

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE great event for us in the closing days of the last year was the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society, held in Benares. The sacred city of Hindūism—often as we have met there during the last twenty years on Theosophy intent—had never before seen such a Theosophical gathering, and the universal testimony of the visitors was that never before had they had been so comfortable. This was partly due to the fact that, in default of the C. H. C., the leading house-owners in Benares lent their comfortable bangalows, so that the accommodation was more home-like in character. The Mahārājas of Benares and Vizianagram lent their palaces; Rājā Madho Lal, the Hon. Mr. Moti Chand, Bābu Govinda Das Sāhab, and many others, offered either whole houses or accommodation in their own residences. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown. The other fact was the splendid organising faculty of the General Secretary, and his tact and genial ways. We owed to Dr. Tarporewalla, the Headmaster of the C. H. C. School, the admirable lecture arrangements,

the great shamiana, sheltering 2,000 people, beautifully decorated with flowers, and seated with chairs and benches which flowed in from all quarters. Benares is not usually a place for great and enthusiastic meetings—apart from the Theosophists, thronging thereto from all parts—but this year it seemed determined to show its feeling towards one of its citizens of twenty years' standing, so cruelly treated in the capital of 'the benighted Presidency,' which in this has certainly deserved its name. The invitation to me to preside at the All-India Jain Conference, and to preside also at a town's meeting on behalf of the persecuted Indians in S. Africa, with the passionately warm welcome given at each, was Kāshī's rebuke to those who tried to injure the Theosophical Society's Convention by bringing contempt proceedings against its President, so as to prevent her from going to Benares. There are some *ways* of fighting which, whatever their opinion on the merits of any case, all gentlemen condemn. To try to cause quite unnecessary public and private inconvenience is one of these; and though the utterly unchivalrous attempt was partially frustrated by a journey of six days for a visit lasting from midday on the 25th December to midnight on the 29th, it was none the less condemned. But the intensity of the work done made up to some extent for the brevity of the stay, and the outpoured love and sympathy more than repaid the outlay of health and strength on the hurried journey. Where the life of the Masters is freely sent to one pledged to Their service, even a woman's body in its sixty-seventh year can bear strains which would wreck that of a strong man. It is this with which the enemies of the T. S. have not reckoned; they are dashing themselves against the rock of

the Will of the Hierarchy, not against one feeble woman. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." The grinding process has begun in Madras.

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The chief characteristic of our Convention was a sober triumphant joy, only clouded now and again for a moment when the danger of imprisonment for the leader made the quick tears rise. But even in face of that, there was the feeling that all was very well, since the divine Ones guide the destinies of man. What matters it, if a few soldiers fall in the great struggle, since there are plenty to fill the gaps, and the final victory is sure?

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The reports from many countries told the happy tale of growing harmony within and of influence without. Scandinavia and Holland had lost heavily by the Steiner secession, but the general increase was so large that it almost wiped out that heavy loss. There was general satisfaction that the insidious attempt to limit liberty of opinion within a National Society—so as to exclude all who did not accept the Christo-Theosophy of Dr. Steiner, with the primacy of Christianity—had been so completely foiled, and that perfect freedom within the Society had been vindicated and preserved. But the bad generalship of Dr. Steiner aroused much wonder, and the attempts to cover it by Mr. Lévy's misrepresentations caused some quiet amusement. Why had the German Section pronounced itself extinct of its own accord, and subsided into the oddly-named Anthroposophical Society? Why had it not retraced its

false step of expelling members for their beliefs, when the opportunity was offered to it by the President, and so preserved its voting power for use against that President's re-election? The only answer seemed to be : *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

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The appearance of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa in the Convention shamiana was greeted with warmest welcome, for this highly cultured and richly endowed Indian gentleman is respected and loved by all who know him, or have read his exquisite writings. It is one of the great injuries inflicted on my late wards by the Madras suit, that they have been deprived of a companionship of quite unrivalled value.

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As the Bishop of Madras declined either to withdraw his slander on me or to debate the question he raised, I decided to give three lectures, dealing with the matters alleged. These, while originating in the Bishop's unwarrantable personal attack, will deal with principles only, and will be constructive, recognising fully the value to the West of the Higher Christianity. I do not propose to descend to personal attacks on the Christian clergy—following the bad episcopal example in his attack on Mr. Leadbeater and myself. Even were we as wicked as he pretends we are, no argument against Theosophy would lie on such grounds. Wicked Popes and priests are not arguments against Christianity. The lectures are on 'Theosophy and Christianity,' 'Theosophy and Morality,' 'Occultism in the Great Religions'. The lectures will be published under the title: *Theosophy and the Bishop of Madras.*

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Mr. Johan van Manen, F. T. S., the Assistant Director of the Adyar Library, has written an admirable answer to the missionary attack. His wide reading and scholarly culture make him a too formidable opponent for the feeble missionaries, and he reminds one of a knight in armour slaying a peasant, or—to use a more appropriate metaphor—of a steam-hammer descending on a mosquito, I cannot say on a butterfly, for a butterfly is a fairy creature of joy and beauty. The pamphlet, of one hundred and twenty large pages, is published at the absurd price of six annas, and numbers are being distributed gratuitously. A whispering murmur is heard from missionary circles: “Sorry I spoke.”

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There is a strangely pathetic idea in the wireless cry for help from within the Arctic circle, a cry from a Norwegian ship which had gone ashore in the far north, 600 miles from the mainland. It was only a whisper, a whisper out of the long night which surrounds the Pole. “Keep off your key. S. O. S. about.” So rang round a warning from station to station in Europe, for the whisper of distress was so faint that only through completest silence could it be heard at all. Ship after ship answered the appeal, but what could they do? 600 miles away from Bergen, the nearest station, a ship lay ashore, amid ice and darkness, in the terrible Arctic cold. Did it bring some faint warmth of human companionship to the mariners, that they could hear, however faintly, a human whisper across the ice-floes, and know that human hearts were sympathising, even though no help could come from human hands.

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The New Year has witnessed the birth of a new literary child—*The Commonweal*, with its motto: 'For God, Crown and Country'. It is a 'Journal of National Reform,' and is intended to serve the movement for social amelioration and political progress within the Empire. I have said in an article on its policy:

One thing that lies very near to our heart is to draw Great Britain and India nearer to each other, by making known in Great Britain something of Indian movements and of the men who will influence from here the destinies of the Empire. England will listen eagerly to the views of the coming men of India, of whom, at present, she knows scarcely anything. The views of the English-educated men, who are the voice of India in the present as they are her hope in the future, are but little known to the people of Great Britain. Yet for the sake of both nations it is vital that these should be as well known there as the leading men of England are known here. A few of the Bengal leaders are known—through misrepresentations. How complete these are is shown by the escapades of the *Times*. Mr. Gokhale is known by leading politicians, but to the ordinary man he is little more than a name. The ignorance of the real India is abysmal, and therefore the interest in her is sluggish. We would fain present a living picture of the true India, the India panting for liberty, aspiring to Self-Government, and yet so patient and so hopeful, that England may understand and—sympathise.

The greater part of the above policy is intended to serve Indian reform, but we shall advocate the spirit of these reforms everywhere, and shall seek to draw together men and women of good-will in every land.

I would ask English Theosophists to read the articles in the *Commonweal* with care. Some of them are written by men with special knowledge of Indian thought and feeling, and they deserve careful consideration. The writers, belong, of course, to the "educated minority," so hateful to the *Times*, but England's future depends on her being able to understand and to sympathise with these public-spirited and noble Indians. I am sending the paper to some of our members who "are in Kings' houses," and to others who have influence in the political world. Changes must come, but whether,

in all civilised countries, they come in peace or in tumult, largely depends on the men and women of goodwill, of whom we have so many in European countries.

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I would like to draw attention to the article in the *Commonweal* of January 16th entitled 'A Promising Departure'. It is an attempt by the Hindūs and Muhamadans of Madras to place the amenities of social life, accompanied by opportunities of intellectual and physical devolpment, within the reach of the younger generation, by free association between elders and youngers, and the cultivation of mutually useful and helpful relations. An exceedingly strong body has been formed, consisting of the leading citizens of Madras, and the Association has been registered under the name of the 'Young Men's Indian Association'. It is earnestly hoped that the young men who join this Association will become fired with the spirit of Service, which glowed so warmly in the hearts of the students of the Central Hindū College.

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The *Christian Commonwealth* had the interesting idea of asking a large number of people by what faith they lived; naturally, the answers offered a remarkable variety of opinions. One of the most striking was the reply of Charles Bradlaugh's [daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh-Bonner, who declined to label her life-basis as either faith or intuition, and affirmed that she built her life on the sense of duty to the world, the duty of leaving it a little better than she found it. Her noble father also felt in this thought all the inspiration he needed for his splendid and heroic life. Such selfless workers are of the salt of the earth. My own contribution ran as follows:

I believe that man is a spiritual intelligence, sharing in God's Eternity and unfolding the divine powers of his Father through countless ages of progress. To me, thus believing, joy and sorrow are equally welcome, personally, as forces for evolution, as sunshine and rain to the growing plant. Power, Wisdom, and Love guide the worlds, so all is very well. As all men partake in the Divine Nature, all are unfolding towards happiness, knowledge, and power. The less unfolded they are—*i.e.*, the more ignorant—the more are they to be pitied and helped. Sin is only ignorance, and ignorance lessens as we gain experience. Everyone is travelling towards perfection, and our differences are differences of age, not of nature. Theosophy has taught me how to *know*, and life in other worlds, continuous and ever widening, is to me a matter of knowledge, not of faith. Where, then, is there room for sorrow, since God is everywhere, and He is bliss?

If this be true, perchance it adds a note of joy to the view of my old friends. For ineffably sad is it, if the experience of the slum and the gaol is *all* that life has to offer to some of its embodiments.

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The special funds that need helping over here are those which go to the increase of the Adyar Library, and to the strengthening of our centre. The Library is becoming a splendid one, and all members may well be proud of it. Among our magazines, I should like to press THE THEOSOPHIST itself; could not each reader find us one new subscriber? It suffers, to some extent, from the very numerous journals which have sprung up around it; yet these are signs of vitality, and the increase should not be regretted. *The Young Citizen* would also be glad of a helping hand, as it seeks to win the younger generation to the great ideals of the future.



MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES

By ANNIE BESANT

(*Concluded from p. 494.*)

MAY we not regard instincts as memories buried in the sub-conscious, influencing our actions, determining our 'choices'? Is not the moral instinct, Conscience, a mass of interwoven memories of past experiences, speaking with the authoritative utterance of all instincts, and deciding on 'right' and 'wrong' without argument, without reasoning? It speaks clearly when we are walking on well-trodden ways, warning us of dangers oft experienced in the past, and we shun them at sight as the chicken shuns the downrush of the hawk hovering above it. But as that same chicken

has no instinct as regards the rush of a motor car, so have we no 'voice of Conscience' to warn us of the pitfalls in ways hitherto unknown.

Again, innate faculty—what is it but an unconscious memory of subjects mastered in the past? A subject, literary, scientific, artistic, what we will, is taken up by one person and mastered with extraordinary ease; he seizes at sight the main points in the study, taking it up as new, apparently, but so rapidly grasping it that it is obviously an old subject remembered, not a new subject mastered. A second person, by no means intellectually inferior, is observed to be quite dense along this particular line of study; reads a book on it, but keeps little trace of it in his mind; addresses himself to its understanding, but it evades his grasp. He stumbles along feebly, where the other ran unshackled and at ease. To what can such difference be due save to the unconscious memory which science is beginning to recognise? One student has known the subject and is merely remembering it; the other takes it up for the first time, and finds it difficult and obscure.

As an example, we may take H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, a difficult book; it is said to be obscure, diffuse, the style to be often unattractive, the matter very difficult to follow. I have known some of my friends take up these volumes and study them year after year, men and women, intelligent, quite alert in mind; yet after years of study they cannot grasp its main points nor very often follow its obscure arguments. Let me put against that, my own experience of that book. I had not read anything of the subject with which it deals from the standpoint of the Theosophist; it was the first Theosophical book I had read—except the *Occult World*—

and it came into my hands, apparently by chance, given to me to review by Mr. Stead, then Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When I began to read that book, I read it right through day after day, and the whole of it was so familiar as I read, that I sat down and wrote a review which any one may read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of, I think, February or March, 1889; and any one who reads that review will find that I had taken the heart out of the book and presented it intelligently to the ordinary newspaper reader. That certainly was not from any special genius on my part. If I had been given a book of some other kind, I might have stumbled over it and made nothing of it at all; but as I read I *remembered*, and the whole philosophy fell into order before me, although to this brain and in this body it came before me for the first time. I allege that in cases like that we have a proof of the accuracy of Plato's idea, mentioned already, that all knowledge is reminiscence; where we have known before we do really remember, and so master without any effort that which another, without a similar experience, may find abstruse, difficult and obscure. We may apply this to any new subject that any one may take up. If he has learned it before, he will remember and master the subject easily; if not, taken as a new thing, he must learn step by step, and gradually understand the relation between the phenomena studied, working it out laboriously because unknown.

Let us now apply that same idea of memory to genius, say to musical genius. How can we explain, except by previous knowledge existing as memory, the mystery of a little child who sits down to a piano and with little teaching, or with none, outstrips many who have given years of labour to the art? It is not only

that we marvel over children like the child Mozart in the past, but in our own day we have seen a number of these infant prodigies, the limit of whose power was the smallness of the child hand, and, even with that deficient instrument, they showed a mastery of the instrument that left behind those who had studied music for many years. Do we not see in such child genius the mark of past knowledge, of past power of memory, rather than of learning?

Or let us take the Cherniavsky family; three brothers in it have been before the public for eleven years, drawing huge audiences by their wonderful music; the youngest is now only eighteen, the eldest twenty-two; they have not been taught, but have taught themselves—*i.e.*, they have unconsciously remembered. A little sister of theirs, now five years old, already plays the violin, and since she was a baby the violin has been the one instrument she has loved. Why, if she has no memory?

This precocious genius, this faculty which accomplishes with ease that which others perform with toil and difficulty, is found not only in music. We recall the boy Giotto, on the hill-side with his sheep. Nor is it found only in art. Let us take that marvellous genius, Dr. Brown, who, as a little child, when he was only five or six years old, had been able to master dead languages; who, as he grew older, picked up science after science, as other children pick up toys with which they are amused; who carried an ever-increasing burden of knowledge "lightly as a flower," and became one of the most splendid of scientific geniuses, dealing with problems that baffled others but that he easily solved, and standing as a monument of vast constructive

scientific power. We find him, according to his father's account, learning at the age when others are but babies, and using those extraordinary powers—memories of the past persisting into the present.

But let us take an altogether other class of memory. We meet some one for the first time. We feel strongly attracted. There is no outward reason for the attraction; we know nothing of his character, of his past; nothing of his ability, of his worth; but an overpowering attraction draws us together, and a life-long intimate friendship dates from the first meeting, an instantaneous attraction, a recognition of one supremely worthy to be a friend. Many of us have had experiences of that kind. Whence come they? We may have had an equally strong repulsion, perhaps, quite as much outside reason, quite as much apart from experience. One attracts and we love; the other repels and we shrink away. We have no reason for either love or repulsion. Whence comes it save as a memory from the past?

A moment's thought shows how such cases are explained from the standpoint of reincarnation. We have met before, have known each other before. In the case of a sudden attraction it is the soul recognising an ancient friend and comrade across the veil of flesh, the veil of the new body. In the case of repulsion it is the same soul recognising an ancient enemy, one who wronged us bitterly, or whom we have wronged; the soul warns us of danger, the soul warns us of peril, in contact with that ancient foe, and tries to drag away the unconscious body that does not recognise its enemy, the one whom the soul knows from past experience to be a peril in the present. 'Instinct' we say; yes, for, as we have seen,

instinct is unconscious, or sub-conscious, memory. A wise man obeys such attractions and such repulsions; he does not laugh at them as irrational, nor cast them aside as superstition, as folly; he realises that it is far better for him to keep out of the way of the man concerning whom the inner warning has arisen, to obey the repulsion that drives him away from him. For that repulsion indicates the memory of an ancient wrong, and he is safer out of touch of that man against whom he feels the repulsion.

Do we want to eradicate the past wrong, to get rid of the danger? We can do it better apart than together. If to that man against whom we feel repulsion we send day after day thoughts of pardon and of good-will; if deliberately, consciously, we send messages of love to the ancient enemy, wishing him good, wishing him well, in spite of the repulsion that we feel, slowly and gradually the pardon and love of the present will erase the memory of the ancient wrong, and later we may meet with indifference, or even may become friends, when, by using the power of thought, we have wiped out the ancient injury and have made instead a bond of brotherhood by thoughts and wishes of good. That is one of the ways we may utilise the unconscious memories coming to us out of our past.

Again, sometimes we find in such a first meeting with an ancient friend that we talk more intimately to the stranger of an hour ago than we talk to brothers or sisters with whom we have been brought up during all our life.

There must be some explanation of those strange psychological happenings, traces—I put it no more strongly than that—worthy of our observation, worthy

of our study ; for it is these small things in psychology that point the way to discoveries of the problems that confront us in that science. Many of us might add to psychological science by carefully observing, carefully recording, carefully working out, all these instinctive impulses, trying to trace out afterwards the results in the present and in the future, and thus gather together a mass of evidence which may help us to a great extent to understand ourselves.

What is the real explanation of the law of memory of events, and this persistence in consciousness of attraction or repulsion ? The explanation lies in that fact of our constitution ; the bodies are new, and can only act in conformity with past experiences by receiving an impulse from the indwelling soul in which the memory of those experiences resides. Just as our children are born with a certain developed conscience, which is a moral instinct, just as the child of the savage has not the conscience that our children possess previous to experience in this life, previous to moral instruction, so is it with these instincts, or memories, of the intelligence, which, like the innate moral instinct that we call conscience, are based on experience in the past, and hence are different in people at different stages of evolution.

A conscience with a long past behind it is far more evolved, far more ready to understand moral differences, than the conscience of a less well evolved neighbour. Conscience is not a miraculous implanting ; it is the slow growth of moral instinct, growing out of experience, builded by experience, and becoming more and more highly evolved as more and more experience lies behind. And on this all true theories of education must be based. We

often deal with children as though they came into our hands to be moulded at our will. Our lack of realisation of the fact that the intelligence of the child, the consciousness of the child, is bringing with it the results of past knowledge, both along intellectual and moral lines, is a fatal blunder in the education of to-day. It is not a 'drawing out,' as the name implies—for the name was given by the wiser people of the past. Education in these modern days is entirely a pouring in, and therefore it largely fails in its object. When our teachers realise the fact of reincarnation, when they see in a child an entity with memories to be aroused and faculties to be drawn out, then we shall deal with the child as an individual, and not as though children were turned out by the dozen or the score from some mould into which they are supposed to have been poured. Then our education will begin to be individual; we shall study the child before we begin to educate it, instead of educating it without any study of its faculties. It is only by the recognition of its past that we shall realise that we have in the child a soul full of experience, travelling along his own line. Only when we recognise that, and instead of the class of thirty or forty, we have the small class, where each child is treated individually, only then will education become a reality among us, and the men of the future will grow out of the wiser education thus given to the children. For the subject is profoundly practical when you realise the potencies of daily life.

Much light may be thrown on the question of unconscious memories by the study of memory under trance conditions. All people remember something of their childhood, but all do not know that in the mesmeric trance

a person remembers much more than he does in the waking consciousness. Memories of events have sunk below the threshold of the waking consciousness, but they have not been annihilated; when the consciousness of the external world is stilled, that of the internal world can assert itself, as low music drowned in the rattle of the streets becomes audible in the stillness of the night. In the depths of our consciousness, the music of the past is ever playing, and when surface agitations are smoothed away the notes reach our ears. And so in trance we know that which escapes us when awake. But with regard to childhood there is a thread of memory sufficient to enable anyone to feel that he, the mature individual, is identical with the playing and studying child. That thread is lacking where past lives are concerned, and the feeling of identity, which depends on memory, does not arise.

Colonel de Rochas once told me how he had succeeded, with mesmerised patients, in recovering the memory of babyhood, and gave me a number of instances in which he had thus pursued memory back into infantile recesses. Nor is the memory only that of events, for a mesmerised woman, thrown back in memory into childhood and asked to write, wrote her old childish hand. Interested in this investigation, I asked Colonel de Rochas to see if he could pass backward through birth to the previous death, and evoke memory across the gulf which separates life-period from life-period. Some months later he sent me a number of experiments, since published by him, which had convinced him of the fact of reincarnation. It seems possible that, along this line, proofs may be gradually accumulated, but much testing and repetition will be

needed, and a careful shutting out of all external influences.

There are also cases in which, without the inducing of trance, memories of the past survive, and these are found in the cases of children more often than among grown-up people. The brain of the child, being more plastic and impressionable, is more easily affected by the soul than when it is mature. Let us take a few cases of such memories. There was a little lad who showed considerable talent in drawing and modelling, though otherwise a somewhat dull child. He was taken one day by his mother to the Crystal Palace, and saw the statues ranged along the central avenue. He looked at them very earnestly for a while, and then said to his mother: "O mother, those are the things I used to make." She laughed at him, of course, as foolish people laugh at children, not realising that the unusual should be studied and not ridiculed. "I do not mean when you were my mother," he answered. "It was when I had another mother." This was but a sudden flash of memory, awakened by an outside stimulus; but still it has its value.

We may take an instance from India, where memories of the past are more frequently found than in the West, probably because there is not the same predisposition to regard them as ridiculous. This, like the preceding, came to me from the elder person concerned. He had a little nephew, some five or six years of age, and one day, sitting on his uncle's knee, the child began to prattle about his mother in the village, and told of a little stream at the end of his garden, and how, one day when he had been playing and made himself dirty, his mother sent him to wash in the stream; he went in too far and—woke up elsewhere. The uncle's curiosity

was aroused, and he coaxed details about the village from the child, and thought he recognised it. One day he drove with the child through this village, not telling the child anything, but the little boy jumped up excitedly and cried out: "Oh! this is my village where I lived, and where I tumbled into the water, and where my mother lived." He told his uncle where to drive to his cottage, and running in, cried to a woman therein as his mother. The woman naturally knew nothing of the child, but asked by the uncle if she had lost a child, she told him that her little son had been drowned in the stream running by the garden. There we have a more definite memory, verified by the elder people concerned.

Not long ago, one of the members of the Theosophical Society, Minister in an Indian State, and a mature man of ability and good judgment, set to work to collect and investigate cases of memory of the past in persons living in his own neighbourhood. He found and recorded several cases, investigating each carefully, and satisfying himself that the memories were real memories which could be tested. One of them I will mention here because it was curious, and came into a court of law. It was a case of a man who had been killed by a neighbour who was still living in the village. The accusation of murder was brought by the murdered man in his new body! It actually went to trial, and so the thing was investigated, and finally the murder was proved to the satisfaction of the judge. But judgment was reserved on the ground that the man could not bring an action for being murdered as he was still alive, and the case depended upon his testimony alone; so the whole thing fell through.

Memory of the past can be evolved by gradually sinking down into the depths of consciousness by a process deliberately and patiently practised. Our mind working in our physical brain is constantly active, and is engaged in observing the world outside the body. On these observations it reflects and reasons, and the whole of our normal mental processes have to do with these daily activities which fill our lives. It is not in this busy region that the memories of the past can be evoked. Anyone who would unveil these must learn so to control his mind as to be able, at will, to withdraw it from outer objects and from thoughts connected with them, so as to be able to hold the mind still and empty. It must be wide awake, alert, and yet utterly quiet and unoccupied. Then, slowly and gradually, within that mind, emptied of present thought, there arises a fuller, stronger, deeper consciousness, more vivid, more intensely alive, and this is realised as oneself; the mind is seen to be only an instrument of this, a tool to be used at will. When the mind is thus mastered, when it is made subservient to the higher consciousness, then we feel that this new consciousness is the permanent one, in which our past remains as a memory of events and not only as results in faculty. We find that being quiet in the presence of that higher consciousness, asking it of its past, it will gradually unroll before us the panorama through which it has itself passed, life after life, and thus enable us to review that past and to realise it as our own. We find ourselves to be that consciousness; we rise out of the passing into the permanent, and look back upon our own long past, as before upon the memory of our childhood. We do not keep its memories always in mind,

but can recover them at will. It is not an ever-present memory, but on turning our attention to it we can always find it, and we find in that past others who are the friends of to-day. If we find, as people invariably do find, that the people most closely knit to us to-day have been most closely knit to us in the far-off past also, then one after another we may gather our memories, we may compare them side by side, we may test them by each other's rememberings, as men of mature age remember their school-fellows and the incidents of their boyhood and compare those memories which are common to them both; in that way we gradually learn how we built up our character, how we have moulded the later lives through which we have passed. That is within the reach of any one of us who will take the trouble. I grant that it takes years, but it can be done. There is, so far as I know, no other way to the definite recovery of memory. A person may have flashes of memory from time to time, like the boy with the statues; he may get significant dreams occasionally, in which some trace of the past may emerge; but to have it under control, to be able to turn attention to the past at will and to remember, that needs effort, long, prolonged, patient, persevering; but inasmuch as everyone is a living soul, that memory is within everyone, and it is within our power to awaken it.

No one need fear that the above practice will weaken the mind, or cause the student to become dreamy or less useful in the 'practical world'. On the contrary, such mastery of the mind much strengthens mental grasp and mental power, and makes one more effective in the ordinary life of the world. It is not

only that strength is gained, but that waste of strength is prevented. The mind does not 'race,' as does a machine which continues to go without the resistance of the material on which it should work; for when it has nothing useful to do it stops its activity. Worry is to the mind what racing is to the machine, and it wears the mind out where work does not. To control the mind is to have a keen instrument in good condition, always ready for work. Note how slow many people are in grasping an idea, how confused, how uncertain. An average man who has trained his mind to obedience is more effective than a comparatively clever one who knows naught of such control.

Further, the conviction, that will gradually arise in the student who studies these memories of the past, of the truth of his permanent Self will revolutionise the whole life, both individual and social. If we know ourselves to be permanent living beings, we become strong where now we are weak, wise where now we are foolish, patient where now we are discontented. Not only does it make us strong as individuals, but when we come to deal with social problems we find ourselves able to solve them. We know how to deal with our criminals, who are only young souls, and instead of degrading them when they come into the grasp of the law, we treat them as children needing education, needing training—not needing the liberty they do not know how to use, but as children to be patiently educated, helping them to evolve more rapidly because they have come into our hands. We shall treat them with sympathy and not with anger, with gentleness and not with harshness. I do not mean with a foolish sentimentality which would give them a liberty they would only abuse

to the harming of Society ; I mean a steady discipline which will evolve and strengthen, but has in it nothing brutal, nothing needlessly painful, an education for the child souls which will help them to grow. I have said how this knowledge would affect the education of children. It would also change our politics and sociology, by giving us time to build on a foundation so that the building will be secure. There is nothing which so changes our view of life as a knowledge of the past of which the present is the outcome, a knowledge how to build so that the building may endure in the future. Because things are dark around us and the prospects of Society are gloomy ; because there is war where social prosperity demands peace, and hatred where mutual assistance ought to be found ; because Society is a chaos and not an organism ; I find the necessity for pressing this truth of past lives on the attention of the thoughtful, of those willing to study, willing to investigate. Realising reincarnation as a fact, we can work for brotherhood, work for improvement. We realise that every living human being has a right to an environment where he can develop his abilities and grow to the utmost of the faculties he has brought with him. We understand that Society as a whole should be as a father and a mother to all those whom it embraces as its children ; that the most advanced have duties, have responsibilities, which to a great extent they are neglecting today ; and that only by understanding, by brotherly love, by willing self-sacrifice, can we emerge from struggle into peace, from poverty into well-being, from misery and hatred into love and prosperity.

