beings. This ineffable *substance* has been remotely symbolized by many names. Whatever we may presume to call it, it is pre-eminently the "World of Truth". This one supreme Fact, as a "thing in itself", is absolutely beyond the comprehension of the human intellect, although our highest power of intellection is the certain intuition that the "World of Truth" is the only thing that really *is* or can be. According to the mystical tradition, it is approached and felt, not by meditation upon its Absoluteness, which can only appear to us as an infinite vacuum, but by seeking the gleam of the Real, the purpose of Divine Nature, within every experience, within every event, within our own hearts. As Pascal said, repeating an ancient aphorism of the Mysteries, "God is a circle whose circumference is nowhere and whose centre is everywhere." The plentitude of Divine Nature is present everywhere, potentially if not actually. Existence on any other terms is impossible. The "World of Truth" is reflected, however infinitesimally and confusedly, in the humblest detail of existence. Even the most obscure iota of life partakes, in its own degree, of the nature of the Real.

Obviously, the degrees of the manifestation of the Real in the world vary infinitely. "The Breath becomes a stone; the stone becomes a plant; the plant becomes an animal; the animal becomes a man; the man becomes a god." Even the dimmest dream-image has a certain reality on its own plane; there is the much greater reality of a physical fact; there is the incomparably greater reality of the inner or transcendental fact, the essence, the Idea—as Plato called it—which the outer form mirrors more or less adequately or, too often, perverts. It is of the utmost importance that our vision of physical facts should be clear and distinct; but let us not make the mistake of the typical man of science who conceives of the physical as the one and only reality. The Universe is a Great Deep; we have not begun to fathom the true "waters of space". Astronomy, chemistry, zoology and the rest have only deciphered a few words in a sentence of a chapter of one of the numberless volumes of the Book of Nature. According to occult science, there is not one point of space where some form of life and consciousness is not present. Space is crowded with beings, with *devas* and angels and archangels, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, nature-spirits and elementals of every description, some vaguely conceivable to us, some wholly inconceivable,—and Space has at least "seven dimensions". But there is not one point of space from which the Soul is permanently exiled. Universal experience is the inheritance of the spiritual man.

However, we need not wait until our inner senses awaken to the splendour of the inner worlds. We can begin by seeking the deepest reality that can be found within the experiences which are now available to us. A particular physical fact, for instance, is like a phrase in a sentence. Isolated from the whole to which it belongs, it is meaningless. But as a phrase can recall a sentence to memory, so a fact when clearly seen can awaken, by a sort of induction, an intuition of a larger reality of which it is a partial expression. In the degree that we thus sense the inner purpose within the outer form, we see a fact *sub specie eternitatis*, "under the form of Eternity". Artists and poets have often seen things more distinctly "under the form of Eternity" than ordinary men, and by the force of genius and ardour, have enabled others to share their vision. Does this not explain why even a simple piece of pottery, made with love by an individual artisan, has a value which can never be equalled by a machine-made imitation? In the Louvre, there is a painting by Peter Brueghel the Elder, the great Flemish artist. It is a winter scene in a farm-yard. Any traveller in northern France or Flanders passes hundreds of farms like that which Brueghel used as a model. Anyone can photograph a similar scene. But between any photograph and the painting, there is a difference corresponding to that between a plane and a solid. The winter light reflected from an old wall awakened in the artist's heart some nostalgia for the Light which "shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not". Brueghel glimpsed, if only for an instant, a commonplace aspect of physical nature "under the form of Eternity".

Doubtless this sounds vague and "subjective". But it is quite irrelevant whether others agree or not with our comments upon Brueghel's picture. The point is that everyone who is approximately human must have had some realization of an inner and superior truth and beauty to which some form of art or nature has directed his attention. We can prove the genuineness of such intuitions by continuous experiment. We should never content ourselves with the notion that we know all that there is to be known, when we have examined and analyzed the surface of an event. In the words of the Buddha, we must learn how to "look through things". Nothing can be more pertinent to our destiny than to develop the faculty of seeing things in a perspective which is more veritable, more real, than the perspectives in which we now see them. By no other means can we ever hope to gain power and peace.

We can begin anywhere. However, sooner or later, we shall have to look carefully at our own selves. What is it that we think we are? What is it that we really are, "under the form of Eternity"?

Those who have seriously set themselves the task of answering those questions have replied with extraordinary unanimity that the "self" which man fancies himself to be, is an illusion, a phantom, a "surface appearance"; that the Self which he is in Truth and Nature, is an undivided fragment of the Eternal. For example, we read in the *Theologia Germanica*:

What did the Devil do else, or what was his going astray and his fall else, but that he claimed for himself to be also somewhat, and would have it that somewhat was his, and that somewhat was due him? This setting up of a claim, and his I and Me and Mine,

these were his going astray and his fall. And thus it is to this day. What else did Adam do but this same thing? It is said, It was because Adam ate the apple that he was lost or fell. I say, It was because of his claiming something of his own, and because of his I and Me and Mine, and the like. Had he eaten seven apples, and yet never claimed anything for his own, he would not have fallen.

"I and Me and Mine." Only he who has identified himself with the "United Spirit of Life", and who speaks as its representative, can thus express himself with wisdom and truth. How can we be brought to realize that as the superlative fact? One thing we can do at once: we can tear aside the iridescent veil which we have suspended between ourselves and realities. We must not only school ourselves to face facts, but go forth in quest of them, searching them out, ever broadening and deepening the zone of our experience. And we must do this, because the "United Spirit of Life" makes its will known to us by presenting one fact after another to our attention. "The more we understand particular things, the more do we understand God."

It is significant that the Buddha insisted so persistently upon the disciple's imminent need to augment his awareness of what is going on in the world and of what is going on within himself. He did not leave his injunctions in the abstract; he made them as concrete and as detailed as possible. A primary duty of the aspirant is to conform imagination, desire and will to the real. This theme is indeed the specific theme of one of the most famous of his sermons, "The Four Intent Contemplations".

Brethren, there is but one way open to mortals for the attainment of purity, for the overcoming of sorrow and lamentation, for the abolition of misery and grief, for the acquisition of the correct rule of conduct, for the realization of Nirvana, and that is the way of the Four Intent Contemplations.

And what are the four?

Whenever, O Brethren, a disciple lives, as respects the body, observant of the body, strenuous, conscious, contemplative, and has rid himself of lust and grief; as respects sensations, observant of sensations, strenuous, conscious, contemplative, and has rid himself of lust and grief; as regards the mind, observant of the mind, strenuous, conscious, contemplative, and has rid himself of lust and grief; as respects the elements of being, observant of the elements of being, strenuous, conscious, contemplative, and has rid himself of lust and grief. . . .

For example, a disciple, in walking thoroughly comprehends his walking, and in standing thoroughly comprehends his standing, and in sitting thoroughly comprehends his sitting, and in lying down thoroughly comprehends his lying down, and in whatever state his body may be, thoroughly comprehends that state. . . .

How does a disciple, O Brethren, live as respects the mind, observant of the mind? He thoroughly comprehends to what state his mind is predisposed and how it is behaving at each instant, whether it be passionate or free from passion, full of hatred or free from hatred, infatuated or free from infatuation, intent or distracted, exalted or unexalted, concentrated or unconcentrated, free or attached. . . .

We have quoted only a few fragments of the discourse, but the lesson is manifest. The disciple must gain full control of his powers of perception and action; he must know what he is doing, and how and why he is doing it. What is his reward? Not only does he acquire facility in discernment between the real and the unreal, and between various grades of reality; he ceases also, as a result,

to imagine, to desire, to will the impossible. Moreover, he grows into the realization of truths whose existence he had hitherto surmised, but which he had been unable to imagine clearly because he had not known them by direct intuition, by contact. Such is the testimony of those who have brought mankind living proof that a knowledge more extensive and more profound than ours exists and is attainable. But how can we expect the inner senses and an inner mind to develop, until we have mastered the right use of the senses and of the mind which we already have?

"The individual soul is the Eternal", said Shankara Acharya. "From the world to the atom, all is the Eternal, the Eternal alone and secondless." Within our inmost being, there is the certainty that these words are true. All that is needed is "to bring that knowledge to consciousness in the self", displacing the fancies and delusions which usurp the place of fact and truth. To encourage ourselves to undertake that great act of purification, let us recall the doctrine of Theosophy, that the Eternal when "seen face-to-face" does not appear as an abstract and empty space. It is a *plenum*, a *pleroma*, containing the Host of Heaven, radiating wisdom and compassion and power. More immediately still, according to Theosophy, it is made manifest to us in the Great Lodge of Masters, the united brotherhood—the one true international league—of living men who have found the Truth which we seek, and who have conquered as we can conquer. Most immediately of all, the Eternal is "personified" for the individual disciple by an individual Master, his spiritual Father, from whom or through whom he receives the germ of imperishable genius, the unique spark of the Eternal, which is his true Self and the paramount fact in his life.

S.V.L.

The wise man is in his smallest actions great: the fool is in his greatest actions small.—THE TALMUD.

Wisdom is radiant and fadeth not away. . . . Her true beginning is desire of discipline; and the care for discipline is love of her.—WISDOM OF SOLOMON, VI. 12, 17.

THEOSOPHY IN SERMONS

There is one distinction in the world's geography which comes immediately to our minds when we state the different thoughts and desires of men concerning their religion. We remember how the whole world is in general divided into two hemispheres upon this matter. One half of the world, the great dim East, is mystic. Make any one of the great ideas of life distinct and clear, and immediately it seems to the Oriental to be untrue. He has an instinct which tells him that the vastest thoughts are too vast for the human mind, and that if they are made to present themselves in forms of statement which the human mind can comprehend, their nature is violated and their strength is lost.

*On the other hand, the Occidental, the man of the West, demands clearness and is impatient with mystery. He insists on knowing what the eternal and infinite forces mean to his personal life, how they will make him personally happier and better, almost how they will build the house over his head, and cook the dinner on his hearth. This is the difference between the East and the West, between man on the banks of the Ganges and man on the banks of the Mississippi. Each misunderstands, distrusts, and in large degree despises the other. But the two hemispheres together, and not either one by itself, make up the total world (November 17, 1889).—PHILLIPS BROOKS, *Sermons*, Vol. 6, p. 279.*

IN the volume, *Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought*, Dean Inge says that in the Church, "there is and always has been a living tradition which constitutes the true Apostolical Succession; we may call it the Platonic tradition, a stream of spiritual vitality". Platonism being one manifestation of the ever old, ever new Wisdom Religion, it would seem natural to find theosophical truths expressed in sermons, since sermons are a medium through which much teaching is conveyed.

Theosophical truths are indeed found in a multitude of sermons, not from some particular "school" of theologians, but through century after century, in an apostolical succession of the spirit that is without distinction of conformity or creed. Many a man of the various churches has penetrated beneath the surface of theological rust, and touched the dynamic centre of truth. In consequence, spiritual laws radiating from that centre—organic and universal laws—have vitalized his sermons which, after the passage of a hundred, or two hundred, or three hundred years, contain lessons quite pertinent to the present day. Thus, Dr. Robert Wilberforce writes: "Union with Christ is not merely imitative, visionary, metaphorical; it is not only that we feel in our minds as though we put ourselves under His guidance and took part with Him; but there is a real action of Christ's purified, upon our impure, humanity. Hence is He styled that new Adam, from whom we have as true descent as from our natural parent. . . . Thus may men recover that image of God, in which our first parent was created. The very purpose of the Gospel covenant was to give it

back. The New Man was to bestow in its perfection whatsoever the first Adam had lost. As real as our union with the one, must be our communion with the other. . . . By union we mean not the compacting of an external framework, but the real diffusion of a spiritual presence" (*Sermons on the New Birth*, pp. 15 ff.).

It is true that those sermons do not use a theosophical vocabulary, but it is as easy to perceive their meaning as to translate from English to French. Specific theosophical tenets are occasionally referred to, directly or indirectly, but such reference is exceptional. Thus John Donne (1573-1631) refers to Reincarnation because in Donne's Renaissance environment, Platonism had given some currency to the idea. Further, Donne's wife was of the family of Sir Thomas More, and More had translated the writings of the celebrated Italian Platonist, Mirandola. Early in the present century, Dr. Basil Wilberforce (1841-1916), Archdeacon of Westminster, preached, in the Abbey, upon Theosophy and upon Reincarnation. Those sermons show an acquaintance, but very imperfect, with theosophical teachings, and express some appreciation. He writes:

"The one attraction in this system, and it is a great attraction, lies in the assurance it professes to give to man of his essential union with the source of his own and of universal life, and its recognition of one all-pervading substance, one all-controlling force in the universe; and the narrow, limited, unphilosophic conception of conventional Christianity is the secret of the power of Theosophy."

"Ancient Theosophy has found different expression in different religions and philosophies down the ages, and nowhere in so clear a realization as in the ancient Upanishads of India, which have powerfully taught the Eternal oneness of the human and Divine nature, and the essential unity of the human soul with the Universal Soul" (Sermon on Theosophy, in *The Hope that is in me*, p. 236). Archdeacon Wilberforce was, however, a man of devotion and spiritual insight. After condemning Theosophy, in those particular sermons, in many others he eloquently interprets Christianity as an evolution of the spirit, and his presentation rings like the true gold of Theosophy.

"As with the atoms of the planet, so with every conceivable department of creaturely life, 'the voice of the Lord' is pleading with the instinct implanted in the earthly to evolve into the heavenly; to nations, governments, communities, social movements, moral reforms; to art, science, literature, religion, sanitation, just as to the cosmic dust, from which all things came, the unceasing command from the Eternal righteousness is, 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the voice of the Lord'; develop, exercise, unfold, perfect, purify, Christianize. It is the same 'voice of the Lord', the same Word of the Father, the same pressure from without stimulating the power within, which kindles into evolution dust life, earth life, plant life, animal life, man life, spirit life" (Sermon on "Cosmic Consciousness", in *Power with God*, p. 133).

Bishop Phillips Brooks used the text: "With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again", to prove that there is a *universal* "Law of Return". "The Law of Return"! That is not a misleading definition, is it, of the Law of Karma? Bishop Brooks wrote:

"It is a law of vast extent and wonderful exactness. The world is far more orderly than we believe; a deeper and truer justice runs through it than we imagine. We all go about calling ourselves victims, discoursing on the cruel world, and wondering that it should treat us so, when really we are only meeting the rebound of our own lives. What we have been to things about us, has made it necessary that they should be this to us. As we have given ourselves to them, so they have given themselves to us. This is the law I want to trace with you, only begging you again to keep your minds clear of any materialism which would think that in mere earth itself resides this power of just and discriminating reply. It is as we and all things exist together in the great embracing and pervading element of God, that all things give themselves to us as we give ourselves to them. So all the phenomena of life are at the same time divine judgments if we are only wise enough to read them" (*Sermons*, Vol. 3, p. 268). Such reference or mention as that made by Donne, Wilberforce, and Brooks very seldom occurs. As a rule, the sermons are confined to Christian topics, and use Christian vocabulary.

Thus, setting forth no novel or sensational doctrine, but strictly Christian teaching, the preachers of these sermons—a long line of them—incurred little or no suspicion of heresy, but continued "in good standing" with their authorities. In England, the friends with whom Thomas Arnold, Pusey, and Jowett associated themselves bandied the word "heresy" back and forth, but "party politics" had much to do with their unfortunate disagreements. In New England, Horace Bushnell's interpretation of Christianity as an expression of universal truth and law, stirred questions among people schooled to sermons that were designed to reach the intellect by a logical sequence of dogma. Dr. Bushnell's parish heartily approved his views, and wished him to be unhampered in his expression; by withdrawing from the association of Congregational Churches, and continuing as an independent parish, it forestalled any ecclesiastical inquiry. Around Phillips Brooks, also, there were heard whispers about a "creedless" bishop. His dynamic preaching of universal, spiritual laws was beyond the understanding of those who were accustomed only to dogma, rigid as in death. The envy of "parties", too small to contain his greatness, was responsible, perhaps, for those whispers.

Mystical sermons have been persistent. Those who thirsted for instruction in the inner life could always find it, no matter how dead the age might seem. The continuity of the stream through the period following the Reformation is narrated in a valuable book that has a misleading title, Dr. John Tulloch's *Rational Thought in England in the XVIIth Century*. The word, "rational" in that title really means "mystical". After the seventeenth century, preacher after preacher handed on the torch. A great ecclesiastic who followed chronologically the group of Cambridge Platonists was William Beveridge, chaplain to the royal family (William and Mary), and Bishop of St. Asaph. Dr. Beveridge died in 1708, and his sermons were published a few years later. Those sermons were closely studied by the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, during student days at Oxford. Later, when the Wesleys began to preach, it was no

new doctrine that they put forth, but such teaching as Dr. Beveridge had delivered, year after year, in royal chapels and cathedrals. John Wesley took to the demonstrative crowd of the streets and mines what the bishop had preached to less emotional congregations.

