

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONE of our good and strong workers has passed away from a world in which she suffered much—Isabel Cooper-Oakley. There was no one in the Society who showed a stronger and more one-pointed devotion ; no one whose will was more steadily set to the Service of the Masters. She was ever thinking of, planning out, new ways of reaching those who had not heard of Theosophy, of teaching the new-comer, of helping the older student to advance. In any struggle within the Society—and she went through them all ; the Coulomb conspiracy, the Judge split, the Leadbeater shaking—she stood firmly for the original Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott under the direction of the Masters, and to that her allegiance was ever given, steady as the needle to the Pole. No ties of family or of friendship—passionately affectionate as was her nature—could hold her as against this supreme love. She would let everything break, rather than falter in her fidelity. With a sickly body upheld by a will of steel, she worked indefatigably ; assailed by calumny, she

suffered, but remained undaunted. She often chose her friends badly, trusted them wholly, and found herself basely betrayed. But through all she went on, brave and steadfast, ready to blame herself, and learning to forgive. To myself she gave a deep, unchanging love, an unswerving loyalty, an unfaltering trust. I lay on her grave a tribute of affection and respect. That she has a period, however short, of rest and refreshment, is a thing to rejoice over, not to regret. May she come back for a life less shadowed by suffering ; a life more utterly devoted it cannot be.

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We printed on p. 494 of THE THEOSOPHIST for January, 1914, 'A Carol,' author unknown. On this Mr. Baillie-Weaver, F. T. S., writes that the author is Sidney Lanier, who died in 1881. The poem was entitled, 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master,' and it is not quite correctly given. It runs :

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

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last :
'T was on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

It is always a service to enable a man to be repeated in the exact form in which he wrote.

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As all the world knows, there is to be an Exhibition next year in San Francisco, U. S. A., to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. It has been arranged that an 'International Congress of Religious Philosophies' shall be held there, to which representatives of the great religious philosophies of the world shall be invited, and the Congress is to be held under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. All facilities are given to the Congresses thus welcomed by the Exhibition, halls are provided, advertising is done. Mr. Warrington, the American General Secretary has sent the following letter, in reply to the telegram approving of the proposed International Congress.

JAS. A. BARR, ESQ., Manager,

Bureau of Conventions and Societies,

Panama-Pacific International Exposition,

San Francisco, California.

MY DEAR MR. BARR,

I am happy to have your telegram and to know that the Exposition will welcome an International Congress of Religious Philosophies under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, and that it will provide facilities given to congresses.

I will at once set the machinery in motion to bring about the end desired, and will bear in mind that it is your understanding that this Congress will be based on the philosophy of the leading world-religions.

Thanking you for your prompt attention to the matter, and hoping that this undertaking will be of such nature as to add to the importance and fame of your great Exposition, I am,

Heartily yours,

A. P. WARRINGTON,

General Secretary

The Congress will give a magnificent opportunity to men and women of different faiths to meet and learn from each other, and it will aid in spreading the peace and goodwill which are the fruit of mutual understanding.

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An interesting account has been published in London of the discoveries of a party of explorers, led by Captain Besley, who penetrated into one of the untrodden spots of South America. Captain Besley states that they went first to Mollendi, and

..... struck the wonderful high way built by the Incas of ancient days to Quito. This highway is fifteen hundred miles long, and sections of it are almost as perfect to-day as when it was built thousands of years ago. On our arrival at Cuzco we fell in with a guide who said that he would show us ruins older than the oldest ruins generally known. He it was who led us to three cities, which for centuries past have lain buried in the luxuriant tropical undergrowth. The like of them, I should say, has not been before in any continent. Among the dense masses of the undergrowth we at first could see nothing, but the spade and the hatchet cleared a way for us and revealed portions of extraordinary buildings equal in conception and execution to anything that is to be seen at present in the world of civilisation. Their architecture was more impressive than that of our British Houses of Parliament. There were Inca palaces that we saw containing meeting-rooms larger than the rooms in our biggest modern hotels. We found among these remains of a "lost world" some wonderful specimens of "champi," which is a mixture of gold and silver, some silver chisels, a number of semi-circular knives and vessels of all sorts and descriptions. Many of the vessels were richly ornamented. We were the first white men to set foot within these cities. It is clear that the Incas in their time possessed methods of their own by which enormous stones might be moved from one place to another. We found one stone weighing 300 tons, which had obviously been brought from a great distance. It had been partially cut with some instrument of the saw type. The cities are guarded by huge fortified gates of stone. The adjacent river was banked up with stone walls by these bold engineers for a distance of 45 miles in order to prevent disaster by flood or invasion.