Annie Besant

HEIRS OF PROMETHEUS

AUGUSTE RODIN, ÆSTHETE

AN APPRECIATION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE, F. T. S.

AUGUSTE RODIN is an apocalyptic realist. He is also a fearless idealist. Like many other great artists, he has a simple character, a direct outlook on life and art; which simplicity is the result of a titanic mind turned in the direction of the synthesis and unification of life and the arts, rather than of analysis and dissection.

M. Paul Gsell has done a great service to all lovers and students of the genius of Rodin, in the collection of this series of *Discourses on Art* (in duologue form) by the master-sculptor, published by M. Grasset, Paris.

Some of the ideas and opinions expressed therein are of to-morrow, rather than to-day; which is to say, that, like all the finest art work (be it in stone, song, or words), it is universal rather than periodic. Indeed, the book is of vast prophetic value. It is one of the Herald-series of works of genius, of which posterity is the true parent.

The book is, emphatically, one to buy—to possess, rather than to mutilate and disintegrate by quotation. Still, as we cannot present the reader with a complete translation of the three hundred odd pages (without incurring something more severe than wrath on the part of the publisher, and even mild editorial perturbation), there is nothing for it but to discuss, as briefly as possible, a few of the leading ideas of the most truly catholic artist of our day. The writer feels neither

timidity nor reservation in thus naming and hailing Rodin as at once catholic and protestant, poetic and of marvellous technical skill. To his deep-gazing contemplative eye all life is beautiful, nothing is excluded from the arena of art. It is for the artist to unveil the beauty of holiness, and also to reveal the lightning-grandeur and titanic splendour of that "one flash of It within the tavern caught".

It is for this reason that we call Rodin an apocalyptic artist. He is at once a seer and a slayer of illusion, votive-priest of Beauty, implacable enemy of all that is false, sickly-sentimental, and mincingly 'pretty'. To him life is a glorious panoramic vision of the work of the World-Creative Artist. Rodin works upon the kingdom of cosmic beauty, sees it with backward prophetic gaze ever-fresh from the Hand of its Maker, and exclaims: "Behold, it is very good." Perhaps only a truly great artist could say that to-day; for illumined eyes alone can pierce the thick curtain of squalor, sordid misery, and gross materiality which hides so much of life from our poor stunted lives of to-day.

Though Rodin deplores, with vivid Gallic bitterness of expression, that the immediate epoch is that of the Engineer Triumphant, and indulges in mild raillery at the expense of M. Gsell, telling him that an artist to-day is a strange monster, belonging perchance to 'megatherium' and 'diplodocian' ancestry, yet the master contends that neither 'glory' nor 'loveliness' have 'passed away'; it is only that our eyes have become blinded, our senses stultified; and he declares that there are those moving among us to-day (in spite of the hideous twin vices of cloaking and distorting the human form divine), as lovely and fair as in the days

of Phidias. There is a foolish superstition among a certain artistic (?) clique that Rodin worships ugliness rather than beauty ; the chapter on Phidias and Michael Angelo should show them the error of their ways.

Rodin is eloquent on the artificiality of that which is technically known as the purely academic school—the ‘clinique’ of the solemn stereotyped academic attitude, the fixed artificial pose, the unnaturally-retained rigidity of figure and muscular system : in fact the entire paraphernalia of the orthodox ‘Life School’ is anathema to him. He insists upon the poetry of motion, the free, unstudied grace of volitional movement and natural pose. His mode of work therefore, consistently, consists in, as it were “going to and fro” in his atelier and “walking up and down in it,” observing the free, un-ordered, unrestrained movements and gestures of his models ; as they roam at will about the atelier, Rodin watches, observes, admires, criticises, (be it noted that discriminative appreciation is the first function of true, æsthetic criticism), and, in short, becomes habituated to the sight of unclothed humanity, moving freely before his eyes, where he can study the grace and the technique of the subjects of his ‘airy visions’ and the science of the chiselling of the human body, respectively. This constant panorama of the nude, in the natural actions of daily life, was, the artist is convinced, at once the joy and power of the sculptors of ancient Greece. The grammar of the language of form was ever open to their studious and reverent gaze. They knew that it is not only the human face which is the mirror of the soul, but that every muscle, each gesture, is a tone in the harmony of human expression. Among these ‘unheard

melodies' the master moves, silently marking the fleeting grace of gesture and momentary action, the energy of muscle, the flowing curve of outlined limb. Swiftly he 'marks' various expressions which either specially appeal to his sense of beauty, or illustrate some particular subject on which he is at work. He then makes a lightning-sketch in clay, and will pass from one to another with extraordinary rapidity and sureness of touch. This is the secret of the marvellous 'life' pulsating throughout Rodin's creations. Whether we 'like' them or not, is another matter altogether—as we stand before them, the 'Balzac,' the 'Vieille Heaulmerie,' the 'Baiser,' to take three typical and widely-differing subjects, we see that they "live and move and have their being," that they are *creations* first, and sculptures afterwards.

When we turn to the philosophy of life expressed in the terse and supple language of one who is an artist in thought, as well as in feeling, we see how the whole trend and make-up of the man follow naturally from his gospel of the catholicity of Beauty—verily and indeed "Le style, c'est *l'homme*."

In the three chapters 'Reality in Art,' 'For the Artist all Nature is beautiful,' and 'Thought in Art,' the same theme runs, connecting them together with a golden thread of poetic truth and philosophic fearlessness. He 'blinks' at nothing. Sorrow, shame, the ravages of disease and vice, the treachery of a friend, the loss of the Beloved—each and all are chords and notes in the Chorale of Beauty. The discords must enter—they are necessary for the transmutation and sublimation into harmony. It is of profound significance, from the point of view of 'the higher æstheticism,' this spiritualisation and

consecration of *everything that is* in the service of Beauty. 'Optimist' does not define Rodin's attitude to life. It is something more. For Optimism speaks of hope eternal, whereas we feel, as we read the sculptor's *credo*, that he *knows* "all's love, yet all's law". In his own words: "To him [the artist] all is beautiful, because for ever on his path [he walks ever therein] shines the light of spiritual truth. . . . His ecstasy [of joy and pain] is terrific in its intensity, yet it is but a rite in his ceaseless adoration of truth. . . . When he sees, face to face, the *will* that has decreed all these mysterious laws [of human destiny], then, more than ever, he rejoices in the knowledge . . . formidable is the happiness of one who lives thus, upheld by truth." A great faith, a huge force, in this day of small things.

The description of Rodin's personal appearance, gives us the clue to the dual force inherent in his nature. "The eyes of a mystic dreamer. The hands of an inspired workman." The eyes, dreamy, often half-closed, yet sometimes wide-gazing, displaying irises of deep, clear, blue; large hands, short fingers, strong and supple. One the personification of deep spirituality and keen observance; the other the expression of strength and passion. In the chapter on 'Thought in Art,' the sculptor defends himself against another charge frequently brought against him by the clique of 'little critics' and voiced by M. Gsell—*viz.*, that his works make an undue appeal to writers, and the 'faculty of letters' generally; that in the vaulting ambition of literary aspiration he o'erreaches art itself, which does not concern itself unduly with the world of philosophy. To this Rodin replies that, if his technique were unskilful, or if he failed to give life to

his marble creations, his critics would have good cause to complain; but, if the execution be correct, if the subject embody and express the idea, why complain because the artist offers them an embodied thought, an ideal, rather than a clever monument of mere uninspired technique? True artists, says Rodin, are not content with being or remaining merely clever workmen, they are *thinkers*, their thoughts taking substantial form in marble, music, colour, words, or whatever be their medium. He explains how, in sculpture, the worker must make the hand obey the brain, must ceaselessly visualise in the mental world the finished 'image' which daily grows toward its prototype, by the work of hand, obedient to eye and soul alike; and he points out that this ceaseless mental visualisation is not possible save by hard, concentrated and persistent, mental effort. Gsell then puts the age-long question round which the critics still "furiously rage together," as to whether there is not a boundary line of impassable rigidity between the worlds of art and literature? Rodin replies, characteristically, that he is not careful to answer him in this matter, and that, if there is one, he, for one, is not particular to keep on this side of it. He then publicly declares himself a believer in the unity, and therefore the harmony, of the arts, seeing in them all only so many ways of expressing the Inexpressible, and an attempt to give "a local habitation and a name" to that which is of Eternity, beyond space and time, and yet the germ of which is in the heart of every true artist. (We paraphrase and condense, but the faithful meaning is rendered.) The sculptor gives as an example of this basic unity of art, the 'critique' bestowed on his statue of Victor Hugo—that the critic felt it not so

much sculpture, as music—that it had the effect on him of a Beethoven symphony. “I thank Heaven for that,” adds Rodin! Yet the master pleads strenuously for the utmost skill of finished and powerful technique, and is no upholder of the sloppy ‘formless aspirational school’. (That is why we call him ‘Seer and Workman’.) At the conclusion of a dissertation on ‘Mystery in Art’, from which it is almost sacrilegious to quote, as the chapter is a prose poem, a *credo* and dithyrambic expression of poetry in art, after having declared that art is a religion, and that all the greatest artists were and are among the most *truly* religious men, he gives as a parting shot: “It must be remembered that the first commandment in this religion for those who would practise it, is to know the science of modelling an arm, torso, thigh.” A characteristic ending to a chapter headed ‘Mystery in Art’.

In the discourse on the genius of Greece, as exemplified in Phidias, and the spirit of the Renaissance in Michael Angelo, in whom also he sees the *sturm und drang* of the Gothic period, wherein entered the rites of the worship of sorrow, Rodin remarks, in passing, that the popular idea of the Renaissance as the resurrection of Paganism and its victory over Gothic mysticism is incorrect. He points out that Donatello, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo, three of the greatest names of that period, were certainly inspired as much by Christian as by Pagan ideals, for in these three we see the storm-wrought beauty of pain and grief, notably of course in Michael Angelo.

After pointing to the exquisite play and distribution of light and shade, the beautiful balance and proportion of the body as a whole, and every member separately,

shown in the representative period of Greek art, the master points the artistic moral, and shows how the antique spirit stands for serenity, joy of life, grace, equilibrium, for a life balanced and perfectly poised. The technical side of Greek art he sums up in one valuable phrase: "The science of planning". Then turning to Michael Angelo and his school, he shows how this is Night and Shadow in art, as the Ancients revelled in Morning and Light. In Michael Angelo we see the unquiet Spirit, bound in heavy trammels of flesh, seeking to escape the bondage. We hear the very groans of weariness and despair as we stand before the creations of the Titan of Effort—we are veritable witnesses and beholders of the martyrdom of God imprisoned in mortality. Yet over all broods the sad yet sacrificial willingness of the victim. Agony is ennobled by the spirit in which it is endured. Here again we draw near to that sacred land on whose borders all great thoughts meet, for therein were they born. We stand with Dante in the regions of despair, listening to the cries of sinners paying toll of their sin, yet hearing far off the songs of those who have finished their atonement and won the white robes of celestial hue, 'garments of light'. Michael Angelo has much of the stern tenderness of the Florentine poet, and we see his 'range' of expression, too, when we turn from the tortured soul of 'A Captive,' to the marvellous lineaments of the Delphic 'Sibyl'. And we know the life-history of Angelo and how, before physical death came to him, his mighty soul learnt the lesson that even art only brings man to the *brink* of the Infinite, and leaves him there, shivering and unsatisfied. This is perhaps the most precious gift of art, that it speaks as nothing else

speaks of that which is beyond words, and on the further side of music. Rodin confesses that the mystery in things and beyond things haunts him. Nature herself is but a glorious veil, concealing—what? We know not. Fittingly, the artist concludes, in the penultimate chapter, with a confession that he himself has “oscillated throughout his life, between the two great Schools of Sculpture, those of Phidias and Michael Angelo”. M. Gsell tells us with what mastery of skill Rodin made, moulded before his eyes as he watched, two clay figures, respective illustrations and exemplars of the Greek and Italian masters. The sculptor’s philosophy of inclusion is typical of his mind, and his great and sane view of life as the storehouse of all—the expressed, the unexpressed, and that which must remain for ever inexpressible—because it begins where humanity casts off its robe-garment of flesh.

To conclude an all too brief sketch of the trend of this book, grateful as sunlight in spring to the mind arid with twentieth century machine-made objects, wounding the eyes and sensibilities of those who still believe in the ‘Use of Artists’ (the title of the last chapter of Rodin’s discourses), the two themes that reverberate ceaselessly in the sculptor’s thoughts and tones are—the Catholicity of Art, the ceaseless Labour of the Artist—for what? “Art speaks to man of the purpose for which he was created. It reveals to him the meaning of life, illuminates the destiny of man, is for him the *orientation* of existence.” Thus saith a twentieth century Titan.

Who can doubt the source of the inspiration of Rodin? It is the *Wisdom of the Gods*—Theosophy.

Lily Nightingale

EDUCATION FROM THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT¹

By S. E. PALMER, B. SC., F. T. S.

Principal of the Theosophical Girls' School, Benares

IF you were to ask a citizen of the United States the question: "Of what institution of your country are you most proud?" the reply almost invariably would be: "Of our public school system." Indeed in this field they recognise only one rival, Germany. People in the highest positions—governors of States, judges, congressmen, millionaires, usually send their children to the public school, at least through the lower grades. Knowledge of human nature and ability to stand on one's own feet are lessons learned in the public school, and it is deemed that they cannot be learned too early. A child that needs to be coddled, or one who cannot keep up with his class, is sent to a private school. Those wishing some variety of religious instruction send their children to a denominational school, of which there are many sorts. A few for social reasons prefer a private school. Two privately endowed institutions, Harvard and Yale, stand at the very head of all our

¹ A paper read at the Theosophical Educational Conference held in connection with the Thirty-Eighth Convention of the T. S. at Benares on 31st December 1913.

colleges and universities. Vassar, Wellesley Smith and Bryn Mawr, also privately endowed, are the leading colleges for women.

In large cities one finds the greatest extremes of wealth and poverty; but there is practically little mingling of these two classes in the public schools, for this reason: the city is divided into wards, each provided with its own schools. Residence determines the school. Poor people live where rents are cheapest, hence slum children attend slum schools; good schools they are, with well-qualified teachers. If a child of the slums struggles on until he reaches high school or university, he usually has something in him which commands the respect of his associates, and there is generous recognition of his worth. The spirit of fair play works out on the playground and in the class-room, and no child is ostracised merely for his poverty. A boy who puts on airs and looks down upon his fellow-pupils, because of his father's wealth, will soon be taught a few lessons not in the curriculum. There is now in the United States Senate a man who was not only born poor but has been blind since childhood. Every schoolboy likes to feel that, if he studies well, there is a possibility that he himself may attain to the highest office in the gift of the nation. The history of our country justifies such hopes. It is believed that nature's hall-mark is not always according to dollars and cents. The land of Abraham Lincoln must have a higher standard of value.

In order to comprehend our public school system it is necessary to know the source of the funds employed; and here a few statistics will try your patience. It is needless to say the schools are well supported. Private institutions have no better buildings or equipment.

Federal aid, that is, aid from the general Government, is given at present to 87 universities, colleges and schools to encourage special departments. Agriculture is most frequently so favoured. The chief support however of these Government aided schools comes from the State in which the school is located.

When the territories were admitted to Statehood certain unoccupied lands were set apart for the benefit of schools. By the sale of such lands to settlers, or their rental for agricultural, mining or other purposes, a State fund was established, the interest of which is devoted to schools, and for the maintenance of charitable and penal institutions. To illustrate the plan and show the secure foundation of our school system, let me take Minnesota, a State which stands high educationally among her sister States. Minnesota ranks second financially, having a State education permanent fund of 29 million dollars, that is, 870 lakhs of rupees. Officials estimate that present contracts on timber lands and iron ore districts will increase the State fund in the next generation to 150 million dollars, or 4,500 lakhs of rupees. It must be said, however, that the chief support of public schools comes not from this State fund, but from county, district and municipal taxation. These taxes are of course voted by the people themselves. Occasionally a heavy tax-payer of the old sort grumbles a little and demands that education be confined to the "three R's"; but his protest falls on deaf ears. The majority rules in America.

The university of Minnesota received last year over 80 lakhs of rupees as its current income. The universities of Illinois and Wisconsin each expended over two million dollars, that is, 60 lakhs of rupees each.

Tuition in the State university is absolutely free. It may be of interest to Indian friends to know that a few poor but ambitious students earn their board and lodging by performing certain duties within the institution. Four boys in my own class thus paid their way. Three swept the floors of the main building after the day's session, five days in the week. The fourth knew the use of tools and made little repairs when needed. Of the sweepers, one is now a very successful business-man, with a large warehouse of his own, well stocked with goods. One is a popular Presbyterian minister. The third is high up in the educational hierarchy of the State. The mender of broken benches became an attorney for the Northern Pacific Railway. On that side of the world one hears the phrase 'the dignity of labour'.

It is only another way of saying: "A man's a man for a' that."

Many years ago a State High School Board was established under the direction of the president of the State university. Any high school in the State willing to conform to the requirements of the board receives annually one thousand two hundred rupees, a sum usually expended on library, museum and laboratory. Most of the high schools outside of the large cities came under the board's control. The requirements are rigid as regards equipment, sanitation and staff efficiency. University professors in twos and threes are detailed to make the circuit of these schools once or twice a year, and report to the board. Written examinations under strict conditions are held at the close of the school year. Papers are re-examined and checked by examiners appointed by the board and not living in the vicinity.

The pass mark is 65 per cent. In each subject a certificate is given to the successful pupil who, on entering the State university, presents his or her certificates and is exempted from examination in those subjects. I doubt if the pass mark is less than 65 per cent in any school in the State. In the Minneapolis High School the minimum mark was 80 per cent during several years when I was acquainted with the school.

Each year the high schools are re-arranged in the list according to number of pass marks and general efficiency. There is a great rivalry in attaining high places. One school by heroic efforts of superintendent, staff and pupils leaped from No. 19 to No. 1 in one year, and then there was great rejoicing. As the examination approaches the strain becomes great. A single typical illustration will show the earnestness of these high school pupils. A girl in one of the higher classes was fond of society and neglected her work. Several members of her class went to her of their own accord and begged her to work harder or she would certainly fail. They said: "If you will not study for the credit of the school, then study for the honour of our class." Their efforts had the desired effect.

If the visiting agents of the State High School Board commend the class-work of a teacher for several consecutive years, that teacher is given a certificate entitling him or her to act as principal in any high school under the direction of the board, without the usual examination. It represents professional skill in teaching, and in this respect ranks above any college diploma.

It is well known that co-education is the rule in public schools throughout the whole country. Naturally

to all of us the best way is the way to which we have been accustomed from childhood. It is difficult therefore to judge this matter impartially. That the custom continues is a proof of its popularity. Separate play-grounds are used, and boys and girls are generally seated on opposite sides of the room, but often sit together in the class during recitation periods. It is believed that early association of the sexes checks the tendency to sentimentality. Continuous proximity rids the mind of foolish ideas. Distance lends enchantment and glamour and mystery. There is keener rivalry to stand well in the class; neither sex wishes to be outdone by the other. This is but human nature. It is like taking sides on the football field.

The vast majority of teachers in the grades are women. It is sometimes called 'woman's monopoly'. In the kindergarten, now a permanent feature of city schools, women teachers have undisputed sway. In India we often hear it said: "They are little children; anybody can teach them." At home the qualifications of a primary teacher are most carefully considered. The lowest infant room is thought to be the most important of all, and good salaries are paid to the teacher endowed by nature with love, patience and gentleness, and the ability to make simple things interesting to a child.

The most marked tendency at present is the consolidation of rural schools in all States where there are thinly populated districts. There is but one real objection to the plan and that is the distance the children must go. I wrote for information regarding these innovations. My informant visited a typical consolidated school, several neighbouring districts having joined forces. The site chosen was in a village of 300 or 400

inhabitants. There is not another school within a radius of six miles. The sixty-thousand-dollar-building contains fourteen school-rooms with all modern conveniences. It has bubbling drinking fountains and the most approved sanitation. Teamsters are hired just as the teachers are, and transport pupils to and from school. Sometimes, instead of paying the teamsters, the districts concerned grant Rs. 90 a year to each family living more than two and a half miles from the school, to pay for the use of a horse. In these rural schools well-qualified teachers receive from Rs. 135 to 165 per month.

There has been of late a great awakening in what is called vocational training. The idea is roughly expressed in the saying: "No more educated fools going about looking for a job." Manual training and domestic science courses are given in the high schools.

The agricultural course is offered in towns of a few thousand inhabitants. Some agricultural instruction is now given in nearly all schools of the United States. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, industrial training is within the reach of every child in the State of Minnesota. If it is not available in the locality the pupil may go to any other school, and the home district must pay the tuition fees of such a non-resident pupil.

The health of school children now receives much attention. Defective children are given special treatment. "The extent to which an American child is educated in matters of hygiene appears from a recent episode in a Boston school," says a home paper. "The class had visited the art museum and the teacher wished to learn what the children had observed and how they were impressed. The subject at the moment was the exquisite

head of Aphrodite, one of the chief treasures of the museum. A little boy who frantically waved his hand was called upon. He announced triumphantly: "I noticed she had adenoids."

"Why, Peter," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "what do you mean?" "She keeps her mouth open all the time," was the reply.

In methods the United States, like Germany, is ever ready to discard the old when a better way is found. Love of nature is cultivated by a graded series of object-lessons in the natural sciences continued from kindergarten to high school. Direct observation of nature is required, though excellent guides for the use of teachers are published. Child study is a definite department of nature study, the teacher here being the seeker after knowledge. In this, one does not study text-books but the working of the child's mind, and the evolution of its faculties and powers. Professor Earl Barnes of Leland Stanford University, was a pioneer in this work. Scores of teachers with thousands of school children co-operated with him in his endeavour to arrive at general principles of child growth and mental development. Numerous charts were the result of his observation and experiments. He measured school children at regular intervals and weighed them. This was continued for a long time. On examining his material, he found that every boy and girl, during about one year of his or her life, does not grow at all or increase in weight. A boy reaches the stage a year later than the girl. During this stationary period the child is more or less languid, nervous and irritable, and inclined to melancholy. Parents are asked not to dose such children with medicine but give them pleasant exercise in the open air. A plain but nutritious

diet is recommended. Above all, teachers as well as parents are advised to give such a boy or girl kindness and sympathy even though the varying and often perverse moods may be trying. Growth is resumed in about a year.

In the normal schools, effects of colours on young and sensitive children are observed. For example the professor brings a group of teachers into the room of the infant class. Red screens are rolled down covering all the walls. Red paper is given to the children to cut. There is perfect quiet. The children are accustomed to daily inspection. Soon the pupils show signs of nerve excitability. They are quick in their movements and impatient of control. Presently the red screens are gently removed and blue is substituted in the environment and work. The excited nerves quiet down, and the flushed cheeks regain their usual tint and all is again quiet and serene.

An American primary teacher is careful in choosing the colour of the dress she is to wear in school. Soft pretty tints pleasing to the eyes of a child are selected.

Professor Barnes, through his assistants, asked some thousands of children what colour they liked best. Red was the general favourite, a clear bright red. Blue comes next. Strangely enough more boys than girls like blue best of all. The returns from one section puzzled Professor Barnes not a little. They upset his averages. Enquiry was made as to the cause of this anomaly. It was found that in a recent local election, distinguishing colours of banners and badges had been adopted by the two rival parties. These colours were the ones chosen. During the first four years of a child's life, neither red nor blue is the favourite colour.

Yellow is the colour of the cover of the book the babe reaches its hand to grasp, even though red and blue books are placed beside it. A packet of plain coloured cards was given to little children to sort according to shades and harmonies. The discovery was made that tiny children whose home surroundings were in good taste, had a distinct feeling for harmony.

We teach only five days in the week, and no home work is required in any of the lower grades. In an average well-regulated school the pupils are as busy as a parson preparing his sermon. We have a summer vacation of from two and a half to three months, one or two weeks for Christmas holidays, and one week at Easter at the close of the winter term. During the rest of the year there are few holidays. There is one day each for Washington and Lincoln. Arbour day is given up to tree-planting, with appropriate songs and recitations. A national Thanksgiving Day is a time for family reunions. On Memorial Day honour is paid to the memory of those who fell in the Civil War. The blue and the grey are now impartially eulogised, whether the place be North or South.

Patriotism is cultivated by pretty and impressive ceremonies, when the national flag is unfurled and saluted by school children.

It is not the custom to grant a holiday in honour of the visit of any noted personage.

These observations may give some idea of our public schools as a system, but their spirit is difficult to indicate in words. It may be said that progress is the aim, and fossilisation and stagnation the condition to be avoided at all costs, in American schools.

S. E. Palmer

A GREAT MYSTIC AND WORKER ¹

By MISS C. S. BREMNER

SECTION I

“THE Nightingales are ducks ; they have produced a wild swan,” said the mother of the subject of Sir Edward Cook’s deeply interesting biography. Florence was born in 1820, the second of William Shore Nightingale’s two daughters, his only children. The fact that she had a most sympathetic father and no brothers was important in her career. Her father held those views on the Education of Women that are usually ascribed to pioneers. Both girls had admirable abilities, they read Latin and Greek with him with ease and studied history and philosophy. “One should be wise in the choice of one’s parents,” a German proverb tells us, and there is no doubt that Miss Nightingale showed this exceptional wisdom. From her father she obtained a mental grasp, a concentration and a thoroughness which were to make her a power in England. Very early in life she felt a certainty that she was called to some great vocation. She spent at least ten years of her life trying to discover what it could be ; nor was she a ‘comfortable’ woman to live with until the point was settled. Young, rich, handsome, a linguist and a musician, even a thinker, so brilliant a conversationalist

¹ *Life of Florence Nightingale*, by Sir Edward T. Cook.

that she could play well her part in distinguished society, nothing seemed to satisfy her. Life without high purpose seemed to her a dismal mockery, and often she repeated tragically: "My God, what is to become of me? I see nothing desirable but death." There was absolutely no outlet in the forties for a gifted young Englishwoman.

I have said that she was an admirable linguist, a thinker, an observer. When the Nightingales travelled on the continent, Florence was busy taking systematic notes on the social conditions of the people, their laws, and land tenure, showing deep interest in their politics and especially in the state of agriculture. Wherever the Nightingales travelled, they had letters of introduction to the best people of the place, so that their tours were far more instructive than what is styled a continental tour to-day. Brilliant and truly educational as much of it was, she insisted, when she was thirty, that she should be left behind at Pastor Fliedner's Institution at Kaisersworth to study nursing (1850), and repeated her visit in 1851. Then she inspected all the important nursing sisterhoods in France; it was almost as if she had foreseen the exact lines of her vocation. At this time a friend wrote a few stanzas in honour of this earnest and purposeful young woman; they are not only a tribute to Florence Nightingale, but may be cited as an instance of women's wonderful intuitive powers:

In future years, in distant climes,
Should war's dread strife its victims claim,
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim,
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

This prophecy was published in 1852.

SECTION II

The following year Miss Nightingale spent as Superintendent of a small hospital for sick gentlewomen in Harley Street ; here this able, clear-eyed, determined young woman learnt something about the puerile and unbusiness-like nature of Committees. There were two of these to manage her ; but ere long, she managed *them* and evolved order out of chaos. There sat on one of them Mrs. Sidney Herbert, wife of Sidney Herbert, now Secretary *at War* ; the pair had met Miss Nightingale on her foreign travels and been deeply impressed by her great powers. When it dawned on the English people during the Crimean War, that men's lives were being poured out like water, that the sick and wounded were shamefully neglected, there was a terrible outcry in the press. As a result, two letters crossed each other in mid October, 1854, one from Sidney Herbert begging his friend to go out to Scutari and organise the nursing of the sick, the other from Miss Nightingale offering her services. She sailed in less than a week, provided with all necessary powers from the War Office and accompanied by 38 nurses. "I wish those who may afterwards complain about our nurses could have seen the lot we had to choose from," said Miss Stanley. In all, Miss Nightingale only had 125 nurses in this war ; during the Boer War there were at least 800 in S. Africa.