After John Wesley's death in 1791, there followed a dreary period of religious deadness that has been many times described, by Newman and Ruskin among others. The childhood and youth of Carlyle lay in that period. It is said to be reflected in the novels of Jane Austen, whose clerical personages are untouched by religion. Yet even in that period, the stream of true religion still flowed. Newman mentions Dr. Daniel Wilson (1778-1858), who became Bishop of Calcutta, and says the Oxford students listened with wide open ears to his forceful sermons. The following passages from a sermon on the Character of Christ fairly represent Dr. Wilson.

"Nothing is so rare or so difficult as the combination of the various duties and graces which constitute the Christian character; and yet it is in this combination that the evidence of a real change of heart principally lies. There are some dispositions of mind and some duties which are, from our natural temperament, our age, our station, and our circumstances, so natural and easy to us, as scarcely to be deemed distinct marks of our regeneration. In fact they are often little more than apparent virtues; they vanish with every change of circumstances, they give way to selfish and excessive passions, and even decline into the positive correspondent vices, unless they are checked and balanced by the opposite, and to us more difficult, graces and duties, which should accompany and guard them.

"Now, in our divine Master, there was the most perfect combination of every excellency. He reconciled the most remote and discordant qualities. When asserting his authority and summoning all the world to his tribunal, he spake with an inexpressible dignity and majesty: on other occasions he was the most humble and meek of men. Even under all his sufferings and ignominy, there shone forth a superiority and greatness of mind, which confounded his enemies. He displayed also the utmost tenderness and mildness, and yet the most unyielding boldness and fortitude. His meekness did not degenerate into apathy. Nor did his boldness become fierce and ungovernable. There was in him the union of opposite virtues, which constitutes a perfect character: whilst others have virtues of one description only. All was in order, all in proportion, all from principle, all in harmony.

"He combined, in like manner, the most outgoing compassion to sinners with the greatest hatred of sin; the most exquisite sensibility, with a perfect command of his feelings; the purest spirituality of mind, with a consideration of all the minute wants and circumstances of his hearers; the highest love to the souls of men, with the most affectionate regard to their bodies; the most complete superiority to the world, with a respectful submission to authorities ecclesiastical and civil; an entire separation from the follies and sins of mankind, without a taint of austerity or misanthropy.

"Christians can readily follow their Master in some one branch of these graces.

We can be compassionate; but then we are so candid as to countenance sin. We can show a lively sensibility of affection; but then we fall under its power and are subdued. We can be spiritually minded; but then we are not so willing to attend to the minor details of ordinary duty. We can express great tenderness for the bodies of men, but we leave their souls, comparatively speaking, to perish. Or we may profess a love to their souls, but we contribute sparingly and reluctantly to relieve the pains and sufferings of our common nature. We can express a contempt for the world; but then we at the same time fall into sin by doing it in a cynical, inconsistent, covetous, censorious, pharisaical spirit. We can defend the truth; but with the zeal of a partizan, and without sufficient respect for the persons or opinions of our adversaries.

"We lean with all our weight on one side. We think it some excuse that our inclination and turn of mind has a peculiar bias; whereas we should study our Lord's character in order expressly to copy those parts of it to which our natural dispositions would least attract us. In this way we shall unite, as our Lord did, all the milder virtues with all the more firm and intrepid ones; we shall display the graces of the contemplative life with the efforts of the active,—a union which may be said to comprise the whole compass of our obedience to God" (*Sermons*, p. 390 ff.).

Nor was it the stream of sermons only that was guided; there were also devotional books. A Scotch rector, Henry Scougal (1650-1678), published before his early death, a short treatise on *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*. The argument of this mystical writing is that "religion is a union of the soul with God, a real participation of the divine nature, the very image of God drawn upon the soul, or in the apostle's phrase, 'It is Christ formed within us'." That little book made an impression upon its generation, and a copy of it was taken by an emigrant to Virginia, where it fell into the hands of the local vicar. Recognizing its unusual value, the vicar prevailed upon Benjamin Franklin to reprint it in 1799. A copy of the Philadelphia reprint came into the possession of the youthful Emerson, whose marginal notations testify to its value to him.

Mention has been made of Dr. William Beveridge (1637-1708), Bishop of St. Asaph. After Keble's memorable sermon in 1833 had started a revival of religion at Oxford, the six volumes of Bishop Beveridge's sermons were republished. Pusey, Newman, and Keble looked with pride and gratitude to Beveridge as one of their vital links with the past. He was a spiritual ancestor who had passed on the old inner interpretation of religion which the materialist Liberalism of 1830 was threatening to extinguish. In his own day, Beveridge was called "the great restorer and reviver of primitive piety". Extracts from a sermon on the text, "Set your affections on things above", will give an indication of the depth and breadth of his preaching, and of the saturation of his mind with the ideas of Platonism (*Sermons*, Vol. 6, p. 169 ff.).

"Man being a perfect microcosm, composed of two essential parts, a soul and a body, whereof the one was taken from the superior, and the other from this inferior world: hence it necessarily follows, that although both these parts do equally concur unto the constitution of a man, yet that which is of the purest

nature, and most noble extract, must needs be designed at first to govern and rule the whole, and by consequence that man, according to his constitution, was always to live and act according to the dictates and commands of his rational soul, and not according to the inclinations of his sensitive part: but by the degeneracy of our first parents, in hearkening to their senses rather than to their reason, our souls have ever since been subject to the tyranny of our rebellious senses: and that part which at first was placed at the stern, to sway and order the whole man, according to those principles of reason which were infused into it upon that account, is now debased so low as to become a slave to every one of these senses which it was made to govern. And therefore, our great care in this world should be to restore our souls to their throne and kingdom again; so that our flesh may not any longer usurp any power and dominion over them, as heretofore it hath done, and still will do, unless we keep a strict eye upon it.

"Now, as it was in the first Adam that our souls lost their power, though not their right, to govern, so it is only by the second that they can ever recover it again. But our comfort is, that as in Adam we fell from Heaven to earth, so in Christ we rose again from earth to Heaven; as the Apostle intimates in the foregoing verse, 'If ye then be risen with Christ'. For when Christ rose, all those that by a true faith were united to Him, could not but rise with Him; yea, so rise with Him in our souls, as to live with Him in Heaven, even whilst our bodies are upon the earth. . . .

"So although we are in the world, and converse with the things of it, yet we are not to concern ourselves about them, any further than to do our duty in the station wherein God hath set us, and prepare ourselves as well as we can for our going into the other world, our hearts hanging loose and indifferent as to all things here below, being fixed only upon God, and those glories that are above. . . .

"For tell me seriously, you that expect ere long to bathe yourselves in those rivers of pleasure which are at God's right hand for evermore, can it become you to drown yourselves in a deluge of carnal pleasures and sensual delights? You that have such plenty of bread and heavenly manna in your Father's house, is it not below you to feed like the prodigal upon husks, with the swine of this world? You that hope ere long to trample upon the moon, and to be advanced above the stars themselves, is it fitting for you to lie under a clod of earth? In a word: You that expect ere long to be invested with all the bliss and happiness that a creature is capable of, is it a comely thing for you in the meanwhile to spend your time in running after shadows, and in playing with childish gew-gaws? in raking in the dirt, or treading in the mire? Is this proper work for the heirs of Heaven to be employed in? . . .

"For the things of this world have no other existence but in our thoughts and fancies: abstract but the imagination, and they presently vanish and disappear; so that you may easily wink the greatest beauty into blackness and deformity, earth's greatest light into darkness and obscurity. Think gold dirt, and it is so: think the pomp and grandeur of this transient world vanity, and it is so. And can such things, or rather nothings, which have no other existence but

only in the roving fancies of deluded mortals; can they, I say, ever satisfy an immortal soul? . . .

"You have an expression in Job, 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?' What is here meant by treasures of snow? St. Gregory tells you, the 'treasures of snow are worldly riches, which men take a great deal of care and pains to gather together, as children do snow, with no small hazard of their lives; and having rolled it together into heaps, and fashioned them into the shapes of horses, or giants, and towers, they begin to fancy use, and power and safety in them: but whilst they are mightily applauding and pleasing themselves in what they have gotten, there comes a shower and washeth it all away, leaving nothing in the room of it but dirt and mire. And this is all they get for what they have done, even to be vexed and troubled for the loss of what they had got'. . . .

"Nay, the things of this world are so far from making us happy, that we can never be completely happy, until we leave them. For, where can you expect to be happy, but in Heaven? But in Heaven, although you will have glory in its lustre, happiness in its perfection, yet not one dram of any earthly enjoyment. There is infinite light, and yet neither sun nor moon; there are glorious robes, and yet neither silks nor satins: there are rivers of pleasures, and yet neither wine nor water: there are most delicate banquets, feasts of fat things, and yet neither meat nor drink; there are large possessions, and yet neither house nor land: there is most ravishing beauty, and yet neither red nor white: there are rich treasures indeed, and yet neither gold nor silver. In one word; there is all of Heaven, and yet nothing at all of earth: so little of happiness is couched under this clod of earth, that it keeps us from it, rather than helps us to it.

"And then, as the things on earth cannot make us happy themselves, so neither can they conduce to our being made so. For who ever yet could swim to Heaven in a deluge of carnal pleasures, or was blown thither by the breath of popular air? Whom did you ever hear of, that purchased an inheritance in the land of Canaan out of his revenues in this wilderness? or transported his goods from this city into that which is above, so as to exchange them there for crowns of glory, and sceptres of eternal righteousness? If this was feasible, then I should not wonder that men are so eager for the world, so covetous for the greatness of it. But do not deceive yourselves, you are never the nearer Heaven for standing higher upon earth; nor in more likelihood to be rich to eternity, because you are so in time. . . .

"From whence you cannot but conclude, the world, and all the glory of it, to be but a mere piece of pageantry that is still passing away from one to another, and presently is out of sight: all things upon earth being in continual motion, constant in nothing but inconstancy. . . .

"There are all our brethren, the Saints of the living God; yea, our Elder Brother Himself, even Jesus Christ, Who is called 'the First-born among many brethren'; for thither it was that He ascended when He left these lower regions of the world: 'I ascend', saith He, 'unto My Father and your Father; and to

My God and your God'. . . There are the ancient Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles: there are all Martyrs and Saints of God, even all that ever lived and died in the faith of Christ, they are now in Heaven, with one heart and voice singing forth the praises of the Most High God, and of the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne for evermore. . . These and ten thousand times ten thousand more, are now in Heaven, there solacing themselves in the enjoyment of the chiefest good, whilst we, their younger brethren, not being yet fully come to age, are still in this lower world, grappling with its lusts, and striving against the temptations of it. But, howsoever, though our Father Which is in Heaven doth not yet see good to admit us into that blessed society 'of the spirits of just men made perfect', not being as yet fitted and qualified sufficiently for it; yet it is His will and pleasure that our hearts be amongst them, although our persons cannot; and that we still be thinking of them, and longing to come unto them, and to be made partakers with them of their celestial glories. In short, our affections should be with them in Heaven, even whilst our bodies are upon the earth, so as to be every moment preparing ourselves for that blessed time when we shall bid adieu to all things upon earth, and go up to take possession of our inheritance in Heaven. . .

"Whilst others are busying themselves about the impertinences of this transient life, the soul that is truly pious employs its thoughts and studies about the happiness of Heaven, and the way that leads unto it; his body may be with his friends below, but his head and his heart are with his God above. . .

"For which end it is necessary that you often retire from the cares and bustles of this tumultuous world, and bid your earthly thoughts farewell, commanding them to stay below, while your aspiring souls go up to take a view of what is above; where, having fixed yourselves amongst the choir of Saints and Angels, cast your rolling eyes about, and take an exact survey of the land of Canaan that flows with milk and honey. Look well that you cannot but behold such transcendent light and glory, that your eyes will be dazzled, and your hearts astonished at it. And if you do but listen with an attentive and believing ear, you cannot but hear such melodious music and celestial concert, as will be sure to ravish and transport your spirits beyond themselves. And do but rightly weigh and consider what is there, and you will find that there is not only the blessed company of the spirits of just men made perfect, together with Angels, Archangels, Cherubims, and Seraphims, with the rest of the celestial hierarchy, but there is Christ and God Himself; Whom to know, is the only wisdom: Whom to serve, is the only freedom; and Whom to enjoy, is the only happiness that any creature is capable of. And who would not dwell in the ravishing contemplations of such rare perfections as these?"

C.C.C.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE heat had been unusually trying. There was some excuse for feeble-mindedness. But the Philosopher rebelled against it. "Can you imagine anything more humiliating", he exclaimed, "than the realization that a difference of a few degrees in temperature and humidity can almost paralyze one's mental energies!"

"Why humiliating?" said the Engineer. "After all, the body and brain are instruments. What happens to a violin if exposed to the same conditions? Even a Paganini would find himself crippled. More than once recently my sympathies have gone out to the English schoolboy who got things twisted,—as I have, in other directions. You remember the story perhaps. The poor child was being examined on a cruelly hot day, and was asked what he knew of Oliver Cromwell. At first his mind was a complete blank; then slowly, very slowly, came the answer: 'He was the man who said when he was dying, "If I had served my God as I served my King, I should not be in this state now".' It was such a gallant, and such a happy effort to produce something out of nothing, that if I had been the examiner I should have been tempted to give him top marks."

We liked that story. It was invigorating, and therefore highly moral. In any case it served as an introduction, whether logical or not, to the subject which all of us had at heart: the appeal of the Convention, some four months behind us, with the inevitable question which the Student now voiced: "Watchman, what of the night?" No one was willing, however, to accept the implied commission, so the Recorder asked the Ancient for his personal opinion.

"I believe there was genuine response, and that the average effort of members has distinctly improved", was the answer. "In other words, so far, good, though not nearly enough. The flower has not bloomed, and never will until the desire to love and serve the Master, as a *chêla* alone does, becomes an obsession, or, rather, a consuming determination, obliterating all the other purposes of life. Think of a mother, obliged to leave her home during the daytime, but whose only child lies desperately ill at their home. She works that she may provide her child with food and medical care; and she works as she never worked before: but what is her motive? where is her heart? *That*, in the inner life, is the spirit that breaks through every obstacle, and that literally flies to the outstretched arms of the father who, be it remembered, saw him *'when he was yet a great way off . . . and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'* Is there lack of the Prodigal's sense of sin? I doubt if there can be excuse for it! 'Riotous living' and waste of substance take many forms, but the realization of our infidelities and wasted opportunities, and of our long and shameful immersion in self, if deeply repented, can provide a spring-board from

which we may take the leap from this world to the other. Or is it that love is lacking?—the more basic need of the two. The cure for that has been known and taught since religious instruction began. All of you are familiar with the oft-quoted and beautiful passage from the *Bhâgavata Purâna* which bears directly on this subject; but I should like to read it, if you (turning to our host) have a copy within reach, as it is some time, I think, since it was quoted in the *QUARTERLY*."

The volume was promptly produced; whereupon the Ancient read aloud:

In a former Age, O Saint, I (Nârada) was born, in a past incarnation, as the son of a certain serving woman, in the service of maintainers of the Veda, and I was engaged in boyhood in attendance upon some yogis, who desired to remain together during the rainy season. These yogis, even if regarding everything equally, were compassionate to me, a child, who had passed beyond all fickleness, was docile, who had never held a plaything, who was willing, attentive in service, and of little speech. . . . There, day by day, I heard heart-ravishing stories of Krishna, by the favour of those yogis who used to sing [intone] them. And so hearing these, word by word, through my reverence, my intense love arose for Him-Whose-Glory-is-Loving.

Then arose in me, who had gained a passionate longing for Him-the-Glory-of-Love, the unshaken conviction —

"And so forth; no need to read more, because the age-old 'cure' of which I was speaking is made more than sufficiently clear. In default of yogis chanting heart-ravishing stories of Krishna, the modern aspirant, to kindle and increase his love, should read heart-ravishing stories of the Master, should read the scriptures, or devotional books, or anything likely to increase his love for his Master; and, above all, must think and meditate upon what he reads. He must win through to the 'passionate longing' of Nârada if he would get anywhere in the real sense,—remembering always that if he will provide the wick and the oil, the attention and the desire, his Master will provide the fire."

"You are asking a great deal", lamented our visitor.

"The Master asks everything", was the reply; "and, when it comes to chêla-ship, he cannot and will not accept less. Do not forget that a Master makes himself responsible for his chêla's life and soul, not only in time but in eternity. There was nothing new in,—Let the dead bury their dead. Follow me."

"Considering the appeal of the Convention from a different angle", the Philosopher now said, "it seems to me of great significance that the T.S. as a whole was given an opportunity to adopt in some measure what always have been the purposes and obligations of its more earnest members. It was a recognition of the sincerity and devotion of the rank and file, while the response lifted the Society closer to the heart of the Movement and to the Lodge. It was a step toward indrawal in the real sense. We do not yet know what will come of it in terms of personal development, of 'flowering'; but that the general level was raised, cannot, I think, be doubted."