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Everyone knows that there are traditions of the ancient splendour of the great Toltec civilisation both in Mexico and Peru, and that among the American Indians it is maintained that vast stores of treasure were concealed when the destroying hosts of Spaniards swept over the land. The hiding-places of these trea-

tures, however, are not likely to be revealed, but it is possible that some of the ancient cities might be shown, although it would have seemed unlikely. That such ruined cities exist is certainly a fact, and clairvoyants who have seen some of the ancient cities in their splendour will not be surprised at any marvels which may be uncovered by the indefatigable explorers of the twentieth century.

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The movement for building hostels for women workers in memory of Mr. W. T. Stead—perhaps the bravest champion that women have ever had—is going on well in England. Bath held a most successful inaugural meeting lately, over which the Duchess of Beaufort presided, and a very strong committee has been formed, in which we see that the Bath Theosophists are well represented. Forty hostels have already been established; H. M. the Queen sent 100 guineas to the fund, and Queen Alexandra had shown her sympathy by opening the latest hostel founded. The Mayor of Bath, however, was hostile, for he said: “I cannot support a movement which is to take the form of a Stead memorial, and is under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, of which I strongly disapprove.” Both the movements may, perhaps, survive the disapproval of the Mayor of Bath, since the first is carrying on a noble work for women in the name of one of the best and bravest of men, while the second—well, it is not worth while to defend the T. S. against a Mayor of Bath.

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Our Netherlands General Secretary, Mr. Cnoop-Koopmans, has been nominated the President of the Council for Navigation in Holland, the former occupant

of this post having become Minister of the Colonies. It is always pleasant when those who have been found worthy of office in the Theosophical Society are recognised in their own countries as useful to the State.

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The progress of our Headquarters' Building in London has been interfered with by the building lock-out, a labour-dispute in which, from what I have heard, the fault is on the side of the employers, not of the men. We are only having personal proof of what we have so often pointed out—the industrial anarchy which prevails, in which the supposed advantages of modern civilisation become non-existent. When all is said and done as regards the merits of any particular dispute, the broad fact remains that the men who make the wealth do not obtain an adequate share thereof, and that, until they do, industrial unrest must continue. Mr. Ford, the American millionaire, who shares the profits of his industry with his 20,000 workmen, and is now paying them, by this principle, £1 a day, says that profit-sharing pays, for he has now “20,000 partners” in his business, every one of whom is anxious for its prosperity and stability. He cannot, of course, under this system, amass a fortune for himself out of the work of others, but, being a just man, he does not desire to do so; the wealth made by the men should go back to the men, he quietly says—*and gives it back*. It is another step towards the true organisation of industry, for which the American Trusts are preparing the way; presently the Mr. Fords of industry—men who have not only the genius to organise labour to the greatest productive advantage, but have also evolved the social conscience which makes it criminal to plunder, even under legal

sanction—will be recognised by the community as its agents, and will use their brains for the good of the community, and not, as the mediæval baron used his muscles, for their own personal gain. We may repeat once more that in the coming civilisation, which will be based on the principles which will be laid down by the coming World-Teacher, co-operation will take the place of competition, and we shall have in the State the mutual love and service of the members of a family, and not the wild strife of the beasts of the jungle. With our eyes on that coming, and labouring patiently to prepare the way of the Blessed One, we may work on with hopeful instead of despairing energy, and while we suffer with those who suffer, our hearts need not break.

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The new Indian paper, *The Commonweal*, is steadily making its way and we hear nothing but praise of it from the educated class of Indians. This will suffice to condemn it in the eyes of the *Times*, but we venture to hope that more reasonable English politicians, who understand that the one hope of maintaining the Empire in India is for the Government to draw nearer to the educated Indians and to draw them nearer to it, will read a paper that expresses their ideas, and that is largely written by them. Indian papers do not circulate much in England, and I am, to speak quite frankly, trying to utilise the popularity of my own writings in England to draw attention to the grievances under which our Indian fellow-subjects suffer over here. This could not be done constantly in a Theosophical magazine, so this new weekly has been established for the purpose.