It is of little avail to go over all that terrible story of neglect, incapacity, futility, self-satisfied conceit. There lay before these courageous women the damning fact that 42·2 per cent of the men admitted to Scutari hospital died in it ; Miss Nightingale and her staff

brought the figure down to 2·2. There were four miles of beds, or what ought to have been bedsteads. Of these there were plenty locked up in the stores, but unobtainable, because it needed some official or board to distribute them, and neither could be found! At 3 or 4 in the afternoon, the stores' department was still busy weighing out raw rations in twos and fours, that ought to have been cooked and served for the noon dinner. Miss Nightingale was a born organiser and administrator, a woman with a massive brain and unconquerable will. Her first order was for 300 scrubbing brushes and all the paraphernalia needed for cleaning. She caustically remarked of the vermin in the Scutari hospital that, with organisation and co-operation, they could have dragged the sick to London and left them in front of the Horse Guards! Every man who wanted things straightening, who wanted the sick to be nursed and fed, welcomed Miss Nightingale and her faithful band. But she had two great lions in the path, military prejudice and medical jealousy. She was a born diplomatist and walked warily. Yet emerge these two bare, bald facts from the long tale of disaster, incapacity, and muddle, that some men cared more for their reputations than for soldiers' lives, and that meanness and jealousy are, or were then, rampant in the Army. As the sick soldiers saw order, cleanliness, well-cooked food, and care for their wounds and enfeebled health, emerge from the chaos at Scutari, they were heard telling each other that if only Miss Nightingale were at the front, Sebastopol would have fallen long ago! That may or may not be, but her biographer holds that a very great commanding genius was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman. Presumably the

English could not rise to the level of the French, the most military nation of Europe, who in the fifteenth century found only a woman General with enough capacity to rid their land of the foreign invader. It may be well to quote here the dictum of Augustus Stafford, M. P., who afterwards described on the floor of the House of Commons the state of the hospitals before Miss Nightingale's arrival. He said he had "only met two men in the East, Omar Pacha and Florence Nightingale". When all her terrible task was finished, and its details can only be glanced at here, Her Majesty placed a man-of-war at Miss Nightingale's disposal to convey her home. The offer was gratefully declined. The heroine of the Crimea travelled home incognita as Miss Smith, and reached London after an absence of twenty-one months. As she had declined a warship, so she declined triumphal arches, addresses from mayors and corporations, three regimental (and very famous) bands to meet her in London to sound the loud timbrel, numerous proposals of marriage from men who had never seen her. Nearly all the lives of Florence Nightingale, all those written by the sentimental, close at this point. In reality, the Crimea was a brief episode, mere child's play, in her extraordinary career; its real starting-point dates from her return to England.

SECTION III

Miss Nightingale was suffering from neurasthenia and overstrain; she needed a year's absolute rest, perhaps three, *ni lire, ni écrire, ni réfléchir*. But with her nature, this was impossible; she continued to wear herself out, so that she, a young woman of thirty-six,

became almost an invalid, and did not recover her health until her old age. Whilst baby girls, streets, race-horses, wings of hospitals, had her name bestowed on them, Miss Nightingale was burning for her campaign, preparing her great battle for health in the British Army. Her character was based on order and method; its most salient points were deep emotionalism, a firm grasp of general principles, a complete command of detail. She was the heroine of the hour, Kings and Princes were prepared to bow down before her. Probably no one has cared so much or so long for the British soldier as Florence Nightingale; his officers often spoke of him as a drunken brute, and for this reason perhaps afforded him more opportunities of drinking injurious spirits than of rational recreation and education. She returned home filled with a passion of resentment because 9,000 of "her children" had died of preventable disease, caused and aggravated by mismanagement. No one could possibly have been a greater enemy of the muddle-through-anyhow policy than Florence Nightingale. "I stand here at the altar of the murdered men," she wrote in her diary in 1856. When she "took on the War Office business," as she jestingly phrased it, there is little doubt that she merely intended to reform military hospitals, to get them placed during peace on such a footing that they could be of some use during war. From this, she gradually extended her aims so as to include the barracks, their sanitary condition, and the whole life of the soldier. No health could be possible without including everything. From this it was but a step to the War Office itself; Miss Nightingale came very near to reforming that august body. Had it not been for the death of her 'master' and great

collaborator, Sidney Herbert, in 1861, most likely the impossible would have been achieved.

When she saw how thick were the honours destined for her, including a command visit to Balmoral, the friendship of the Queen and Prince Consort, devotion and honour on every hand, she considered that if anything were 'due' to her, it should be paid in the form of something good for the troops. She was supposed to be dying in 1857, and proposed that any money she might be entitled to on the death of her parents should be applied to a model Barracks. She entered into details of day-rooms for the men, gymnasium, reading-rooms, lavatories, and a sort of model dwelling for the married men. A strange ambition for a woman. Sir John McNeil, who had been sent to the Crimea by Lord Palmerston to report on the Commissariat system, and who had also seen the details of the Gigantic Muddle, wrote her, after their return home: "To you more than to any other man or woman alive will henceforth be due the welfare and efficiency of the British Army." I know not whether the reviewers of this able book have not properly read the *Life* in these days of hustle; or whether they do not like to give honour to whom it is due. But so far as I know, scarcely a review credits this great woman with the real work to which she devoted all her long life, a task to which she returned again and again and for which she possessed unrivalled powers. "She is the most gifted of God's creatures," said Dr. John Sutherland, one of the leading sanitarians of the last century. None but she could do it. Her biographer has justly assigned the honour to her; our press, whose main characteristic is lack of courage, has failed to tell its readers what was the great task

Miss Nightingale set herself and how far she achieved success. One of the chief military papers in this country in a long review of the *Life* never so much as alludes to Miss Nightingale's work at the War Office and in India.

SECTION IV

Mr. Herbert was no longer at the War Office on Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea. There began between them one of those long close friendships based on common interest in a great public work which did infinite honour to both. She herself said that she had never known patriotism so pure as Sidney Herbert's. She had a caustic wit, and commenting once on what wives and mothers pretend to feel, declared that she could mount three widows' caps on her head, one for Herbert, one for A. J. Clough, and a third for her aunt.

There was to be a Royal Commission on the Health of the Army, to inquire into the condition of barracks, hospitals and the Medical Department. Mr. Herbert was President and his collaborator had a great deal to say on the appointment of the Commissioners, on the terms of reference, on minimising delay, on preparing telling questions for those who were to be examined. There were also four Sub-Commissions that required a terrible amount of taskmaster's energy and zeal. Together Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale wrote the Report, and then, most difficult of all, *they started to enforce it*. Almost from girlhood, Miss Nightingale had been interested in statistics. She not only gathered them, but made terrifying inductions and comparisons from them. The state of the barracks was too often

highly insanitary, and justified Miss Nightingale's dictum that there is death in the barracks.

Mortality Rates

St. Pancras civil rate	...	2·2	(per mille)
„ „ Life Guards	...	10·4	„
Kensington, civil rate	...	3·3	„
Knightsbridge barracks	...	17·5	„

They had to meet the danger of all the proposed reforms being shelved along with the Blue books in which they were recommended. They worked the press industriously. In 1859 Mr. Herbert himself was made Secretary for War under Lord Palmerston; things began to hum. The Sub-Commissions were working hard to reform barracks and hospitals, reorganise army medical statistics, reform cookery—all the time Miss Nightingale was in the Crimea the great Soyer worked hand in hand with her in the kitchens; much needed instruction in hygiene was henceforth to be given to young army doctors, fresh regulations were made for the purveyor's and other departments. "You cannot improvise an army," said Lord Roberts. "You cannot improvise the Army Medical Service," added Miss Nightingale. But in the midst of their arduous labour for hygiene and sanitation in general, she and Mr. Herbert arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the War Office too needed reorganising! The task was so to organise during peace, that *the machinery should stand the test of war*. It is probably near the truth to say that very much was done towards this great aim when Lord Herbert died in 1861. The mainspring however had not been put in, and thus it

seemed as if all were lost, and as if those in power would not advance a step, but rather undo Herbert's work. She wrote to a colleague: "The reign of intelligence at the War Office is over; the reign of muffs has begun." Herbert's death was the greatest grief of her life.

But Miss Nightingale was never more of a General than in the hour of defeat. Lord de Grey (Lord Ripon), a follower of Herbert's, was Under-Secretary of War; she moved heaven and earth to get him appointed Secretary and succeeded. The work of reform went on; but complete reorganisation was not achieved then, nor has it been yet.

SECTION V

Miss Nightingale had already proved by her comparison of barrack mortality with that of ordinary civil life that aggregations of individuals demand special attention to sanitary conditions. By the great work that she did for hospitals and nursing between 1855-1861 she proved from statistics that diseases treated in hospitals have a higher mortality than those treated outside hospitals. In other words, the aggregation of the sick produces special diseases. She wrote a noted work, *Notes on Hospitals*, in which she enumerated sixteen sanitary defects in the construction of hospital wards, which thereby deprive the patients of the air, space and light which are necessary elements in their recovery. She was the foremost sanitarian of her day and carried on the battle for health from her bedroom, having Kings, Princes, and Rulers among her visitors and correspondents, not to mention mere Members of Parliament,

Councillors, Sanitary Engineers, and others. Her advice about infirmaries was almost always to rebuild and not "patch-up their pest-houses". S. Thomas' Hospital with its seven pavilions is an instance of what Miss Nightingale desired. Netley Hospital is on the old plan she condemned; she twice, before it was erected, put up a gallant fight to have pavilions there also. It was during this period of her life that she wrote *Notes on Nursing*, which had an immense circulation and was translated into many languages. It should here be said that the nation had presented Miss Nightingale with £44,000 on her return from the Crimea, a sum to which very few doctors contributed. It was used as a fund for the training of nurses, and a Training School was begun in connection with S. Thomas' Hospital; its supervision, the programme of study, the fitting up of a wing of the hospital for their accommodation, the sending of the nurses out in that capacity, or as matrons and heads of institutions, all took up a great deal of the founder's time and involved her in an immense amount of correspondence. Sir Edward Cook considers that three persons in the nineteenth century did more than their contemporaries to relieve human suffering, Simpson, Lister and Florence Nightingale. It cannot be too often repeated that scientific nursing was merely one facet of her manifold kinds of usefulness. She was the sanitarian of the day; at everyone's beck; a species of consultant whose terms were gratis, the consultation often ending in her subscribing to the needs of individuals and institutions. In the publication of the Blue book on the health of the Army, Miss Nightingale spent £700, scattering it right and left royally, seeing that copies were placed where she and Mr. Herbert wanted

them, before Jupiter at the War Office had even nodded his head.

"They expect me," she was once heard to murmur, "to manage Liverpool Infirmary from my bedroom." When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, the French immediately consulted her as to the best plan of field hospital; the Germans went straight to her for advice. The only up-to-date Prussian hospitals were those of the Crown Princess, a pupil of Miss Nightingale. Both the belligerents decorated her for her services. Shortly afterwards, Dunant founded the Red Cross Society, and stated that he owed the idea to her. She was the "passionate statistician" of her time, and more than once bowled the War Office over with statistics and their meaning; Sir Edward insists that with Miss Nightingale statistics were a religious exercise. During her time, those of the British Army were the best in the world. It was due to her that a medical school was established in connection with the hospitals at Scutari, the opportunity being an unequalled one.

Miss Nightingale had a deep affection for the British soldier, and after reading these two solid volumes, I think I have discovered the reason. Whilst at Scutari, she paid three visits "to the front" (Crimea), those very visits from which the soldiers in hospital expected the immediate fall of Sebastopol would result. In the trenches she saw dying men who refused to fling up their job, because it would throw too much work on their comrades and crowd still further the overcrowded hospitals. She remembered their heroism for ever, hated war, militarism, and a Forward Policy on the Frontier with a perfect hatred.

SECTION VI

Miss Nightingale worked at her great, self-appointed task by the feminine weapon of influence. She had an extraordinary power over men and women. It seems as if no one with a spark of reforming zeal, energy, conscience and devotion to duty could look on her without throwing himself at her feet, and begging her to use him for ever. The Queen wrote in her diary: "I wish we had her at the War Office" (the Prince Consort was still living). A small Russian boy, Peter, expressed this immediate sense of power Miss Nightingale had over others. He was a poor little heathen aged twelve, and a nurse was instructing him in theological mysteries. "Where will you go when you die, if you are a good boy?" "To Miss Nightingale," he answered. Lord Napier, Governor of Madras, expressed the same absolute devotion to her will in dignified terms: "*You* shall have the little labour that is left in me."

Whether it was that she really convinced all the great men of her day that health is the statesman's first duty, as Lord Beaconsfield declared; or whether she possessed some wonderful power over the souls and brains of men, as did the Pied Piper over the ears of Hamelin's children; or both, I cannot decide. But there remains an immense list of War Secretaries, Prime Ministers, of Viceroys of India (no less than five), of Governors like Sir Bartle Frere, of Commanders-in-Chief from Sir Hugh Rose to Lord Roberts, of Secretaries for India, who, when they signed themselves the devoted and obedient servants of Florence Nightingale, were using a good deal more than a polite form.

The impelling power in her was tremendous ; she lived in absolute seclusion, but in imagination always stood at "the altar of the murdered men". She was a relentless task-master, exacting, thorough, determined, and yet with a charm that could not be withstood. The half-jest about widows' caps for Herbert and A. J. Clough had a great deal of truth in it, for both were men sadly overworked. It looks as if three years at Liverpool Infirmary, with Miss Nightingale as the Lady-in-Chief, had done for the incomparable Agnes Jones, the greatest of all the Nightingale nurses. Her health too seems occasionally to have been an excuse for not seeing people, keeping them dangling, sending down notes to fetch them back at another time. Good Dr. Sutherland was able to stand it for thirty or forty years ; probably he was the greatest sanitarian of the day after herself. But he had to rebel, take trips up the Mediterranean, and absent himself for other reasons connected with his work. It is wonderful to see so able a man, and one whose time was very limited, making himself her drudge. They had many tiffs, but he always returned to his duty. Afterwards he was succeeded by Sir Douglas Gatton, a Royal Engineer, who had become a kind of relative by marrying her cousin. We all know that relatives are less amenable to charm than outsiders, and the gallant Captain, though devoted to Miss Nightingale, passively resisted after he had been refused admittance. She grasped the state of things and wrote him : "Your dog will see you immediately." Her service somewhat resembled the trenches at Badajos : others stepped on the dead bodies of those who preceded them and fought in the great Cause of Health. She lived to a great age, dying in 1910. Her

executors refused the offer of burial in Westminster Abbey.

All that she achieved was done by influence, nor could she bear during her life-time that people should know of her work for the Army. Will another woman be able to achieve so much, and is there any adequate reason why she should work behind the scenes, like the mover of some great show of puppets? It seems as if our civilisation were landing itself in a strange *impasse*, when the meanness and vanity of men will not let them admit that transcendent ability must have acknowledgment open and above-board, and that the tools must be to her as well as to him that can use them. Already there is some indication in the spiritual world that the wind of the Spirit can blow where it listeth, since four great religious women teachers have, since 1870, obtained the world's recognition of their services to humanity: Catherine Booth, Mme. Blavatsky, Mary B. G. Eddy, and Annie Besant. It is conceivable that they are "the first-fruits of them that have slept" during long centuries, and are only now awaking to the trumpet-call of duty, of social reconstruction.

C. S. Bremner

(To be concluded)

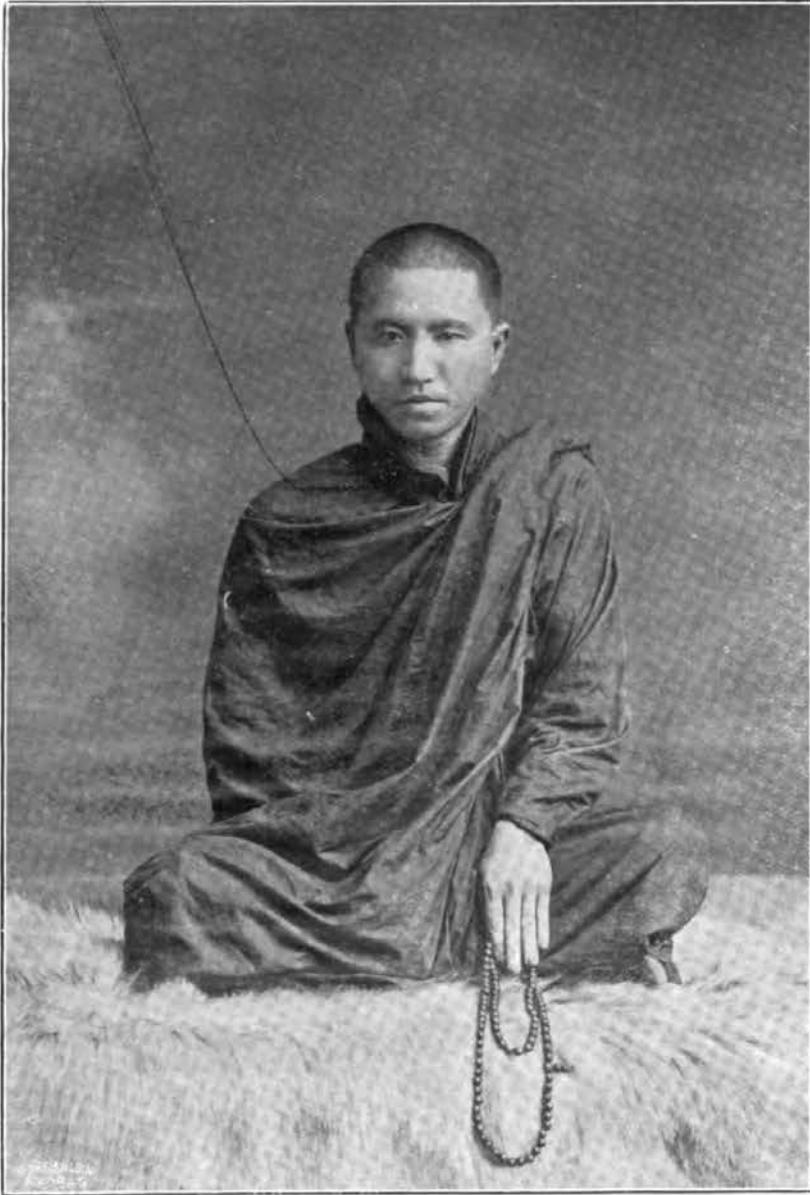
A REMARKABLE PRIEST

THE Burmese Bhikkhu and High Priest, whose portrait we present to our readers, is leading a great movement in Burma which is of much interest to ourselves.

En Magyi Sayadaw U Zaw Tika is but thirty-nine years of age; he resides at Thain Daung Hill, near Wundwin, in the Meiktila District, Burma, and has organised fourteen groups of monasteries, with ninety priests and some seven hundred people, following the rule of life he has laid down. He proclaims the near coming of the Lord Maitreya, the Boḍhisattva, and there are nearly fifty thousand people in Burma who have accepted his message, and who are preparing, by meditation and the leading of a pure life, to welcome the coming Lord.

At the age of twelve, the future High Priest meditated deeply over his future work in the world, and there came to him, as an illumination, the idea that he should consecrate himself to an ascetic and solitary life. So he took the yellow robe, and has devoted himself to meditation for the last twenty-seven years. The outcome of this is the message he is now engaged in spreading, with the astounding success which he has so rapidly attained.

This account was taken from his own lips. It is profoundly interesting to learn of this wholly independent movement of preparation in a Buddhist country, where the Lord, when He comes, will evidently find so warm a welcome.



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THE BROTHERHOOD OF ARTS

Paper read at a Meeting

By MABEL BESANT-SCOTT, F. T. S.

THERE are many means of revelation, many ways of finding the Truth, of realising the Divine. To some It comes through meditation, to some through study of and close communion with Nature, to some through service to humanity, to others through Theosophy, and to others again through Art in one or other of its branches. And it is with this last source of inspiration and of uplifting that we are concerned this afternoon.

Art is one, but, like Truth, it shows itself in many aspects—the exquisite colours of the painter, the beautiful forms of the sculptor, the rhythm and balance of carefully chosen phrases and words of the writer, the portrayal in acts and words of the inspiration of the dramatist, the wonderful harmonies and cadences of the musician. To me music is the highest of the arts; and yet what one says of music applies almost equally to the other branches of art. Music appeals first to the senses, then rises through the emotions and the intellect to the sources of our being where it concentrates, striving to get into touch with the Divine Reality, and then to bring it down again through the intellect and the emotions to be expressed on this plane in wondrous harmonies of sound. And that is why we speak of the great composers as being inspired. They have known that Divine Reality, that Divine Inspiration, and so their compositions have been inspired by that greater Power which is the revelation received by them, and transmitted to us in melodious sound. They have used the physical, the emotional, the intellectual, the spiritual, and so have produced that harmony in our different bodies which alone can make us perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. And so this new body—the Brotherhood of Arts—has been formed, aiming to extend this revelation by means of that art which is to us the expression of the Divine. Each individual member strives to attain perfection in the technique of his particular branch—the love of his art, great though it may be, is not sufficient by itself; the expression must be made perfect or we shall fail in attaining complete harmony.

Mr. Sinnett has a theory why music is perhaps the most popular and the easiest of the arts: it is that music

is carried on into the higher sub-planes, and therefore when the Ego descends again into incarnation it is the *nearest* experience of the ego and consequently the one most easily remembered. If this theory be correct, then surely those of us to whom music is our inspiration should have less difficulty in forging this link which will unite us to the Divine, which will put us in touch with our causal body, the vehicle of the Monad which is our true Self.

There are many other things of which one would like to speak—of the translation of music into colour, of the translation of music into form, or into the melody of poetry. One would like to talk of the spiritual harmonies of Wagner, of the intellectual conceptions of Brahms, the melodious fancies of Mendelssohn, the tenderness and playfulness of Mozart, the newer and more modern school of music into which our composers are translating the more psychic spirit of the age. But time is short, and I can only return to that with which I began, that to the branch of art which I have for the moment the honour to represent, music is the form of revelation which carries us up towards that ideal which we as Theosophists must surely have before us—that perfection of harmony from which the perfect man is evolved.

M. Besant-Scott

RṢHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRAṆAVA-VĀḌA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K. C. I. E., LL. D.

(Continued from p. 542)

SECTION III *(Continued)*

IN the next chapter, entitled 'The Components of the Vedas,' the relation between the Gāyaṭrī, the Mahā-Vākyas, the Vedas and Aṅgas and their Upāṅgas are pointed out. Gāyaṭrī and Mahā-Vākyas the ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu. Mahā-Viṣṇu, who is the ruler of our Samsāra, and who corresponds in it to the totality of Brahman, first ideates all the laws, methods, means and ends of its procession and then commences actual work instructing the Ṭrimūrṭis, who in their turn instruct their subordinates in the matter. Gāyaṭrī is the "word which embodies the proper time and season of the avaḍhāraṇa, ideation, which embodies the knowledge that this-and-this fact arises from such-and-such a principle, or seed, or source, and that this is the appropriate method of bringing about this result and for this reason". A Mahā-Vākya embodies the thought of Mahā-Viṣṇu as to each principal method or law of the world-system. Hence is it said that the "Gāyaṭrī is

the mother of the *Veᅇa*, the *Mahā-Vākyā* the father, and AUM, the root of all, the grandfather of the *Veᅇas*, wherein the Trinity dwells and whence succession flows forth". It is added that "finally, the student obtains the true knowledge of the *Mahā-Vākyas* and of the *Gāyaᅇrī*, only after having studied the *Aᅆgas* and the *Upāᅆgas*," the 'limbs' and the 'sub-limbs' which bring out the truths of the *Veᅇas*.

In the next chapter much detailed information regarding *Gāyaᅇrī* and *Vyāhᅇᅇis*, as bearing upon the World-process, is given. Thereafter the author enters into a very full exposition of *Mahā-Vākyas*. The matter is so important as to justify the long quotation I make.

'I am Brahman,' *Aham-Brahma-asmi*, is the source of the *R̥g-Veᅇa*, corresponding to cognition. 'That I am thus—why is it so and what for?'—such is the significance of the logion connected with the *Yajur-Veᅇa* and action, *viz.*, *Bahuh-syām*, 'May I become many'. 'There is nothing here verily,' *Na-ēva-aᅇᅇi-ihā-iᅇi-kiᅆchana*, is the basis of the *Sāma-Veᅇa*, of the nature of the nexus, desire; its significance is 'How, in what manner, can I be?' Finally comes the logion of the *Aᅇharva-Veᅇa* and the totality, *viz.*, *Aham-Eᅇaᅇ-Na-ᅇuᅇᅇaram*, 'I-This-Not, the unpassable'; it unifies in itself the other three and explains what is their use, motive, or final cause.

These four logia give birth to the four *Veᅇas*. In them, *Aham*, I, is connected with cognition; *Eᅇaᅇ*, This, refers to *Kriyā*; and *Na*, Not, to desire as the nexus. This trinity is unpassable, uncrossable, not to be transcended and got beyond, being everywhere and all-inclusive. The conjunction of *Aham* with *Eᅇaᅇ* is the birth of *Samsāra*; and of *Eᅇaᅇ* with *Na* is its negation or destruction. Therefore *Aham-Eᅇaᅇ-asmi* 'I am this,' and *Eᅇaᅇ-Na-Aham-asmi*, 'I am not This,' are also two *Mahā-Vākyas*.

It is true that ordinarily *ᅇaᅇ-tvam-asi*, 'That art thou,' *Aham-Brahma-asmi*, 'I am Brahman,' *Sarvam-khalu-iᅇam-Brahma*, 'All this verily is Brahman,' and *Na-ihā-nānā-aᅇᅇi-kiᅆchana*, 'There is no many here,' are called the four great sentences. Yet they are such only as means to the primal Logion, I-This-Not. Of these, the first refers to *kriyā*, wherein is formed the multiplicity of 'thou' and 'I' and 'this' and

'another,' and it is included in the second word of the Logion. The second is the jñāna-mode, included in the first word thereof. The third corresponds to desire, wherein all is negated, and is comprehended in the third word. The fourth amounts to the summation.

So far we have had ten great sentences.

'I am This'—such only is Samsāra. Herein is the combination of cognition and action; desire also is there. Hence arises the eleventh logion: Saṭṭyam-jñānam-anantaṁ Brahma, 'Brahman is truth, knowledge, endless'. Truth is Aham; knowledge is Eṭaṭ; endless is desire; and the three together are Brahman. By the conjunction of the Ātmā with the Eṭaṭ arises cognition; knowledge is not possible while there is no conjunction of the two; that conjunction itself, indeed, is knowledge.

That which is knowledge is the truth, and the truth is also the knowledge, and the two together are also the endless.

Again, in the combination of Aham, Eṭaṭ and Na, a singleness is super-imposed on the whole by the verb-action 'am'; the I is the This, the This is the Not, and the Not again is the I—such is the full significance of the combination. From this results the twelfth *Mahā-Vākya*, Ēkaḥ-Aham-Bahusyām, 'May the one I become many'. Here I corresponds with the one, This with the many; 'may become,' with the Negation. The real inner meaning of this is the logion 'May I not become this' (for I, the one, cannot really become the many) which only declares in another form the sense of 'I-This-Not-am'. These are the twelve *Mahā-Vākyas*. But the chief ones are the four above-mentioned; and even amongst them, the veriest root of all is 'I-This-Not'. (pp. 109, 110, 111, 112.)