"I agree with you", said the Ancient. "Further, I believe that many members became convinced, as never before, that their supreme task in life, their outstanding opportunity, is to become conscious of the Master at the head of their Ray,—of his nearness to them, of his fatherhood, of his intense interest in their welfare, of his ceaseless desire to help them in all their righteous efforts,

of their own ability to please and to serve him. Some of us realized long ago that there is nothing else in life that really counts, that really matters; and that we shall not have lived in vain if, even at the eleventh hour, we may be instrumental in bringing others to the same realization. We are compelled, therefore, to be hopeful as we think of what the last Convention, and many previous Conventions, and all the work of all the years, may still bring forth. We know that the divine Gardener watches and labours with infinite care and skill; the question is whether those whom he nurtures will open their hearts and surrender their lives unreservedly to his treatment, for, unlike the plants of our gardens, *we* have free will. Plants know when a gardener loves them, and give, in their way, love for love. Men, having minds, think about it, questioning whether it can be so, and thus, for lack of simplicity, and of true perception, shrivel instead of grow. . . . In any case, it is not yet too late. *Qui vivra, verra.*"

Now the Recorder, not expecting that brains would strike sparks in such humid weather, had asked the Philosopher and the Historian to bring books with them which they had read during the summer, and which would be likely to prove of general interest. So at this point he asked the Philosopher to report.

"I have been reading all kinds of books", was the response, "but the two that I found the most significant and encouraging were: *The Gates of New Life*, by the Rev. James S. Stewart, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Edinburgh—a collection of sermons published in New York by Scribner; and *St. John of the Cross: an Introduction to his Philosophy, Theology and Spirituality*, by Father Bede Frost, of the Order of St. Benedict, published in New York by Harper.

"I read the first of these books with intense pleasure and thankfulness, for it proves that the spirit of Theosophy has had a more far-reaching influence than I should have thought possible. Imagine, say at the time of H.P.B.'s death,—imagine reading a book of Scotch Presbyterian sermons and finding in them not only religious fervour, but breadth of religious sympathy. So often, alas, as breadth increases, depth of feeling and conviction is reduced to a mere film. So often, also, books of this kind, from Protestant sources, even when they show genuine devotion to the Christian Master, and a far broader interpretation of religious dogma than would have been tolerated years ago, are ruined by sentimental humanism and by a horror of suffering which leaves no room whatever for a horror of sin. I read this book, fearing on every page to find Pacifism set up as the inevitable outcome of obedience to Christ's teaching and example. I found nothing of the sort.

"Dr. Stewart lays especial emphasis on the (theosophical) doctrine that mere acceptance of a belief is not religion; that, instead, religion is essentially *an experience*. But it will be best to let him speak in his own words. In his sermon entitled 'Hearsay or Experience', he says:

What, in our religious life, are we founding on—mere hearsay, rumour blown down the centuries from apostolic days, other men's thoughts of Jesus caught and put in cold storage and preserved and handed out to us—is that it? Or are we founding not on that, but on this—a Christ we have spoken to and can speak to daily, face to face and heart to

heart; an experience of Jesus thrilling and throbbing and glorious because we can say of it, "This is my own, my very own"; something that has come to us not on the authority of any Church or creed, not on the authority of our forefathers, not even on the authority of all the millions of believers who have ever lived, but on the authority of God and our own souls?

"Those who call themselves Christians, he says, owe it to their Master and to themselves to find him in as real a sense as Andrew and Peter and others found him. But how? By obeying three simple maxims, is his answer. 'The first is—keep following. . . . The second rule is—keep praying. . . . Finally there is this—keep loving.'

"Under the head of 'keep following', Dr. Stewart's advice is that which has been given in the QUARTERLY, scores if not hundreds of times, though his expression of it is well worth quoting:

Surrender your will to His moral ideal: for whatever else may be dark in your religion, this at least is clear, that the purity Jesus stands for, the honour, the manliness, the love, —all that is far more worth having than any of the allurements of the world. Get your feet on to that road, for it is down that road somewhere that Jesus is always to be found, and no one who has sought Him there has ever failed to find Him. Therefore, keep following.

"Passage after passage from almost any of these sermons could be quoted with pleasure. 'A Modern Substitute for the Gospel' might be an echo (though it certainly is not an echo) of what genuine Theosophy has preached for many years.

A new religion has appeared on the field. A substitute for the gospel is offering itself. It is the worship, not of God, but of man. This is the most serious rival which Christianity [and Theosophy] in this generation is facing.

"That the author refers to Theosophy disparagingly is not surprising, for all he can know of it is one or more of the several varieties so widely advertized in England, and which differ from the Theosophy of H.P.B. and Judge as the Black Mass differs from the Last Supper. How far from narrow he is, however, can be inferred from this passage:

Widen your horizons! There are others, thank God, working for Christ in totally different ways from yours or mine. There are gates into the kingdom of heaven, says Revelation, from every point of the compass. There are scores of paths up the hill of the Lord. It does not matter who does the work, as long as the work is done.

"Finally, disregarding terminology, could there be a simpler or better statement of the spiritual combat, in the theosophic sense, than this?

. . . In every one of us at this moment there is something of self, and something of Christ. And what God wills is this, that that bit of self in me, the "ego" as we call it, the thing which says "I", "mine", "me", is progressively to contract and be superseded; while the other thing, the God principle, is to expand and grow and take control. He—the indwelling Christ—must increase; and I—the self—must decrease.

What a thousand pities that while we, as students of Theosophy, can appreciate and profit by the sermons of Dr. Stewart, he, in spite of his liberality, and in spite of all that Theosophy could do to clarify and rationalize and elevate

his faith, has been so prejudiced by misrepresentations and perversions of the Ancient Wisdom, of the *theou sophia* of St. Paul, that it would be practically impossible for him to consider its great message with an open mind.

"This is true to an even greater extent of the author of my second choice—the study of St. John of the Cross; for he is a Roman Catholic, wedded to the Sacraments as his Church explains them, and although broad-minded in comparison with many of his fellow-churchmen, is none the less as rigid as a ramrod in matters concerning 'the Faith'. In spite of this—and always making allowance for wide difference in terminology—his closely reasoned and highly philosophical study of some four hundred pages, cannot fail to impress a student of Theosophy as remarkably akin in its spirit and conclusions to our own teachings. Even the Church of Rome has been influenced by H.P.B.'s mission to the world, though such a statement would be regarded by all Catholic expositors as preposterous—and perhaps as exacerbating.

"Listen, for instance, to this:

It is this end, the seeing of God in a "face to face" manner, without the intervention of any creature, notion or idea, about which the whole of the Christian religion is concerned, and with which, indeed, the best minds not only of the Jewish but of the pagan world were occupied. To seek God's face, to appear before Him, "to behold the fair beauty of the Lord", "to awake up after His likeness and to be satisfied with it", to believe, with Job, "that my redeemer liveth . . . and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another", all this Old Testament faith and desire puts to shame much of that modern, debased Christianity which reduces it to a *bourgeois* morality, treats it as an accessory to present happiness and even to success in business and national prosperity. We have seen, too, how deeply the mind of the pagan philosophers was steeped in the same belief and desire, many more examples of which might be given.

"The state of Divine Union attainable in this life, says Father Frost, interpreting St. John of the Cross, means:

. . . The total possession of the soul by God in so Divine a manner that "while neither of them changes its being, each appears to be God", in which the flame of Divine Love which is the Holy Spirit [Buddhi active], burns within and transforms the soul, as fire transforms a log of wood into itself (*The Living Flame of Love*, I, 3). For "love unites the soul to God", and now the soul has "attained to Him according to the whole capacity of its being", so that the Divine Love, once purifying and illuminating for the burning away of all the imperfections of the soul, now so enkindles it that it is enraptured, immersed and wholly converted into Love itself, knowing nought but love, having no other exercise but love, whether in doing or suffering, in engaging in affairs temporal or spiritual, "for its work is to love, and of this work, which is love" the soul has now come to its consummation and perfection, that which is "the whole desire and aim of the soul, and that of God in all the works of the soul".

"All of which is an elaboration and elucidation of St. Paul's statement: 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

"If only these Christian theologians, philosophers, mystics, could realize that the last word on their own subjects is to be found, clearly set forth, in such 'heathen' treatises as the *Bhagavad Gita*,—when read *in the light of Theosophy*. Krishna—the Master, or the Higher Self, or the 'light within' (for, as Judge

wrote, 'the Mahatmas and the light within are not different')—Krishna again and again reveals what is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Only by fullest service, perfect faith,
And uttermost surrender am I known
And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!
Who doeth all for Me; who findeth Me
In all; adoreth always; loveth all
Which I have made, and Me, for Love's sole end,
That man, Arjuna! unto Me doth wend.
 . . . Nay! but once more
Take My last word, My utmost meaning have!
Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved!
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.
Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling
In faith and love and reverence to Me!
So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,
For thou art dear to Me!
 . . . But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure! . . .
 Fly to Me alone!
Make Me thy single refuge! I will free
Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!

"However, we must not expect too much, too soon, and can afford to be thankful meanwhile for all that is of value—and there is much—in the exclusively orthodox approach of such writers as Father Frost. There is so much in his book that is worth quoting that it is difficult to select outstanding passages; but I think this is of special interest:

"Growth in the spiritual life, he says, is an interior growth,—'a development of the "inner man" under the influence of the Divine life of grace, a growing up from spiritual childhood "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ", the growth of a life which at every stage needs its proper treatment, food and care, just as does our physical life.'

"I was glad also to find that he emphasizes a truth which so many Protestants forget, that the Christian life in itself is 'distinct from its manifestation in practice, with which it is often confounded, as if *doing* was *being* instead of the consequence of being'".

The Recorder, fearing that some of our readers might find the atmosphere of St. John of the Cross a shade too rarefied for comfort, now turned to the Historian, asking him to give us the benefit of his summer reading. The Historian laughed. "I hope", he said, "that the benefit was greater than the little I have to say about it. To tell you the truth, all I did in preparation for this meeting, after you had asked me to make ready, was to mark a couple of passages which may provide material for those who pursue the third object of the T.S.,—'the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man'. I have seldom found anything either interesting or convincing in books or reports sponsored by specialists in psychic phenomena. Even amateur collectors, such as the late Lord Halifax, of stories and evidences of an unseen

world, leave me unimpressed. But constantly I have found in the autobiographies of soldiers, statesmen, and of those whose interest in such matters is purely incidental, the recital of perhaps just one experience which has convinced them that there are 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of' in their philosophy, and which would arouse the same conviction in anyone with an open mind.

"My first extract relates a case of psychic prevision, taken from *Memorials of the Military Life*, a recent book by Thomas Washington Metcalfe, published in England by Ivor Nicholson and Watson. You will notice that the author's experience is typical of many if not most purely psychic visions, inasmuch as it contains no instruction, no guidance, nor the least glimmer of spiritual enlightenment. Its value lies in the fact that it cannot be explained on any materialistic basis, and that it tends to upset the rigid conception of time and space to which the average man clings,—partly, I think, for fear of losing his sense of personal reality. The story in any case is well suited for hot-weather consumption. I will read it to you if I may.

It was then that at last I faced the problem of the future, and came to a settlement with myself. That I did this was mainly due, undoubtedly, to what may have been a borderland-dream, since perhaps I had dozed while seated huddled-up on the bollard. I don't know; but I do not think so. I am inclined to believe it an example of pre-cognition, a vision such as had occasionally been granted me before, and has been since, during moments of stress.

To leave, or not to leave the army? that was the question. I cast up the years. Looking forward a score, my age being then seven-and-twenty, one could not see that they held the prospect of much. Promotion was slow; the great war with Germany, that a minority held was bound to come, was regarded as unlikely by the best civilian minds, because of commercial and financial considerations; whatever one's other qualifications might be, the doors of the Staff College were likely to remain closed to a candidate utterly incapable of passing the simplest examination in mathematics—that was a very sore point with me, by a fortunate education something of a specialist in languages; furthermore, though keen enough on some of the details of soldiering, drill, tactics, and field-work in general, ambitious as regards superior command, there was much that irked one, and would continue to irk one for the rest of those years, if remaining, as seemed most probable, a regimental officer.

But more than that: music had always been the very breath of life to me, literature I loved almost as well; I had begun to burn with the desire for a greater freedom wherein to indulge these tastes. (As a youngster I had been trained as an organist by two very eminent masters of the instrument, but, as regards writing, had made no published venture as yet.) And I had often rather hankered after the public-schoolmaster's life, with its facilities for the blending of the arts and athletics. The army, I think, is no bad training-ground for teaching, supposing the possession of some natural gift—which I fancied one had. To this I proposed to turn, as to a crutch, being pretty certain that for a while, at least, I should forfeit the generous allowance from an outraged father, who had more than once given me his views on "Organ-grinders and creeping Ushers". In addition to the above reasons for wanting to go, there was another. I think now that it bulked more largely in my mind than I then realized. My intimate life had been dealt a shattering blow a couple of years before. Much of my joy in living had gone; I was an old man before my time, much older in spirit than I am now, for all that Fate has since then again crept under the shield to strike at the heart; I was often lonely, riding or tramping the countryside with my wretched thoughts for company, despite the kindly attempts of my brother-

officers to hearten and console. (It goes ill with a man when he screws the neck of his sense of humour.) So not unnaturally there was an impulse to quit the stage on which my little tragedy had been played.

And just before dawn silvered the sky above the sharp-cut edge of the sullen hills, there came that flash of what I call prevision. Just one electric moment, in which details stood out in a clear light, and then almost instantaneously dissolved. . . . I saw, as it were, a picture suspended half-way between me and the lead-dark background. It had a gloss, as though lit by an intense light, and was a composite design, combining portions of an interior and an exterior. Between pillars, high in its loft on a gothic screen of stone, stood an organ. The pipes were of white metal, the seventeenth-century woodwork was of an ebony richness, elaborately fretted, and carved with the date of its erection. I had never seen that organ, not even a photograph of it, that I can remember. But three years later, freed from the military life, I was to walk into a cathedral transept, and look up at and recognize that very instrument, and its date as the same. It was not showed me then, as I sat on the hard iron bollard by the waterside, that the time was to come when I should look down from my seat at that organ for many Sundays, while gunners in red and blue and infantrymen in scarlet bawled the set psalm for their service, "*The Lord is my Shepherd*".

The lower part of the picture, that to the left, disclosed a massive stone buttress and a path bounded by close-cut turf. A man came round the buttress, and smiled at me; a little elderly man, who wore a hat like a parson's, though he was not a clergyman, and a short grey beard. I had never seen him before, did not know his name, nor that he existed. Yet, three years after, I met him. We became as father and son; I honoured and respected my actual father; but this man I loved as I have loved none other. For only two years did I observe that smile which so often had in it the puckishness of a happy child's, see the hands that shook so as they poised over the manuals cease their trembling as they touched the keys. It is sixteen years since he died. But to me he is not dead. Of that I have something amounting almost to proof; though not as a dabbler in spiritualistic practice, neither by trumpet nor trance. However, that can wait: it is the military life with which I deal.

If what is designed to be must be, and I was shown a glimpse of that fact then, no doubt my determination dates from it.

"All that I said of that story is equally true of my second: it is typical of the purely psychic realm,—an experience apparently purposeless, as it explained nothing and led nowhere, though of course we do not know its effect on the man who relates it. His reaction to it, however, was eminently sensible and open-minded, as you will see. I found it in *The India We Served*, by Walter Roper Lawrence, Bart., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B. The author was at that time in charge of a District in Rajputana (Merwára). His book, which is of unusual value and interest, was published in England by Cassell and Co.

One day I experienced a curious illusion. It was in the break of the rains, and I went out in the evening by myself to shoot. The ground was familiar to me, but it was all changed. There was a large lake where I had formerly walked, and on the lake was a punt with a paddle. I got in and paddled by the high bank of the lake to a little green promontory. On it, by the edge of the lake, sat a most lovely girl. I asked her what the name of the lake was, and where her village was. But she laughed and shook her head and said nothing. I paddled on, landed on the opposite bank and walked home. I was quite well, and had no fever. I could remember every detail of the place, the dress and the face of the girl, and a few days later I went back to the lake. But there was no lake and no sign of a punt, and no one had ever seen a lake or a punt in the neighbourhood. Hallucination? I do not think so. I have seen so much in India of what we in

England would call the supernatural, that I have an open mind, and I think that if we lived with the Hindus, apart from the influence of our own people, we should soon find that in that land of enchantment there is indeed more than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

"If I am not mistaken", the Recorder remarked, "that story has appeared in the *QUARTERLY* before. Haven't you a third, in reserve, to take its place?"

One of our editors interrupted: "It must have been some years ago", he said, "and it will bear repetition in any case. Coming from such a source, no one could reasonably question its genuineness, and it is very striking. I hope you will include it in the 'Screen'."