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Mr. Leadbeater's stay in Burma has proved to be a very successful one. He spoke on 'The Noble Eight-fold Path' in the famous Shwé Dagon Pagoda, on the invitation of Buddhist monks and laymen, and, with the permission of the chief monk, he gave Pañcha Sīla to the audience, to its great enthusiasm. The lecturer has now gone to Java, where he remains until the middle of April.

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A German Professor, belonging to a well-known and much honoured family of Vienna, has become the Rev. Sono Samenero, a Buddhist monk, and has been addressing the Young Men's Buddhist Association, at the Royal College, Colombo, Ceylon. The lecture was presided over by Mrs. Musæus-Higgins, the devoted Theosophist who has done so much for the education of Buddhist girls in Ceylon, and whose self-sacrificing work has not only aroused the profound gratitude of the Buddhists themselves, but has also brought to her keen appreciation from the Crown Princess of Sweden, and others who have visited her school.

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A most absurd type-written document, with post-mark Bombay, has been sent to so many members of the T. S. here—and may have been sent to many abroad—that I think I ought to say that it does not come from the source from which it claims to emanate. It urges members to vote for me as President for life. Apart from everything else, the fact that the writer does not even know that such voting would be futile, being unconstitutional, is enough to discredit it.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL¹

By ANNIE BESANT

ONE of the difficulties which ever pursue the serious student is that he can never take up a subject of study without finding that its beginning is no beginning, and its end no end. There is always a something before, of which some knowledge seems to be needed; and then there is always a something after, which seems to demand further pursuit. No important question of human life and human growth, especially, can be isolated, set apart, taken by itself. Any of the deeper questions which we take up is linked with other depths,

¹ This is written on, and expanded from, some very old notes of some talks to the Kāshi Ṭaṭṭva Sabhā, Benares, which I had kept, intending to use them as a basis for a study.

and the moment we try to solve one problem we find that we are only dealing with one aspect of a larger problem, and so on and on endlessly.

But in this there is naught to surprise, for there is but One Life, flowing on in a hidden, unbroken stream ; every jet, every spring, that comes forth from it may seem unrelated to the others, but all arise from the one continuous river underground. Hence is the world, which is the manifestation of that life, an integral whole, and any part thereof is related to every other part. How then can we hope to understand any part, unless we see it as a portion of the whole ? A child's puzzle, cut into many pieces, conveys no idea while disconnected ; an incongruous eye, a fragment of a cheek, a fold of a gown, a drift of a cloud—who can say what each indicates, much less what is its place, its value, in the whole ? In truth, we can only learn relative values by seeing wholes, wholes which extend far beyond the fragments we are studying, so that, to all intents and purposes, we see our unit in its proportion to the greater unit into which it is integrated. If we see only fragments, we can have no sense of proportion. Things loom large, which are seen to be but small when their surroundings are within our ken, and the value of of a thing apparently small may be enormously enhanced when it lights up or lends colour to its whole environment.

In these papers I propose that we should study the Individual ; but if we only begin at the point where he technically begins, we shall never succeed in understanding his nature, his evolution, his transcending of the limits which render him possible, and which fall away, like the scaffolding of a completed building, when

he has found himself, and needs no outer stay for self-preservation. Only by such study can we understand that the essence of Individuality no more depends on the temporary limits than the house depends on the temporary scaffolding, albeit the limits be necessary to the evolution as the scaffolding is necessary to the building of the house. Only thus can we learn that the Individual, as we know him, is but a necessary phase in the expression of the profound Individuality of the Spirit. When he, the Inner Ruler Immortal, assumes the royal robes and takes to himself his eternal kingdom, then the limits vanish ; for that kingdom has no end in the heights above, nor in the depths below, nor in the infinite expanse stretching on every side.