In whom this knowledge of Aham-Eṭaṭ-Na arises, for him is the joy of mōkṣha. He who knoweth this, knoweth Brahman. He knoweth the essence of his own Self, he knoweth all as him-Self.

As regards the phrase 'Iṭi-ḍuṣṭaram,' the unpassable, in the logion Aham Eṭaṭ Na, the following pertinent comment is added by the Ṛṣhi :

That is impossible to pass, the permutations and combinations of which are beyond counting. On the other hand, from the point of view of the inner relativity and similarity or analogy, all is easy of comprehension; that is to say, if we realise that all this seemingly overpowering endlessness of the object-world is *relative* and *caused* by the endlessness of only our own consciousness, our Self, then

the whole of the World-process becomes simple and easy to grasp, in one act of consciousness, at once. In the supreme idea, I-This-Not, there is no relativity; it is the Absolute that transcends all, includes all, pervades all, while separate and distinct from everything at the same time. By means of and as comprehended in this Law of laws, this great Logion, should the whole of Samsāra be viewed, in order that it may be comprehended truly, for in each individual atom is present this trinity, and nothing else than this trinity, of the Self, the Not-Self, and the Negation (pp. 114-115).

Then follow four chapters respectively devoted to the four Vedas. In the chapter on

Rg.-Veda concerns cognition.

Rg-Veda the author refers to the first manṭra, 'Agnim-īdē-purohiṭam,'

etc., of the first maṇḍala as showing that this Veda concerns cognition. He says:

In Agni, A means Aham, g is the Eṭaṭ, and ni the Negation. The form of that Agni is light, luminosity. It is true that light is not possible without darkness; but darkness is also inclusively declared here by the word light. Darkness is nothing different or apart from light. As between I and This so between light and darkness there is no separateness, nor any precedence and succedence. 'Agni whose nature is light, the Truth of Brahman, that we would know'—such is the meaning of the manṭra (p. 128).

The author further expatiates upon the subject thus:

. . . . the causes of the origins and destructions of all things: the proper place of each in the World-process; the spatial and temporal extents of all cycles; the growth of individuals out of species and genera, *i.e.*, differentiation; the gradual multiplication of objects by sub-divisions, or embodiment of archetypes and types into concrete individuals; the growth of the heterogeneous out of the homogeneous the constant unification of many-seeming things; briefly, the whole of 'becoming' wherein the Self appears to undergo transformations of all possible kinds, to become changed into its very opposite and then to return to its own primal form, to now follow the path of pursuit and now of renunciation—the whole of this is described in the Rg-Veda, and the element of cognition is particularly traced and described in all its ramifications through all desires and actions (p. 130).

The chapter on Yajur-Veda is perhaps the longest in the book and consists of so many as seven

sub-sections. Of these, three to seven deal with sacraments prescribed by this Veda. I shall leave the reader to consult the very elaborate explanations thereof, contenting myself with the observation that very intelligible reasons will be found assigned to every one of the sixteen Samskāras in their dual aspect, namely conventional, unreal or formal, and real or metaphysical.

In the opening portion of the chapter under consideration the scope of the Yajur-Veda is thus pointed out:

Yajur-Veda concerns action.

The Yajur-Veda, promulgated by Brahma, is concerned with action. All the laws and methods of all actions whatsoever, from the origin to the dissolution of a world; the working of causes; the connection of cause and effect, of actor and cause; the relations of actor, cause, effect of and motive, with all of which every action is always conjoined; the necessity of all these—whatever, briefly, is included in U; the Etat-factor of the Logion, that makes the contents of the Yajuh (p. 134).

And the above statement is illustrated as follows:

Thus, we hear, 'From ākāsha was born vāyu, air; from vāyu, agni, fire; from agni, āpah, water; from āpah, pṛthvi, earth; from pṛthvi, oṣhadhi, herbs; from oṣhadhi, anna, food or corn; from anna, reṭas seed, germ-sperm; and from reṭas, all else.' Such is the course of the procession, samsaraṇā or evolution. (In other words, from the elemental and mineral kingdoms arose the vegetable, and out of the latter, the animal kingdom.) (p. 134).

The author then discusses the question of the relation of action to Mokṣha. The view propounded throughout the work as to Mokṣha is that it consists entirely of the Jīva attaining to universality, *i.e.*, its realising its own identity with the universal consciousness. Consequently the author concludes that even after Mokṣha "performance of paramārtha—work, the acts of duty—remains of necessity; and thus it comes about that jīvan-mukṣas become the regulators, guides and hierarchs of world-systems". He also adds:

Performance of duty necessary even on the part of the liberated.

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Thus, then, action, motion or movement, is a transcendental fact belonging to all time, and mokṣha is not something separate by itself which may be left behind after eliminating all other things. It is rather an all-pervading fact, immanent and included and concealed inseparably within the process of the world, stretching everywhere, in all ways and in all time (p. 137).

Then follow explanations of the well-known terms sālokya, sāyujya, sāmīpya and sārūpya, which reconcile the states connoted by these terms with the author's definition of liberation.

The next sub-section deals with the subject of the sacrifices prescribed by the Yajur-Veḍa. The views of the author as to the true meaning of the sacrifices known as Ashva-meḍha, etc., challenge attention. I give the author's explanation below, trusting that the length of some of the quotations will be excused, having regard to the necessity for removing the unmerited slur which the misconception casts upon the scriptures that enjoin these sacrifices. Firstly, as to Ashva-meḍha:

Ashva means that whereby the jīva approaches, ashyaṭē, comes up to, all beings, i. e., cognition; and meḍha is the act of cognising or knowing. The performance of an ashva-meḍha is therefore the making, the acquiring, of knowledge for the good of all beings. Hence too are ashvas offered up to the fire. Ashvas are objects, things, word-meanings, born of knowledge (*i. e.*, intellectual objects, ideas, or, generally, objects of cognition); the offering of them is the pouring of them into the fire of Brahman (*i. e.*, the assigning to them of their proper places in the Svabhāva of Brahman, the interpreting of them in terms of the Absolute). Hence the statements, as that such-and-such study brings the fruit of a hundred or a thousand ashva-meḍhas. And thus we see how the ashva-meḍha subserves mokṣha (pp. 150-151).

As to Go-meḍha:

Go-meḍha is the sacrifice of sound (the sanctification of speech); it signifies the giving or making intelligible of gā or

speech by the medha or intelligence ; it is the giving to all of the science of sounds or words. As said before, ashva-medha is the accumulation of all knowledge for the use of all. Even the 'deniers,' nāstikas, who believe the world to be without an Īshvara and without Ātmā, who think that whatever is is of itself, and neither was nor shall be, *i.e.*, who confine themselves to the present moment and refuse to trace any causes and motives for anything into the past or the future, even they actively endeavour to impart their opinions to others. For if all this Samsāra is self-accomplished and without any cause or motive, what is the use to them of entering into this advisory relation with others ? Indeed, they do not act up to their views and thereby prove the fallacy of the latter. They find themselves compelled to recognise relations between things ; otherwise all advice, counsel and conversation between human beings, such as they also recognise the validity of and themselves indulge in, would be impossible. It appears thus that ashva-medha ought always to be performed ; and, indeed, is necessarily and always being performed in greater or lesser degree by every one, even without special or conscious effort on his part.

The transcendental consciousness, inherent in everything, 'May I become many,' is always manifesting itself in the fact of the exposition and propagation by every one of his own views for the acceptance of others. Especially is it the duty of kings to perform this sacrifice ; for they are the guardians of dharma, indeed they exist only to guard it ; and their prime duty is to provide for the giving to all of such instruction as will enable each to perform his dharma (pp. 157-158).

As to the Nara-medha :

Nara-medha is the link between the preceding two. Nara is the name for that which is the support and substratum of all, and that is ichchhā which holds together all ; therefore the sacrifice which makes fruitful the mutual dependence of the two others is the nara-medha (p. 158).

And lastly to the remaining two :

The Go-medha corresponds to the A : the ashva-medha to the U ; the nara-medha to the M ; and the ajā-medha is the samāhāra. When there is born the consciousness that nothing is born and nothing dies then is the aja-medha performed ; aja means etymologically the unborn. Thereafter comes the fifth or mahiṣha-medha, which is ever performed by Brahmā and is ever connected with all things.

Brahmā, Viṣṇu, Rudra, Mahā-Viṣṇu and others perform these five yajñas and the world manifests in consequence. They correspond to cognition, desire, action and

summation, and, fifthly, the transcendental adhiṣṭhāna, substratum, known as the Pranava (pp. 158-159).

With reference to the question, as to how the slaying of animals at sacrifices came into vogue, see a valuable note at pp. 188 to 190, Vol. II, where a most interesting extract, from Bārḥāyaṇa's Veda Bhāṣhya, is quoted and cited as showing the true meaning of a much maligned Vaidic text. The cogent remarks of the learned translator with reference to the extract show most clearly that the practice of slaughter of animals at sacrifices had its origin in the black magic of the Atlanteans, and that the survival of the practice after the passing away of that race is ascribable to the corrupt state of the Society which tolerated it. See also *Ibid.*, pp. 142-146 where Gārgyāyaṇa, referring to the statements that Mīmamsa prescribes slaughter of animals at sacrifices and drinking of sacrificial wine, points out that the wine in this context is the nectar of immortality, and that the slaying of animals should not be taken in the literal sense, as such slaying is karma contrary to duty, while karma consistent with duty alone, according to all Shāstras, is conducive to Mokṣha. Mamsa, he explains to mean "the operations resulting from the moods or functionings of the mind (manasam) on which all achievements depend".

The next chapter deals with the Sāma-Veda and is

one of the most instructive and
interesting in the whole work, con-
taining as it does a luminous ex-
position of the Shakṭi-Energy constituent of the Sva-
bhāva of Brahman, operating as desire in the World-
process. The author points out its nature thus :

Ichchhā is the energy of Shiva. It indeed is the energy, force, power, of all and everything that has any power; and

Sāma-Veda concerns
desire, Shakṭi-Energy.

it is everywhere, omnipresent; without energy relation between two things is not possible. The being together of two things is their relation; and for such relation, such bringing and keeping and being together of two things, a third thing as connecting link is indispensable, a third which may hold the two together. Ichchhā is this third which brings together cognition and action; and this coming together of these is all work, all (the external, objective, real) World-process, the cognition-element being (the internal subjective, ideal) Veda, which is the ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu. All the 'behaviour,' the 'operation,' of time, space, and motion becomes possible only by means of Shakti, and the World-process is but the proceeding forth of these three (pp. 288-289).

In a later passage it is pointed out that Shakti is supreme internal necessity, which is bound up with the three factors of the Self, Not-Self and the Negation, and it runs thus :

(The primal trinity has been repeatedly declared to consist of three factors, I, This, and Not. What is this Shakti, then; is it a fourth?) It would seem as if it was outside the three. Yet it is not so. It is only the Necessity of the three, and so included in them and not anything apart from them. That which is necessary to any one is included in that one, is part of his being (p. 300).

After describing as above the general nature of Shakti-Energy, the author proceeds to show the distinction between Shakti, Ichchhā and Māyā, and between Māyā and Brahman. He then explains the nature of Mahā-Māyā, and its sub-divisions Yoga-Māyā, Bhagavaṭī, and Yoga-nidrā.

In the next sub-section detailed explanation is given in regard to particular forms of Shakti-Energy, Sarasvaṭī, Lakṣhmī, Saṭī, their summation in Paramā and their sub-divisions. At the end of the first sub-section certain sources of confusion on the matter are noticed. It is pointed out that because different names occur in relation to Shakti, therefore it should not be taken that

Divisions and sub-divisions of Shakti-manifestation.

Differences of names due to differences of situation.

there are different Shaktis, there being but one Energy manifesting itself through individual rulers and hierarchs. It is also pointed out that one and the same name is sometimes applied to a particular aspect of Shakti (*i.e.*, when it is manifesting through an individual ruler), as also to it in its universal aspect—the term Mahā-Māyā being given as an example.

The question of differences of names just alluded to is glanced at again by the author in the chapter on Penultimates, where he says such differences arise out of differences of situation. The following few sentences will be found very instructive, particularly because the different names whose connotations are so clearly pointed out by the author constantly occur in Theosophical literature, such as *ᅆaivi-Prakᅆti*, *Paramāᅆmā*, *Pratyagāᅆmā*, etc.

That by means of which illumination, irradiation, play, takes place, *Divyaᅆe anayā*, that is *ᅆaivi. Prakᅆti* is *Sva-bhāva*; becoming, causing to be, *Bhavanam*, by one's own effort, *Sva-yaᅆnēna*—this is *Sva-bhāva*; it is doing or acting, *Pra-karaᅆam*, *naturans*, by one's self. And the action of all and everything is the action of the Self. That which lights up and throws into relief both I and this, and is inside of and immanent in both is *ᅆaivi-Prakᅆti*. In its transcendent and universal aspect, it is *Māyā*. The energy of the conjunction or combination, *Yoga*, of I and this, is *Yoga-Māyā*. In a description of the World-process, as the necessity of the contradiction of the unity of I and this, it is *ᅆaivi-Prakᅆti*. In one view *Mūla-Prakᅆti* may be said to dwell within *ᅆaivi-Prakᅆti* and *Pratyag-āᅆmā* within *Mūla-Prakᅆti*. It is the energy of the necessity of both. The reason why *ᅆaivi* and *Mūla* are both called *Prakᅆti* is that the former has the appearance of being nearer to the latter than to the Self. In one sense, indeed, it may be said that it is peculiarly the necessity of this; that the necessity of I is 'another,' *anyaᅆ*; *Prakᅆti*, (*aparā?*); and that of Negation, still, 'another' *anyaᅆ* (*Parā?*). Both these *Prakᅆtis*, *ᅆaivi* and *Mūla*, belong to the *Āᅆmā*, which is 'ever Self-determined. In its transcendental aspect, *Mūla-Prakᅆti* is *Anāᅆmā*; in a limited *Samsāra*, it is *Mūla-Prakᅆti*; in a *Brahmāᅆda*, *Aparā-Prakᅆti*.

So, the universal and transcendent aspect is Mâyâ ; that shown in a Samsâra, Daivi-Prakṛti; that in a Brahmânda, Parâ-Prakṛti. So, the all-transcendent aspect of the Self is called Ātmâ, pure and simple ; in contradistinction from and with a comparative reference to limitations, to Upâdhi-sheathed selves, it is the Paramâtmâ, or Supreme Self ; with reference to the network of laws, the warp and woof of regulation and administration, it is the Sūtrâtmâ ; as pervading all activity, it is Pratyag-âtmâ ; as experiencing that activity, it is Jivâtmâ ; and so on endlessly.

Turning to the third sub-section, the first observation to be made is that the author departs in the closing words from his usual practice in the rest of the work, where he habitually introduces a verse of his own to the effect that Brahman or Ātman is over and beyond all and every detail of the World-process treated of under the respective heads of the disquisition. But at the end of this sub-section he quotes from Ḍurgâ sapṭa saṭi, a hymn invoking the benediction and protection of Ḍevi. This is as it were by way of recognition of the fact that it is this Shakṭi-constituent of the Absolute that more than any other has called forth from great Sages and Bhakṭas at all times hymns of rare beauty expressive of their rapturous devotion—a fact which makes the *Laliṭa Sahasranâma* begin with the manṭra Shrî Mâṭa, so strongly calculated to inspire in the mind of the Bhakṭa not only a personal relation between him and the Deity, but also in that form which will ever excite tenderest love, affection and reverence in the heart of the worshipper. As might be expected, the author enters in this part into a consideration of the subject of Bhakṭi and treats of it with peculiar felicity. He shows how Bhakṭi conduces to Mokṣha, even in the view taken by him of the latter, as will be seen from the following quotation :

Bhakṭi and hymns
means to true knowledge.

... the method of chanting hymns is taught in the Sāma: and such singing or chanting arises only out of Bhakti. A hymn is a description of the deeds, the life-work, of the ideal, and deeds are dependent on the desire, the power, of that ideal. It may be said that a hymn assumes a separateness between devotee and lord; but the conventional relations of greater and smaller do arise in the world by and of necessity, and in these circumstances a hymn is appropriate, (especially, as, though it begins with an assumption of separateness, it aims at union, equalisation). Every hymn signifies: Thou art so great and performest such wonders; teach me how I too may do them, and attain to thy estate. The rule of continuous instruction prevails everywhere in the World-process: 'I teach thee, thou another, that other a third,' etc., and a hymn is intended only to elicit such instruction; it does not create any new and real separateness in the Great Unity. Thus, then, hymns are also means to the true knowledge, for so long as one's desires, one's needs, are not expressed to another they cannot be fulfilled and satisfied by that other (pp. 327-328).

The next chapter is devoted to the Aᅇharva-Veᅇa, which the author speaks of as the summation of the three. Its scope is thus luminously explained:

In the summation we find at once the seeds which expand into the three [R̥k, Yajuh and Sāma] and the expression of their fundamental unity. In the Aᅇharva the World-process is seen as a whole, as a method, rather than as expressed in its separate characteristics. Its Mahā-Vākya is therefore that which sums up in a single phrase the whole World-process—I-This-Not. . . . It contains the workings of all activity, the marks of all knowledge, the repletion of all desire, the whole of life, the whole of Brahmavidyā, the inmost science of the Whole. To know the Aᅇharva is to know the essence of the World-process, and the essence of activity of the atom, the junctions, disjunctions, interjunctions and conjunctions which make up that World-process. The Aᅇharva is reflected in the ᅇanᅇra, the great science, by which worlds are built (pp. 331-332).

The term Saᅇ-Chiᅇ-Ānanda is considered in detail and the unity involved in the idea conveyed by the term is explained thus:

Saᅇ, Chiᅇ, Ānanda.

Kriyā, action, motion, involves the idea of space, in which actions begin and end; and space thus involves time; and time involves both motion and space. Thus all involves all. That one attribute is assigned to one, and another to another—as, Saṭ is Brahmā; Chiṭ Viṣṇu; Ānanda, Shiva—is due simply to the predominance of one attribute at a special time and in a special space and a special individual. It is important to note that the trinity reappears in each of its members. Thus in Saṭ, the *a* is the immortal (the creator), the *s* the mortal (the destroyer), while the *t* (Viṣṇu) protects. In Chiṭ the *i* is the Aham-shakti, the power of the Self (Viṣṇu); the *ch* is that which moves, *i.e.*, the samsāra, the world (and Brahmā); and the *t* is that which consumes (Shiva). In Ānandam, the *a* is the Ātmā, together with the Anātmā (Brahmā); the *nan* is the cognition or the conjunction of Anātmā and Ātmā (Viṣṇu); the *dam* is that which bestows all, necessity, desire (Shiva).

The knowledge of the permutations and combinations of these is the end and aim of all śāstras, of all teachings, and the practice thereof; the actual formation of spaces, time and movements corresponding therewith is the practice of the true Sanātana Vaidika Dharma, the Ancient Religion of Knowledge, is the performance of all yajñās, is the attainment of the nature of Brahman (pp. 343-344).

Before passing to the next subject it remains to add that the interpretation of the symbology of the Ṛimūrṭis begun by the author in an earlier part is here continued. That interpretation will show how information of highest significance regarding cosmic processes is compressed in the forms which find expression in stone or metal in thousands of shrines throughout the land. One cannot but feel what great service to the cause of true religion and philosophy can be rendered if temple trustees will but utilise a small fraction of the funds now lamentably wasted, in providing for learned and eloquent preachers explaining to the worshippers who throng to the shrines that the material object they adore artistically symbolises divine forces at work in the universe around them. The reader who may feel satiated with the metaphysic, so

prominent in the profuse quotations I have made, may perhaps find the following explanations somewhat of a pleasant change :

Saᅇ thus corresponds with kriyā, presided over by Brahmā. Chit, or Chaitanya, similarly corresponds with jñāna, presided over by Viᅇhnu, and ānanda belongs to Shiva, the lord of ichchhā, full of bliss, self-willed, turned inwards away from all outer things, and the cause of the dissolution of all things into the Self. Hence does the hymn sing of Shiva :

Symbology of Shiva explained.

I bow to him, who sleeps within all beings :
 I bow to him, who re-absorbeth all ;
 Three-eyed, five-faced, bedecked with linked skulls,
 Wreathed round with serpents, lord of Pārvaᅇi.
 I bow to him, the source of all the worlds.

Ichchhā, desire, is hid in all things, hence is Shiva said to sleep in all beings. He re-absorbs all, as well as is the source of all, because of his nature, the Negation—the Negation which first affirms and then denies, ichchhā first coveting with greed and then rejecting with satiety. He is called the Three-eyed because he protects and carries out the triple Negation, triple because covering cognition, desire and action, and again because the Negation is not only itself, but is ever inseparably connected during the World-process with the Aham and the Eᅇaᅇ. For this reason also is Shiva, the feminine aspect of Shiva, said to be ᅇri-guᅇa, possessed of three attributes. There is no World-process possible without this trinity ; if there were no Aham and no Eᅇaᅇ the Negation could not apply to anything, and in their mutual annihilation the Negation vanishes.

Aham is the right eye of Shiva ; Eᅇaᅇ, the left ; the third eye above both is Na. By this third, Aham and Eᅇaᅇ are destroyed, and hence comes the tradition that the third eye of Shiva is and causes pralaya. In the Logion also the Na is placed after the Aham and the Eᅇaᅇ, and in the written symbol of the Praᅇava it is the dot placed above the A and U.

The 'five-faced' Shiva has a similar interpretation. In the creative thought, 'I am This—I am Brahman taking form,' the Aham is one aspect ; the desire to create is the second ; the shining forth is the third ; the performance of actions is the fourth ; the result of the actions is the fifth. So in the destructive thought, 'I am not This,' *i.e.*, 'I will destroy this,' the faces are: the Aham ; the consideration of the nexus between the Aham and the Eᅇaᅇ ; the desire to disunite the two ; the breaking of the link and the consequent disappearance of the Eᅇaᅇ ; and lastly, the disappearance also of the

Aham. Yet again may the faces be translated as jñāna, ichchhā, kriyā, and samāhāra, and their destruction.

The string of skulls, emblem of those changes which are summed up in death, signifies the pralaya-nature.

The wreath of serpents indicates the regulation of time-cycles. Everywhere the World-process proceeds by time-cycles, and the time of pralaya, the Negation, is called vyāla, a serpent.

Again Maṇḍa is the aspect of Māyā which destroys all things, and hence the name of Shiva as 'the Lord of Chāmūṇḍi'.

Hence, finally, by the destruction of all limitations and distinctions, the destruction of all separate things, is Shiva identified with ānaṇḍa, bliss, which is the absence of all separateness.

Time is triple, following the M, the A and the U. The first, of the nature of M, is the bringer of pralaya, and is called vyāla. These vyālas are represented by the sacred thread, the wrist-chaplets, the ear-rings, and the other ornaments of Shiva, and these ornaments, again, indicate the actions or functions (?). The wrath, the disintegrating energy, necessary for the work of destruction, for the bringing about of pralaya, is the hālāhala the deadly poison. When the ocean of Brahman is churned, of the gems that come forth, Viṣṇu takes those that are of the nature of Aham; those of the nature of Eṭaṭ are claimed by Brahma; that of the nature of Na, the hālāhala, is finally taken by Shiva, who, by drinking it, declares his readiness for the bringing about of pralaya. The epithet Chandra-shēkhara, the moon-crested, means he who delights, chaṇḍaṭē, or illuminates all (pp. 338, 339, 340, 341).

S. Subramania Iyer

(To be concluded)

THE ALLOPATHIC AND ĀYURVAIDĪK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO OF ĀYURVEDA KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

(Concluded from p. 558)

I HAVE already pointed out that Āyurveda is based upon the doctrine of three humours of the body, *viz.*, vāta, piṭṭa and sleshma—wind, bile and phlegm respectively—which doctrine the Allopaths had held in great esteem from the time of Hippocrates till the seventeenth century. According to Āyurveda these three humours prevail in the body during life, and the derangement of these humours gives rise to disease; and this is why our Ayurvedik physicians first find out which humour has been affected in any disease, and base their treatment on this humour. I give on pp. 710-711 a tabulated form of these humours, their actions in the body, etc.

The seats and actions of sub-divisions of the primary humours can be well understood by a reference to any Ayurvedik text-book, so I omit them here. Anyone who reads the annexed table carefully and compares it with the theories of the present day will not fail to give the palm to the above system, because our science is based upon actions that take place in the body when life is existent. The situation of liver, spleen, stomach, heart

Name of the humour	Its seat in the body	The time of their being in excess	Causes	Symptoms of derangement	Sub-divisions of the humours
1. Vāta	Between feet and umbilicus. Chiefly in small intestines, buttocks, thighs, ears, bones and skin.	1. Old age 2. Varsha Ritu (July and August) 3. After digestion 4. Evening and before sunrise 5. Cloudy days	Eating hot and excessive food, food that is devoid of all essence 2. Exposure to cold 3. Exertion 4. Anxiety 5. Fear 6. Sleeplessness 7. Wounds from weapons 8. Swimming 9. Loss of semen 10. Fasting 11. Obstruction to natural calls	1. Exhaustion 2. Heat of Body 3. Pricking sensation 4. Sleep 5. Anemia 6. Pain 7. Watering of eyes 8. Shivering 9. Dryness of skin 10. Twisting of the body 11. Astringent taste in the mouth 12. Body appearing black or red	Upa-vāyūs 1. Prāṇa 2. Apāna 3. Vyāna 4. Uḍāna 5. Samāna 6. Nāga 7. Kūrma 8. Krukara 9. Devaḍaṭṭa 10. Dhanañjaya
2. Piṭṭa	Between umbilicus and heart. Chiefly in stomach, umbilicus, eyes, lymph, chyle and blood perspiration.	1. Middle age 2. Midnight and mid-day 3. During digestion 4. Sharad Ritu (January & February)	1. Eating saltish and pungent substances 2. Anger 3. Fasting 4. Exposure to sun 5. Drinking alcohol, kanji, curds, etc. 6. Profligacy	1. Thirst 2. Indigestion 3. Perspiration 4. Exhaustion 5. Wakefulness 6. Anger 7. Coldness of the body	1. Pāchaka 2. Rañjaka 3. Sādhaka 4. Alochaka 5. Bhrājaka

<p>3. Shleshma</p>	<p>Between heart and vertex of the brain, chiefly in heart, throat, head, brain, joints, pancreatic juice, fat, nose and epiglottis.</p>	<p>1. Vasanṭa (March and April) 2. Mornings and forepart of nights 3. Before meals</p>	<p>1. Eating heavy and oily food 2. Drinking sweet liquors, curds, milk and sugarcane juice 3. Sleeping during day time 4. Eating leafy vegetables</p>	<p>1. Shining of the body 2. Itching 3. Coldness and heaviness of the body 4. Dropsy 5. Sleepiness 6. Whiteness of the body 7. Feeling sweet and saltish taste in the mouth 8. Laziness, etc.</p>	<p>1. Kledana 2. Avalambana 3. Rasana 4. Snehana 5. Shleshmana</p>
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and lungs, and also their actions, were known to our ancients long before the birth of Christ. It is indeed a paradox to say that the ancient physicians, who could not approach a dead body on account of the fear of pollution, so clearly saw the causes of disease and found out a most appropriate method of treatment. Their anatomy, as given in Sushruta is ten times greater than that which we have now in Allopathy and their surgical instruments likewise exceed the number that modern surgeons have at the present day. Though I have said that it is a paradox to the Allopaths yet it is not such an enigma as is shown by the advice of some eminent Allopathic doctors, who send their patients abroad for what is commonly called "change of air," either conscientiously believing that their medical art is useless, or in ignorance of the laws of climate on health, when such patients are sent outside, leaving the quiet and comforts of home life to put up with the discomforts of foreign hotels and the noise, fatigue and risks of railroad travelling. There is reason to believe that the ancients knew anatomy without dissecting a single dead body, and without vivisection, so in opposition to the standard set up by some great philosophers and thinkers at the present day.