"I have no third story in reserve", the Historian now said, in reply to the Recorder. "There is another book, however, of which I should like to speak, though for a totally different reason. It is called *Victorious Living*, and is by E. Stanley Jones, well known as the author of *The Christ of the Indian Road* and of other similar books. *Victorious Living* consists of a series of meditations for every day in the year, each meditation concluding with a short prayer. The subjects dealt with cover a wide range, from 'How can I find God?' to 'The Kingdom of God is Nigh'; and most of them are admirable in their simplicity and sincerity of treatment. But like another missionary, C. F. Andrews, author of *What I Owe to Christ* and of *Christ in the Silence*, who also has won a host of friends and admirers among Hindus and Moslems in India by reason of his undeniable devotion to Christ as a living Master, combined with great gifts of sympathy and an exceptionally broad outlook in some directions,—like 'Charlie' Andrews, Stanley Jones is pitifully blind as to his Master's nature in one vitally important respect; for both these men are ardent, even rabid Pacifists, which, whatever they may say or think, the Master Christ *is not*. Their attitude is so utterly illogical and lacking in common sense, that it is difficult to explain in men of their gifts. Their first-hand experience of their Master I could not question, but their ability to 'hear' (to receive from him) is distressingly limited by their preconceptions and prejudices, and, perhaps, by the excessive development of some of their virtues at the expense of others,—of feminine gentleness, it may be, at the expense of that intense virility which is so characteristic of the 'Lion of Judah' who is also the Lion of the Western world.

"Mr. Jones writes: 'There is nothing left to do but to renounce all war. And that I do. And I'll tell you why. My chief reason is that war causes men to sin.'"

"Yes, it does cause some men to sin; but it causes other men to leave their sins for heights of self-sacrifice and nobility of which they would have been incapable except for the terrible demands which war makes upon them. For war is both a test and an opportunity; it turns some men into devils, others into saints. War does that which life itself does—the most peaceful of lives—but war, that fiery trial, concentrates the experience of a life-time into a few months or years, and brings to the surface whatever was latent in a man's nature, with either the best or the worst in control. War does not create evil any more than it creates good; it evokes that which already exists. As Emerson said, 'We find what we bring'.

"War, says Mr. Jones, 'stands against everything that Christ stands for. It sins against Christ. If war is right, Christ is wrong; and if Christ is right, war is wrong'. But if Mr. Jones had been a Frenchman of military age in 1914, would Christ have wished him to refuse to fight, and to leave his wife and children to the mercy of the Hun invader? If Mr. Jones lived in one of our western towns, and a gang of armed desperados began to 'shoot things up', and to kidnap women that they might hold them for ransom or worse,—would Christ wish him to stand placidly by, inactive, or to do as I hope we should do, that is, seize any weapon within reach, and try to rid the world of these devils let loose? And what is the difference between our gangsters and Germany at the present time?

"The truth is that both Mr. Jones and Mr. Andrews are thoroughly materialistic in their philosophy, in spite of their religious beliefs. They would not admit it, but their attitude toward war, and all their reasons for 'renouncing' it, prove that they regard death and suffering as the greatest of human ills. This is the essence of materialism, and therefore is as unchristian as any view of life can be. They would claim, I imagine, to be orthodox in their beliefs. In that case they must regard Christ as a member of the Trinity, and the Trinity as omnipotent; but if the death and suffering caused by war are inherently evil, why does God permit earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and other natural phenomena, at least as destructive and causing quite as much suffering as war? For these natural phenomena, *as they see it*, are not caused by man, and must be under God's control. Does not this imply, logically, that they should include God in their condemnation?

"It is strange, indeed, that men who have so much light up to a certain point, should fail to distinguish between the killing of a gangster or kidnapper in order to save a woman or child from his clutches, and the killing by the gangster of anyone who opposes his evil purpose; should fail to distinguish between a war of aggression for greed, dominion and envy, and that waged in self-defence against the invader, or on behalf of the invaded,—in other words, that they should fail to realize that it is the motive that counts. They are devoted to their Indian converts and friends; they 'renounce war': logically they should advocate the withdrawal of all British troops from the North West frontier. Are they willing to leave their Indian friends, and their own families, defenceless against the murdering, pillaging inrush of Afridis and Afghans which would follow any such withdrawal within a few hours? It is ungrateful to accept protection and to exist because of it, and then to damn the protectors, or in any case their function, as standing 'against everything that Christ stands for'. They hate war, they say. I should like to tell them something: Christ hates ingratitude.

"But my quarrel with them goes further and deeper than that, for they are grossly unfair to the Master they claim to serve. They too often drive real men away from him,—and one of his greatest needs is for real men. I came prepared for this, and I am going to read to you an extract from the biography of Sir Mortimer Durand, by Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes. Durand, the most eminent

member in his generation (1850-1924) of the great Indian Civil Service, was a sincere Christian. This is an entry he made in his diary while still a young man:

I often think Christians dwell too little on the chivalry of Christ's nature. There is too much talk of meekness and submission. I should like to stand in the pulpit and say: "The Christ whom I preach to you was no coward's God. Never let that idea be yours. He was the God of the soldier, brave and ready and strong, gentle and courteous withal, as every true soldier must be. The man who can wield the sword does not war with the tongue. Brave and independent as none of you would be in times of danger—morally and physically brave—scornfully silent before the highest court of his nation—unflinching under pain—cool and deliberate in face of murderous mobs. Without blasphemy, a perfect ideal of a gentleman in word and thought and deed—fearless as Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, pure and loving towards women as the purest always are." If only men would preach Him out boldly for what He was, there would be fewer taunts at Christianity and contempt for Christians. They strip off all the attributes for which men have an innate admiration—which He possessed albeit to a marvellous extent—and then hold up a miserable apology for a God to the eyes of their flock—and tell them to be meek and gentle and take a kicking on all possible occasions. No wonder men recoil.

"That is splendid", exclaimed the Student. "Would to heaven there were more clergymen and ministers with the understanding of Durand, a layman!"

There had been an intermission of several weeks. When we next assembled, the Philosopher reminded us that the subject we had last discussed was Pacifism, and suggested that this led directly to the present international situation,—the world's immediate problem. Asked to comment, he pointed out that with events moving so rapidly, it would be futile to deal with more than certain underlying principles. "The news to-day [September 17th] is that Chamberlain has returned to London after an interview with Hitler. We know nothing, so far, of what was said. I am glad of that visit. It will give Chamberlain a chance to show the stuff he is made of, and it cannot fail to bring Hitler's purposes and methods still further into the open,—which is important, considering the illusions under which some people still labour, especially in England, where Hitler, even to-day, is said to have supporters: think of it!

"After the Great War, badly wanting peace, and as usual judging others by herself, England supposed that Germany must want peace as badly, and therefore encouraged German revival in ways that drove some of us almost to distraction. Not only this, but, as everyone knows, England, under a distressing wave of Pacifism, and blindly believing in Germany's good faith—the honest man unable to conceive that all other men are not equally honest—came to look upon her army and navy as expensive ornaments, and grudged every penny spent on their maintenance. It was not until the Abyssinian affair had shown England her helplessness, and until Hitler and Mussolini had howled threats at her, that she at last woke up to the need for self-protection. Even so, she learned nothing as to the fundamental difference between races, and Chamberlain's approach to Hitler will, I fear, show the same old weakness of guileless trust in an unscrupulous adversary. As a result, Hitler will be too much for

him, and will gain the time he needs to be entirely ready for the accomplishment of his purposes (rumour says he will be ready by September 25th). If I am correct in this general supposition—I do not mean the date, which is of no importance—the interview will have been barren of results, save to Hitler's advantage,—that is, unless Chamberlain proves himself a bigger man than I have found reason to suppose. My guess in any case would be that Hitler will 'do him up', and will use him for his own ends without Chamberlain being in the least aware of it. However, we shall see.

"The truth of course is that Hitler is a wild man, a German intoxicated by his own fiercely shouted words, mad with egotism, hopelessly irrational,—a dangerous lunatic at large, though, like so many dangerous lunatics, with a streak of cunning, of calculating foresight, which amounts almost to genius. Hitler, without doubt, is trying to get all that he wants by means of bluff, threats, terrorism—without war; but he is determined to get it even at the cost of war. And the trouble is that he wants the earth: the German people are so superior in culture, civilization, fortitude, and in every other respect, to all other peoples, that if there be any sort of a God anywhere, that God necessarily looks to the German nation, ever extending its boundaries, to bring the rest of the world under its dominion. Americans for the most part refuse to take this seriously, thinking it 'silly'. It is silly; it is worse than that, it is lunatic: but Germany, led by a lunatic who voices to perfection her own wildest desires, and who flatters her vanity and drowns her fears by hammering it into her that these wild desires are attainable,—Germany, the most easily intoxicated of nations, has accepted that as its Solar-god-given mission: *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*. As an aim it is not new, of course; but the former German Emperor was a weakling behind his sabre-rattling, and was never entirely trusted by his people, who feel, in comparison, that Hitler, having killed so many of his former bosom friends, must be 'the real thing',—*echt deutsch*.

"Now what Hitler wants he has made sufficiently evident,—explicitly so, in many directions. He wants all the territory within reach, the inhabitants of which he regards as 'Nordic'. This includes a valuable slice of Czecho-Slovakia, the Polish Corridor, Memel, and will include Holland, and the Flemish-speaking sections of Belgium, as well as Alsace-Lorraine. Further, regardless of racial origins, he wants the oil-fields of Rumania, and the wheat-fields of Hungary and the Ukraine. He wants all the Colonies that Germany owned before the Great War. As *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, this will be only the beginning of his ever-increasing requirements; and America will soon discover that instead of being comfortably out of it, as she now imagines, the many Germans in South America are already organized to precipitate a crisis there, whenever Hitler is ready to go to their 'rescue', and to absorb as much of South American territory as seems to him expedient.

"In his eyes, and in the eyes of his followers, none of this will be wrong; it will not even be 'irregular': it will be the fulfilment of Germany's 'manifest destiny'. Unless that be understood, well-meaning but stupid people everywhere will continue to bray or bleat—as the case may be—that Germans are

kindly people who would not dream of injuring their neighbours, or of appropriating what does not belong to them. It *does* belong to them, is the sincere conviction of hypnotized Germany, and anyone who tries to stand in her way, as Dr. Dollfuss and Kurt von Schuschnigg tried to stand on behalf of Austria,—is a devil worthy of death.

"The question is, then, to what extent Chamberlain's eyes were opened to these truths as a result of his visit to Berchtesgaden. He claims to be a realist. Does he understand at last that no concession will keep Hitler quiet for longer than a brief interval; that history repeats itself, and that the payment of 'Dane gelt' in any form, merely increases the appetite of those who are in fact blackmailers? In other words, does the Prime Minister realize at last that he must be prepared to concede whatever Hitler demands, not only now but continuously, and that he must choose between that and—War? This does not mean that, if he accept war as inevitable, he ought of necessity to fight at once, but it does mean that he should consult his military advisers, who in their turn should consult their French colleagues, and thus put himself in a position to decide when and where it would be wisest to allow hostilities to begin."

The Student interrupted: "In this morning's paper", he said, "in a dispatch from Paris, it is stated that, while there is no war party in France, 'there is strong army sentiment that if there is to be war, it must be now or never.'"

"I noticed that", was the reply, "but was not convinced, thinking that newspaper correspondents are more likely to be in touch with retired Colonels and War Department clerks, than with men like General Gamelin who are in command. My point is, however, that realism demands a steady, detached facing of the facts, and action, at the right time and place, as those facts may determine. If it were not for the sentimentality of public opinion in democratic countries, the obvious thing to do would be to strike first. You do not wait for the gangster to shoot you or your friends before trying to plug him as full of holes as a second's start makes possible. Surprise, and the first blow, count for much in any sort of combat.

"It is to be hoped also that England, still playing and praying for peace (which is all to her credit), will not make the ghastly blunder of allowing Hitler to bite off one cherry at a time, until, as it were, the tree has been stripped,—first Austria, then Czecho-Slovakia, and so forth, in each case adding military strength and great manufacturing and natural resources to those which Germany already possesses, the total increase to be used finally for the conquest and enslavement of England herself. So long as Czecho-Slovakia exists with her present frontiers intact—these frontiers possessing many strategic advantages besides being well fortified—she can offer stiff resistance to German aggression, thus diverting German troops from the French, Belgian and Dutch frontiers. To weaken Czecho-Slovakia, therefore, in an effort to preserve peace, by insisting upon the surrender to Germany of the Sudeten area as the price of further British 'moral' support, would be as foolish as to stand aside altogether. England must either throw up her hands now, with full realization that this means, before long, the end of an independent England and of the British Em-

pire, or England must make up her mind to fight, superficially on behalf of a small republic in central Europe, but actually for the preservation of civilized conditions in Europe and, above all, of her own existence."

"It is a terrible situation", the Historian commented, "and a terrible Karma for England, which she has brought upon herself, and others, through her own fatuous refusal to recognize Germany's real nature and intentions,—intentions which Germany did not try to conceal, but flaunted in the eyes of the entire world. I love England, and fear that the penalty she will have to pay for her wilful blindness, and for her jealousy of French influence in Europe—the ingrained desire to preserve 'the balance of power', and to strengthen Germany with that in view—is likely to involve suffering far greater than anything she had to endure during the Great War."

"If Neville Chamberlain had been a different kind of man", the Engineer now said, "I believe the interview at Berchtesgaden might have resulted in something better than his own partial enlightenment, which seems to be all the Philosopher dares hope for. I am reminded of a recent incident in business: a relatively small manufacturing company received an order for some apparatus from a large and powerful corporation, a 'valued customer'. The apparatus was fabricated and shipped. Shortly afterwards word came that it was defective, with loud complaints from the customer's chief engineer. The Works Manager of the smaller company, having learned that the apparatus in question had been subjected to tests which he considered utterly unfair and unreasonable, arranged for an interview with this chief engineer, and at once told him what he thought of these tests. The chief engineer was furious. He jumped from his chair and, with upraised arm, shouted his anger and resentment: he was 'through' with a company which dared to criticize his, the purchaser's, methods. The Works Manager was equal to the occasion. Instead of apologizing for what he had said; instead of trying to placate this important customer, he shouted back—pointing to his opponent's vacant chair: 'When you come back to earth, we will discuss this question as engineer with engineer. Time enough after that, to consider the matter as between buyer and seller.' His force of character and fearlessness, and the sincerity of his indignation, struck the other man like a blow in the face. He subsided into his chair; discussed the subject rationally, and finally agreed to a settlement which was entirely in favour of the Works Manager's company."

"Hitler is a bully (he can be charming, I am told, when he wants to be), and the only way to handle a bully is to face him down with a force greater than his own. If, in reply to Hitler's tirade—for Hitler begins every interview with a tirade—Chamberlain had shown genuine anger, and had barked at him in the tone of a commanding officer that if he dared to touch Czecho-Slovakia 'we will wipe you and Germany off the map', it is quite possible that Hitler would have collapsed, and would have become sufficiently rational to discuss terms of settlement which would have been acceptable to Czecho-Slovakia."

"Possible, but not probable", said the Philosopher. "Do not forget that Hitler has so deeply committed himself to his programme of expansion, both

in his book, *Mein Kampf*, and in his speeches, that it would be out of the question for him to maintain his ascendancy in Germany without putting that programme into effect. Do not forget either that he is a fanatic. More than that. In a book which I have not yet had time to read, but at which I have glanced—*Insanity Fair*, by Douglas Reed—the author, who witnessed what he describes, writes of Hitler's reception in Vienna in March of this year, and of how frantically he was acclaimed by the people he had conquered. Reed then says:

It went to his head. It intoxicated him. Endless suffering for Europe was born on this day. Though his conquest of Austria had been relatively bloodless, Hitler then tasted blood. His demeanour, as he strode about on the balcony of the old Imperial Palace with the delirious multitudes shrieking below him, his voice as he spoke to them, which was that of a man possessed with some ungovernable Berserk rage, all betokened the man who was coming to think himself a God, all-powerful, invincible, all-avenging. It was a fearful scene. . . . The Austrians, like the Germans, had been won for race-hatred, foreigner-hatred, and the lust of conquest.

"America thinks she can stand aloof. What madness! Wait until New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Washington are bombed from the air, with the ultimatum that unless our gold reserves are surrendered, the dose will be repeated indefinitely.

"Some people would think this, and much else that I have been saying, extravagant; but Hitler is extravagant; it is the brazen, the unprecedented, the monstrous that appeal to him. Would America have believed, in 1918, that in twenty years England and France would be threatened by a Germany whose military force may prove greater than theirs combined? America too will have to fight for her life, and can do so now, with allies, or can do so in a few years from now, alone, unaided, against a Germany made ten times as strong by the conquest and absorption of nations she regards as her rightful prey,—France included."

"Surely not France!" our visitor protested. "Has not Hitler said that he wishes to maintain friendly relations with France?"

"He has", was the reply; "but this is what he wrote in *Mein Kampf*:

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.

"A copy of *Mein Kampf* is given to every newly married couple in Germany. It is the Bible of all Nazis."

"Is civilization doomed?" someone asked.