Individuality, with the limitations which now hem it in, is but a passing phase in the age-long development of the portion of Divinity that we call the human Spirit—labelling it by an adjective which belongs to the temporary stage in which we now happen to find ourselves. Individuality is an essential attribute of this divine fragment, and the ' Individual ' is a temporary specialisation through matter and is the characteristic of human life throughout its evolution. The ' Individual ' is a form of manifestation which belongs to the Spirit in the human stage of evolution, so that man, as man, begins with the beginning of the individual. But it is an indication of a profound reality in the Spirit himself, his Selfhood in the divine worlds, and it is to establish this externally, as it exists in eternity internally, that he descends into matter. He cannot show it forth, so long as matter has power to blind and to thwart him ; he must conquer matter, in order that it may not hinder him, but may become only a vehicle

for the manifestation of his eternal Selfhood. Man may be defined as the being in whom matter and Spirit are battling for the mastery, and when Spirit has finally triumphed by so permeating matter with himself that it becomes his self-expression only, serving wholly his purposes, man becomes Superman, and enters on a new and superhuman course of development.

To understand the nature of the Individual, then, we must go behind his appearance in this world as an individual, as man, and rise to his source in the LOGOS, God the Word, or God manifest. We must see him as part of the Eternal, possessing in himself in potentiality, as a seed within that Eternal, all the characteristics and powers of that Father of Spirits, as the acorn has within it all the characteristics and powers of its father-oak. As the hydra buds off portions of itself containing all its characteristics, as the fern develops on itself its spores and then scatters them abroad, as the flower evolves within itself its pollen and its ovules, as the fish and the mammal evolve their ova, as the fertilised ovum, thrown off, develops in the womb of the soil, or of the water, or of the mammal, so is the Monad, the Spirit, specialised within the Eternal and develops within the womb of matter into his Parent's likeness, eternal Son of the Eternal Father. "This day—the day of manifestation—have I begotten thee"; such is the Word. That which is generated in Eternity comes forth in time. The Son is made flesh, and dwells in the manifested worlds, that he may become perfect as his "Father in Heaven" is perfect. It is this true Sonship, one with the Father, for which the Church Catholic unconsciously battled against the heresy of Arius, which postulated a duality of *nature* between the Father and

the Son. The Church thought that she was fighting for the supremacy of one person—Jesus Christ; but the Spirit within her, guiding her into truth, led her to trample upon the heresy of separateness, and unknowingly to cling to, to vindicate, the eternal Sonship of Humanity: “God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father; By whom all things were made, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary,” the sea of matter; therefore is ‘Mary’ ‘Stella Maris,’ the “Star of the Sea,” as are her congeners in older faiths. That we, as men, might be, did the Monad come down from the divine worlds, from the bosom of the Father, and was incarnated as Spirit in the womb of matter by the divine Activity, “the Holy Ghost,” or Shakti. The Church thought of one historical Christ; she knew not that the historical was the symbol of Man and the pledge of Man’s Eternity. She builded better than she knew under the impulsion of the divine Architect; she spoke historically an eternal truth which Mysticism reveals in its spiritual reality, and so preserved to Europe during the ages of ignorance a truth too mighty for the ignorant to understand. Dogma was the vessel in which the water of Truth was preserved, until the enlightened thirsted for the water, and the eternal Sonship of Humanity was seen to be the reality within the words. Therefore have Mystics ever proclaimed: “As above, so below.” The reproduction of itself, which is the characteristic of the ‘organic’ living thing throughout nature, is but the many-faced reduplication of the eternal generation of Spirits from SPIRIT. “Look at the things of the flesh with the eyes of the Spirit, not at

the things of the Spirit with the eyes of the flesh," so warned a Master. "As above, so below," not "as below so above". The below is the many-mirrored reflection of the above: the above is not the copy of the below. Man is in "the image of God," not God in the "image of Man". Anthropomorphism is the view of a great truth upside down; Theomorphism is the same truth right side up, the truth about man and the universe as related to God.