Look at what a scientific journal said a few years back :

Numerous abnormalities of sense organs are coming into manifestation. We read that a medical man, Dr. F. W. Brett, is the father of a son who possesses X-rays vision. The boy Leo, can see through a person's body, his bones, the inner organs, their colours, normal and abnormal, the blood coursing through the arteries and nerves. The boy is seventeen years of age and uses his wonderful powers to assist his father in his medical practice.

If Dr. Brett's son, Leo, aged seventeen years, can see a man's internal organs with his X-rays vision, it passes beyond my comprehension why we should deny the existence of such a sight to our ancients who lived in happier periods. The above example clearly proves that the present age has still to learn the manifestations of different sense organs that are beyond the reach of science now.

THE CHIEF FACTOR IN ĀYURVEDA

The whole of the Ayurvedik system is not only based upon the above-mentioned theories, but its chief significance consists in the knowledge of trees, shrubs and plants, as that is the main factor in the treatment of diseases. Hence I shall confine myself in the next paragraph to the elucidation of the subject of trees in India, the necessity of their preservation and their contribution to the development of the Āyurvedik system of medicine.

FORESTRY

An investigation into the subject of Indian Medical Botany (which I have specialised for my study) leads one to the knowledge of various indigenous trees. This naturally enables one to acquire knowledge of the amount, condition and value of our forests. When it is seen that hundreds of Indian trees are made use of in the manufacture of Āyurvedik medicines, which exercise miraculous effect in curing certain diseases; when it is known that a number of trees produce the best dyeing materials used for silk, cotton and woollen fabrics;

when it is noticed that almost every tree in India produces either a rich fibrous material or an oil of high commercial value; no true lover of India and the Government will rest quiet, until he gives the widest publicity to the vast resources that lie about him and thus exerts himself to save the Indian forestry from ruin and depredation.

The nations of the West are the first to learn the value of forests after bitter experiences. So long ago as 1669, France pointed with pride and gratitude to the time when the Monarch promulgated the celebrated ordinance of that year, and began a system of forest administration which, with some interruptions, has continued to the present time. When in the time of Louis XIV the woodlands were mercilessly wasted and ill-managed, the cry of Colbert, his great minister: "France périra faute des bois!"—the destruction of forests is the destruction of France—so much inspired the conviction of the value of forests that as a result a bureau of *Eaux et Forêts*, one of the most important bureaus, was established by the French Government even during the Franco-Prussian war; although a law of 1860 appropriating 1,000,000 francs annually for special forestry work expired by its own limitation, the work was continued with only a partial lessening of the expenditure. In 1888 France had 7,500,000 acres of forest belonging to the State. It has at Nancy the greatest Forest Schools in Europe.

The example of France is but an illustration of the general sentiment in European countries regarding forests.

The steps taken by the United States of America in enriching the country by forest products will make

interesting reading and a worthy example to follow. As late as 1880 or so, the United States of America issued circulars to all responsible officers of the States to submit answers to the following queries :

1. What kinds of trees grow successfully ?
2. What kinds of trees have been grown and proved unsuccessful ?
3. What injuries have been noticed to occur from insects and other causes ?
4. General remarks upon the collection and preservation of seeds or young plants, their planting and management, the kinds that promise to be most profitable for cultivation, the preparation of the soil, intervals between trees, and other subjects of interest.

Nearly two thousand replies were received, and no time was lost ere creating a big department whose duty it is to gather up the facts from the wide fields of experiment, and to publish them from time to time, thus extending the benefits of them throughout the States. The State appointed four special agents to report on forest matters, among whom were Dr. John A. Warder of Ohio and R. W. Furnas, both scientists of world-wide fame. Official statistics of those times prove conclusively that there were 248,496 acres of forest trees grown by the State. Mr. James T. Allan of Omaha says there were nearly forty-three millions of forest trees grown in Nebraska, where but a few years back not one tree could be seen on the prairies.

The following laws were passed by the Government of the United States relating to forests :

1. The increased value of lands by reason of live fences, fruit and forest trees grown and cultivated thereon shall not be taken into consideration in the assessment thereof.

2. The corporate authorities of cities and villages in the state shall cause shade trees to be planted along the streets thereof.

3. Any person who shall injure or destroy the shade trees or trees of another or permit his or her animals to do the same, shall be liable to a fine not less than \$ 5 nor more than \$ 50 for each tree injured.

The third procedure followed by the Government was the forestry experiment stations and the calling in of the aid of schools. Various modes of planting and cultivating trees, methods of gathering and storing seeds, the ascertaining of the value of different trees and climatic influences, all these were tried and experimented upon in these stations. The imposition on schools of the duty of teaching the history and science of planting, culture, and growth of trees was the next step. These, combined with the sympathetic activity of the people, have made the United States of America a country of vast natural resources and wealth.

Another way in which America encourages forestry is by the observance of Arbour Day. It is a day set apart in connection with the Public Schools. Students are encouraged to plant trees in memory of eminent authors. The State Board of Agriculture awards liberal remuneration for the greatest number of trees, cuttings, and seeds planted on that day. Thus millions of trees are planted annually.

This practice, now almost a general custom, not only exercises a very healthy influence amongst peasants but also inspires love towards trees.

Now there is hardly a European country that has not one or more forestry schools. Germany, Austria and Switzerland have each ten or twelve schools of forestry. Western nations have fully realised the value of forest-products, and that is why they are ahead of the eastern

nations. Their boot and shoe manufacture, their boxes for packing various commodities, their waggons and carriages, their cars and ships, and their thousand and one tools of handicrafts and machinery, are all of forest products only. Their chief sources of support and of industries are in forests, and they are quite alive to the fact. The emblem on the seal of one of the States of America is a wood-chopper with uplifted axe, and this signifies the care they bestow on forests.

Now look at our country. Should we not say with Americans of the sixties: "We have cut and burnt the forests with reckless wastefulness. We have consumed our patrimony with spendthrift prodigality. We have wasted and are wasting the richest heritage which nature ever bestowed on any people." We are gradually increasing the consumption of forest-products as only fit for fuel and timber. I am sure, at this present rate of consumption, India will be deprived of all trees.

Fortunately the British Government has come to save the vegetable kingdom, just as they have rescued the human from slavery and degradation. The labours of Dr. E. Balfour, Colonel H. Drury, Major R. H. Boddam, Dr. D. Brandis, Dr. Birdwood, Dr. J. T. Royle, Mr. Baden-Powell, and lastly of our pioneer naturalist, Mr. T. N. Mukerji, have been productive of much good in awakening the western nations to the depth and value of the resources which our country possesses in her forests. The exhibits sent to the Amsterdam World-Exhibition by Mr. Mukerji stunned the whole of Europe, and afforded a positive proof that we are the richest of all nations in the possession of sylvan products. The \$ 700,000,000 which the United States of America paid for creating a vegetable kingdom have been met for us by Nature,

and we are now capable of producing an equal amount. But we are still repeating in our history the blunder committed by earlier races, ignoring how they paid heavily for it, and we convert large tracts of land into deserts by the destruction of forests. Should we not now at least profit by the experience of others, and check the destructive influences at work? What we cannot do, we should effect through the Government; because the Government possesses almost all the area occupied by forests. Its agents are generally recruited from England; and though they are specialists in the botanical science of Europe, they have comparatively little knowledge of Indian trees and their uses. There are no doubt exceptions. But the days of Birdwood, Baden-Powell and others of that eminent class have gone, and now we only see men of the former class. A Superintendent of the Madras School of Arts, in a work on dyes and dyeing, frankly confesses that he began his experiments as they were dictated by an Indian student of his (a dyer), and, to his utmost surprise he produced finally the beautiful kirmanji, kapila colours, such as he never saw in all Europe. This is the class of experts which the Government has in some parts, and natural is it that they should fail to advise the Government correctly as to the utility of sylvan products. I cannot believe that the Government ignores the suggestions of private and public bodies. On representations by public bodies the Government may take care of its property for the general welfare; and to-day it has no other property so valuable as its forests. The whole of the income which the Government gets from lands is hardly comparable with this. The loss of income from excise, stamps, etc., will not

cause permanent injury to the nation, but the neglect of forests may threaten desolation and national decay. Hence it is the duty of every citizen and of public and private bodies to make proper representations to the Government as to the yield of forests and their maintenance. As a writer says regarding the most fertile regions of the Asiatic continent :

When well-wooded and watered, a terrestrial paradise ; but within the last twenty-five years a mania of clearing has seized upon the inhabitants and all the great forests have been cut away The water courses are dried up and the irrigating canals empty. The moving sands of the desert being no longer restrained by barriers of forests, are every day gaining upon the land and will finish by transforming it into a desert as desolate as the solitudes that separate it from Khiva.

This will be exactly the state of this country if the forests are all cleared away. The Government has already shown interest in the subject by the establishment of a State School at Dehra Dun for foresters. Such schools must be multiplied in the interest of both Government and subjects, and the education should be left open to the non-official class also. Prof. Macarel, a high authority, in his *Cours de Droit Administratif*, says :

The preservation of forests is one of the first interests of society and consequently one of the first duties of Government. It is not alone from the wealth which they offer that we may judge. Their existence is of itself of incalculable benefit, as well in the protection and feeding of the springs and rivers as in their prevention of the washing away of the soil from the mountains and in the beneficial influence which they exert upon the atmosphere. Large forests deaden and break the force of heavy winds that beat out the seeds and injure the growth of plants. They form reservoirs of moisture ; they shelter the growth of the fields ; and upon hill-sides, where the rain waters, checked in their descent by the thousand obstacles they present by their roots and by the trunks of trees, have time to filter into the soil, and only find their way by slow degrees to the rivers. They regulate in a certain degree the flow of the waters and the hydrometrical condition of the atmosphere, and their

destruction accordingly increases the duration of droughts, and gives rise to the injuries of inundations which denude the face of the mountains. Penetrated with these truths, legislators in all ages made the preservation of forests an object of special solicitude.

This is also the principle upon which the forest administration of all European countries is based and we recommend the same to our sympathetic Government. I cannot close the paragraph without quoting finally the pregnant words of Baron Ferdinand Von Muller. He says :

I regard the Forest as an heritage given us by nature not for spoil or to devastate, but to be wisely used, reverently honoured and carefully maintained. I regard the Forests as a gift, entrusted to any of us only for transient care during a short space of time, to be surrendered to posterity again, as an unimpaired property with increased riches and augmented blessings to pass a sacred patrimony from generation to generation.

H. Subba Rao

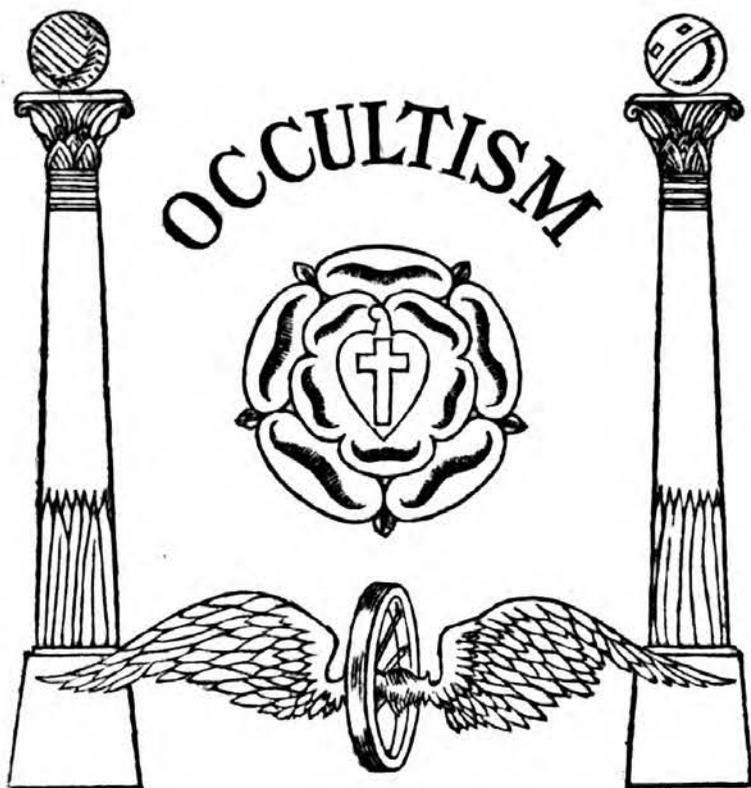
(To be concluded)

GOD'S WORDS

Far o'er the ever-hallowing streams of Time
 Full many a wingéd word has floated,
 For God hath spoken to men of every clime
 Who sought to hear, with lives devoted.
 Far o'er the seas of Time.

But God still speaks to men; and surely still
 His trusted messengers doth send:
 No man need doubt, if he but knows the thrill
 Of the word, of the grip, of the Love of a friend,
 That God *still* speaks to men.

F. Gordon Pearce



FAERY

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

THEOSOPHICAL students have long been familiar with the idea that our world has a vast population normally unseen by us—a population of angels and nature-spirits. The lower orders of the angels may be considered as corresponding to an advanced humanity, though their higher orders reach far beyond any level that the bulk of humanity has yet attained or even imagined. The nature-spirits stand in relation to the

angels just as the animal kingdom stands in relation to the human, and the dividing line between the two is individualisation, in the one case as in the other ; but a much higher development of intelligence and reasoning power is gained before individualisation in the case of the less material evolution, and thus it happens that we frequently encounter the phenomenon of etheric or astral entities fully equal to man in intelligence and resourcefulness, but without any special ethical feeling or sense of responsibility.

These more tenuous beings constitute a line of evolution parallel to our own, and consequently every stage with which we are familiar in physical life is represented among them, from the amorphous protozoon, in which consciousness is dawning, to the great archangel who directs a vast department of terrestrial activity. The number of types is all but infinite—a fact that accounts for the wide difference between the reports of casual observers. For the existence of these non-human entities is widely known in the world, and numbers of people have seen them ; indeed, it was only the ignorant scepticism of the last century that introduced disbelief in their reality. Signs are not wanting that the reign of obscurantism is passing, and that contemptuous denial is being replaced by intelligent enquiry ; and among such signs it seems to me that three recently-published books are specially noteworthy.

The first of these is *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, by Dr. W. Y. Evans Wentz. This is a remarkable and in many respects an epoch-making book, for it is the first attempt to treat rationally and worthily at least one section of the world-wide belief in nature-spirits. Just twenty years earlier Mr. Hartland

published his *Science of Fairy Tales*, but though he wrote sympathetically on the subject, and avowed his dissatisfaction with the theory then current that all fairy stories were traditions of the remnants of earlier races, he stopped short of any definite suggestion as to the real ground of a belief so universal. Dr. Wentz goes much further ; he has spent much time in personally collecting testimony as to the living fairy faith in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall and Brittany, and as a result of his investigations he proclaims that :

(1) Fairyland exists as a supernormal state of consciousness into which men and women may enter temporarily in dreams, trances, or in various ecstatic conditions : or for an indefinite period at death.

(2) Fairies exist, because in all essentials they appear to be the same as the intelligent forces now recognised by psychical researchers. (p. 490.)

The fact that Dr. Wentz is a man of science and learning is attested by the University degrees which he has taken in three countries ; and it is gratifying to find that a man of such standing has the courage to defy the cheap sneers of the ignorant, and to state so clearly the result of his investigations. He is to be congratulated alike on his patient industry, his perspicacity and his valour ; one cannot say to what extent he is prepared to accept clairvoyant testimony, but at least it may possibly interest him to hear that Theosophists are well acquainted with his fairyland under the name of the astral world, and that they know a good deal about some of the many nations of his fairies, though they more often call them nature-spirits.

There are some points on which he is not fully in accord with our own results, but Theosophists may venture to think that, if he continues his enquiries in the

same fearless spirit, he will approximate more and more nearly to our conclusions. He has not yet arrived at a clear distinction between the etheric and the astral ; and perhaps he (or more probably those whom he interrogated) may not always fully distinguish between the actions of nature-spirits and those of dead men. He regards the Tuatha-de-Danaan as fairies, whereas our researches show them to have been a race of men closely allied to the Greeks. But it is quite true that, because of their splendid appearance and greater knowledge, they were considered as semi-divine beings, and the traditions of them are now in the minds of the peasantry inextricably intermingled with those of the fairies.

He speaks quite plainly and with evident sympathy of the Celtic doctrines of rebirth and of the other world, which, as he expounds them, are simply reincarnation and the astral life, exactly as Theosophists hold them; and he declares that these ideas "accord thoroughly in their essentials with modern science". The following passage from p. 514 shows that he shares with us yet another of the most precious items of knowledge which Theosophy has brought to us :

An integral part of the Celtic esoteric theory of evolution is, that there have been human races like the present human race who in past æons of time have evolved completely out of the human plane of conscious existence into the divine plane of conscious existence. Hence the gods are beings which once were men, and the actual race of men will in time become gods. Man now stands related to the divine and invisible world in precisely the same manner that the brute stands related to the human race. To the gods, man is a being in a lower kingdom of evolution. According to the complete Celtic belief, the gods can and do enter the human world for the specific purposes of teaching men how to advance more rapidly toward the higher kingdom. In other words, all the Great Teachers, *e.g.*, Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster, and many

others, in different ages and among various races, whose teachings are extant, are, according to a belief yet held by educated and mystical Celts, divine beings who in inconceivably past ages were men but who are now gods, able at will to incarnate into our world, in order to emphasise the need which exists in nature, by virtue of the working of evolutionary laws (to which they themselves are still subject), for man to look forward, and so strive to reach divinity, rather than to look backward in evolution and thereby fall into mere animalism.

All students of the occult will thank Dr. Wentz for the care with which he has made and recorded a most valuable series of investigations. His book should be in the library of every Theosophical Lodge.

It is to Dr. Wentz indirectly that we owe the second book of our trilogy, *Lore of Proserpine*, for its author (Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who is a novelist of repute) confesses that it was only after reading the work to which we have just referred that he was inspired to add his modicum of personal testimony to that which Dr. Wentz has so laboriously collected. The direct testimony confines itself to some five or six definite encounters, though the suggestion is conveyed that there have been many others entirely satisfactory to the author, but less capable of description.

He speaks of a fairy boy whom he saw in a wood, of a dryad, and of some other forms to which he gives the name of oreads. These seem all to have resembled humanity in size and general appearance, yet to have had about them some distinctively non-human quality. I have seen hundreds of nature-spirits to which his descriptions would apply, yet he seems to have had one experience that has never yet fallen to my lot, for he records that he saw a fairy behaving cruelly to an animal, whereas all those that I have encountered have appeared to be on the most friendly terms with the

wild denizens of the flood and field. Apart from the above instances, he gives some account of several cases in which he believes that nature-spirits inhabited human bodies—an event which sometimes occurs, though not very often. The most remarkable story in the book is called 'Quidnunc,' and perhaps one may be pardoned for feeling some uncertainty as to whether Mr. Hewlett wishes us to take it seriously; it describes what purports to be a very inappropriate incarnation of Mercury, the messenger of the Gods.

In a final chapter our author tries to formulate a theory which shall include all these experiences, and comes in some points very near the truth. He says:

There is a chain of Being of whose top alike and bottom we know nothing at all. What we do know is that our own is a link in it, and we cannot generally—can only fitfully and rarely—have intercourse with any other Of this chain of Being, then, of which our order is a member, the fairy world is another and more subtle member, subtler in the right sense of the word because it is not burdened with a material envelope. Like man, like the wind, like the rose, it has spirit; but unlike any of the lower orders (of which man is one) it has no sensible wrappings unless deliberately it consents to inhabit one.

With all that we can agree; but on some minor points we are less certain. Mr. Hewlett seems to hold that all fairies have sex, and reproduce their species as we do, while we should think that to be true only of a few of the lower etheric varieties. There are still other points upon which he speculates, probably rightly; but we have as yet no evidence about them. He evidently holds that the classical deities of ancient Greece still exist, and may be reached. He understands that a river, a hill, an oak-tree, a rose-bush may be under certain circumstances an actual entity, wherein we are fully with him; and he believes that such an entity may

sometimes materialise in human form, and actually enter into the closest relations with men and women. Well, there were plenty of instances in classical days; and it is unwise to decide that, because a thing does not happen in our crassly materialistic civilisation, it can never have occurred under more natural and picturesque conditions.

We know so little of the world in which we live that it is rash to generalise; and the record of any actual experience is always of interest. We know from observation that any great old tree possesses a strong temporary individuality, capable on occasion of exteriorising itself in human form; we know also that where a grove of such trees has been undisturbed for many years there is usually a much greater entity of a quite different type, who may be called the presiding angel or deity of the grove. In India such an entity would probably be described as a *kāmaḍeva*; it is of such that Mr. Hewlett speaks as 'The King of the Wood'. Such a being rules over the less developed tree-spirits (though usually without interfering with them in any way), and receives from them such worship as they are capable of giving. He is also quite willing to absorb any devotion offered to him by human beings; he even sometimes tries to appropriate what is not specially intended for him.

I remember a most interesting spectacle of which I was personally a witness in India. European readers may perhaps not be aware that in that country it is customary to have long performances of a character unknown to the West in modern days, though perhaps not entirely unparalleled in mediæval times—performances half musical, half conversational—distinctly

religious in their intention, yet not without homely touches of wit and quaint topical allusions. Some well-known religious story is recited, with rigid adherence to the traditional incidents, but with plenty of room for the talent of the performer to manifest itself in the dress in which he clothes it, in the local allusions and songs which he works into his entertainment. For it is half an entertainment and half a religious function; members of the audience are deeply affected, and indeed frequently pass into a condition of intense and half-abstracted devotion which is almost a trance, and seem for the time unimpressible by external affairs. Such a performance often lasts for four or five hours—sometimes even all night, I am told; and those who attend seem capable of enjoying a sort of orgy of devotion for quite an indefinite period.

Looked at by a clairvoyant, such a performance veils itself in rolling clouds of blue, intermingled sometimes with other unexpected colours; but it naturally differs completely from a definite act or offering of devotion aimed at a particular deity. Perhaps it is that very difference, that vagueness and lack of direction, which offers his opportunity to the local deity; for in the case to which I am referring there *was* in attendance a local deity of no mean power, who sat on the roof of the building and absorbed those clouds of devotion as a sponge sucks up water.

This deity was in human form, gigantic but well-proportioned, and rather feminine than masculine in appearance; his (or her) body was obviously normally astral, but had drawn into itself for the occasion so much of etheric matter that it was only just barely beyond the limit of ordinary physical sight; I think it

must have been perceptible to anyone even slightly sensitive. If the form was human, the expression assuredly was not; it was weird and incalculably strange; no single feature was noticeably unhuman, yet the effect of the whole was removed by unthinkable spaces from sane everyday life. One felt oneself rapt away from the twentieth century after Christ into the twentieth century before Him, into the unfamiliar and the uncanny, the incomprehensible—perhaps even the terrible. Not that the deity was ill-disposed; on the contrary, she wore an expression of almost fatuous satisfaction, which somehow irresistibly suggested the purring of a cat; yet she was remote with the remoteness of another dimension from the humanity whose emanations she absorbed with an enjoyment which seemed somehow glutinous. So far as was perceptible, she gave nothing in return for all that she absorbed, but more and more as the entertainment went on she overshadowed the performer, strengthening him yet possessing him, until even in outward appearance he grew strangely, awfully like her, and one wonders how it was that the audience did not notice the change that came over him and the unnatural tension in the atmosphere.

Another entity of similar type was present—an entity just as unmistakably but indefinably male as the other was female; a creature of less power than the lady, and apparently not on the best of terms with her—distinctly jealous of her at any rate, and desirous to deflect some or all of the devotion in his own direction. Without actually moving he contrived to give a strong impression of an endeavour to oust her—of trying to shoulder her away, just as one small boy might try to push another in some childish game. He

was entirely unsuccessful, for the lady had attached herself to the gathering like a limpet to a rock, and was not to be dispossessed.

It seems probable that these were entities of the same type as some of those described by Mr. Hewlett. However that may be, his book will have its use in familiarising a wide circle of readers with the idea of the reality of faery.

The third book of the set is *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, by Mr. Algernon Blackwood. When we open a book by that author we know that a treat lies before us, and if on inspection we find that children figure prominently among the characters, we know that it will be a *great* treat, for Mr. Blackwood's children are always charming creations. *A Prisoner in Fairyland* offers us children—delightful children; perhaps none quite so utterly lovable as Nixie in *The Education of Uncle Paul*, but still young people who soon bind themselves to us by cords of affection. Once more fairyland is the astral world, into which all the characters pass when they fall asleep—or nearly all, for some are so entangled in worldly cares that they cannot be pulled out of their physical bodies, but actually stick in the process and slip back again! But though this story deals with fairyland we hear nothing of the fairies, except a few who are personified dreams of childhood—the Dustman, the Tramp, the Woman of the Haystack; nor do we even encounter the hosts of the dead. We are invited to concentrate our attention entirely upon the living human inhabitants of the astral world, and the work which they do as invisible helpers.

For the stream of Divine Love pours down ever as the Starlight, and such of it as is not immediately used is

stored up in a Star-Cave, and all the helpers come flying there at night to fetch it and distribute it where it is needed, among the sick, the sorrowful, the suffering. The wholebook is a fantasia upon this theme—a delicate fantasy such as Mr. Blackwood so well knows how to weave, and all his characters are fantasts too. They live in a world which is and yet is not the world that we know—a world enwrapped in a web of starlight, palpitant with mystery and sympathy, with omnipresent life and love.

There is no story in the ordinary sense of the word—no plot, no climax; yet the book is permeated with the idea that thoughts are things, that because of the mighty power and wide-spreading influence of thought it is the duty of every one to think beauty and helpfulness, and to pour it out with clear intent upon those whom we know to need it. Some are so shut in by a shell of sordid care that it is hard to find a way into their hearts; yet such a shell may be penetrated if there is in it even one tiny channel of love. We read of one who was in the bondage of squalid anxieties, yet could be touched and helped through her love for her flowers.

This is by no means a book for all, yet to those who understand it will appeal very strongly. It takes its place with the books already mentioned—signs of the times, all three of them, showing that popular interest is turning towards the non-material side of life, and is gradually beginning to realise its transcendent importance.

C. W. Leadbeater

“THE COMING BUDDHA”

AMONG the many treasures collected by Sir Sven Hedin, K. C. I. E., during his explorations in little-known Central Asia, is a reproduction of an image of the Tibetan Byams-pa, the Hindū and Buddhist Maitreya, the present Boḍhisattva, or supreme Teacher of the World, and the next Buddha.

The Boḍhisattva is usually represented as standing, not sitting, as is mostly the case with other great Personages, and His colour is white. This colour is perhaps due to accurate traditional knowledge, or to the fact that it is believed that a great part of His Mission will be carried out in the West. There is also a tradition that, as Buddha, He will be born in the West. It may also be a recognition of the fact that He will be the “Fifth Race Buddha,” and that the Fifth Race was originally white, and is still white in some of its branches.

In our picture, it will be seen that the Lord is seated, not standing, but that instead of sitting cross-legged in the eastern posture so familiar to all in the statues of the Lord Gauṭama Buddha, He is seated in the ordinary European way. In this, the statue is said to be unique.

We have to thank the *Times of India* for the permission to reproduce.



“ THE COMING BUDDHA ”

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NOTES FROM A DIARY AT SEA AND ON LAND

By HESTIA

THE PATH OF SILVER

THE evening was one of calm beauty with a moon, one day past its full, gleaming across the waters and making a broad, silvery track from ship to sky—that track which, whether lit by sun or moon, always leads down from the heavens to the feet of each beholder wherever he may be, as if a personal invitation were offered and the ‘Path of the Eternal Wisdom’ revealed for a moment in its beauty and glory, as the shimmering welcome comes to each. Never is it seen but irresistibly those words flash to mind: “The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day,” and it comes as a call to tread that Path to the goal whence the radiance gleams. What may lie between matters little—depths, dizziness, danger, dolours, demons, despair, desolation—all may, nay will, assuredly be encountered, yet do they count as nothing beside the joy of the Way.