"It may be so", was the reply. "That may be the only way to insure a fresh start on a better, truer basis. It may be the only way in which the guidance of 'God-instructed men' can be made possible; for only when people are desperate, and know at last that of themselves they are helpless, will they be willing to accept the guidance of those who know, and whose desire to help, fortunately for us, is unending. One thing is sure: the fate of the world, and of America as

part of the world, now hangs in the balance. Without, there is confusion and darkness and terror; within, it is for us to maintain, each in his own heart, an immovable centre of faith and confidence in the ultimate triumph of Right. Masters *are*. That is enough."

"Yes", said our oldest Member, "and even if Europe were reduced to the desolation that followed the collapse of the Roman Empire (the fate indicated by Ferrero), out of that waste and misery would arise a fairer civilization, a nobler art, a higher and purer thought and life. Whatever betide, let us keep our faith and courage undimmed. 'God's in his heaven: All's right with the world.' Nothing that is true and beautiful can ever die. It may pass from sight with the winter's frost, but it will bloom again in added loveliness when 'spring' returns once more. We must remember what we were told,—to take 'long views'."

T.

. . . *And the seventh child went into his closet, and kneeled upon the floor, and covered his face with his hands. And he cried aloud saying: Oh Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph! And the cloud of the Lord enveloped him, and he heard a stern voice from the cloud saying unto him: When the weakling disdains his weakness, and the coward arises from his cowardice; when he is no longer in terror for the loss of his possessions, but is in terror for the loss of his soul; when the cause of the weak and downtrodden constraineth him, and not the shouting of the oppressor; when he loves righteousness and justice for their own sakes, and not as a cloak for his self-seeking; then the Lord shall be with him, to defend and uphold him, and to save him from all his enemies. For no man ever trusted in the Lord from his heart, and was deceived. Behold, the day of trial is always the day of the Lord. Turn, therefore, ye people, turn to the Lord, and follow his ways.*—THE BOOK OF THE SEVEN CHILDREN.



PSYCHIC AND NOËTIC ACTION¹

. . . I made man just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall,
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd,
Truly, they stood who stood, and fell who fell . . .
—MILTON.

. . . . The assumption that the mind is a real being, which can be acted upon by the brain, and which can act on the body through the brain, is the only one compatible with all the facts of experience.—GEORGE T. LADD, in the "ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY".

I

A NEW influence, a breath, a sound—"as of a rushing mighty wind"—has suddenly swept over a few Theosophical heads. An idea, vague at first, grew in time into a very definite form, and now seems to be working very busily in the minds of some of our members. It is this: if we would make converts, the few ex-occult teachings, which are destined to see the light of publicity, should be made, henceforward, *more subservient to, if not entirely at one with modern science*. It is urged that the so-called *esoteric*² (or *late esoteric*) cosmogony, anthropology, ethnology, geology—psychology and, foremost of all, metaphysics—having been *adapted into* making obeisance to modern (hence *materialistic*) thought, should never henceforth be allowed to contradict (not *openly*, at all events) "scientific philosophy". The latter, we suppose, means the fundamental and accepted views of the great German schools, or of Mr. Herbert Spencer and some other English stars of lesser magnitude; and not only these, but also the deductions that may be drawn from them by their more or less instructed disciples.

¹ By H. P. Blavatsky, reprinted from *Lucifer*, vol. vii, October and November, 1890.

² We say "so-called", because nothing of what has been given out publicly or in print can any longer be termed *esoteric*. [This, and all following footnotes are by H.P.B.]

A large undertaking this, truly; and one, moreover, in perfect conformity with the policy of the mediæval Casuists, who distorted truth and even suppressed it, if it clashed with *divine Revelation*. Useless to say that we decline the compromise. It is quite possible—nay, probable and almost unavoidable—that “the mistakes made” in the rendering of such abstruse metaphysical tenets as those contained in Eastern Occultism, “should be frequent and often important”. But then all such have to be traced back to the interpreters, not to the system itself. They have to be corrected on the authority of the same Doctrine, checked by the teachings grown on the rich and steady soil of *Gupta Vidya*, not by the speculations that blossom forth to-day, to die to-morrow—on the shifting sands of modern scientific guess-work, especially in all that relates to psychology and mental phenomena. Holding to our motto, “There is no religion higher than truth”, we refuse most decidedly to pander to *physical science*. Yet, we may say this: If the so-called *exact sciences* limited their activity only to the physical realm of nature; if they concerned themselves strictly with surgery, chemistry—up to its legitimate boundaries; and with physiology—so far as the latter relates to the structure of our corporeal frame, then the Occultists would be the first to seek help in modern sciences, however many their blunders and mistakes. But once that, over-stepping material Nature, the physiologists of the modern “animalistic”³ school pretend to meddle with, and deliver *ex cathedrâ dicta* on, the higher functions and phenomena of the mind, saying that a careful analysis brings them to a firm conviction that no more than the animal is man a *free-agent*, far less a responsible one—then the Occultist has a far greater right than the average modern “Idealist” to protest. And the Occultist asserts that no materialist—a prejudiced and one-sided witness at best—can claim any authority in the question of mental physiology, or that which is now called by him the *physiology of the soul*. No such noun can be applied to the word “soul”, unless, indeed, by soul only the lower, *psychic* mind is meant, or that which develops in man (proportionally with the perfection of his brain) into *intellect*, and in the animal into a *higher* instinct. But since the great Charles Darwin taught that “our *ideas* are animal motions of the organ of sense”, everything becomes possible to the modern physiologist.

Thus, to the great distress of our scientifically inclined Fellows, it is once more *Lucifer's* duty to show how far we are at logger-heads with exact science, or shall we say, how far the conclusions of that science are drifting away from truth and fact. By “science” we mean, of course, the majority of the men of science; the best minority, we are happy to say, is on our side, at least as far as free-will in man and the immateriality of the mind are concerned. The study of the “Physiology” of the Soul, of the Will in man and of his *higher Consciousness* from the standpoint of genius and its manifesting faculties, can never be

³ “Animalism” is quite an appropriate word to use (whoever invented it) as a contrast to Mr. Tylor's term “animism”, which he applied to all the “Lower Races” of mankind who believe the soul a distinct entity. He finds that the words *psyche*, *pneuma*, *animus*, *spiritus*, etc., all belong to the same cycle of superstition in “the lower stages of culture”, Professor A. Bain dubbing all these distinctions, moreover, as a “plurality of souls” and a “double materialism”. This is the more curious as the learned author of *Mind and Body* speaks as disparagingly of Darwin's “materialism” in *Zoonomia*, wherein the founder of modern Evolution defines the word *idea* as “contracting a notion, or configuration of the fibres which constitute the immediate organ of sense” (*Mind and Body*, p. 190, Note).

summarized into a system of general ideas represented by brief formulæ; no more than the *psychology of material nature* can have its manifold mysteries solved by the mere analysis of its physical phenomena. *There is no special organ of will*, any more than there is a *physical basis* for the activities of self-consciousness.

If the question is pressed as to the *physical basis* for the activities of self-consciousness, no answer can be given or suggested. . . . From its very nature, that marvellous verifying *actus* of mind in which it recognizes the states as its own, can have no analogous or corresponding material substratum. It is impossible to specify any physiological process representing this unifying *actus*; it is even impossible to imagine how the description of any such process could be brought into intelligible relation with this unique mental power.⁴

Thus, the whole conclave of psycho-physiologists may be challenged to define Consciousness correctly, and they are sure to fail, because Self-consciousness belongs alone to man and proceeds from the SELF, the higher Manas. Only, whereas the psychic element (or *Kama-manas*)⁵ is common to both the animal and the human being—the far higher degree of its development in the latter resting merely on the greater perfection and sensitiveness of his cerebral cells—no physiologist, not even the cleverest, will ever be able to solve the mystery of the human mind, in its highest spiritual manifestation, or in its dual aspect of the *psychic* and the *noëtic* (or the *manasic*),⁶ or even to comprehend the intricacies of the former on the purely material plane—unless he knows something of, and is prepared to admit the presence of this dual element. This means that he would have to admit a lower (animal), and a higher (or divine) mind in man, or what is known in Occultism as the “personal” and the “impersonal” *Egos*. For, between the *psychic* and the *noëtic*, between the *Personality* and the *Individuality*, there exists the same abyss as between a “Jack the Ripper”, and a holy Buddha. Unless the physiologist accepts all this, we say, he will ever be led into a quagmire. We intend to prove it.

As all know, the great majority of our learned “Didymi” reject the idea of free-will. Now this question is a problem that has occupied the minds of thinkers for ages; every school of thought having taken it up in turn and left it as far from solution as ever. And yet, placed as it is in the foremost ranks of philosophical quandaries, the modern “psycho-physiologists” claim in the coolest and most bumptious way to have cut the Gordian knot for ever. For them the feeling of personal free agency is an error, an illusion, “the collective hallucination of mankind”. This conviction starts from the principle that no mental activity is possible without a brain, and that there can be no brain without a body. As the latter is, moreover, subject to the general laws of a material world where all is based on necessity, and where there is no spontaneity, our modern psycho-physiologist has *nolens volens* to repudiate any self-spontaneity in human action. Here we have, for instance, a Lausanne professor of physiology, A. A.

⁴ *Physiological Psychology, etc.*, p. 545, by George T. Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University.

⁵ Or what the Kabalists call *Nephesh*, the “breath of life”.

⁶ The Sanskrit word *Manas* (Mind) is used by us in preference to the Greek *Nous* (noëtic) because the latter word having been so imperfectly understood in philosophy, suggests no definite meaning.

Herzen, to whom the claim of free-will in man appears as the most *unscientific* absurdity. Says this oracle:—

In the boundless physical and chemical laboratory that surrounds man, organic life represents quite an unimportant group of phenomena; and amongst the latter, the place occupied by life having reached to the stage of consciousness, is so minute that it is absurd to exclude man from the sphere of action of a general law, in order to allow in him the existence of a subjective spontaneity or a free will standing outside of that law.⁷

For the Occultist who knows the difference between the psychic and the noëtic elements in man, this is pure trash, notwithstanding its sound scientific basis. For when the author puts the question—if psychic phenomena do not represent the results of an action of a molecular character, whither then does motion disappear after reaching the sensory centres?—we answer that we never denied the fact. But what has this to do with free-will? That every phenomenon in the visible Universe has its genesis in motion, is an old axiom in Occultism; nor do we doubt that the psycho-physiologist would place himself at logger-heads with the whole conclave of exact scientists were he to allow the idea that at a given moment a whole series of physical phenomena may disappear in the vacuum. Therefore, when the author of the work cited maintains that the said force does not disappear upon reaching the highest nervous centres, but that it is forthwith transformed into another series, *viz.*, that of psychic manifestations, into thought, feeling, and consciousness, just as this same psychic force when applied to produce some work of a physical (*e. g.*, muscular) character gets transformed into the latter—Occultism supports him, for it is the first to say that all psychic activity, from its lowest to its highest manifestations, is “nothing but—motion”.

Yes; it is MOTION but not all “molecular” motion, as the writer means us to infer. Motion as the GREAT BREATH (*vide* “Secret Doctrine,” vol. i, *sub voce*)—*ergo* “sound” at the same time—is the substratum of Kosmic-Motion. It is beginningless and endless, the one *eternal life*, the basis and genesis of the subjective and the objective universe; for LIFE (or Be-ness) is the *fons et origo* of existence or being. But molecular motion is the lowest and most material of its finite manifestations. And if the general law of the conservation of energy leads modern science to the conclusion that psychic activity only represents a special form of motion, this same law, guiding the Occultists, leads them also to the same conviction—and to something else besides, which psycho-physiology leaves entirely out of consideration. If the latter has discovered only in this century that psychic (we say even spiritual) action is subject to the same general and immutable laws of motion as any other phenomenon manifested in the objective realm of Kosmos, and that in both the organic and the *inorganic* (?) worlds every manifestation, whether conscious or unconscious, represents but the result of a collectivity of causes, then in Occult philosophy this represents merely the A,B,C, of its science. “All the world is in the *Swara*; *Swara* is the Spirit itself”—the ONE LIFE or *motion*, say the old books of Hindu Occult philosophy. “The proper translation of the word *Swara* is the *current*

⁷ *Psychophysiologie Générale.*

of the life wave", says the author of *Nature's Finer Forces*,⁸ and he goes on to explain:

It is that wavy motion which is the cause of the evolution of cosmic undifferentiated matter into the differentiated universe. . . . From whence does this motion come? This motion is the spirit itself. The word *atma* (universal soul) used in the book (*vide infra*), itself carries the idea of eternal motion, coming as it does from the root, AT, or eternal motion; and it may be significantly remarked that the root AT is connected with, is in fact simply another form of, the roots AH, breath, and AS, being. All these roots have for their origin the sound produced by the breath of animals (living beings). . . . The primeval current of the life-wave is then the same which assumes in man the form of inspiratory and expiratory motion of the lungs, and this is the all-pervading source of the evolution and involution of the universe. . . .

So much about *motion* and the "conservation of energy" from old *books on magic*, written and taught ages before the birth of inductive and exact modern science. For what does the latter say more than these books in speaking, for instance, about animal *mechanism*, when it says:

From the visible atom to the celestial body lost in space, *everything is subject to motion*; . . . kept at a definite distance one from the other, in proportion to the motion which animates them, the molecules present constant relations, which they lose only by the addition or the subtraction of a certain quantity of motion.⁹

But Occultism says more than this. While making of motion on *the material plane* and of the conservation of energy, two fundamental laws, or rather two aspects of the same omnipresent law—*Swara*, it denies point blank that these have anything to do with the *free-will* of man which belongs to quite a different plane. The author of *Psychophysiologie Générale*, treating of his *discovery* that psychic action is but motion, and the result of a collectivity of causes—remarks that as it is so, there cannot be any further discussion upon spontaneity—in the sense of any native internal proneness created by the human organism; and adds that the above puts an end to all claim for *free-will*! The Occultist denies the conclusion. The actual fact of man's psychic (we say *manasic* or noëtic) *individuality* is a sufficient warrant against the assumption; for in the case of this conclusion being correct, or being indeed, as the author expresses it, the *collective hallucination of the whole of mankind throughout the ages*, there would be an end also to psychic individuality.

Now by "psychic" individuality we mean that self-determining power which enables man to override circumstances. Place half a dozen animals of the same species under the same circumstances, and their actions, while not identical, will be closely similar; place half a dozen men under the same circumstances and their actions will be as different as their characters, *i. e.*, their *psychic individuality*.

⁸ *The Theosophist*, Feb., 1888, p. 275, by Rama Prasad, President of the *Meerut Theosophical Society*. As the Occult book cited by him says: "It is the *Swara* that has given form to the first accumulations of the divisions of the universe; the *Swara* causes evolution and involution; the *Swara* is God, or more properly the *Great Power* itself (*Maheshwara*). The *Swara* is the manifestation of the impression on matter of that power which in man is known to us as the power which knows itself (mental and psychic consciousness). It is to be understood that the action of this power never ceases. . . . It is unchangeable existence"—and this is the "Motion" of the Scientists and the universal *Breath of Life* of the Occultists.

⁹ *Animal Mechanism, a treatise on terrestrial and aerial locomotion*, by E. J. Marey, Professor at the College of France, and Member of the Academy of Medicine.

But if instead of "psychic" we call it the higher Self-conscious Will, then having been shown by the science of psycho-physiology itself that *will has no special organ*, how will the materialists connect it with "molecular" motion at all? As Professor George T. Ladd says:

The phenomena of human consciousness must be regarded as activities of some other form of Real Being than the moving molecules of the brain. They require a subject or ground which is in its nature unlike the phosphorized fats of the central masses, the aggregated nerve-fibres of nerve-cells of the cerebral cortex. This Real Being thus manifested immediately to itself in the phenomena of consciousness, and indirectly to others through the bodily changes, is the *Mind [manas]*. To it the mental phenomena are to be attributed as showing what it is by what it *does*. The so-called mental "faculties" are only the *modes of the behaviour* in consciousness of this real being. We actually find, by the only method available, that this real being called Mind believes in certain perpetually recurring modes: therefore, we attribute to it certain faculties. . . . Mental faculties are not entities that have an existence of themselves. . . . They are the modes of the behaviour in consciousness of the mind. And the very nature of the classifying acts which lead to their being distinguished, is explicable only upon the assumption that *a Real being called Mind exists*, and is to be distinguished from the real beings known as the physical molecules of the brain's nervous mass.¹⁰

And having shown that we have to regard consciousness as a unit (another occult proposition) the author adds:

We conclude, then, from the previous considerations: *the subject of all the states of consciousness is a real unit-being, called Mind; which is of non-material nature, and acts and develops according to laws of its own, but is specially correlated with certain material molecules and masses forming the substance of the Brain.*¹¹

This "Mind" is *manas*, or rather its lower reflection, which whenever it disconnects itself, for the time being, from *kama*, becomes the guide of the highest mental faculties, and is the organ of the free-will in physical man. Therefore, this assumption of the newest psycho-physiology is uncalled for, and the apparent impossibility of reconciling the existence of free-will with the law of the conservation of energy is—a pure fallacy. This was well shown in the "Scientific Letters" of "Elpay" in a criticism of the work. But to prove it finally and set the whole question definitely at rest, does not even require so high an interference (high for us, at any rate) as the Occult laws, but simply a little common sense. Let us analyze the question dispassionately.