The true 'I' is the Self, whether the 'I' of the Universe, or the 'I' of Man. In the long unfolding, one aspect of this Self is manifested in the form of the 'I' usually so called, the Spirit in the causal body, the Ego, the Intellect in man. This we speak of as 'the Individual,' the relatively permanent manifestation, as contrasted with the Personality, which lasts only through a life-period. But, in truth, the whole Spirit is in process of manifestation, and individualises himself as a whole though manifesting successively his three aspects, as Will, as Intuition, and as Intellect. The Spirit is the Immortal Individuality manifesting in the five worlds of matter, as the embodied divine Seed, or Monad, whose elements are Will, Wisdom and Activity, or Power, Knowledge-Love, and Creative Intelligence. This Monad puts himself forth in His three-faced unity to manifest as an embodied Spirit, appropriating matter for each aspect—a different density of matter. He, the very essence of Selfhood, one with the Self of the universe in his nature, Individuality supernal, indestructible, unchangeable, unfolds first that aspect of the creative activity, the Intellect, which is the separative energy in nature. It is the very function of Intellect to cognise all that is *external* to itself, "its nature is

knowledge," and its field of exercise is the knowable. This it cannot do without sharp distinguishment between "Myself and others," and hence the ego-attribute must be emphasised, and to that end a wall which includes "myself" and excludes "others" must be built and strengthened. This is the causal body, the "body of manas," the storehouse of all experiences, the record-keeper of the Spirit, that passes from birth through death to birth. The Immortal Individuality must here find its contact with matter, and become self-conscious by differences. But the Individuality is the essence of the Self, of the Monad, and is not dependent for its existence on any sheath of matter it may endue. The human Individual is one of its expressions, but it did not begin with him nor can it end with him, for it is the eternal attribute of the eternal Self.

This view of the Self as the supreme ego, and of the individual as a form of manifestation of this Self, has so permeated the thought of the East, that the transcending of the limits of human Individuality has never connoted the annihilation of aught save of the limitations necessary for the earlier stages of evolution. In the West, the human ego was the only form of Individuality which was recognised, and the disappearance of this was not seen as transcendence but as annihilation. To break the limiting shell of the individual was not to come forth as a liberated creature into a new and fuller life, but to vanish utterly, to perish. And so if a Westerner found in an eastern religion an expression which implied the cessation of the Individual, he thought of it as the perishing of life instead of as its liberation into fuller and richer splendour. Nirvāṇa, the blowing out of the transitory, was seen as the annihilation

of the eternal, as the extinction of life instead of as the destruction of death. What is the use of all the toil and the strife, he exclaimed, if final extinction is to be the end? How can the living seek as goal the dread nothingness of annihilation? Yet the word of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* stands as witness to the true teaching: "The unreal has no being: the Real never ceaseth to be." That which *is* in Eternity can never perish; it is beyond all birth and death, all beginning and all ending. It may begin a life in matter, and end a life in matter. Such beginnings and such endings are innumerable. But the Self, the Real, always is, can never either begin nor cease to be. He is ever in the Eternal, and though he may manifest in Time, time has no power over him, that he should be holden of it.

Let us, then, thus think of Individuality, as the eternal attribute of the eternal Self, as in truth the very essence of Selfhood, without which it would be but an empty name, a void, a nothingness. And let us see in the human Individual but an expression of that Selfhood, before whom many less perfect expressions have come and gone, after whom many more perfect expressions shall come and go, while that Selfhood becomes ever fuller, ever richer, in this content of experiences, and is ever more conscious of himself, reaching to ever greater heights of glorious Being. Fearlessly may we tread the onward way, for infinite Power is within us, and we are living in Eternity. What fear can there be for him who thus knows?

Another mistake, which we must avoid in studying the unfolding of the Self, is the dividing of the living consciousness into different selves, if the phrase may be permitted. There is but a single unit of consciousness,

the Monad, the eternal Spirit, who is the life of the man. He is sheathed in matter, and the student is rather apt to fail to see the unity of the Self in the various workings of consciousness in these sheaths. Consciousness working in one sheath seems different from consciousness working in another, and we sometimes forget that mind, emotion and will are but aspects of a single Spirit, and are impartite.

One evolutionary fact that may, to some extent, blur our clearness of sight, is that in man there meet three great streams of divine life—two upwelling, as it were, from below, one downpouring, as it were, from above. These mingle in him, and each has its own appropriate effect, and the function of each needs to be understood, if ‘the human Individual’ is to be clearly comprehended. This subject has been very fully dealt with in our Theosophical literature, and need only be briefly outlined here, sufficiently to indicate the function of each stream, and the way of working upon each by the human Individual, when he is himself sufficiently unfolded to take the further evolution of his sheaths into his own hands.