The path as now viewed is a wide stretch of lighted avenue, smooth and bright, with canopy of stars above and silver orb as goal which casts the brilliant track. But once set foot thereon, leaving the safe accustomed ways of men, and the feet will sink into nothingness,

and the waters go over the soul who so boldly dares. He must learn to tread water in place of earth, to guide his course by the stars instead of by the familiar lamps of man's little horizon, to walk with no man's hand in his, to look neither to right nor left but keep straight on towards that blinding goal, and find and keep the razor edge along its dizzy centre.

Shall we leave our safe and easier ways for this of peril great? What the inducement? Just then a song is heard, blown in from the lonely silver track below:

And only Heaven is sweeter than to walk
With Christ at midnight over moonlit seas.

Ah, if it be to meet the Christ there, if on that Path *His* radiance shine, if that be the Way *His* feet have hallowed, if the light is *His* which calls to us to follow, if we may serve *Him* there, then at once turn we towards that goal; for when our feet sink He will uphold, when our hearts fail His voice will strengthen, the rapture of His service shall be ours, and we shall count all things but loss that we may gain Christ.

THE PATH OF GOLD

A few months later in Normandy the same lit Path was seen, but this time from the parapet of a Lighthouse which looked across the waters to the western sun. It had been a day of wild storm and ceaseless rain clearing towards evening, but leaving sky and horizon still draped with misty veil which blended earth and heaven as one, while the sun showed as a pale wan moon—ghost-like and unreal through the mist which covered all. But there, in the centre of that sea of mist which wiped out Earth's horizons and merged as one

the upper and the lower, there again appeared the track, golden this time—although its sun was seen so white and pale—a track of golden shimmer running right down through the centre of the mist's wide ocean. Nothing else visible on either side, above or below, but the Path of Gold set in the sea of mist. Where it began, where it ended, none could say; whether it lay in earth or heaven none could tell; but one guessed it led straight to the very Heart of God from the edge of His world of men. What was it—that golden Path of Light in the mist?

Was it the beam down which the Knights of old watched steal the Holy Grail?

Was it the ladder let down to earth on which the patriarch of old saw Angels ascending and descending?

Was it the hand of God the Father stretched out to grasp and hold the hand of supine man, His child, as pictured in that glory of the Vatican roof?

Was it a chord let drop from the music of the Angels, or of the spheres, crystallising as it fell into that radiant form?

Was it the line of light between the Master and His pupil, along which He sends His thoughts—gliding as golden stars—to help His little child?

Or was it the smile of God, as is His bow in the sky, one showing near fall of night, the other coming midst the storm as His limning of promise?

Perchance it was mere Beauty to teach us Joy—the Joy of the Lord, and the Beauty of Holiness—ere He, the Beauty of all Beauty, shall shine upon us?

Or, mayhap, it was to tell us that the substratum of all is joy, that the love of God is Universal Love, and Beauty the soul of all?

Was it the flash-light from highest heaven of earth's Divine Lighthouse, mirrored midst mist of men?

Or was it indeed the promise of His Coming, the rehearsal of the heavens where the preparation grows apace for that supreme moment of earth's deliverance, and They let down the golden Pathway kept for the Feet of the Blessed One alone? Had we caught a glimpse of the practice of the Angels, a shadow in the heavens of the divine Event to be?

Or was it again that the presence of — on that Lighthouse parapet, made the instant connection, and the spark flashed out, nothing deterred by the drowning mist which hid all else, as it flew to its mark, Star calling unto star?

We cannot say which, for all is summed up as one to those who watch and love and wait for His appearing — all things point to HIM.

Hestia

But indeed conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay, properly conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true it is, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action". On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of incalculable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.

CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus*

THE GARMENT OF WOMANHOOD

By SUSAN E. GAY, F. T. S.

THE Theosophist is, perhaps, the only person who is able sufficiently to detach himself from the special and powerful illusion of sex, to judge truly of what is becoming, in at least half the world, a burning question.

He it is who knows, as others do not, that our race in primitive times presented other aspects than those that prevail now—in other words, that it did not possess duality of sex, but was androgynous. The signs of that condition still exist physiologically. It does not therefore follow that this aspect betokened a high plane of being at that time, although there seems to have been a tradition of a race which had progressed further than those beings which once stood for humanity, and which, to put it in antique fashion, “fell” into dual generation, and also, unfortunately, into vice, and in a measure thereby “murdered the brother”—that is to say, followed selfish impulses, in the train of which arose complete differentiation of sex, and especial tribulation to that half of it which bore the form of womanhood.

This event, the most momentous of any that took place since human life appeared on our globe was, doubtless, one wrought out by Necessity, and has been,

and is, prolific of many evils, so-called, which otherwise could have had no existence, as well as the greater good which always overcomes that which we call evil. The form of man grew more condensed, more physical, subject to disease and also to the crisis of death—which would otherwise have been escaped, and would have assumed the aspect of some natural transition. The secret of death is in truth hidden within the physical birth. And from the nature of the case that portion of humanity which became ‘woman’ was greatly encumbered by her condition. As in the animal world, the form necessary for race reproduction was evolved within the body, producing disabilities and perils unknown to the early beings who multiplied by the simple process of division, or by the production of an egg which was no burden to its parent. It also followed that the form could not be evolved at all without the initial assistance of the other sex, which for many ages has acted, and to a large extent still acts, the part of despoiler rather than helper. Thereafter, for vast periods, the ‘woman aspect’ of Humanity became liable to a servitude which was very pronounced among savage tribes, since, in addition to bearing many children, the woman laboured in the field as a sort of slave, while the man roamed free to hunt or make war as seemed best to his inclinations. The girl born among such became a sort of prey, and the ceremony of marriage was a rough capture. In later ages, success in war produced many prisoners, the men of whom became slaves in labour, while the women encountered slavery of a worse kind—that of the primitive ‘harem,’ in which they were preserved as valuable instruments of physical pleasure.

There is small need to dwell on the facts which are still evident among savage tribes now living, and races which practise polygamy. The sort of life assigned to womanhood was such as to stultify all but one thing, and that was a certain altruism arising from the nature of this disabling condition of motherhood. It was the saving clause, the justification of the entire scheme of human life from this point of view. How could the sentiment of altruism be born amid conditions which in the first instance had so strongly accentuated the selfhood? They who produced their kind polyp-fashion, or through a kind of egg, must have lived for their own special individualities, such as they were, far more than for anything else. But the human being who became a parent, in the intimate sense of a mother, was able to hold in her arms a tiny *other self*, which appealed to her alike by its being a part of her own flesh and blood, and also by its helplessness. The strong mother-instinct to protect and cherish was born with the child, the first clear note of altruism was struck, proceeding only from a self-feeling at first but destined to expand through the growing family, and inspire, in lesser degree, the male parent. Many things conspired to destroy this early germ of future brotherhood, but it survived the demands made on the mother to suffer and endure, on the father to labour and provide. The family became a foundation-stone of limited fraternity, forced upon it by the nature of things, the necessity of being kept alive and of remaining in being. Success in arms followed strength in the family; it was cherished because it was useful, and afterwards because it was deeply related to the parents. Mother-love, above all, brought love into the world, and to

become a mother was counted, after a time and among certain peoples, to have achieved a somewhat honoured place, denied to the barren. Yet woman was sacrificed with rare and forgotten exceptions, and as civilisations arose of one kind and another, her sex-disabilities took other forms which still held her in the condition of servitude.

Though the woman was sometimes regarded as a prize to be fought for, and sometimes as a slave to be spurned, there yet grew and increased that which stood for the home, the natural resting-place of the family, which became the source of deep lessons in the evolution of man ; and when passion at last assumed a certain amount of sentiment and romance, it began to inspire and quicken the growth of the refining arts, of music, painting, and sculpture. Nor did the toil imposed on the father of a family fail to stimulate his brain as he encountered the competition of others, and the stress of obtaining the means of subsistence. Invention became necessary, natural, to him, as did the keen observation of physical nature, incidents, and phenomena. He had the best school for the quickening of his brain-power, even as his consort received the best training for the emotion of love and sympathy through the birth of new selves.

Hence, the so-called 'fall' became an ascent in evolution, and the lazy beings, half-fluidic, who lay about upon river-banks, needing little sustenance and without any tinge of sentiment for aught they reproduced, entered at last upon a training which meant evolution.

Of course, through the law of reincarnation, that condition inevitable for all humanity, a certain balancing power asserted itself through the alternations of sex in

the embodied ego, expressing itself finally in our day among the most advanced of the male sex in a sympathy for those who wear the garment of womanhood, a sympathy which is an unconscious memory. Also, by a natural law, the strength of mind and will acquired by one sex expressed itself in spite of obstacles in certain instances in the other, when conditions were not wholly unfavourable. We note this in ancient Egypt in certain warrior Queens, such as Hatshopsitu, over 3,000 years ago ; in ancient Babylonia, where the matriarchate existed ; in Deborah, the Jewish ruler ; among the specially cultured women of Greece, who were the chosen companions of her great men ; among such powerful personalities as Hypatia, who held Alexandria by the spell of her learning and philosophy ; the women confessors and martyrs of the Christian era ; Joan of Arc, in whom burned the passion for liberty ; and in the curious fighting instincts of the Amazons. Goddesses were, so to speak, in vogue, Priestesses, many Queens.

Extraordinary reactions occasionally took place, in which feminine humanity seemed to acquire an exceptional ascendancy from causes too remote to be clearly enquired into. It was as though a force proceeding from the process of reincarnation broke through for a space all outer form, all outer customs, and proclaimed : " Here also is Man." But the great multitude of women learned to be hedged in by outer conditions rather than to rend them, and occupied themselves with certain happy maternal cares, their attire, ornamentation, jewels, perfumes, and household matters, most of which did not tend to awaken brain or energy of any kind. Probably it was this condition which moved Plato to believe that incarnation in the form of woman was a

punishment. He did not consider them the worthy objects of his inspiring Platonic love.

Odd experiences sometimes overtook the other sex. The strange custom of the Couvade, in which, when a child is born, the father is secluded and dieted, has been traced in Western China, Corsica, Spain, and among widely separated tribes. In the West Indies, a far worse fate at such a time befalls the male parent, who is obliged to fast, is scraped with a sharp instrument and washed in strong pepper-water, and remains in bed like a sick person, though assuredly without the comforts of the latter.

When the time arrived in which women could not be seized without exciting the anger of other men, they were tempted by gifts, often lavish, to enter upon that sad trade, the bartering of their own persons—a condition of degradation which has had its effect, moral and physical, on the entire race. A lot more tragic, more humiliating, than prostitution, or even any equivalent to it in loveless and enslaved conditions in what is considered to be lawful marriage, can hardly be conceived for any being possessing a soul. Small wonder was it that man, already contaminated by his flesh-eating propensities, became the most diseased creature on the face of the earth. Yet all were not sunk in merely passionnal impulses. Sentiment, romance, reared its head even amid conditions still rude, still for the most part restricted in all we now regard as civilisation, so far as it has gone. No small difference was there between the years when a band of savage youths clubbed some poor maiden in the chase of capture, and those that beheld the erection of that mausoleum—pearl of buildings—to the memory of the beloved consort of

Shah Jehan ; which heard the songs of the troubadours in Italy and France, and welcomed the tournaments in which the knight of chivalry bore some lady's badge, and received her judgment of his prowess as his crowning prize.

During the Christian era the type of an ideal humanity in western lands has approached the feminine. In countless pictures the Christ is represented with long hair, sometimes in ringlets, and thus, also, the saints and angels ; while the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, so-called—however misapprehended in its true meaning—filled the popular imagination with an exalted idea of womanhood. This, no doubt, accomplished a useful end in periods when the average woman had little or no education, could not bear arms, and was lightly estimated unless she were a Princess or an Abbess. These ideals were reactions against the bigoted wails of early Christian writers, who saw in woman only the "temptress, the author of evil," a position which did no little harm in forming ecclesiastical law, and has been assumed in modern days by such men as Strindberg and others, in whose works a futile madness reigns concerning their conceptions of human life and its sex experiences, which are the necessary lot of all incarnating egos. So much, roughly given, for the past.

Again the long slow years have wrought a change, and that change is appearing very strongly now in the western continents. Here, within my recollection, a woman lost her property when married, unless it was tied up in the hands of trustees ; and not only so, she had not even the guardianship of her own children, one of the most beautiful expressions of mother-love, outraged by a barbarous law. These

things, through suffering and consequent rebellion, have been swept away, and mainly through the resistance of the women themselves, wives and mothers. They have arrived, almost all of them, at the point when they value the independence arising from ownership of property, and when they claim the child or children as especially their own, by the natural virtue of birthright.

Yet it took fifteen years to pass that Property Bill, and it has taken fifteen years to pass a 'White Slave' Bill, only accomplished last year.

Perceiving the slow progress of domestic reforms, and the continual procrastination of matters vital to the women and children of the country, a very large number of educated women have formed in England many societies for the purpose of obtaining the franchise; and the agitation, first begun some forty years ago, has been increasing. John Stuart Mill it was who not only advocated it, but used his philosophic pen in behalf of the freedom of womanhood, and in one passage he oddly enough denounced maternity as a clumsy contrivance of Nature. The movement—fight rather—went on, for medical education, for a university education (a training more complete than the old average girls' schools afforded), and at last with such success as regards education, the key of progress, that the studies of grown-up girls at their colleges are of the same quality as those for young men at the universities, with the rather unjust difference that Oxford and Cambridge still refuse to confer on them degrees, the hall-mark of success.

Then have followed the strikes of the working-women for higher wages, and a general demand to secure occupations which have been previously only open to men.

Now England differs from some other countries in this, that the women numerically greatly exceed the other sex. I do not think these things arise by chance; they bear results. It follows that marriage for all is an impossibility. What are they to do, these women who have sought and acquired cultivation, who possess ability, and who have no households of their own to occupy their attention? Clearly, they must obtain remunerative occupation. A large number of young women become nurses, the work extremely hard, and the pay as a rule small; some take up teaching in an overstocked market, the work again laborious, and the pay often inadequate; others become clerks, typists, secretaries, dispensers, lady-physicians, journalists, and in some instances work in religious sisterhoods, or seclude themselves in the restricted life of a convent. Among the working-women, where marriage is more common, the women occasionally compete with the men, and owing to their working for smaller wages, eject them. Various inventions now tend to abolish the drudgery of domestic life; carpet-sweepers and vacuum-cleaners, gas or electric heating and lighting, co-operative cooking or simultaneous cooking of dishes in a special apparatus, all contribute to this end. Only the working woman applies herself to the wash-tub, and even this is destined to give way, even in comparatively poor districts, to district laundries. Spinning and weaving have gone to the factories; the old still-room is a curiosity, its objects taken over by the chemist and the jam-manufacturer; and even the kitchen in large towns is likely to become an obsolete institution in view of co-operative cooking managed by *chefs* and hygienists, to suit the more delicate

palates and digestions of a coming race. Less food, and that more concentrated and of the best quality, will be the rule, and the wastefulness and the rubbish sold for consumption will be things of the past. The founding of a College of Hygiene and Sanitation would promote other useful methods and many reforms, and furnish occupation for women of ability fitted for public work. For work they must, outside the drawing-room and even a possible nursery, and take a part, even lead, in the great movement of reconstruction and reformation which has begun.

As legislation becomes necessarily more split into Councils, and deals more and more with domestic matters, the inclusion of women will be inevitable, and even the Central Council, or Parliament, will in the near future welcome women of experience and ability, and much desultory and partisan talk will be exchanged for practical work. There will be no more difficulty in a woman's occupying a seat in the Central Council than there is in her being a lady-guardian now, when she has to consider cases and matters not suited for the very youthful. The difficulty, in fact, really lies in her absence; for one point of view, the man's, is all too frequently prejudiced, cursory, and insufficient. And this only revives the ancient right of the women who possessed the cultivation of their day, and who sat in the Saxon Witenagemot, chiefly the Abbesses, in right of their abbeys.

A large number of women are employed in minor offices in the General Post Office, and they are now striking for the same remuneration as the men, who hold similar posts: equal wages for equal work. Some of them think that the highest and most responsible posts

in that department should be thrown open to women. As the Postmaster-General is always a Cabinet Minister, it is obvious that they think that the Council of the nation should not be entirely closed to women.

But the law, both as regards the practice of solicitors and pleading at the Bar, in which women of ability could do excellent work, is closed to them in this country, and I have known first-rate talent limited to conveyancing.

The great political associations formed by women have resulted in their admission to all elected bodies except the House of Commons, but there are certain regulations as to householding which tend to bar out married women, and reduce the number of office-holders. Also, the local town Councils are usually formed of business men, with practical knowledge of building, street-paving and lighting, town drainage and road-making, and matters which do not usually come under the notice of women or excite their special interest, and in consequence men are always in demand through their technical knowledge.

At the time I am now writing, women are taking a prominent part in the British Association, and Madame Curie, its honoured guest, is alluded to as "one of the most distinguished scientists in the world," while another woman is President of one of the Sections. It is also significant that the new section of Psychology has been dominated by women, and also that Sir Oliver Lodge, in his Presidential address, avowed his belief in the survival of man after death. In the course of it he said: "We are deaf and blind to the immanent grandeur around us unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognise in the woven fabric of existence,

flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God." Never before had observations on the continuity of the ether—a portion of the subject—been made with such force and power. "Madame Curie is an exceptional woman." Just so, but she stands for demonstrating that sex is no barrier to the possession of first-class scientific ability. If one woman can achieve this, others—in time all—can.

The question of the admission of women to the franchise has of late become a serious one, and the rise of the militant party among women suffragists has resulted from the continued blindness and blunders of certain so-called Liberal men, who believed that it was not worth while to consider the demand, that it might imperil pet schemes, and that it was quite in order physically to ill-treat women who interrupted them in meetings, and otherwise persisted in bringing forward a politically ignored subject. The ejection of Christabel Pankhurst and Annie Kenney from a public meeting for merely asking a question during its session, which they knew from experience would be ignored at its close, and their arrest for attempting to address a small crowd outside, under the pretext of 'disturbance,' followed by imprisonment, ushered in the special drama which is now being enacted in this country.

For the acts of violence which have followed, I have small sympathy, believing that to appeal to hearts and consciences must win a just cause sooner or later, and will win it for ever; while the aggressive method tends to lower a great movement to a plane unworthy of it—a condition of the past to which we would not return—

and excites in addition antagonism and prejudice where none would otherwise be. The deeds are, moreover, too desultory, through the small number engaging in them, too futile, to fulfil the desired end.

But, apart from this view, it is impossible for any thinking person to be insensible to the courage and undaunted persistence of that special party called 'suffragettes'. Note what they have encountered for no greater crime than interrupting a meeting, or forming a deputation to the House of Commons: violent ejections, blows, insults, injuries so serious as in one or two instances to cause death; and for the next act, glass-breaking, imprisonments, followed by 'hunger strikes,' and forcible feeding; in short, mental and bodily torture of a kind calculated to break down the strongest. Then, because on one day called 'Black Friday,' they were so shockingly insulted that they determined never again to send another deputation to the House, they proceeded to those militant deeds which are the despair of all who love peaceful methods and order.

At Llanstumdwy, in Wales, on the occasion of a meeting addressed by Mr. Lloyd George, a handful of women, for a few interruptions, were set upon by a brutal mob, again grossly insulted, their hair pulled out by handfuls, their garments almost torn from their bodies, and they were with difficulty rescued alive.

Then followed the tragic act of Emily Wilding Davison, B. A., her courage an embodied illustration of the motto emblazoned on the Suffragette banners, "Liberty or Death". It held the quality of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, heroic, mad in its determination, and like it, ending in death. But there stood in the London streets on the day of the funeral a

crowd so vast and silent, that none like it had ever been seen before. There was a silent sympathy for the moment with the woman, who, however mistakenly, had given her life for a cause. One can only regret that an act of such self-sacrifice was not of a nature to accomplish more than the wonder, pity, sympathy, or criticism, as it might be, of the hour.

What does all this really mean? For some of these 'militants' are good, philanthropic, noble, women.

It is a passionate expression of a feeling, long latent in womankind, that freedom is of more importance, more sacred, than any earthly thing, than peace, comfort, health, life itself.

Now when any class of persons arrives at this point, that they will face obloquy, torture, and death, for a liberty which they count more sacred than aught beside, you must grant them this—that the divine fire moves in them, and that you must deal with them by fraternal methods and meet them with far-sighted and perfect justice. They have made all sacrifices for their cause, sacrifices greater than any injury imposed on others. To them it is, at all events, no personal gain, but no self-sacrifice is ever made in vain. Some of these women, also, be it noted, especially among the leading section, are refined and cultured, and well provided with the means of enjoying the outer things of life, but nevertheless they have devoted all to their cause, and have exchanged ease and peace for utmost suffering. They have come into personal contact with the very poor of their own sex, worked amid the dens, witnessed the sweating, and experienced the extreme miseries. Not for themselves only, and from the natural feeling of self-respect which seeks for common human rights, do they ask to have a voice in

the election of those who make the laws of the land; but they desire to rescue their sisters from want and its consequence in degradation. Of the fifty or sixty thousand 'fallen women,' so-called, whose average lives in the terrible trade of prostitution only last about five years, sweating and misfortunes, low wages, sometimes betrayal by 'lovers,' all contribute to this great moral disease. The best men know this and are on the reforming side, such as George Lansbury, whose recent memorable denouncement in the House of Commons of the methods of its leading Minister was worthy of Lloyd Garrison.

Our brother men have to learn this: that we and they are alike when it comes to the great questions which stir the soul; that we hate oppression and love the just. Nothing can be more fatal to any section of women than to think and live as though they do not care, to look on and smile in servile acquiescence while others are crushed by the evil conditions—the shame of our social scheme.

The speeches from the dock of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence after the glass-breaking incident, and Mrs. Pankhurst's appeal on another occasion, were remarkable, unanswerable, and will make history. In the future they will be read with wonder, wonder at the indifference of the press, and the wrongs which provoked them, resulting from the legal and economical position of women in England to-day.

Well and wisely did our President speak at the Albert Hall on the persecution which followed, a persecution which has made every effort to crush the Lawrences and others: "When history in the future judges the struggle of the present; when women all

the world over, walk hand-in-hand with men in equal liberty, in mutual respect, in loving partnership; then posterity, looking back on the shameful story of to-day, will mark with shame not the sufferers, but those who have used strength against the women who are mocked at and imprisoned now."

Of Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Beatrice Harraden wrote in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, at the time of her sentence of three years' penal servitude, thus:

She represents to all women, even those who disapprove strongly of her methods, the idea of Freedom, imperishable, indestructible; and she stands for Courage, indomitable and unflinching. . . . If the Liberal Government had studied the woman's movement and the militant agitation from the beginning, instead of ignoring the one and attempting to suppress the other by tyranny and coercion, Mrs. Pankhurst would never have been standing in that dock, and militancy would have ceased long ago. They, and they only, are responsible for having made a great reformer into a great rebel.

There is much truth in this, so much truth, that one cannot but regret that a great leader did not point out the one way which would have made her martyrdom and that of her followers altogether worthy of the cause. I ask, has this great movement no better message to give than a resort to the old way of force and violence? Is it the only way? If women refused to pay the taxes which are forced upon them without representation, and were, failing the fines or goods exacted from them, then committed to prison, they would for all time rank as truest martyrs for the cause. They would follow the way of the early Christian women martyrs and confessors, who, unaggressive, but with heroic courage, stood for freedom to hold the Faith which was dear to their souls. This was an act of refusal, refusal to bend to persecution. A like refusal to acquiesce in a demand rendered to those who are denied citizenship in a land

where the wife-beater is let off with a fine, and the ruin of a girl-child is valued at a few shillings, would have won sympathy and respect from the entire world.

“Drunkards,” remarked an American writer, “petty thieves, dissolute spendthrifts, gamblers, swindlers [and, I may add, all the immoral who have escaped jails, a goodly number], possess rights which women of untainted character are deprived of.” It is the sting of this, combined with the ignorant coarseness of the opposition to any determined demand at public political meetings, which has produced ‘militancy’. In reply to a question as to this, Ella Wheeler Wilcox said: “I do not like their methods, but I have come to realise that their purpose is a part of the progress of the human race to-day.” Would that the crown of martyrdom could be won without the *physical* fighting!

Elsewhere the movement goes steadily forwards. In America, State after State is bestowing the franchise upon women. In Finland, Australia and New Zealand, they have possessed it for some years. In France and Italy the claim is strongly made. In Norway, Denmark, and even Iceland, citizenship is either won, or about to be won, and in Italy and Holland there is the same claim with every prospect of success. Even in the far East, the Chinese woman is throwing away the bindings of her feet.

It has been said, and said wisely, that the claim of women to citizenship should be made and granted *because* of their difference from men, and in order therefore that their point of view should receive attention. This is an unanswerable argument in the present, but the real and permanent foundation of change in custom and religious

institutions lies deeper than this. It lies in the fact that women form part of humanity. I, for one, do not claim the franchise, or any other right, for any reason less cogent than this—that I am a part of the human race, a soul, garbed in the flesh but made in the image of God ; and I take my stand as a soul and not as flesh ; as mind and not as body ; and because I am Man, with the Eternal before me, and need the evolution which comes from freedom and does not come from subserviency. I stand for Brotherhood, regardless of sex or any old-time creed, and I ask that Brotherhood may be extended to me that I may the better hold it forth to others.

The *Woman's Charter*, recently published by Lady Maclaren, makes this significant claim for the full rights of humanity in social, legal and religious aspects, and asks for perfect justice, the justice you give to an equal and refuse to an inferior.

And further, the marriage of the unfit, the diseased, mentally and physically, is at last attracting serious attention. Of children born in the English-speaking or prominent races, an enormous percentage die in infancy from various causes, among which are the insanitary conditions of the poor in the large cities, and the lack of health and vitality and knowledge in the parents. And of those who survive infancy, a large proportion dies prematurely, their short lives not giving scope enough for the development which might otherwise take place, and which has to be deferred to other incarnations. Long lives, in fact, enlightened by more knowledge, might tend to reduce the numerous incarnations, which occupy, owing to the long intervals usual between them, vast periods, the results in progress of each incarnation generally being very small.

The East presents, so far, a less hopeful spectacle. A recent author of a work on Egypt and Palestine said:

Notwithstanding all its fascination the East has a very sad side. One's heart aches for the tortured animals, for the ill-used women and children. It is dreadful to see little girls acting as scavengers and gathering the filth of the Cairo streets; women, old before their time, loaded like beasts of burden, and walking, while their husbands ride. Even among the upper classes the women are treated like inferior beings, almost soulless, and subject to shamefully easy divorce.

A friend wrote to me a few years ago: "In Burma you can buy a wife for a rupee or two, and the Buddhist monks regard woman as altogether an inferior sort of mortal."¹ Whatever exceptions there may be, these are the aspects which are the rule.

The ancient ideal of the woman's position in India was probably a comparatively high one, although hardly giving scope for the mental and physical energy of the women of the future. Nor could it be possible that the Guru should always be the husband, in view of the facts of exchange of sex in reincarnation, and the progress of women in occult training and knowledge. And again the gentle and unselfish character depicted was not entirely free from a certain servility which a more complete evolution would necessarily cast off.

The East has for the time forgotten some of its wisest counsels. Said Manu: "Where women are honoured, there the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonoured, there all religious rites become futile." And the equality of the sexes is distinctly laid down in the Zoroastrian Scriptures.