It is postulated by one man, presumably a scientist, that because "psychic action is found subject to the general and immutable laws of motion, there is, therefore, *no free will in man*". The "analytical method of exact sciences" has demonstrated it, and materialistic scientists have decreed to "pass the resolution" that the fact should be so accepted by their followers. But there are other and far greater scientists who thought differently. For instance, Sir William Lawrence, the eminent surgeon, declared in his lectures¹² that:—

The philosophical doctrine of the soul, and its separate existence, has nothing to do

¹⁰ The higher *manas* or "Ego" (*Kshetrajña*) is the "Silent Spectator", and the voluntary "sacrificial victim": the lower *manas*, its representative—a tyrannical despot, truly.

¹¹ *Elements of Physiological Psychology*. A treatise of the activities and nature of the mind, from the Physical and Experimental Point of View, pp. 606 and 613.

¹² W. Lawrence: *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man*, London, 1848, p. 6.

with this physiological question, but rests on a species of proof altogether different. These sublime dogmas could never have been brought to light by the labours of the anatomist and physiologist. An immaterial and spiritual being could not have been discovered amid the blood and filth of the dissecting room.

Now, let us examine on the testimony of the materialist how this universal solvent called the "analytical method" is applied in this special case. The author of the *Psychophysilogie* decomposes psychic activity into its compound elements, traces them back to motion, and, failing to find in them the slightest trace of free-will or spontaneity, jumps to the conclusion that the latter have no existence in general; nor are they to be found in that psychic activity which he has just decomposed. "Are not the fallacy and error of such an unscientific proceeding self-evident?", asks his critic; and then argues very correctly that:

At this rate, and starting from the standpoint of this analytical method, one would have an equal right to deny every phenomenon in nature from first to last. For, do not sound and light, heat and electricity, like all other chemical processes, once decomposed into their respective elements, lead the experimenter back to the same motion, wherein all the peculiarities of the given elements disappear, leaving behind them only "the vibrations of molecules"? But does it necessarily follow that for all that, heat, light, electricity—are but illusions instead of the actual manifestations of the peculiarities of our real world? Such peculiarities are not, of course, to be found in compound elements, simply because we cannot expect that a part should contain, from first to last, the properties of the whole. What should we say of a chemist, who, having decomposed water into its compounds, hydrogen and oxygen, without finding in them the special characteristics of water, would maintain that such did not exist at all nor could they be found in water? What of an antiquary who upon examining distributed type and finding no sense in every separate letter, should assert that there was no such thing as sense to be found in any printed document? And does not the author of *Psycho-physiology* act just in this way when he denies the existence of free-will or self-spontaneity in man, on the grounds that this distinctive faculty of the highest psychic activity is absent from those compound elements which he has analyzed?

Most undeniably no separate piece of brick, of wood, or iron, each of which has once been a part of a building now in ruins, can be expected to preserve the smallest trace of the architecture of that building—in the hands of the chemist, at any rate; though it would in those of a *psychometer*, a faculty by the by, which demonstrates far more powerfully the law of the conservation of energy than any physical science does, and shows it acting as much in the subjective or psychic worlds as on the objective and material planes. The genesis of sound, on this plane, has to be traced back to the same motion, and the same correlation of forces is at play during the phenomenon as in the case of every other manifestation. Shall the physicist, then, who decomposes sound into its compound element of vibrations and fails to find in them any harmony or special melody, deny the existence of the latter? And does not this prove that the analytical method, having to deal exclusively with the elements, and nothing to do with their *combinations*, leads the physicist to talk very glibly about motion, vibration, and what not, and to make him entirely lose sight of the *harmony produced by certain combinations of that motion* or the "harmony of vibrations"? Criticism, then, is right in accusing Materialistic psycho-physiology of neglecting these

all-important distinctions; in maintaining that if a careful observation of facts is a duty in the simplest physical phenomena, how much more should it be so when applied to such complex and important questions as psychic force and faculties? And yet in most cases all such essential differences are overlooked, and the analytical method is applied in a most arbitrary and prejudiced way. What wonder, then, if, in carrying back psychic action to its basic elements of motion, the psycho-physiologist, depriving it during the process of all its essential characteristics, should destroy it; and having destroyed it, it only stands to reason that he is unable to find that which exists in it no longer. He forgets, in short, or rather purposely ignores the fact, that though, like all other phenomena on the material plane, psychic manifestations *must* be related in their final analysis to the world of vibration ("*sound*" being the *substratum of universal Akasa*), yet, in their origin, they belong to a *different and a higher World of HARMONY*. Elpay has a few severe sentences against the assumptions of those he calls "physico-biologists" which are worthy of note.

Unconscious of their error, the psycho-physiologists identify the compound elements of psychic activity with that activity itself: hence the conclusion from the standpoint of the analytical method, that the highest, distinctive specialty of the human soul—free-will, spontaneity—is an illusion, and no psychic reality. But as we have just shown, such identification not only has nothing in common with exact science, but is simply impermissible, as it clashes with all the fundamental laws of logic, in consequence of which all these so-called physico-biological deductions emanating from the said identification vanish into thin air. Thus to trace psychic action primarily to motion, means in no way to prove the "illusion of free-will". And, as in the case of water, whose specific qualities cannot be deprived of their reality although they are not to be found in its compound gases, so with regard to the specific property of psychic action: its spontaneity cannot be refused to psychic reality, though this property is not contained in those finite elements into which the psycho-physiologist dismembers the activity in question under his mental scalpel.

This method is "a distinctive feature of modern science in its endeavour to satisfy inquiry into the *nature* of the objects of its investigation by a detailed description of their *development*", says G. T. Ladd. And the author of *The Elements of Physiological Psychology* adds:—

The universal process of "Becoming" has been almost personified and deified, as to make it the true ground of all finite and concrete existence. . . . The attempt is made to refer all the so-called development of the mind to the evolution of the substance of the brain, under purely physical and mechanical causes. This attempt, then, denies that any real unit-being called the Mind needs to be assumed as undergoing a process of development according to laws of its own. . . . On the other hand, all attempts to account for the orderly increase in complexity and comprehensiveness of the mental phenomena by tracing the physical evolution of the brain are wholly unsatisfactory to many minds. We have no hesitation in classing ourselves among this number. Those facts of experience which show a correspondence in the order of the development of the body and the mind, and even a certain necessary dependence of the latter upon the former, are, of course, to be admitted; but they are equally compatible with another view of the mind's development. This other view has the additional advantages that it makes room for many other facts of experience which are very difficult of reconciliation with any materialistic theory. On the whole, *the history of each individual's experiences is such as requires the assumption that a real unit-being (a Mind) is undergoing a process of*

development, in relation to the changing condition or evolution of the brain, and yet in accordance with a nature and laws of its own (p. 616).

How closely this last "assumption" of science approaches the teachings of the Occult philosophy will be shown in Part II of this article. Meanwhile, we may close with an answer to the latest materialistic fallacy, which may be summarized in a few words. As every psychic action has for its substratum the nervous elements whose existence it postulates, and outside which it cannot act; as the activity of the nervous elements is only molecular motion, there is therefore no need to invent a special and psychic Force for the explanation of our brain work. *Free Will would force* Science to postulate an invisible *Free-Willer*, a creator of that special Force.

We agree: "not the slightest need", of a creator of "that special" or any other Force. Nor has any one ever claimed such an absurdity. But between *creating* and *guiding*, there is a difference, and the latter implies in no way any creation of the energy of motion, or, indeed, of any special energy. *Psychic* mind (in contradistinction to manasic or noëtic mind) only transforms this energy of the "unit-being" according to "a nature and laws of its own"—to use Ladd's felicitous expression. The "unit-being" creates nothing, but only causes a natural correlation in accordance with both the physical laws and *laws of its own*; having to use the Force, it guides its direction, choosing the paths along which it will proceed, and stimulating it to action. And, as its activity is *sui generis*, and independent, it carries this energy from this world of disharmony into its own sphere of harmony. Were it not *independent* it could not do so. As it is, the freedom of man's will is beyond doubt or cavil. Therefore, as already observed, there is no question of creation, but simply of *guidance*. Because the sailor at the wheel does not create the steam in the engine, shall we say that he does not direct the vessel?

And, because we refuse to accept the fallacies of some psycho-physiologists as the *last* word of science, do we furnish thereby a new proof that free-will is an *hallucination*? We deride the *animalistic* idea. How far more scientific and logical, besides being as poetical as it is grand, is the teaching in the *Katha Upanishad*, which, in a beautiful and descriptive metaphor, says that: "The senses are the horses, body is the chariot, mind (*kama-manas*) is the reins, and intellect (or *free-will*) the charioteer." Verily, there is more *exact* science in the less important of the *Upanishads*, composed thousands of years ago, than in all the materialistic ravings of modern "physico-biology" and "psychophysiology" put together!

II.

. . . . *The knowledge of the past, present, and future, is embodied in Kshetrajna (the "Self").*—OCCULT AXIOMS.

Having explained in what particulars, and why, as Occultists, we disagree with materialistic physiological psychology, we may now proceed to point out the difference between psychic and noëtic mental functions, the noëtic not being recognized by official science.

Moreover, we, Theosophists, understand the terms "psychic" and "psychism" somewhat differently from the average public, from science, and even theology, the latter giving it a significance which both science and Theosophy reject, and the public in general remaining with a very hazy conception of what is really meant by the terms. For many, there is little, if any, difference between "psychic" and "psychological", both words relating in some way to the *human* soul. Some modern metaphysicians have wisely agreed to disconnect the word Mind (*pneuma*) from Soul (*psyche*), the one being the rational, spiritual part, the other—*psyche*—the living principle in man, the breath that *animates* him (from *anima*, soul). Yet, if this is so, how in this case refuse a soul to *animals*? These are, no less than man, informed with the same principle of sentient life, the *nephesh* of the 2nd chapter of *Genesis*. The Soul is by no means the mind, nor can an idiot, bereft of the latter, be called a "soul-less" being. To describe, as the physiologists do, the human Soul in its relations to senses and appetites, desires and passions, common to man and the brute, and then endow it with God-like intellect, with spiritual and rational faculties which can take their source but in a *supersensible* world—is to throw for ever the veil of an impenetrable mystery over the subject. Yet in modern science, "psychology" and "psychism" relate only to conditions of the nervous system, mental phenomena being traced solely to molecular action. The higher *noëtic* character of the Mind-Principle is entirely ignored, and even rejected, as a "superstition" by both physiologists and psychologists. Psychology, in fact, has become a synonym in many cases for the science of psychiatry. Therefore, students of Theosophy being compelled to differ from all these, have adopted the doctrine that underlies the time-honoured philosophies of the East. What it is, may be found further on.

To understand better the foregoing arguments and those which follow, the reader is asked to turn to the editorial in the September *Lucifer* ("The Dual Aspect of Wisdom", p. 3), and acquaint himself with the *double aspect* of that which is termed by St. James in his Third Epistle at once—the *devilish, terrestrial* wisdom, and the "wisdom from above". In another editorial, "Kosmic Mind" (April, 1890), it is also stated that the ancient Hindus endowed every cell in the human body with consciousness, giving each the name of a God or Goddess. Speaking of atoms in the name of science and philosophy, Professor Ladd calls them in his work "*supersensible beings*". Occultism regards every atom¹³ as an "independent entity" and every cell as a "conscious unit". It explains that no sooner do such atoms group to form cells, than the latter become endowed with consciousness, each of its own kind, and with *free-will to act within* the limits of law. Nor are we entirely deprived of scientific evidence for such statements as the two above named editorials well prove. More than one learned physiologist of the golden minority, in our own day, moreover, is rapidly coming to the conviction, that memory has no seat, no special organ of its own in the human brain, but that it has *seats* in every organ of the body.

"No good ground exists for speaking of any special organ, or seat of memory".

¹³One of the names of Brahmâ is *anu* or "atom".

writes Professor J. T. Ladd.¹⁴ "Every organ indeed, every area, and every limit of the nervous system has its own memory" (p. 553 *loc. cit.*).

The seat of memory, then, is assuredly neither here nor there, but everywhere throughout the human body. To locate its organ in the brain is to limit and dwarf the Universal Mind and its countless Rays (the *Manasa putra*) which inform every rational mortal. As we write for Theosophists, first of all, we care little for the psychophobic prejudices of the Materialists who may read this and sniff contemptuously at the mention of "Universal Mind", and the Higher *noëtic* souls of men. But, what *is* memory, we ask. "Both presentation of sense and image of memory, are transitory phases of consciousness", we are answered. But what is Consciousness itself?—we ask again. "*We cannot define Consciousness*", Professor Ladd tells us.¹⁵ Thus, that which we are asked to do by physiological psychology is, to content ourselves with controverting the various states of Consciousness by other people's private and unverifiable hypotheses; and this, on "questions of cerebral physiology *where experts and novices are alike ignorant*", to use the pointed remark of the said author. Hypothesis for hypothesis then, we may as well hold to the teachings of our Seers, as to the conjectures of those who deny both such Seers and their wisdom. The more so, as we are told by the same honest man of science, that "if metaphysics and ethics cannot properly dictate their facts and conclusions to the science of physiological psychology, . . . in turn this science cannot properly dictate to metaphysics and ethics the conclusions which they shall draw from facts of Consciousness, by giving out its myths and fables in the garb of well ascertained history of the cerebral processes" (p. 544).

Now, since the metaphysics of Occult physiology and psychology postulate within mortal man an immortal entity, "divine Mind", or *Nous*, whose pale and too often distorted reflection is that which we call "Mind" and intellect in men—virtually an entity apart from the former during the period of every incarnation—we say that the *two* sources of "memory" are in these two "principles". These two we distinguish as the Higher *Manas* (Mind or Ego), and the *Kama-Manas*, *i. e.*, the rational, but earthly or physical intellect of man, incased in, and bound by, matter, therefore subject to the influence of the latter: the all-conscious SELF, that which reincarnates periodically—verily the WORD made flesh!—and which is always the same, while its reflected "Double", changing with every new incarnation and personality, is, therefore, conscious but for a life-period. The latter "principle" is the *Lower Self*, or that which, manifesting through our *organic* system, acting on this plane of illusion, imagines itself the *Ego Sum*, and thus falls into what Buddhist philosophy brands as the "heresy of separateness". The former, we term INDIVIDUALITY, the latter *Personality*. From the first proceeds all the *noëtic* element, from the second, the *psychic*, *i. e.*, "terrestrial wisdom" at best, as it is influenced by all the chaotic stimuli of the human or rather *animal passions* of the living body.

The "Higher Ego" cannot act directly on the body, as its consciousness be-

¹⁴ Professor of Philosophy at Yale University.

¹⁵ *Elements of Physiological Psychology*.

longs to quite another plane and planes of ideation: the "lower" *Self* does: and its action and behaviour *depend on its free will and choice* as to whether it will gravitate more towards its parent ("the Father in Heaven") or the "animal" which it informs, the man of flesh. The "Higher Ego", as part of the essence of the UNIVERSAL MIND, is unconditionally omniscient on its own plane, and only potentially so in our terrestrial sphere, as it has to act solely through its *alter ego*—the Personal Self. Now, although the former is the vehicle of all knowledge of the past, the present, and the future, and although it is from this fountain-head that its "double" catches occasional glimpses of that which is beyond the senses of man, and transmits them to certain brain cells (unknown to science in their functions), thus making of man a *Seer*, a soothsayer, and a prophet; yet the memory of bygone events—especially of the earth earthy—has its seat in the Personal Ego alone. No memory of a purely daily-life function, of a physical, egotistical, or of a lower mental nature—such as, *e. g.*, eating and drinking, enjoying personal sensual pleasures, transacting business to the detriment of one's neighbour, etc., etc., has aught to do with the "Higher" Mind or Ego. Nor has it any direct dealings on this physical plane with either our brain or our heart—for these two are the organs of a power higher than the *Personality*—but only with our passional organs, such as the liver, the stomach, the spleen, etc. Thus it only stands to reason that the memory of such-like events must be first awakened in that organ which was the first to induce the action remembered afterwards, and conveyed it to our "sense-thought", which is entirely *distinct from the "supersensuous" thought*. It is only the higher forms of the latter, the *superconscious* mental experiences, that can correlate with the cerebral and cardiac centres. The memories of physical and *selfish* (or personal) deeds, on the other hand, together with the mental experiences of a terrestrial nature, and of earthly biological functions, can of necessity, only be correlated with the molecular constitution of various *Kamic* organs, and the "dynamical associations" of the elements of the nervous system in each particular organ.