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

Kandy

THIS is the third day that I have spent almost exclusively within the atmosphere of the Buddhist Church. I have attended many services and talked much with priests and monks. I have spent many an hour in the cool and quiet library, perched high up in the cupola of the building, with its fine view over the lake. There I sat, studying the Pāli texts, while from the halls below rose the subdued noise of ceremonial chants, mingled with the roll of tom-toms and shrill cadence of the clarinet which calls the pious to their devotions; and I realised once more that it is far from sufficient merely to know the intellectual value of any doctrine. Its outer manifestation has always surprises in store. Whether or not a Church represents the 'pure' doctrine, it is a living expression of its spirit. Even in those instances where it has obviously perverted

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

the teaching, its spirit yet asserts itself more clearly within the Church than within the best preserved text ; just as life itself is always better expressed by a cripple than by the best theory of life.

Here I must say that the Buddhist priest surprises me by the high level that he reaches ; I mean his human, not spiritual, level. His type is one superior to that of the Christian priest. He possesses a gentleness, a wide comprehension, a sympathy and unworldliness, of which it cannot be said, even by the prejudiced, that they belong to the average Christian clergyman. This is probably due to the supreme indifference which Buddhism breeds in its adherents. The idea of living entirely for others may appear very beautiful ; yet, taking man as he is, active love of his neighbour does not tend to make him broad ; it tends, on the contrary, to make him narrow. It is an exception, not the rule, if love of one's neighbour does not degenerate into importunity and inordinate ambition to domineer. How tactless are all reformers ! How narrow-minded are all missionaries ! However broad a man may be by temperament, however universal in character the faith which he professes, the mere craving to convert makes him narrow. It cannot be otherwise, for psychologically this craving means nought else but the wish to force one's own belief on another. He who does this is *ipso facto* narrow-minded, and he who does it repeatedly, nay, he who makes it his profession, must needs become more and more so. It is for this reason that narrow-mindedness, aggressiveness, domineering ways, lack of tact and understanding, belong to the typical traits of the Christian and especially of the Protestant clergy.

Now such phenomena cannot be matured by a religion like Buddhism, which sees the only reason for existence in man's striving after his own perfection. True, such a doctrine, exclusively followed, might lead to the crudest egoism; yet Buddhism does not do so, for two reasons. Firstly, because it does not mean by self-perfection the eternal bliss of the individual Self, but the freeing of the Self from the limits of individuality; that is to say, selfish desires are a misunderstanding. Secondly, because Buddhism considers benevolence and compassion as exactly those virtues by the exercise of which the attainment of liberation is most hastened.

This fusion, then, of the ideals of indifference and altruistic love, has produced a mood to which, more than to anything else, Buddhism owes its superiority; *viz.*, the specific Buddhist charity, as understood by Christians, means "wishing to do good"; as understood by Buddhists, it means "to take each man for what he is worth". Not to accept him thus out of sheer indifference to another's state, but out of that cordial feeling which understands the positive side of every state. According to the general Indian view every one stands exactly on that rung of the ladder whereto he has ascended or descended by his own merits or demerits; consequently, every state is intrinsically necessary. Of course, it would be desirable that every one could reach to the highest, but none can leap thereto at one bound. The ascent to the highest is ever slow and gradual, and every step has its own views and ideals.

Thus, while Christianity, as long as it was ascetically minded, considered life in the world as objectionable when compared with the monastic life, and would

tain have put the whole of mankind into a cloister, Buddhism, the views of which would be consistently still more unworldly, and which distinctly regards the state of the monk as the highest—Buddhism has, on the other hand, ever refrained from condemning the inferior for the sake of the superior. Every stage is necessary and therefore every stage is good. The blossom does not refuse the leaf, nor the leaf the stem or root. Love of mankind does not imply the wish forcibly to transmute every leaf into a blossom; it rather means to let every leaf pass for what it is worth, and lovingly to understand its ways.