The burning of widows was never enjoined in the *R̥g-Veda*, and is due to changes introduced in the text.

¹ The Burman women are the freest in the world. They are also admissible to the Sangha in theory and ancient practice, at least. Ed.

Up to the date of less than twenty years ago the custom of saṭi was still popular, even though, through English interposition, it could no longer be practised, so strongly rooted had become the Oriental view that a woman's life is worthless for its own sake and without a male consort;¹ and it has been with difficulty among the depressed classes that the murder of girl-infants has been reduced. Yet in this country, continent, rather, are to be found women who are capable rulers, possessed of character and marked intelligence, and who have in a few instances obtained University degrees. We need only recall the names of the noble-hearted Ramabai, the ability of the Kenwar Rāṇi, Mrs. Chanramukti Bose, Dr. Anandibai Josher, Mrs. Ganguli, the Mahārāṇi of Kuch Behar, Cornelia Sorabji, and no doubt others of whom in England we may not have heard—to recognise that there are enlightened women in this land.

When we consider the obstacles and the rigid belief in customs that have been faced by such as these, it is not difficult to foresee that India will produce truly great women, in character, intellectual ability, and occult knowledge, the latter easier to acquire and hold in the case of a naturally intuitional and psychic race. At present there are still tens of thousands of Indian women, who, while possessing a good deal of domestic authority, suffer from a lack of the most elementary education, and, where ignorance is rife and approved, such authority can only deepen various evils. Happily Lady Dufferin's great scheme for giving medical aid to the secluded women of the Zenana has lessened

¹ Ram Mohan Roy, a Hindu, made it possible for Britain to forbid saṭi. In any case, the root-idea of saṭi was not as stated.—ED.

some, only some as yet, of the great physical suffering, and Christian medical missionaries have undoubtedly assisted in work which is still further to be enlarged.

Susan E. Gay

(To be concluded)

INTO THE NIGHT

I go out into the night,
 None goeth with me.
 Alone, when no moon is bright
 And the stars are hid from sight
 Softly, silently,
 I leave the light.

I am hid from even the shades,
 None goeth with me.
 All the joy of living fades,
 All the pangs of sorrow's raids,
 Slowly, silently.
 I have no aids.

I am alone in the dark,
 None goeth with me.
 I may not see the tiniest spark,
 Or hear the song of the morning lark.
 Coldly, silently,
 Fear whispers: "Hark."

On my way I cease to plod,
 None goeth with me.
 The wine-press has been trod:
 For my comfort I clasp the rod;
 Gladly, silently,
 At rest in God.

M. M. C. Pollard

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

SOUTH AFRICA

Miss Knudsen has bought a plot of land and is building a room for Yeoville Lodge, near Johannesburg. She hopes to establish a Vegetarian Boarding House a little later. May the Lodge prove a centre of light, and train workers for Brotherhood.

AUSTRALIA

The Secretary of the Adelaide Lodge, South Australia, reports that his Lodge has signed a contract for £3,560-11-0 for the building of Lodge premises. They are situated in the principal street of Adelaide, and include a Lodge Room, a bookshop, offices, E. S. room, and Committee Rooms. A Lecture Hall will be built later. The whole will be named Knox Buildings, in memory of the good lawyer whose self-sacrificing work founded and sustained the Lodge. Our hearty good wishes and congratulations go to the Adelaide Theosophists. A small Christian Mystic group has been formed into a Branch of the 'Guild of the Mysteries of God,' founded by the Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff. Much useful work in spreading Theosophical ideas is done by the *Public Service Review*, edited by Mr. H. G. Olifent.

SCOTLAND

Mr. Graham Pole, our Scotch General Secretary, lately addressed a meeting of Episcopal clergy in the drawing-room of the Dean of Edinburgh on Theosophy. There was a discussion, in which one clergyman remarked that he did not regard the Brotherhood of Religions as in harmony with the spirit of Christ. He had said: "I come not to bring peace but a sword," and their attitude should be a militant one against all other religions. Mr. Graham Pole's lecture was

an answer to a discourse by a Church of England clergyman, on 'Theosophy as a substitute for Christianity'. At least it showed tolerance to offer to a Theosophist the opportunity of answering the statements made. Scotland is rejoicing much over the return of its General Secretary.

FRANCE

Some trouble is reported from the Anthroposophical camp, Dr. Steiner and Mr. Levy being attacked by a French member, who left the T. S. as one of Dr. Steiner's disciples. She finds herself disillusioned, and has now become an opponent.

INDIA

The Lahore Lodge has lost its building, the land and all on it being taken by the Government, under the Land Acquisition Act. To seize in this way a building belonging to a religious body, made sacred by many memories, and consecrated to the service of the Masters, is a very high-handed act, but there is no redress. The award made does not cover the expenses incurred, and the land itself is taken at a trifle over the price paid for it many years ago, although land has very much gone up in value. The T. S. is appealing to the Civil Court for a less unfair award, but we cannot, in any case, be compensated for the feeling of wrong and of disregard of that which to us is sacred. Further, it will be impossible to buy land now at anything like the price originally paid for that of which we are dispossessed.

The Jains always show a very friendly spirit towards Theosophists, and we note with pleasure that Paṇḍit Nand Kishore Jaini, Principal of the Syadvada Māhaviḍyālaya, Benares, lectured at the Kāshī Ṭaṭṭva Sabhā, our original T. S. Lodge in Benares. The Lodge, under the vigorous Presidency of Miss A. J. Willson, is doing very well. The learned Paṇḍit remarked in opening that he was glad to lecture before a Theosophical Lodge, "because in your Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, I perceive an admirable and praiseworthy attempt to bridge the unfortunate and wholly unnecessary gulf, that seems to separate the two mighty factors of our noble British Empire, *viz.*, the Indian and the English Peoples". It is true that the T. S. brings peace, not a sword, and adopts the friendly attitude not the militant one.

FINLAND

Theosophy in Finland has been very active lately. Mr. Yrjo Kallinen, appointed as a lecturer by the Executive Committee, has travelled all through Finland, visiting all the Lodges, holding meetings, and giving public lectures. He had not, at the time of writing (December 16th) returned, and was still busy visiting Centres and some Lodges for the second time.

During the autumn Mr. Pekka Ervast has regularly lectured to members, giving a series on the 'The Future of Finland,' and one on 'The Inner Development of Man'. He has revived the Sunday evening public lectures which had been discontinued for two years, and from these great things are hoped.

The literary activities have been great. Mr. Pekka Ervast has published the *Finnish National Deva*, in which he "describes the august spiritual Being that governs our nation from occult, psychological, and historical standpoints". A second volume of a book series, "The Original Christian Doctrine about Life and Death," by V. H. V., has been issued under the title, *The Parable of the Other Side*. Most important of all is the completed translation into Finnish of Vol I of *The Secret Doctrine*. "It is the pride of our Publishing Firm, and was issued in four parts, one part a year. This year the first part of Vol. II will be completed," says Mr. Ervast.

REVIEWS

Superhuman Men in History and in Religion, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.).

This latest little volume from the pen of Mrs. Besant will find the usual hearty welcome amongst our readers. It contains five lectures delivered in 1913 in London and Stockholm, and ought to have included a sixth—on 'The Christ in History'—which unfortunately has fallen out because no short-hand writer was available to report it. The various lectures are on 'Manifestation of Superhuman Beings in our World'; on 'Saviours of the World, or World-Teachers'; on 'The Christ in Man'; on 'The Restoration of the Mysteries'; and on 'The Conditions of Intellectual and of Spiritual Growth'.

Much of the ground travelled over in the lectures is the same as that gone over in Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and her recent volumes on *The Changing World* and *Initiation: The Perfecting of Man*. Nevertheless they repay study, even for those acquainted with the former books, as they work out many details in a new way, and supplement them in various manners by new handling of the important thoughts here presented. The lecture on 'The Christ in Man,' in particular, contains rich material for meditation and is exquisitely conceived. In the last lecture on 'The Condition of Intellectual Growth' there is a fine handling of the problem of intellectual liberty, the author being here decidedly on the side of the angels.

As an appendix, an exceedingly important extract is given from the 'President's opening speech at the Stockholm Congress'. It is a most valuable plea for tolerance within the Theosophical Society. We are sincerely grateful to our President for having spoken and published these inspiring words. May they find an echo everywhere in our Society.

In short, we have once more reason for genuine thankfulness towards Mrs. Besant, for having added again a valuable unit to the long series of volumes issued by her in the service of the great ideals to which she has so magnificently devoted her life.

J. v. M.

Life and Teachings of Giordano Bruno, by Coulson Turnbull.
(The Gnostic Press, San Diego, U. S. A.)

The history of Bruno and his teachings are ever of interest to the Theosophist. Mr. Turnbull here gives us a very useful little summary of the information to be derived from the chief authorities. The first half of the book deals with the historical aspect of the subject and the life of this great teacher is very carefully traced. The latter portion is devoted to the doctrines expounded in the various writings remaining to us, and among the many extracts are included six poems. The volume, which is of pocket size, is excellently printed and bound.

C. R. H.

Prentice Mulford's Story or Life by Land and Sea. A Personal Narrative. With a Preface to the English Edition by A. E. Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The name of Prentice Mulford is too well-known to need an introduction. Many people will seize upon this book with avidity as soon as it is brought to their notice, in their interest to know more of the personal history of one who has opened up to hundreds new avenues of thought and interest and hope in life. To many of these it will be a disappointment that so little is revealed in it of the author's inner life. However, that fact also is of interest as throwing light on Mr. Mulford's character. Even apart from any biographical significance the book may have, it is amusing reading as a story of American life fifty years ago, chiefly in the wild West.

The present edition is an 'English Edition'. In it an attempt has been made to secure a larger and more sympathetic public for the book "by making verbal revisions wherever necessary, so that the obvious grammatical mistakes and imperfections of this kind may not offend the lovers of Prentice Mulford on this side of the Atlantic".

A. de L.

An Introduction to Yoga, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This book contains the famous Convention lectures delivered at Benares in 1907. We welcome the fact that it has now run into a second edition, and we note that it is enriched by the addition of a carefully compiled index. As its name suggests, *An Introduction to Yoga* is "intended to give an outline of Yoga, in order to prepare the student to take up, for practical purposes, the *Sūtras of Patañjali*," on which its teaching is based. In this masterly exposition of a most difficult and abstruse subject Mrs. Besant is at her best. 'The Nature of Yoga' is first dealt with, and then an illuminating distinction is drawn between the Sāṅkhya and Veḍānta systems of philosophy. The last chapter on 'Yoga as Practice' is one that every student of Theosophy should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest". Those who have already perused this book know its enormous value, while those into whose hands it falls for the first time have indeed a pleasure in store.

T. L. C.

Buddhist Stories, by Paul Dahlke, translated by the Bhikkhu Silacara. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

The book contains five well written stories setting forth in the form of fiction some of the fundamental ideas and doctrines of the great Buddhist faith. The necessity of solitude to develop the good in man, the true spiritual satisfaction that comes from the renunciation of all desires, even the desire for love, the calm that comes from leading a life of abstinence, the struggle to subdue the personality, such are the spiritual ideals underlying the motives and the acts of the *dramatis personae*. The story of the Christian convert, exhibits an interesting picture of the material impoverishment and spiritual disillusionment of a young Buddhist, and his final return to his ancestral faith. The character of the old father Revata, is particularly well drawn. The book might be recommended to our missionary friends as presenting some aspects of the religious problem in the East they—it seems—generally either overlook or ignore.

E. S.

James Allen's Book of Meditations for Every Day in the Year. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Mrs. Allen has brought together from her late husband's works such paragraphs as would help the quiet meditations of aspirants to the life of piety and virtue. Many of them "were written as he came down from the Cairn in the early morning, where he spent those precious hours alone with God while the world slept". Some of them are beautiful and most of them instructive and helpful. "James Allen may truly be called the Prophet of Meditation," says the Preface, and these *Meditations*, culled from his many popular books, may well be said to be proving the veracity of the statement.

The second volume comprises "one of the last MS. written by James Allen," also edited by the author's wife. It is a small book full of useful and practical suggestions like the other works of the author. It treats of 'Right Principles,' 'Sound Methods,' 'True Action,' 'True Speech,' 'Equal-Mindedness,' 'Good Results'.

B. P. W.

Wanted: A Ministry of Fine Arts, by Wynford Dewhurst. (Hugh Rees, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

In a few words Mr. Dewhurst shows us why and how much an Art Ministry is needed in England, and compares the indifference of the British Government and people towards the art life of their country with the paternal attitude of the French Government in such matters, which has resulted in an enormous artistic and commercial gain to France. There everything is a work of art from a culinary production to a masterpiece in the Salon. The author has made a strong plea for the protection of the national art treasures, the encouragement of artists by the Government, and the proper supervision of public buildings and municipal improvements—all vastly important if public taste is to be trained; but the people at large will never become thoroughly educated in art matters, or art itself become an expression of national life instead of an exotic growth, until the commonest domestic implements are made by machinery as graceful in shape and as charming in colour as they were in

those days when these articles were the result of human handiwork. In this we might learn from India, where the modern manufacturer is often forced to copy the ancient forms in order to sell his wares. Let us encourage the artist, but also let there be discrimination. Already too many artistic crimes have been perpetrated in deathless marble, because committees were composed of mere politicians or shop-keepers. We hope that this agitation will spread. We wish success to the book.

G. W.

The Way of Contentment. Translated from the Chinese of Kaibara Ekken by Ken Hoshino. THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. (John Murray, London. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

Kaibara Atsunobu, surnamed Ekken, born 1629, was a celebrated Japanese Confucian philosopher, scholar, author, teacher and social reformer. Ekken had the audacity to break through the tradition of classical characters, and wrote his books in Kana, mixed with easy Chinese characters. In his own words he wrote "plainly in plain letters," with the natural and beneficial result of promoting the education of the masses and of popularising Confucianism. His best known books are: *The Great Learning* for women, now superseded by modern influence, and *Ten Precepts of Ekken* still much read and esteemed. In philosophy he belonged to the Chu school of thought, which followed the precepts of the Sages, ancient tradition and ceremonial, and despised the way of the Intuition, followed by the opposing school of Wang Yang Ming. It is not therefore surprising to find in this little book no very original thought, though it is fragrant with a spirit of gentle benevolent kindness. It includes *The Philosophy of Pleasure*, *Precepts on Popular Morals*, and some *Miscellaneous Sayings*. Over the beauties of nature Ekken is enthusiastic. Sake, dancing and slow music and material things are, he teaches, legitimately pleasurable in moderation, while "the pleasure to be found in reading books is profound". A high standard of morality is insisted on. "Find your pleasure in doing good," is reiterated. In his *Precepts on Popular Morals* the teaching is very practical and elevating. The loving wisdom of the Sage conjoined with the tranquil spirit of the Japan of the past, rather than the spirit

of fiery activity shown by the Japan of to-day, makes the book both pleasant and profitable reading.

E. S.

A Wayfarer's Faith, by T. Edmund Harvey, M. P. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book is full of good things. It is distinguished throughout by the spirit of charity which marks the broad-minded man. The author is a member of the Society of Friends, and is essentially a Christian, yet he extends to all faiths a wide tolerance. He seeks to find the unity underlying all, rather than to discover differences at which to cavil. In the first chapter, 'The Common Basis of Religious Life,' we read :

We need to feel, not the imperfections of all the varying creeds, religious and irreligious, but the inherent strength and power of each, and from a consciousness of this to rise to some dim realisation of the golden thread of truth which runs through all sincere faiths, however degraded or erroneous they may at first sight appear to be.

But later on we find that we must have definite conceptions of our own as to truth :

And so while we recognise the vision of truth that comes to men of different views from our own, we must not abandon our own vision, or our attempt to express it faithfully, because we know that we see a part and not the whole.

Among others there are chapters on 'The Inner Life of the Church,' 'Institutions and Inspiration,' and 'Sacraments of Life'. We cannot agree with the author that there is no "magical efficacy" in the two principal sacraments of the Church, but naturally this would be his point of view. A chapter on 'The Prophet in the Church' is extremely interesting :

The prophetic instinct is not dead indeed, but men find its highest manifestations rather outside the Church than within it. The leaders of the Church have been too often content to repeat the messages of the prophets of a former day rather than to seek a living voice in their midst.

We must forbear from further quotation. It has been a great pleasure for us to read *A Wayfarer's Faith*, and the best advice we can give is : "Go ye, and do likewise."

T. L. C.

The Growth of a Soul, by August Strindberg, translated by Claud Field. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

There is something awe-inspiring to the reader in the terrible composure with which this author presides over the dissection of his own living personality. Strindberg has been described as "the greatest subjectivist of all time"; if his other works are equal to this one, in point of being masterpieces of auto-vivisection, then there can be no exaggeration in the description. Here is a slight specimen of his scathing self-analysis; we all recognise John—and as a youth "John thought Pille's landscapes more beautiful than the reality, although he cherished great reverence for the works of the Creator". Strindberg's epithets are well chosen; doubtless some credit for this is due to the translator. Which of us has not met the "automatic pygmy"? Anyone needing a powerful mental stimulus will find it in Strindberg. Here is one paragraph among many which will give the reader 'furiously to think':

Social evolution was a very slow process. Consequently he must lie at anchor in the roadstead waiting for the tide. But this waiting was too long for him; he heard an inner voice bidding him speak, for if one does not spread what light one has, how can popular views be changed? Everything around him now seemed so old and out of date. . . no one thought of the future. His philosophical friend . . . calmed him . . . through a sentence of La Bruyere: "Don't be angry because men are bad and stupid, or you will have to be angry because a stone falls; both are subject to the same laws; one must be stupid and the other fall." "That is all very well," said John, "but . . . I cannot breathe or see . . . I suffocate." "Write!" answered his friend.

As an example of the acute observation and fearless outspokenness of Strindberg we quote:

People fear being regarded as uncultivated, a great deal more than they fear being regarded as godless. Everyone attacked Christ, for He was thought to have been overthrown by learned criticism, but they were afraid of attacking Shakespeare. John, however was not.

But here we must leave this literary Samson, with his giant strength, his human weakness, his many misfortunes, and his mighty arms girt about the cracking pillars of contemporary public opinion.

K. F. S.

Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists, by Sister Nivedita.
(George G. Harrap & Co. London Price 15s. net.)

Here we have a most delightful volume presented to us. In it are related, in a manner as close to the originals as possible, but much more condensed, such of the Myths as are familiar to every educated Indian and which are commonly illustrated in Indian sculpture and painting. They include the stories from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and *Mahābhārata*, of Shiva, Kṛṣṇa, Shani, Dhruva, etc. The untimely death of Sister Nivedita in 1911 made it necessary that the work should be completed by the pen of another, and well has Dr. Coomaraswamy performed what is always a difficult and thankless task. People of the West are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant of, and indifferent to, the Mythology of the East; the ponderous form in which it presents itself in the numberless volumes of the Sacred Books, may in a degree be responsible for such a state of things; but gathered together in the attractive guise of these stories, it should prove of fascinating interest and certainly no longer is there any excuse for such ignorance. The book is illustrated by a number of Indian artists under the direction of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore and their fantasies are miracles of charm and beauty—absolute revelations indeed of that of which Indian Art is capable in these modern times. Where all are delightful it seems invidious to select, and yet of a few it is impossible to omit special mention. The “Asceticism of Umā” and “Shiva drinking the World Poison,” by Lall Bose; the “Departure of Prince Siddhārtha” and “The Bodhisattva’s Tusks,” by A. Nath Tagore; and “Damayanti” by Nath Mayumdar, are simply unsurpassable for delicacy of colour and exquisite suggestion—the book is well worth buying for the sake of these five gems of art alone. One can only congratulate the writer on his choice of artists, and the artists themselves on the success with which they have treated their subjects. *Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists* should appeal to a wide field of readers and find a place in every library.

K.

Au-dela du Capricorne, a novel by Marc Saunier. (E. Sansot & Co., Paris. Price frcs. 3' 50.)

This novel advocates strongly family life, temperance, self-denial. It cannot but have a good influence over readers not yet acquainted with Theosophical truths. In a style perhaps too modern, *i.e.*, exaggerating all images and sensations, the author, who evidently has read about karma and reincarnation, describes vividly the tortures suffered by a man who has just died after a life spent in seeking sexual pleasures almost exclusively. Mr. Marc Saunier, however, seems to know nothing of, or to disregard the distinction between, the astral, mental and causal bodies; he makes life on the astral and mental planes extremely short, about one year on each; and, what is worse, his hero, a man of a very low moral type, is shown to need only one reincarnation on earth before he passes on, "beyond the Capricorn," to a new existence of bliss on Jupiter. Perhaps, when the author has studied Theosophical literature a good deal more, he will give us another story in which love between man and woman will not be set up as the only principle of all human life, in which also faithfulness in love to one sister soul and body will not appear to be the unique lesson human beings have to learn on this earth.

L. P.

The Bases of Theosophy, by James H. Cousins. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

This little book contains much wisdom in small compass. It is "a study in fundamentals, philosophical, psychological, practical". The author considers that Theosophy meets the needs of the age. The purely intellectual philosophy of life is not enough. We require something more. He sees in Theosophy the religious and social reconciler, with its sane presentment of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. The last chapter is devoted to 'Theosophy in Personal Practice' and may be summed up in the words: "We must practise what we preach." We congratulate Mr. Cousins in having given us a book which treats of Theosophy in an original way.

T. L. C.

The Evolution of Culture, by Henry Proctor. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

There is in this volume no attempt at discussing the nature of Culture and from the author's point of view there is no need to do so. He takes the word in the sense in which it is ordinarily used, *viz.*, conditions denoting a certain stage of civilisation, and treats the subject historically. The book is very interesting reading. Beginning with Quaternary man and briefly dealing with the Atlantean and Lemurian races, he conducts us through the Stone Age, the Biblical nations, Egyptian Culture and Chinese Culture. The last two parts (III and IV) deal respectively with the evolution of the art of writing and the evolution of religion, natural and revealed. There is a great amount of very valuable information, clearly and attractively set forth in this book of one hundred and twenty-four pages, and the Theosophist interested in the scientific presentment of things would do well to add the work to those already on his shelves.

J. S.

The Occult Arts, by J. W. Frings. (William Rider & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is an examination of the claims made for the existence and practice of the super-normal powers, and an attempted justification of some of them by the conclusions of the researches of modern Science. This instructive little book should, in a time when so much interest is felt and shown in matters occult, prove both useful and attractive to the student of such things.

In a series of chapters dealing with Alchemy, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Omens, Oracles, Telepathy, etc., a brief history is given of the probable meaning and origin of each, an explanation in fact of their phenomena. It is shown how certain faculties, regarded as quite uncanny by many, are easily explainable in the light of modern science and its discoveries, and indeed are the logical outcome of conditions found to exist. The writer has the Theosophical view on the subject of the different planes of nature and of matter, and, from several explanations in the course of his work, one is led to infer that he, himself, has experienced in his own person some of the effects spoken of, and that he is susceptible to

those finer vibrations which enable one to cognise other states of consciousness than the mere physical. The book shows a considerable amount of painstaking research and is written in attractive style.

K.

The Return of Frank R. Stockton. Stories and Letters which cannot fail to convince the Reader that Frank R. Stockton still lives and writes through the instrumentality of Miss Etta de Camp. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London.)

The claim made for this collection of short stories is that they were automatically written through the instrumentality of Miss Etta de Camp, an amateur medium. Mr. Stockton was anxious in this way to convince the public that he is still able to write. His letters to Miss De Camp automatically written down and a chapter, 'Why I know that Frank R. Stockton writes through me,' give circumstantial evidence as to the truth of Mr. Stockton's claim and to Miss De Camp's *bona fides*, which latter seems indubitable. The Society for Psychic Research in America has investigated the case and taken possession of her original MSS. Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, an investigator of experience, in his summary which concludes the book, and after a thorough investigation, writes: "Stockton evidently wrote these stories." For having carefully compared them with Mr. Stockton's other work, he finds internal evidence, "the inexplicable something" which stamps an author's personality and output in this curiously produced book. The stories and their mode of production have naturally aroused a great deal of comment in America, but to the Theosophist who has learnt something of the after-death conditions, Miss De Camp's story, the part she personally plays, and Mr. Stockton's ability to work through her, and his continued literary interest and activity after death are no new things, but are valuable as adding to the gradually accumulating mass of first-hand and positive evidence that "at death not all of me shall die". The stories are of the humourous nature generally associated with Mr. Stockton's name, though two or three have a psychic interest, and the book is well worth reading by all who like a good story or are interested in psychic phenomena.

E. S.

Cosmic Art, by Charles Spencer. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

This little volume contains a series of addresses delivered by the author in London. "They are to be considered," he tells us, "rather as fragmentary hints and suggestions than as an attempt to put forward a complete philosophical system." Even in these days we think that eighty-four pages of not closely printed matter would scarcely suffice to contain "a complete philosophical system". He justifies the publication of these papers because in the literature of to-day he finds "there is very little that devotes itself to the interpretation of Nature and experience *from the standpoint of the Absolute*". (Italics ours.) We are not surprised!

The essays are written nicely enough, and are mystic in character, but there is nothing to distinguish them in any way. There is very little in them that the reader can definitely take hold of. Still they may present, to those unacquainted with the author's line of thought, some new ideas, and we feel they must have sounded far better when delivered by him than when read in cold print.

T. L. C.

Life, Ideals and Death, by F. Grantham. (Grant Richards Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In the Introduction the author tells us that from the age of ten to that of forty he has been thinking on the subjects embodied in this book, and that ten years have elapsed since he commenced to write it, after comparative study of the religions, philosophy and science of the East and West. The author's point of view is agnostic. For him, the real is the experience of the senses; all else is the Unknown; but within these limits he has penetrated to the simple root principles which are the foundation of our physical universe. He has tried to know himself and his surroundings, and his book clearly shows that he has taken as his watchword: "There is no religion, no science, no philosophy, greater than Truth." Surely, it would be better, especially in a movement like the Theosophical Society, in which new facts and opinions are constantly being propounded, if we set to work to classify our thoughts, if we winnowed out mere beliefs from knowledge, and

true belief from idle reflection of others' thoughts. We are setting out on a long journey, and it would seem fitting to examine our possessions, and to cast aside all that is not worth taking with us. The way is difficult enough without unnecessary encumbrances. With several of the details of the author's ideas we cannot agree, but the book is valuable, if we take it as a rough outline of what each of us should do for himself.

H. T. R.

For India's Uplift, by Annie Besant. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

This excellent compilation of Mrs. Besant's writings and lectures has special value for all who are interested in the possibilities of India's regeneration. Each lecture presents ideals to strive for as well as methods for their attainment. Their eloquence inspires, their logic convinces, and their intellectuality instructs. The principal trend is that practice should follow understanding. If the real public spirit, the true and enlightened patriotism Mrs. Besant tries to stimulate, could be aroused, the much desired change for India's future would be readily achieved. The cause, the growth and cessation of 'India's Unrest' are explained by an insight born of wide experience, knowledge and love of the country that has been of near and dear interest. The causes of the gradual decline of religion, intellect and prosperity are emphasised in order to provide remedial measures for their revival, and the necessity for moral and religious education is made obvious. Stress is laid upon the duty of the people to their ancestors who bequeathed ideals, so ancient and yet so new that they still have the power to inspire. The right relationship towards each other, and the ideal relationship that should exist between India and England are strongly recommended. Prominent social problems that beset the country at present will find a solution if this book has the wide circulation it deserves.

G. G.

The Parents' Book, by Rita Strauss. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London. Price 3s. 6 d.)