Therefore, when Professor Ladd, after showing that every element of the nervous system has a memory of its own, adds:—"This view belongs to the very essence of every theory which considers conscious mental reproduction as only one form or phase of the biological fact of organic memory"—he must include among such theories the Occult teaching. For no Occultist could express such teaching more correctly than the Professor, who says, in winding up his argument: "We might properly speak, then, of the memory of the end-organ of vision or of hearing, of the memory of the spinal cord and of the different so-called 'centres' of reflex action belonging to the cords of the memory of the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum, etc." This is the essence of Occult teaching—even in the Tantra works. Indeed, every organ in our body *has its own memory*. For if it is endowed with a consciousness "of its own kind", every cell must of necessity have also a memory of its own kind, as likewise its own *psychic* and *noëtic* action. Responding to the touch of both a physical and a *metaphysical* Force,¹⁶ the impulse given by the *psychic* (or psycho-molecular) Force will act

¹⁶ We fondly trust this very *unscientific* term will throw no "Animalist" into hysterics beyond recovery.

from *without within*; while that of the *noëtic* (shall we call it Spiritual-dynamical?) Force works *from within without*. For, as our body is the covering of the inner "principles", soul, mind, life, etc., so the molecule or the cell is the body in which dwell its "principles", the (to our senses and comprehension) immaterial atoms which compose that cell. The cell's activity and behaviour are determined by its being propelled either inwardly or outwardly, by the *noëtic* or the *psychic* Force, the former having no relation to the *physical* cells proper. Therefore, while the latter act under the unavoidable law of the conservation and correlation of physical energy, the atoms—being psycho-spiritual, *not physical units*—*act under laws of their own*, just as Professor Ladd's "Unit-Being", which is our "Mind-Ego", does, in his very philosophical and scientific hypothesis. Every human organ and each cell in the latter has a key-board of its own, like that of a piano; only that it registers and emits sensations instead of sounds. Every key contains the potentiality of good or bad, of producing harmony or disharmony. This depends on the impulse given and the combinations produced; on the force of the touch of the artist at work, a "double-faced Unity", indeed. And it is the action of this or the other "Face" of the Unity that determines the nature and the dynamical character of the manifested phenomena as a resulting action, and this whether they be physical or mental. For the whole life of man is guided by this double-faced Entity. If the impulse comes from the "Wisdom above", the Force applied being *noëtic* or spiritual, the results will be actions worthy of the divine propeller; if from the "terrestrial, devilish wisdom" (*psychic* power), man's activities will be selfish, based solely on the exigencies of his physical, hence animal, nature. The above may sound to the average reader as pure nonsense; but every Theosophist must understand when told that there are *Manasic* as well as *Kamic* organs in him, although the cells of his body answer to both physical and spiritual impulses.

Verily that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an *Æolian* harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine Fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God—but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating. It is the function of the physical, lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain, *viâ the spinal "centre" cord*, to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane. The phenomena of divine consciousness have to be regarded as activities of our mind on another and a higher plane, working through something less substantial than the moving molecules of the brain. They cannot be explained as the simple resultant of the cerebral physiological processes, as indeed the latter only condition them or give them a final form for purposes of concrete manifestation. Occultism teaches that the liver and the spleen-cells are the most subservient to the action of our "personal"

mind, the heart being the organ *par excellence* through which the "Higher" Ego acts—through the Lower Self.

Nor can the visions or memory of purely terrestrial events be transmitted directly through the mental perceptions of the brain—the direct recipient of the impressions of the heart. All such recollections have to be first stimulated by and awakened in the organs which were the originators, as already stated, of the various causes that led to the results, or, the direct recipients and participators of the latter. In other words, if what is called "association of *ideas*" has much to do with the awakening of memory, the mutual interaction and consistent inter-relation between the personal "Mind-Entity" and the organs of the human body have far more so. A hungry stomach evokes the vision of a past banquet, because its action is reflected and repeated in the *personal* mind. But even before the memory of the personal Self radiates the vision from the tablets wherein are stored the experiences of one's daily life—even to the minutest details—the memory of the stomach has already evoked the same. And so with all the organs of the body. It is they which originate according to their animal needs and desires the electro-vital sparks that illuminate the field of consciousness in the Lower Ego; and it is these sparks which in their turn awaken to function the reminiscences in it. The whole human body is, as said, a vast sounding board, in which each cell bears a long record of impressions connected with its parent organ, and each cell has a memory and a consciousness of its kind, or call it instinct if you will. These impressions are, according to the nature of the organ, physical, psychic, or mental, as they relate to this or another plane. They may be called "states of consciousness" only for the want of a better expression—as there are states of instinctual, mental, and purely abstract, or spiritual consciousness. If we trace all such "psychic" actions to brain-work, it is only because in that mansion called the human body the brain is the front-door, and the only one which opens out into Space. All the others are inner doors, openings in the private building, through which travel incessantly the transmitting agents of memory and sensation. The clearness, the vividness, and intensity of these depend on the state of health and the organic soundness of the transmitters. But their reality, in the sense of trueness or correctness, is due to the "principle" they originate from, and the preponderance in the Lower *Manas* of the *noëtic* or of the *phrenic* ("Kamic", terrestrial) element.

For, as Occultism teaches, if the Higher Mind-Entity—the permanent and the immortal—is of the divine homogeneous essence of "Alaya-Akasa",¹⁷ or Mahat,—its reflection, the Personal Mind, is, as a temporary "Principle", of the Substance of the Astral Light. As a pure ray of the "Son of the Universal Mind", it could perform no functions in the body, and would remain powerless over the turbulent organs of Matter. Thus, while its inner constitution is Manasic, its "body", or rather functioning essence, is heterogeneous, and leavened with the Astral Light, the lowest element of Ether. It is a part of the mission of the Manasic Ray, gradually to get rid of the blind, deceptive element which, though it makes of it an active spiritual entity on this plane, still brings

¹⁷ Another name for the universal mind.

it into so close contact with matter as to entirely becloud its divine nature and stultify its intuitions.

This leads us to see the difference between the pure noëtic and the terrestrial psychic visions of seership and mediumship. The former can be obtained by one of two means; (a) on the condition of paralyzing at will the *memory* and the instinctual, independent action of all the material organs and even cells in the body of flesh, an act which, once that the light of the Higher Ego has consumed and subjected for ever the passionate nature of the personal, lower Ego, is easy, but requires an adept; and (b) of being a reincarnation of one who, in a previous birth, had attained through extreme purity of life and efforts in the right direction almost to a *Yogi*-state of holiness and saintship. There is also a third possibility of reaching in mystic visions the plane of the higher Manas; but it is only occasional and does not depend on the will of the Seer, but on the extreme weakness and exhaustion of the material body through illness and suffering. The Seeress of Prevorst was an instance of the latter case; and Jacob Boëhme of our second category. In all other cases of abnormal seership, of so-called clairaudience, clairvoyance and trances, it is simply—*mediumship*.

Now what is a medium? The term medium, when not applied simply to things and objects, is supposed to be a person through whom the action of another person or being is either manifested or transmitted. Spiritualists believing in communications with disembodied spirits, and that these can manifest through, or impress sensitives to transmit "messages" from them, regard mediumship as a blessing and a great privilege. We Theosophists, on the other hand, who do not believe in the "communion of spirits" as Spiritualists do, regard the gift as one of the most dangerous of abnormal nervous diseases. A medium is simply one in whose personal Ego, or terrestrial mind (*psuche*), the percentage of "astral" light so preponderates as to impregnate with it their whole physical constitution. Every organ and cell thereby is attuned, so to speak, and subjected to an enormous and abnormal tension. The mind is ever on the plane of, and quite immersed in, that deceptive light whose *soul* is divine, but whose body—the light waves on the lower planes, infernal; for they are but the black and disfigured reflections of the earth's memories. The untrained eye of the poor sensitive cannot pierce the dark mist, the dense fog of the terrestrial emanations, to see beyond in the radiant field of the eternal truths. His vision is out of focus. His senses, accustomed from his birth, like those of a native of the London slums, to stench and filth, to the unnatural distortions of sights and images tossed on the kaleidoscopic waves of the astral plane—are unable to discern the true from the false. And thus, the pale soulless corpses moving in the trackless fields of "Kama loka", appear to him the living images of the "dear departed" ones; the broken echoes of once human voices, passing through his mind, suggest to him well co-ordinated phrases, which he repeats, in ignorance that their final form and polish were received in the innermost depths of his own brain-factory. And hence the sight and the hearing of that which, if seen in its true nature, would have struck the medium's heart cold with horror, now fills him with a sense of beatitude and confidence. He

really believes that the immeasurable vistas displayed before him are the real spiritual world, the abode of the blessed disembodied angels.

We describe the broad main features and facts of mediumship, there being no room in such an article for exceptional cases. We maintain—having unfortunately passed at one period of life *personally* through such experiences—that on the whole, mediumship is most dangerous; and *psychic* experiences when accepted indiscriminately lead only to honestly deceiving others, because the medium is the first self-deceived victim. Moreover, a too close association with the "Old Terrestrial Serpent" is infectious. The odic and magnetic currents of the Astral Light often incite to murder, drunkenness, immorality, and, as Eliphas Lévi expresses it, natures not altogether pure "can be driven headlong by the blind forces set in motion in the *Light*"—by the errors and sins imposed on its waves.

And this is how the great Mage of the XIXth century corroborates the foregoing when speaking of the Astral Light:

We have said that to acquire magical power, two things are necessary: to disengage the will from all servitude, and to exercise it in control.


The sovereign will (of the adept) is represented in our symbols by the woman who crushes the serpent's head, and by the resplendent angel who represses the dragon, and holds him under his foot and spear; the great magical agent, the dual current of light, the living and astral *fire* of the earth, has been represented in the ancient theogonies by the serpent with the head of a bull, a ram, or a dog. It is the double serpent of the *caduceus*, it is the Old Serpent of *Genesis*, but it is also the *brazen serpent* of *Moses* entwined around the *tau*, that is to say, the generative *lingha*. It is also the goat of the witch-sabbath, and the Baphomet of the Templars; it is the *Hylé* of the Gnostics; it is the double-tailed serpent which forms the legs of the solar cock of the Abraxas: finally, it is the Devil of M. Eudes de Mirville. But in very fact it is the blind force which souls (i. e., the lower *Manas* or *Nephesh*) have to conquer to liberate themselves from the bonds of the earth; for if their will does not free "them from this *fatal attraction*, they will be absorbed in the current by the force which has produced them, and *will return to the central and eternal fire*".¹⁸

The "central and eternal fire" is that disintegrating Force, that gradually consumes and burns out the *Kama-rupa*, or "personality", in the Kama-loka, whither it goes after death. And verily, the Mediums are attracted by the astral light; it is the direct cause of their personal "souls" being absorbed "by the force which has produced" their terrestrial elements. And, therefore, as the same Occultist tells us:

All the magical operations consist in *freeing* one's self from the coils of the Ancient Serpent; then to place the foot on its head, and lead it according to the operator's will. "I will give unto thee", says the Serpent, in the Gospel myth, "all the kingdoms of the earth, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The initiated should reply to him, "I will not fall down, but thou shalt crouch at my feet; thou wilt give me nothing, but I will make use of thee and take whatever I wish. For *I am thy Lord and Master!*"

And as such, the *Personal Ego*, becoming at one with its divine parent, shares in the immortality of the latter. Otherwise. . . .

Enough, however. Blessed is he who has acquainted himself with the dual powers at work in the ASTRAL Light; thrice blessed he who has learned to discern the *Noëtic* from the *Psychic* action of the "Double-Faced" God in him, and who knows the potency of his own Spirit—or "Soul Dynamics".

 Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie, quoted in *Isis Unveiled*.



REVIEWS

Chinese Women: Yesterday and To-Day, by Florence Ayscough; Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1937; price, \$3.50.

Florence Ayscough has written several extremely interesting books on China, and her work, with Amy Lowell, on the translation of Chinese poetry, is well known. Her latest book is somewhat disappointing. It is well written and full of information, but surprisingly lacking in discrimination.

Chinese women, enclosed in their secluded court yards, theoretically occupied a position of equality with men, although their sphere of action was entirely different. "The theoretical position of women is clearly set forth in the ancient learning: Chinese philosophy, based on belief in the interaction of the principles of Yin and Yang [Negative and Positive], which by this interaction produce everything in the visible palpable world, postulates equal importance of the functions pertaining to each." Mrs. Ayscough quotes a chapter of the *Book of Rites*:

Hearken to the Son-of-Heaven regarding tenets for men. Hearken to Her-who-is-equal-to-the-Sovereign regarding compliance required of women. Son of Heaven directs inherent principle of Yang essence; She-who-is-His-equal regulates Yin qualities. Son of Heaven rules all without; She-who-is-His-equal directs all within. If tenets of men be not cultivated, functions of Yang essence will not evolve, their opposition will be manifest in the sky, sun will suffer eclipse as though consumed by a living creature. If compliance of women be not cultivated, Yin qualities will not develop, their opposition will be manifest in the sky, moon will suffer eclipse. When the sun vanishes, Son of Heaven puts on plain robes of raw silk, rectifies government within Six Palace Halls, purifies Yang essence in All-below-the-sky. When the moon is consumed, She-who-is-equal-to-the-Sovereign dresses in plain robe of raw silk, regulates administration of Six Palace Halls, purifies Yin qualities in All-below-the-sky. Son of Heaven is to His Consort as sun to moon, as Yang to Yin. Each essential to the other, she perfects the whole.

In every civilization and nation, whatever the customs regulating society, there are seemingly horrible injustices and suffering. Whether behind the "baton door", in the harem, or in the department store or office, the lot of countless women is unfortunate; but so is that of men. As Mephistophilis remarks in Marlowe's *Faustus*, "This is Hell, nor am I out of it". However, women, at all times, are not without resources, and are generally able to adjust conditions more or less to their satisfaction. The Chinese women are no exception. "In talking once with a Japanese gentleman regarding women of different countries

and their characteristics, I mentioned the Chinese. An expression of terror came over his face. 'But they', he said, 'are very fierce'."

Mrs. Ayscough gives most interesting descriptions of the life of women in former times, and contrasts it with conditions since the Revolution. She quotes from old books and ballads. She has chapters on "Girlhood: Then and Now", "Marriage: Then and Now", "Education", "Professions", etc. She writes a short history of the three Soong sisters, Mrs. H. H. Kung, Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, and Mrs. Chiang-Kai-Shih. These ladies, the daughters of a Chinese missionary convert to Christianity, were all educated in America. Mrs. Chiang Kai-Shih is well known to readers of the daily Press, and is a horrible example of the exuberant vulgarity of modern publicity. Mrs. Ayscough, by some legerdemain, is able to extend her admiration for the virtues of the ancient Chinese ladies—modesty, discretion, good taste—to the blatancy of her contemporaries.

Part Two of the book contains just such an amazing antithesis. The first part is given to the life of a revolutionary heroine, Ch'iu Chin, Gem of Autumn. Ch'iu Chin devoted herself to overthrowing the Manchu dynasty, and to the modern education of women. She was decapitated by the Manchu authorities. To-day, a monument has been raised to her memory. She undoubtedly possessed many heroic qualities, and was actuated by a zeal for what she considered to be the liberation of her country. It would be unjust to minimize the courage and spirit of self-sacrifice which she displayed, but one is filled with a profound sadness when one considers its mistaken application. What benefits has the downfall of the imperial system conferred on China? What advantages has mass-education to offer in place of real, racial culture? The great women, whom Mrs. Ayscough considers to have formed the atavistic ancestry of Ch'iu Chin, and whose lives are described after hers, would not acknowledge their progeny. The Warrior Maiden Hua Mu-lan, who fought for twelve years in the wars against the barbarians, disguised as a man, did so only to save her old father from military service. Pan Chao, the historian, the "most famous woman of China", who wrote the still popular book *Precepts for Women* in about the year 106 A.D., would have been unutterably shocked by the actions and theories of Gem of Autumn. Mrs. Ayscough gives a translation of Pan Chao's charming book, "People of old had a saying: 'Is perfect virtue far away? I seek ardently for perfect virtue; . . . it descends, a bird, to earth.' This saying may be applied to the qualities of Woman."

The great-aunt of Pan Chao, Pan chieh-yü, is also celebrated in Chinese history:

The Emperor, in his infatuation, once requested her to drive with him in his "chariot". With sensitive regard for what rulers should and should not do, she refused, saying that it was the place of courtiers, not ladies, to accompany the Son of Heaven in public. This incident is depicted on the famous scroll by Ku K'ai-chih in the British Museum. The lady, with flowing scarlet streamers, her lacquer black hair dressed high in an elaborate head-dress, gently reproves the Monarch for his suggestion.

Later, she incurred his displeasure, and retired to live with the Dowager

Empress, sending him the well known poem on the Autumn Fan, entitled "A Song of Grief":

Newly cut, stretched, argent, white,
 Pure white as frost, as snow,
 A fan: perfectly formed—the circle of happiness.
 Round, round, a bright moon.
 Treasured in sleeve, taken out, put back,
 Moved, waved, it wafts a gentle breeze.
 Often fear, when Autumn Season comes,
 When cold wind, whirling, dispels fiery heat,
 Discarded, laid by, it will be left in bamboo box.
 Favour, passion, midway through life are severed.