This wonderfully superior charity is impressed on the face of every Buddhist priest, however insignificant it may otherwise be. And now I do not wonder any more at the unexampled devotion of the people for their clergy. Though it may appear paradoxical at first sight that he who is disinterested should enjoy more reverence than he who actively promotes the welfare of his fellow-men, yet, on mature consideration, one realises that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise. People will not be kept in leading-strings. He, who intends to convince, convinces with far greater difficulty than he who simply does what seems right to him without deep design or ulterior motive. The life of non-attachment, of unselfishness and of purity, which the Buddhist Bhikkhu leads is, according to Buddhistic ideas, the highest which man can live on earth. He who serves the monk, therefore, exactly serves his own ideal.

The atmosphere of this Church suits me wonderfully well. Never yet did I live amid so great a peace. Despite this, I realise to-day more keenly than ever before that Buddhism is not possible for western people.

In order to act as it has done amongst the Sinhalese, forming and training souls, the soul-material must correspond; and it is different, quite different, from the one we could provide. With us, who absolutely affirm the phenomenal, who cannot rest, whose whole energy is kinetic, to live for one's perfection would mean at once to become utterly selfish; our compassion and benevolence would degenerate into the flat 'protection of animals' type, and our aspirations for Nirvāṇa would ripen all the evils which inevitably follow a lack of truth towards oneself.

Buddha-Gayā

This thrice-holy place of Buddhism is permeated by a wonderfully spiritual atmosphere. It is not the atmosphere of Buddhism, as such, nor that of devotion in general, as on the Gaṅgā and at Rāmeshvaram; nor is it that spirit of consecration which sanctifies every great memorial. It is the peculiar spirit of a place where a person of unique grandeur found Himself. Many things may have contributed to preserve it at once so powerful and so pure, that it arises afresh in all its power and purity in every sensitive soul. Primarily, this is of course due to the fact that the Buddha attained illumination here on this very spot, beneath the shadow of the Bodhi tree, which blossoms still to-day, an illumination of such intensity that it still has power over millions of souls. Secondly, Buddha-Gayā represents a historical unit, such as but very few other places do. I can only instance Delhi in this respect. An artificial valley, and enclosed therein the shrine, a world in itself, where every single thing speaks of the great days of old. This

temple, these stone fences, these dāgobas, are still preserved from the days of King Ashoka. Lastly, the pilgrims contribute their share to revive again and again the expiring vibrations of the place.

Buddha-Gayā lies remote from all the countries where Buddhism flourishes at present. There are not many who come here on pilgrimage, but those who do not fear the long journey are in earnest. Mere curiosity does not travel so far. To-day only a few Chinese, some Japanese and about a dozen Tibetans are staying here, all deeply penetrated by the meaning of Buddha-Gayā for mankind: consequently their souls vibrate in harmony with the vibrations of the place itself. A profound and most holy peace reigns here: speech becomes a whisper, and the old trees gently murmur to each other their grand memories.

To my mind, Buddha-Gayā is the most sacred place on earth. The teaching of Jesus was deeper than that of Gauṭama, but so lofty a being as the Buddha the Christ was not. The Christ was one of those Sun-natures such as are born now and then on our gloomy planet, on whom the Spirit had descended as a free gift of heaven, and who, to our human mind, could not help being as He was, nor what He was. He verily stands out a God among men. Only the born God means less to us than the man who, by His own efforts, raised Himself to Godhead—and such a one the Buddha was.

A Buddhist legend relates that the Gods worshipped the Buddha, the man: and the Brāhmaṇas do not consider this legend incredible. Unlike ourselves, the Indians have always rightly understood and explained the relation between grace and merit. No doubt, the

utmost is given to man by grace alone ; but this does not imply that grace comes ever undeserved. Rather is it to be regarded as the naturally necessary crowning of the utmost merit. What is called in mystic parlance "the experiencing of the inflow of grace" is, in fact, that passing through a critical state, that seeming "*solution de continuité*" which is found everywhere in nature between two states of different qualities. Just as, after prolonged raising of the temperature, water will suddenly turn into vapour, or else, after prolonged lowering of it, will freeze into ice—just so the state of grace follows on merit.