The first things which strike the reviewer when he takes up this book, are the amount of information contained therein, and the low price at which such information may be obtained. A sense of horror then begins to steal over him that there are in the world children really existing who may ask the questions that the book provides for. We cannot think that there is any contingency left unprovided for, but if so, only a child will find it. The book is thoroughly up-to-date in its information, and has interesting illustrations as well as a useful index. It deals with every subject under the sun—Science, Toys, History, Furniture, etc., etc. Happy is the parent who possesses this book and is able to cope with the child's perpetual 'why'.

T. L. C.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. net.)

Goethe, by Prof. C. H. Hereford, Litt. D.

The "hazardous enterprise" embarked upon by the author when he undertook to give an account of Goethe in so small a volume, has terminated successfully. It is hard to say to whom the reading of this little book will bring more profit and pleasure, the man who is to take his first real look at Goethe through the glasses provided by Prof. Hereford or the man to whom these short sketches are like snatches of familiar melody luring the memory far afield.

Kant's Philosophy, by A. D. Lindsay, M.A.

To the amateur philosopher 'Kant' is a fascinating horror—a most desirable "thing in itself," to a knowledge of which he cannot attain; all that he really knows of it being its phenomenal expression—to him a jumble of ponderous and

¹ *This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.*

incomprehensible phrases. To such a person this little book will be a revelation. The main principles of the Kantian view of things are here laid bare in a surprising and masterly way. This little book is a highly recommendable addition to this "adventurous series".

Shelley, by Sydney Waterlow, M. A.

The chief value of a small work like this lies not so much in the information given—though that is by no means inconsiderable—as in the fact that it whets the reader's appetite and makes him ask for more on the same subject. Where 'more' may be found is pointed out in a bibliographical note. The book contains three chapters—Shelley and his Age, Principal Writings, and The Poet of Rebellion, of Nature and Love.

Ethics, by Canon Rashdall, D. Litt., D. C. L.

This little book should be used as a sort of mental house-boat on the river of philosophy. As the author points out, ethics can hardly be studied satisfactorily without a knowledge of metaphysics; psychology is necessary too as furnishing the data for the consideration of ethics; again, the subject itself is complicated and branches out in unexpected ways. For all these reasons it is necessary for the reader, as he floats quietly down the stream of the author's argument, to stop often and make excursions inland, now on one bank, now on the other, and acquaint himself with the persons and places pointed out to him along the way. If he will do this, the book will indeed be to him what its author intended it should be, an introduction to the study of ethics.

A. de L.

An Introduction to the Experimental Psychology of Beauty, by C. W. Valentine, M. A.

This little book presents a summary of experiments dealing with the psychology of the appreciation of beauty. The result is an exceedingly interesting outline of the attempts of modern science to determine exactly what it is that gives a sense of pleasure in the observation of form, colour, balance and symmetry. A great number of experiments have been undertaken in the region of colour and it is remarkable that the character attributed to the same colour by independent observers, is so frequently similar.

Thus orange is generally considered mysterious, red violent and frank, blue soothing and reserved, yellow cheerful and frivolous. Blue purple was described as mystic and unfathomable, and by one subject as "a person with a past," while red purple was stated to combine the strength of red and the "thoughtfulness" of blue.

The investigations extend not only to pictures but to music, and it appears that certain discordant combinations of notes, at first displeasing, become with repetition distinctly pleasurable. It may be remembered in this connection that the major third, at one time inadmissible, is now the most popular interval. Asiatic music in which quarter tones are prominent, in the first instance much disliked, after several hearings appeared to many people very beautiful. The truth of this observation will be endorsed by those who have made any study of Indian music. The book is written in very readable style and many who are interested in self-knowledge will be glad to find here an indication of the direction in which to seek an answer, when such questions as: "Do I like this and if so why?" present themselves to the mind.

C. R. H.

England in the Making, by Prof. F. J. G. Hearnshaw, M. A., LL. D.

This book suffers from the defects of one of its qualities—brevity. The charm of the history of Britain before the Norman Conquest is almost altogether lost, and the inevitable compression which the author has exercised reduces his work to the record of a succession of facts. He begins with an account of Pre-Roman Britain, and describes the condition of the country in the old Stone Age, and the successive 'Ages,' and continues the history up to the coming of the Normans. The chapter on 'The Consolidation of the English' is an admirable summary. We venture to think that not enough space has been given to the early institutions of Britain, and we miss some of the fascinating legends which used to enchant our childhood.

A useful list of authorities is given at the end of the book, as well as a comprehensive index—but *why* no map? How can we follow the varying fortunes of the Heptarchy clearly without this aid?

But as a reliable history of the early times of our Island, this book must have its place. We cannot doubt that the author regrets as sincerely as we do the necessity of condensing his obviously wide knowledge into such a small space.

T. L. C.

The Crusades, by M. M. C. Calthrop.

The author gives us an opportunity of looking back upon an interesting and instructive bit of history during the Middle Ages, when a series of wars were waged by Europe for the possession of the Holy Land. The various factors that led to the pilgrimages and crusades—spiritual thirst, hopes of reward and redemption, dissatisfaction, ambitious motives—and the achievements thereof, represent the spirit of the times, and the strange ways in which a great force will find channels to expend itself. From the time of the first pilgrimage made in 333 A. D. to the end of the fourteenth century, many events are recorded which mark a peculiar stage our humanity passed through in clamouring for its rights of possessing Palestine. These events are put into a 'nutshell' form for ready reading, and a Bibliography and Index are furnished at the end of this valuable volume.

G. G.

Youth and Sex. Dangers and Safeguards for Girls and Boys, by Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S. and T. Arthur Sibly, M.A., LL. D.

This little booklet suffers from being a combination of two separate essays by two different writers. The subject, as given in the title, is approached from an altogether different standpoint by each. Dr. Scharlieb gives rather a sensible little treatise on hygiene and ethics with regard to young girls, whilst Dr. Sibly exclusively deals with the impurity problem amongst boys.

In both essays there is practical and good common sense, and especially in the second some astonishing and most important statements are made. A practical remedy, however, is not given, beyond that of hypnotic suggestions.

J. v. M.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALISATION¹

Two books lie before us, bearing as date of publication 1914, so they may be regarded as the very latest contribution on the subject of which they treat. Both of them are devoted to a branch of spiritualistic enquiry, and both of them are called *Phenomena of Materialisation*, the one in French, the other in German. They contain independent reports of a long series of experimental seances held from February 1909, till August 1913, by a small group of experimenters of which the authors of these books were the most constant, while some of the others changed from time to time. Both of the books are sumptuously got up, and contain a profusion of very well reproduced photographs. The greater part of each of the works is filled with the exact and circumstantial reports of the meetings, giving in both cases a dispassionate, scientific and detailed description of conditions, happenings and experiences; several general chapters about the medium, an introduction, general historical factors, hypotheses and facts, conclusions, the theory of fraud and, in the case of the German book, a list of chemical analyses round off the work.

The reports of the seances give the impression of great exactitude, carefulness and scientific accuracy regarding observations, and the result of the whole seems to be of great importance in the development of the scientific study of psychic phenomena. In studying the books, and specially with regard to many of the photographs contained in them, the general impression is twofold. If the pictures had been given alone, I think scarcely any neutral observers could escape the strong impression that the whole thing is a fraud, and a clumsy fraud at that. Studying the text, however, we find such a careful description of what actually took place that, judging the text without photographs, one would be quite favourably impressed, and inclined to take a favourable view of the reality of the phenomena.

These phenomena are curious in many ways. To a large extent they consist in emanations proceeding from either the mouth, the navel or the womb of the medium. These emanations assume chiefly two forms, the one of pictures of materialisations of human figures, tolerably complete or only partial, the

¹ *Materialisations-Phaenomene*, by Dr. A. Von Schrenck-Notzing. *Les Phenomenes dits de materialisation*, by Juliette Alexandre-Bisson.

other of diffused and formless masses of matter of which sometimes parts take definite shape. One peculiarity of the materialisations of faces and figures *looks* very suspicious. They seem as a rule to be flat pictures, not appearances of three-dimensional forms. In many of them the photographs show creases and folds in these materialised surfaces which would seem to indicate that they had been carried about in a folded condition by the medium after she had cut them out from an illustrated paper; but then, in reading the description of the careful precautions against fraud taken by the investigators, both as to the clothing of the medium and the checking of her movements, the hypothesis of fraud becomes one excessively difficult to support.

The second class of phenomena, that of the production of curious and unappetising masses of matter from the mouth and elsewhere, is not a very pleasant one. The pictures in the book figuring these abortions of matter give one very often the same revolting impression as that produced on a layman by his first examination of the illustrations in an anatomical or embryological book.

Now as far as the first class of phenomena is concerned, they have already been 'unmasked' in the Paris daily paper *Le Matin* of December the 26th, 1913, which disposes of the genuineness of the manifestations in two and a half columns, setting at naught the 850 pages of minute analysis of Madame Bisson and Dr. Schrenck-Notzing. The paper makes out that several of the materialised forms are mere cuttings from illustrated newspapers, cleverly manipulated; but the acute journalist who wrote this criticism is not able satisfactorily to account for the manner in which the group of observers has been tricked for five years into an impression that no jugglery took place, and forgets at the same time an evident and interesting observation.

Most of the phenomena were, as so many others in this line, in themselves silly, meaningless, mysterious and commonplace. We have only to remember the famous gloo-gloo spook of ridiculous memory. Now it is clear that, if our researches are sufficiently authoritative to eliminate for the moment the fraud hypothesis, there is nothing to prevent us from adopting the theory that it was the spooks themselves (or, if we eliminate the spirit hypothesis, the psychic forces at work) who reproduced such cuttings, if cuttings they were. It may well be held that it may be easier for materialisation phenomena to take place when somewhere there is a physical basis. Anyhow, the problem should be put in quite another way than that in which the zealous unmaskers, who always follow in the wake of any publication of the results of psychic enquiry, have done it.

The problem before us is simply this. Here are a number of people, some of them with great scientific reputations, some of them with technical knowledge of various sorts, some of them experts in the matter of psychical research, all of whom have for five years observed their medium. They have observed certain phenomena, and they have not been able to detect fraud, though the results contain several elements which seem to indicate, or which lead one to suppose, fraud. Now the scientific position is not to say: "If such and such were done, could the hypothesis of fraud be explained or proven?" But rather: "Have indications of fraud really been found?" The latter has not been the case. Though, therefore, these books leave still very much to be desired and to be explained, they are in no sense valueless for our knowledge of psychic phenomena. Their results are fairly negative, but they make out a *prima facie* case which justifies further study, and if they do nothing else but this, their publication has been worthy of the painstaking care, the trouble and the expense bestowed upon their preparation and production.

Finally, considering the incipient stage in which psychic research in general still finds itself at the present day, it is, in our opinion, not so much of importance whether the phenomena described in these two books are genuine or not. The primary importance of the works is rather that they set forth methods and standards of research, thus showing how psychic problems should be scientifically approached. In this way they contribute towards the construction of a reliable and lasting basis upon which psychic knowledge may be erected. The future may then—in quite a later stage—bring fixed results which at present are wanting in so many respects.

INDIAN ART

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN INDIAN PAINTER

Out of a noisy narrow street in Calcutta we turn into a short lane, and at its end a courtyard opens, and suddenly we are far away from Calcutta. Round the three sides of the court are three residences, pillared, double-storied. There is an atmosphere of peace in the courtyard. For here reside the members of a great family, whose name now is known all over the world.

In one of these residences lives Abanindranath Tagore, artist and dreamer, great in his department of Art as is his uncle the poet in another. A friend goes first to see if the artist is at home. He is, and he comes to welcome me.

He does not look a dreamer at all, though his work is so full of dreams. Abanindranath Tagore is a tall, broad-shouldered man, just past forty perhaps, with a full clean-shaven face, and there is no resemblance between him and his famous uncle. He looks a prosperous business man, but he is an artist through and through. You note that from his dressing-gown and the way he wears it.

The artist takes me upstairs to a large room that is his reception-room and study. They say that "the style's the man"; perhaps also the room's the man. Certainly from one glance at this room you may know Abanindranath Tagore.

How shall I describe this room? It is India, Japan, China, the East, the true East where the sun rises and the soul is at peace. I wonder whether there is another room like it in all Calcutta. Probably not, for that is India's tragedy to-day. Indians go after "other gods"—made in Germany or England—and know not that the fount of beauty and inspiration is at our very doors, and not in the machine products of foreign lands.

Imagine a large room, beautifully proportioned, and on the floor an enclosure some fifteen feet by ten. I call it an enclosure, because it is the study, the sanctuary, separated off from the rest of the room by a wooden division an inch or two

high. Inside are soft mats, a low writing-table or two, and large roll-cushions to lean upon as you sit cross-legged. Outside the enclosure are low chairs of carved wood, if you should want to sit; and on the walls is—life. Life from Japan in kakemonas, and in panels by Indian artists; here too are portraits and scenes and incidents from old Mughal days, and elsewhere round the room are statuettes, paintings and carvings of all kinds. Yet they do not seem to take up the space of the room; they seem only as if peeping in upon the occupant.

There are very few of Mr. Tagore's pictures for me to see, for some two hundred of them have just been sent to Paris to be exhibited at the Luxembourg; yet there is a gem or two still left. First a miniature of his mother in such a wonderful setting as Da Vinci might have imagined; and then that picture so perfect in sentiment, the dying Shah Jehan, tended by his daughter Jahanara, looking out of a window at the Tāj. It is the original he shows me, and it is too precious to be sent away. And just one or two more, and that is all. There are several drawings of his pupils, but I am alive just now to Mr. Tagore's work only.

The artist tells me he has never been taught Art, and has never been to an art school. That I can well understand, for I was told a similar thing by Paul Troubetzkoy, the foremost of Russian sculptors. It is better so, sometimes; we poor seekers of life through Art have it given to us sometimes from a fresher fount by those uninstructed and untrained in the art schools. I ask him if he has been to Italy, and he says no. When he goes to Florence and sees Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo, Perugino, will he recognise that he is of the brotherhood of the 'primitives'? I wonder! But one needs to have consorted with these 'primitives,' and then to have been thrown into the hurly-burly of modern art salons to appreciate the work of Tagore. It is not a thing you can explain, this charm of simplicity and innocence, and above all purity, through which divine intuitions play. I wonder to myself whether Tagore is not an Italian 'primitive' reincarnated. But this much is certain, that India has a genius whom the world will honour the more it comes to know him.

C. J.

INDIAN MUSIC

Mrs. William Mann—better known as the celebrated violinist, Maud MacCarthy—is arousing England to a sense of the value of Indian Music. While quite a girl, she achieved a

remarkable success as a violinist, so that the *Athenaeum* hailed her as seeming to be "destined to be the legitimate successor of Joachim," and the *Times* declared that "her deep insight into such works as she chooses to play is as surprising as her finished execution". *Music* remarked: "Her faultless technique is placed purely at the service of classical art. The result is a fineness and a purity of style which is possessed by no other player I know of." Under the influence of the Theosophical Society she resolved to dedicate her genius to the uplifting of the public rather than merely to its amusing, and during a temporary exhaustion of the nerves of the right arm, owing to over-practice, she came to Benares to live with Mrs. Besant, and later accompanied her to Adyar.

Her musical genius received a new inspiration under the influence of Indian music, and she rapidly learned to sing and play it with astonishing beauty and mastery of its difficult technique. She now sings twenty-four microtones to the notes of the western octave, in "a voice of exceptional flexibility and purity of tone" (*Times*), and is fascinating English musicians with her marvellous renderings of Indian music, accompanying herself on the *ṭambura*. Her examples of Indian classical music are used as illustrations in the lectures given at the London Academy of Music, and the veteran Felix Moschells declared that "she had made him feel that the East and West were one at heart". *Musical Opinion* says of a lecture lately given at Birmingham:

There was a low platform on which her slight figure, in its soft robes of drapery, crouched before a *vīṇā* and a native drum; and as she sang her strange Indian songs, with their intermingling of three rhythms (giving a wonderful lithe suppleness), the walls of the room seemed to melt away—we were sitting on the verandah of an Indian bungalow and in the compound was an Indian singer playing the *ṭambura* and the *vīṇā* and singing in the magical light of an Indian landscape. Mrs. Mann herself has at times a curiously Indian look, as if her sympathetic study of the music had brought her into such union with the Indian soul that it affected her form and looked out at her eyes. We do not know when we have heard a voice of such exquisite purity of tone—we have never heard such *sotto voce*—and the fineness of ear and breath-control which enables her to sing scales of twenty-four *srutis* (or micro-tones) to the octave is astounding. This eastern music has a marvellous subtlety and delicate quality which seem to make our western methods appear very coarse and clumsy.

Mrs. Mann has recently published a pamphlet on *Some Indian Conceptions of Music* (Theosophical Publishing Society, 6d.), in which is to be found a somewhat fuller account of the matter than can be given in an evening's lecture, and which we recommend to all who care to investigate the subject. We have given our impression in a somewhat pictorial way. We will however trust ourselves yet further to the sympathies of our readers and give a still more intimate experience that came to us on this occasion. A suggestion seemed to arise that by this charm the "gates of ivory" were slightly opened and through them there stole shadowy memories of some previous state of existence, some earlier incarnation, in which this music was our own familiar way of thought amid oriental scenes and ways of life.

Rabindranath Tagore speaks warmly of her work, and the Professor of Bengali Literature at Cambridge University, after her 'lecture' there, wrote to Mr. Mann of his delight, and remarks that he feels justified in having made a remark a year ago, for which he was "promptly snubbed," that "De Bussy was learning from India". The *Sussex Daily News* reports a lecture at Brighton, in which she prefaced her music with some remarks on the value of Theosophy in leading to the comparative study of religions, arts, and literature. Her lecture for the Annie Besant T. S. Lodge in the Birmingham Midland Institute, presided over by the Principal of the Birmingham School of Music, created such intense interest that another lecture is to be given on March 4th, under the presidency of Sir Oliver Lodge, in the Medical Theatre of the University of Birmingham.

Mrs. Mann hopes to form a choir for general music in the London T. S. Headquarters, and Indian music will find there a congenial home. All who love India will be grateful to her for placing her exquisite art at the feet of the Motherland, and will thank Theosophy for the inspiration which led to the offering.

[Reprinted from the *Commonweal* of January 16th and 23rd.]

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES?

THE VICAR OF S. JAMES', LONDON, AND MILITANCY

Issued by the Women's Social and Political Union

THIS is the question which excited journalists and still more excited letter-writers are trying to answer. And such answers! Now, of course, it is a very simple and natural question to ask. And you can take your choice of two answers, and two only. You must either kill them or give them the vote. There is no middle course with militant Suffragettes. Like the schoolboy's elephant: "When they are angry they won't do so." Promises, threats, arguments, attacks by hooligans, jingle-like vulgar witticisms, prisons, stripes, hunger, forcible feeding—these are of no avail. A woman like Mrs. Pankhurst, who is quite prepared, if need be, to die, is the master of the Government and the British Constitution. You can, of course, kill her. But dare you? And if you do, you will have such a lot of others to kill as well, and when you have killed them all, you will still have to give women votes. Jesus Christ was crucified and His Apostles martyred, but Christianity triumphed. You can't kill ideas. You can't kill truth and justice. That women, sooner or later, must have the vote is as sure as the rising and setting of the sun and the process of the seasons. The point at issue simply is: Will you kill a lot of women first and then give in, or will you do justice now, and avoid the killing? The women are not asking the British public to book the order; they are out for the immediate delivery of the goods.

Now, what I have just written is not argument; it is a simple statement of fact. If a man can't see it, it is because his mental vision is defective. But I want now to discuss the very interesting subject of militancy. I am told that some people—dear, timid, gentle, respectable people—are shocked that the Vicar of S. James

approves of militancy. Poor Mr. Jingle is quite upset about it. Well, Mr. Editor, I am very grateful to you for giving me permission, through the medium of your paper, to put my views before the public. First let me assure the virtuously-shocked people that I do not approve of militancy. It is a very ugly thing. I deplore it. I am a man of peace. I am an extremist even. I am a man of peace at any price, even the price of war. And I say, there will be no peace in this country till women get the vote.

There are two arguments urged against the militant tactics of the Suffragettes, one is that they are very sinful, the other is that they are alienating friends of the cause, and putting back the hands of the clock. Let me deal with the second objection first. My answer is that it is not true; and if it were true it wouldn't matter. What does it matter where the hands of a clock are, if the clock won't go? It is a plain sober fact of the modern history of the movement which nobody can deny, however much they would like to deny it, that the militant tactics of the last year or two have done more to bring the cause of women's suffrage to the certainty of a successful issue than all the fifty years' strenuous, heroic, constitutional agitation which preceded it. It is a lamentable fact, no doubt, and one not very creditable to human nature, but it is a fact, nevertheless. "Votes for Women" is the only live political issue to-day. As long as women said nicely and persuasively: "Don't you think we ought to have the vote?" the question was one of merely academic interest. When gentle women held out suppliant hands a few sympathised, and the crowd passed by on the other side, a little irritated and much amused. When the militants bared a strong right arm and said: "We mean to have the vote, and we mean to hold the Government up and the public, till we get it," they brought the subject so to the front that every other public question has to take a back seat till this is settled for good and all. Mind, I am not at this point arguing that militant tactics are right; I am merely reminding you of the simple, indisputable

fact that they have proved themselves superlatively successful. But you say they have made the public very angry. For the present, yes; but an angry opponent to a just and righteous cause is a better asset than an indifferent friend, because it is indifference that kills great causes and not opposition.

And now let us come to the question of the rights and wrongs of militancy. Is it wrong to break windows? Of course it is. Is it wrong to spoil letters? Of course it is. Is it wrong to blow up nice, kind Mr. Lloyd George's house? Yes, even that is wrong. But the thing isn't quite as simple as all that. Some of the militant Suffragettes have been to Sunday School, and they know what is wrong as well as you. The question we have to face is this: Why do gentle, educated, refined, philanthropic women do these things? It is much better to sit down and try to think it out quietly, than to get angry and to adopt militant tactics ourselves, in order to show to the whole world how we hate militancy. Physical force is physical force, and militancy is militancy, whether they come from a Suffragette or a brutal steward at Mr. Lloyd George's meeting, or from a Barrow Labour-man or from a hooligan mob of anti-suffragists, or a policeman, or a prison doctor.

Let us turn away from abstract theories of right and wrong, and try to see things as they actually are. You say that women ought to adopt constitutional methods. But for over fifty years they have adopted every constitutional method that the wit of woman could devise, and what has it brought them? One member of the Government tells them they are not in earnest. Men burnt down old historical castles when they wanted the vote; and then, when in a very, very mild form they take his advice, there is another member of the Government—Mr. McKenna—to put them in prison, and in order to break their unbreakable spirits, he introduces into English prisons Russian methods of physical torture. Men are in the Constitution; they have the right to vote. Women under a Liberal Government, which has tricked and duped them time after time, are shut, bolted and

barred out of the Constitution, and then calmly told to be very constitutional.

And what a lot we hear about law and order. Now, law and order are sacred things, and all lawlessness and disorder are harmful to the common life. But there is a spurious reverence for law and order, which is only another name for a selfish love of ease and comfort—a desire to play golf quietly, to have your letters promptly and cleanly delivered, and your plate-glass properly preserved, in total disregard of all the suffering human beings who are on the wrong side of the security and comfort which law and order ought to guarantee, and for the comforting and uplifting of whom women are seeking the vote. There is, you must agree, a certain logic in the law-breakers' methods. They want to disturb you, and they have succeeded. My dear anti-suffragist and anti-suffragette, it is not a question of law and order; it is a question of what law and what order. The women have outgrown the present man-made law and the present man-ordered order. They are out for a better law and a better order, and some of them have been made so desperate that they are prepared to dare any deed, and suffer any penalty, and even to die any death you may inflict upon them in our glorious prisons, which are one of the proud possessions of our present system of law and order. It is well to understand, even if you don't agree. Again I say: you must either kill them or give them the vote. Law and order are good things, but greater even than these are justice and life.

And I would like also to urge in this connection that there is a great amount of unconscious cant, humbug and hypocrisy in the fervid public outcry against the militant women. Unfortunately, as things are, we live in a militant world. We are told that European peace is to be secured only by an ever-increasing display of militant force in vast and bloated armies and navies. We are told that Ulster Irishmen are arming and drilling, and if the Home Rule Bill becomes law, they are going to be militant with powder and shot; and leading statesmen say they will be

doing a praiseworthy thing, and Mr. McKenna dare not arrest them. Not long ago the miners adopted militant tactics, and Barrow steel-workers starved and suffered. At the present moment the railwaymen are contemplating a gigantic act of militancy, which, if it comes off, will cause terrible suffering to millions of inoffensive people. Quite recently the whole Tory party adopted militant tactics in the House, and made debate impossible, and compelled the Prime Minister to climb down. As the rag-time ditty says: "Every-body's doing it, doing it." But I must be just. There is a bright and shining exception—the Labour party in the House of Commons. Of course at meetings and elections they let off a lot of stage thunder, but, bless your life, you needn't be afraid; it means nothing. They are very non-militant, and they are in the Constitution, and they each draw a salary of £400 a year, and are very respectful to Mr. Asquith. But to leave this virtuous exception and go back to the otherwise wicked militant world. Is it fair to look benignantly upon the militant relations in which nations and classes and individuals stand to-day, and to single out a group of militant women, and grossly assail them with the bitterest invective and abuse? I, for one, refuse to join in the hue and cry. Condemn all militancy by all means and I am with you. Christian England ought to have discovered a more excellent way; but I have no intellectual respect for the men and women who can swallow camels so easily that the very hump doesn't even scrape their throats, and who strain at the gnat of militant suffragism.

I hope I have explained my attitude. I know it is not a popular one. It suits no special political party, and that looks as if I am somewhere near the truth. One thing I will say, that whether I am alive or dead, I am prepared to put these words to the judgment of men and women in ten years' time. And, by the way, the Tory party has got the chance of its life. I wonder if they have leaders with vision to see and courage to lead. I wonder, and I doubt.

Edwin A. Mould

SVĀMI VIVEKĀNANDA AND THEOSOPHY

A writer in a newspaper quotes Svāmi Vivekānanda to show that the Theosophical Society was unfriendly to him. But in the very quotation given the following occurs :

Vol. 3. Page 605:—First of all, I have to say a few words about the Theosophical Society ; it goes without saying that a certain amount of good work has been done to India by the Society ; as such, every Hindu is grateful to it, and especially to Mrs. Besant, for, though I know very little of her, yet what little I know has impressed me with the idea that she is a sincere well-wisher of this motherland of ours, and that she is doing the best in her power to raise our country. For that, the eternal gratitude of every true-born Indian is hers, and all blessings be on her and hers for ever. But that is one thing—and joining the Society of the Theosophists is another. Regard and estimation and love are one thing, and swallowing everything any one has to say without reasoning, without criticising, without analysing, is quite another.

Again he writes :

I reached America, as you know, through the help of a few friends of Madras. Most of them are present here ; only one is absent, Mr. Justice Subramania Iyer, to whom my deepest gratitude is due. He has the insight of genius, and is one of the staunchest friends I have in this life, a true friend indeed, a true child of India.

This is his testimony to two prominent Theosophists. Against this is his statement that Colonel Olcott refused to give him a letter of introduction to friends in America. Whatever may have been the reason for the President-Founder's refusal, it need not outweigh the help of " Mr. Justice Subramania Aiyar ". An unnamed Theosophist is mentioned as making a brutal remark ; that can hardly brand the Society. The Svāmi further writes harshly of Theosophy and Theosophists generally. Yet, in London, Mr. Sturdy, then an earnest Theosophist, was his host and worked for his lectures ; it was he who brought the Svāmi to see me in most friendly fashion. But I was not in my remark speaking of personal friendliness. I was speaking of the effect of Theosophy on western thought, of the way in which it had widened Christianity ; and it was in this connection that I said it had made the Svāmi's work possible.