Part Three contains a condensed version of another famous book for the instruction of women, a collection of biographies of out-standing examples of feminine virtue. They are charming stories. Everyone who loves China will be interested in Mrs. Ayscough's book, but the discriminating reader will ask himself how much of the old China still exists. Looking upon the breakdown of its ancient ethics, upon its present anarchy, one may well despair, and fancy it lost for ever. Surely, nothing real is ever lost. The power and virtue which China possessed are preserved, and will incarnate again. Do not the Masters of Wisdom say, "Take long views"? St.C. LAD.

Les Grands Cimitières sous la Lune, by Georges Bernanos; Librairie Plon, Paris, 1938; price, \$1.25.

M. Bernanos is perhaps best known as the author of the powerful novel, *Sous le Soleil de Satan*. He is a Catholic, and his sympathies are definitely royalist and traditionalist; but he is temperamentally a "free-lance". We doubt whether he finds it easy to co-operate with anyone. He has the terrible gift of seeing clearly the shortcomings of his compatriots, especially of those who belong to his own caste; and he has the even more terrible gift of exposing those shortcomings with mordant irony. He has the virtues and the vices of the satirist. He can speak the truth fearlessly, but he is sometimes very unjust. Possibly one trouble with France to-day is that she has too many "free-lances", too many satirists. As more than one historian has remarked, the French have seldom co-operated voluntarily unless they have been driven to unite under the relentless pressure of a foreign foe. Few great nations have suffered more from the ravages of civil war; few, if any, have been capable of such a "sacred union" in times of real extremity.

To be fair to M. Bernanos, however, his sardonic humour does not conceal the deeper motives which impel him to write. He sympathizes with the poor and the down-trodden, with the victims of oppression and hypocrisy in all lands. It is his abiding love of France which stirs his rage against those who profess to speak in her name, but whose primary concern, as he firmly believes, is the preservation of their personal privileges. He is unable to free himself from the sense of impending doom, as he contemplates the series of catastrophes which are threatening the very foundations of Christian civilization.

In this book M. Bernanos describes his immediate contact with some of the worst horrors and barbarities of the Spanish Revolution. As it happened, his point of contact was the island of Majorca, and the "barbarians" who committed the atrocities were not the so-called Loyalists but adherents of the Insurgent cause. The disgust and righteous indignation which M. Bernanos felt, has been increased by the efforts of many conservatives and Catholic ecclesiastics to represent the Insurgents as the heroes of a "Holy War". He literally cannot contain himself when he hears General Franco described as a *preux chevalier*, and his "alliance" with Mussolini and Hitler as a "Crusade". He holds no brief whatsoever for the Loyalists or their radical sympathizers in other countries, but he is oppressed by the thought that the "defenders of civilization" can apparently imagine only one way of suppressing the communists, and that is by largely adopting their aims and tactics. Many citizens of the contemporary world sympathize with his equal condemnation of the rival ideologies of fascism and communism, which are supposed to be so different but which are fundamentally so very much alike.

M. Bernanos is convinced that what is at stake is the preservation of any sort of Christian civilization. It is not a question merely of maintaining the right to hold, transmit and exchange personal property, for the totalitarian state—whether it be controlled by the "right" or by the "left"—absorbs the most elementary rights and liberties of the individual, including the most fundamental of all, the right of practising the faith which he has inherited from his fathers. M. Bernanos insists upon the fact that Christian civilization cannot be successfully defended by methods which would disgrace a savage. But he argues that this is the actual programme of many who are the most vociferous in the claim that they are custodians of the Master's word:

In my opinion, to practise freely my faith, in the spirit of the Gospel—pardon me—it is not only necessary to permit me to practise it; it is also necessary that I be not constrained to practise it. We cannot be driven to the love of God by threat and menace. The clergy have sometimes forgotten this fact. . . . Two thousand years ago there were pronounced against the Pharisees the most severe words of the Gospel, words of a severity which astounds the heart, and to-day this race is not yet near extinction. Which of you can boast that he has not in his veins a single drop of the blood of those vipers? If you cannot defend your parishes [from Pharisaism], we have the right to fear that they will make the law in your armies. . . . I should like to express myself more simply, with simpler words. We shall not leave the sword of Christian France in such hands. We shall face the worst, if need be with Samaritans, publicans, thieves and adulterers as our comrades, following the example given us by the Master whom we serve.

These are hard words, and they are typical of the spirit of the book. The gentle reader may find them provocative, if not excessive. The fact is that the problems which impose themselves upon the nations to-day, drive men to imagine desperate remedies. In 1914 the division between good and evil was clear-cut; no superlative wisdom was required to recognize that the Allies were fighting on the side of the Angels. But at present, both in politics and war, it is not always easy to decide which is the side of the Angels, or whether they are on any side. Many of us feel that if we were Spaniards, we should support the

Insurgents; but it is painfully evident that we should be serving what M. Bernanos calls "General Lesser-of-Two-Evils" rather than a positive Good. Not only in Spain, but in many other regions, where there is a better cause, the wrong people too often uphold it; where there is a worse cause, it is too often defended by men of good will.

M. Bernanos does not pose as a physician with a ready cure for the evils which he denounces. However, he seems to hope that it may yet be possible to mobilize in a last defence of honour and truth those who, like Cato of Utica, love true liberty more dearly than they love their lives. We believe that this is indeed the only hope. The Roman Empire was sacked by barbarians, but the essence of civilization was preserved, because throughout the dark centuries there were always a few who never forgot the ancient virtues, or that honour and truth and spiritual liberty are more important than life itself.

Students of Theosophy have a special and glorious opportunity to make such a belief an effective power, a power which may yet save humanity from a Dark Age far more desolate than its predecessor. But this power will not be gained by trying to force one more ideology upon a world already overburdened with "ideas", which it cannot understand and which only enflame its elemental passions. One makes honour and truth and liberty manifest to others, by becoming oneself honourable and true and free. Y.L.

The Occult Way, by P. G. Bowen; Rider & Co., London, 1938; price, 10s. 6d.

It would have been difficult to out-do the pretensions of Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater to occult attainment,—pretensions continued on their own behalf by those ("Bishop" Arundale among them) upon whom Mrs. Besant and her tutelary genius conferred "Arhatship". But Adyar now has a rival, Mr. P. G. Bowen, author of *The Sayings of the Ancient One*, published a few years ago, and, quite recently, of the book under review, *The Occult Way*. On the title-page of this book Mr. Bowen is described as President of The Hermetic Society, Dublin, which was formed by George W. Russell ("A.E.") when the latter, at one time an ardent supporter of Judge, lost his bearings, in the theosophic sense, after the schism of Mrs. Tingley. It is claimed that, "This book was written in fulfilment of a task laid upon the author by the late A.E." We doubt, however, if George Russell would at any time have countenanced its contents. So far as we are aware, he never went astray in his fidelity to the standards of H.P.B. and Judge in matters of sex, while one of our most serious objections to Mr. Bowen's occult claims is that his teaching under this head would have been repudiated by H.P.B. and Judge with all the vigour of which they were capable. In these matters they were absolutely uncompromising, as every representative of the Great Lodge must be. It is an infallible test, which Adyar notoriously has not survived, and which Mr. Bowen not only discards but reverses, going so far as to class celibacy with "unnatural practices" in sex as conducive "to mediumship and other undesirable psychic states", declaring further that "a completely celibate life, except for a few exceptional persons, is a definite bar to advance beyond the scope of Lesson IV" (an elementary stage). Judge would

have stigmatized this as monstrous, and as proof in itself of Black, not of White Lodge origin.

Mr. Bowen claims for *The Sayings of the Ancient One*, and for the teachings of his *Occult Way*, that he owes them to ancient manuscripts, written in "an archaic form of Bantu [Zulu] unknown to Philology", and explained to him by adepts of an African school. Such claims are not original, and may be distorted psychic echoes, although, on the other hand, schools of that nature—survivals from Atlantean days—are known to exist, and are known to be regarded as evil by the Masters served by H.P.B. and Judge.

This warning is all the more necessary because the author refers to *The Secret Doctrine*, *Light on the Path*, *Letters that have Helped Me*, and to translations by Charles Johnston, with approval, and because, without acknowledging his indebtedness, he obviously derives enough from those sources to serve as a cloak for the objectionable features of his teaching.

T.

Master Kung: The Story of Confucius, by Carl Crow; Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1938; price, \$3.50.

It is not easy to write the biography of a sage, for the simple reason that wisdom can only be understood truly by the wise. "We find what we bring." Thus every great religious leader has been persistently misrepresented by his so-called followers. Some apprehension of this fact seems to have impelled Mr. Crow to write this book. He likes and admires Chinese civilization, and genuinely reveres the memory of Confucius who so completely embodied the noblest qualities of the Chinese nature. But he is convinced that the Chinese themselves have lost the sense of the philosopher's real genius by converting him into a pious legend. Mr. Crow is determined to rescue Confucius from the arid speculations of the Confucian *literati*.

All the world has heard of the great Chinese sage Confucius, but few know of Master Kung, though the two characters are embodied in the same person. Master Kung is the sincere, lovable, entirely human scholar and gentleman who was born in the sixth century before Christ, lived a blameless life, suffered more disillusionments and disappointments than usually fall to the lot of men, and died feeling that his life had been a failure. Confucius was the creation of generations of later scholars who deified the man, interpreted his acts and sayings by methods which would justify this deification, and so created an intellectual Frankenstein monster, a fleshless creature conceived and born between the covers of a text-book.

In brief, Mr. Crow has tried to reconstruct the story of Confucius from the available sources, letting the simple facts speak for themselves. We do not question his excellent intentions, nor do we seriously object to his rather liberal use of the imagination to fill in the spaces where the sources provide little or no material. But Mr. Crow cannot evade the universal law. He too has found what he has brought. Inevitably he has interpreted the facts to suit himself. He has followed the profession of journalism, and brings to his subject the preconceptions of a newspaper correspondent who instinctively looks everywhere for evidences of "politics". His "Master Kung" is, in the last analysis, a politician. To be sure, he regards Confucius as that rarest of phenomena, a genuine

idealist and reformer; but an unwary reader of this book might easily be convinced that Confucius conceived his mission to be primarily that of a political legislator and administrator.

We believe that meditation upon the sources enforces a very different interpretation. Confucius was, in our opinion, essentially a mystic to whom had come a revelation that the principles of justice and true happiness are not man-made, but are rooted in Universal or Absolute Nature, in that which his contemporary, Lao-Tse, called the Tao. He observed that the people had fallen into evil ways, because they had ceased to plan their lives in accordance with the laws of "harmonious proportion" which govern all relationships in Heaven and upon earth. The natural hierarchical order which supports all beings, had been disregarded and ruptured, both in the family and the state. The father no longer protected the child, and the child did not serve and honour the father. The prince who should have recognized his responsibility to Heaven for the contentment and virtue of his subjects, in fact thought of them as victims to be taxed to the limit for his personal glory and pleasure. To heal the maladies which were consuming China twenty-five hundred years ago, Confucius first of all strove without remission to show forth in his own life the eternal virtues, and then to form a body of disciples who would fortify and transmit the traditions of the Golden Age which he had revived. It was evidently part of his purpose to convert or at least to influence the ruling caste; for he was convinced that if the upper classes could be cured of their worst delusions, the entire social order would begin to recover. This explains his interest in the political developments of his epoch.

Mr. Crow occasionally glimpses these deeper implications of Confucius's career. He says that "in his teachings to his disciples, as well as in the example of his life, he had set up a standard of ethics and conduct which would be handed down from father to son and from teacher to disciple through many generations". There is frequent reference to the sage's life-long study of music and ceremonial and the forms of human courtesy. But Mr. Crow's emphasis is upon politics. He seems to be most comfortable when he is "reconstructing" the intrigues of princes and ministers or tracing his hero's alleged efforts to obtain office without sacrificing his principles.

When Confucius completed his edition of the ancient ballads, he expressed this simple judgment: "The three hundred odes may be summed up in one sentence: thought without depravity." Mr. Crow comments that "Master Kung established a literary standard which has placed all Chinese literature on a plane of its own, characterized by an austere morality." The general tone of this book is relatively high, if judged by conventional modern standards, but Mr. Crow would have been wise to adopt the rigorous standards of Confucius himself. Wit and humour are indispensable allies of common-sense; but it is not necessary to call them into action whenever the subject of sex is mentioned. His innuendoes upon this subject are comparatively mild, but they are none the less tiresome and irrelevant and improper. They have no place in the biography of a pure and exalted soul.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 411.—*How can one use one's belief in Reincarnation in a practical way in everyday life?*

ANSWER.—Theosophy teaches that the purpose of life is conscious union with the Divine. This stage in evolution is reached through ch laship, for which the vast majority of mankind is not yet ready, but is a goal towards which they should be aiming and striving. In the years since H.P.B. brought to the West, knowledge of the Eastern Wisdom, reincarnation has become familiar, in name at least, and a perceptibly larger number of people in the West profess belief in it. Many, however, regard it merely as an interesting subject of speculation, and through indifference or sloth do nothing about it. Others use it as a means of flattering their vanity in various ways, such as imagining that in a past life they were some noted persons or accomplished wonderful deeds. Others use it as an excuse for making no attempt to reach the ultimate goal of humanity on the ground that they have any number of lives in which to accomplish that purpose.

One way of looking at the subject of reincarnation is to attempt to realize the truth of the theosophical statement that past, present and future are one, and that time is an illusion. What we are to-day is the result of what we have been in past incarnations,—our faults, weaknesses and sins, also our good qualities, such as they are. What we shall be in the future will depend upon what we accomplish in this incarnation, and every thought, every word, every act in the present has a direct and important bearing upon our next incarnation. It has been said that one reason why most people cannot remember past incarnations is that they are unable to remember the happenings of their present lives. A helpful practice would be to try to recall at the end of each day the events of the day and every thought, word and act. If we were to adopt the practice of making a daily resolution, and of examining ourselves to learn wherein we have failed to carry it out, and the reasons therefor, we should be aided greatly in recollection, and enabled in time to become conscious of every thought that passes through our minds, and our reaction to it.

G.H.M.

ANSWER.—What is needed is *conviction* of the truth of reincarnation. Many people believe in reincarnation, but do next to nothing about it. To students of Theosophy, however, reincarnation should be a dominant fact of life, about which at present there is one *very practical* and all-important thing to be done: to contribute, each in his own way, towards the birth of ch laship from within the ranks of the Society. We know that century after century, during the last quarter, the Lodge has tried unsuccessfully to gather together a comparatively small group of people whose unselfishness and devotion would make it possible to keep the outer expression of the Movement alive in the world over the turn of the century. This time, however, the Society—founded by the Lodge Messenger, Madame Blavatsky, and by Mr. Judge and others, in 1875, as the present outer expression of the Movement—has been carried over the turn of the cycle and into the second quarter of the twentieth century. In other words, the *reincarnation* of the Movement has reached a "dead centre", a point at which ch laship is necessary if the T.S. is to continue actively in the world. Theosophical philosophy makes

clear that we do not reincarnate at random, but are drawn back into the world, time after time, in groups. With the help of the Masters, we can succeed this time, if we act in whole-hearted unison with the *age-old comrades* of our corps. It is said that *chêlas* work together as the fingers of one hand.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—A conviction of the truth of reincarnation transforms one's entire scale of values. Those who regard each life-time as only a day in the pilgrimage of an immortal soul, who realize that their own past actions, desires and thoughts have made them what they now are, that they can change these as they change themselves, their future being absolutely in their own hands to make or mar, and that the qualities they win may be theirs for all eternity, —have every incentive to fight and fight hard. If you were packing a spiritual suit-case, what qualities would you want to take with you for your next life? What kind of man do you want to be—indolent, self-indulgent, boorish in manner, cowardly in action, vain, self-deceived? Or valorous, resourceful, hard-working, clear-sighted, with a sense of humour, an aristocrat at heart whatever the outer circumstances? To make a list of the qualities one would want, is illuminating. What a man desires and works for—or desires and yields to—to-day, determines what he will become "next time".

It is helpful to look forward; it is also helpful to look back, imagining ourselves in our next incarnation to be remembering this one. In that light, how does a contemplated course of action appear? What should we like to remember having done? There are few better ways of attaining to detachment. A belief in reincarnation may also be a great aid to contentment of heart. There is so much, in this rich and varied world, that one would like for oneself and for those one loves, and that one knows will not be attained in this life. Never mind. There will be many other lives and many other opportunities.

To those who are seeking discipleship, seeking to fit themselves to aid in the work of Masters for the world, the belief in reincarnation gives significance to every event. Masters are interested not only in religion, but in every department of human activity—in music, art, statecraft, diplomacy, business—in whatever affects the souls and characters of men. Those who would aid them, must be prepared to work in any sphere and must seek to fit themselves to do so. They must desire all abilities and all talents, and to eliminate all weaknesses. Every event then becomes an opportunity to gain or to strengthen some quality they would wish to have, to be able to place it at the service of their Master, to widen the field in which they can be used, and to make their service more efficient.

J.F.B.M.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64, Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 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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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.