The bulk of humanity moves slowly on from merit to merit, now more despairingly, now more grudgingly ; but on the whole it drifts along the current of the times. Men dimly realise that there must be some ascent, but they know it not definitely and dare not believe it. If there appear on their horizon Sons of the Sun like the Christ, they worship indeed, but do not feel encouraged, as the distance is too great and the way to reach Them not clearly seen. If, on the contrary, there arises in their midst one who, though born as a man like themselves, yet transcends humanity, they feel uplifted and inspired, and start again at once on their upward climb towards the highest. It has always been so. Western mankind would never have been incited to this ascent by the mere example of Christ: He was too incommensurable. Nor is He the father of Christianity. Were it not for Paul—a man, a child of the world, intelligible to all, who grew into a saint at last—we should know nothing more of Christ. Again, the fact that Christianity grew into a world-religion, grew to be the glad tidings to the whole of

mankind—this fact is due to S. Augustine, that most powerful of all ethical natures that the West has ever produced. He gave the human example owing to which the Christ could ever become an example for mankind. He was so rich, that no one could ever feel a stranger to him: he was so deep, that every one feels kinship with him; and thus his example holds true for every man.

But the Buddha was still greater than Augustine. He sprang from a greater humanity and His experiences were wider and more manifold. The Buddha reached towards the end a height of superiority which the Christ never knew. He was so great that His impulse sufficed to keep in motion to this day the Wheel of the Good Law. Buddhism has had no Augustine and no Paul. Sambuddha was, and is, all in all.

Theologians often wonder, with that ingenuousness which is their divine right, why it is that the Christ and the Buddha signify so much more to mankind than all the great souls before and after them, as the Christ did not teach anything which had not already been proclaimed, and as the Buddha was doubtless inferior, in the depth of His knowledge, to His predecessors. The reason of this greater significance is that, with both of Them, the Word did not remain Word, but became flesh, which is the acme of attainment. In order to appear wise, one only needs to be something of an actor: in order to be wise in the ordinary sense, only a superior intelligence is required; but in order to become a Buddha, one's highest knowledge must have become the central motive power of his whole life. How easy it is to move mental matter! How easy to shape it into the grandest forms! It is not so easy to

mould one's whole life in such a way that every single instinct acts as an organ of the ideal. This presupposes an energy which seems superhuman. True, this very energy is latent in every man, just as the tiniest molecule has condensed in itself sufficient energy to blow up a city, were this energy set free; but man cannot dispose of this treasure; only the Superman can do so. A man, in whom a specific knowledge, though not in itself perhaps so deep as that of a Yājñavalkya, has become the creative centre of His being, proves thereby that He has transcended humanity.

The reason why Goethe appears more and more as a higher being than other poets equally gifted, is just because in him, of all western heroes of the mind, insight into the nature of things began to transmute itself into creative power. It began indeed—not definitely became transmuted. The Buddha still remains the unique example of what man can attain if he be in earnest.

Hermann Keyserling

IS THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL SUPPRESSION OR EXPRESSION ?

NOTES OF A SERMON

By M. M.

And if thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble cut it off and cast it from thee ; it is good for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into the eternal fire.—*S. Matthew*, xviii, 8.

He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water.—*S. John*, vii, 38.

CHRIST'S torso of a possibly saved man is quite terrible. A man entering into life without hands, feet, or eyes, were surely only part of a man saved ; and having no grace which could triumph over the wicked members and their vile ways, it is very doubtful if any of the man was saved. We know this is figurative language, and implies taking extreme measures with one's enslaving sins ; but it is very different from the type of man indicated by the second text, a man in whom the spiritual forces were superabundant. Religious history is full of the two types : the meditative, struggling with his thoughts and sins, such as Thomas A Kempis, to whom life was one long fight for purity and grace ; and the practical man of modern times, like a Gladstone or General Booth, to whom the full life of effort for others left small room for any temptation. To

put it differently : Is the end of life to be character or action ? We know, it is true, that the right kind of action will result in character ; but the right kind of action is impossible apart from character. Shall we begin with action or character ?

We are face to face with two kinds of ideals, if not civilisations : the Oriental and the Western, the mediæval and the modern. The first includes Buddhism, Hindūism, Theosophy, and all Mystics, including the modern. The latter comprises the practical aggressive modern Christian, philanthropist and reformer. The one is all for character, the other for action. The one is for self-suppression, until the highest Self only shall survive, till God is all and in all. The other ignores self or submerges it in the struggle for a better world, the coming of God's kingdom of light and love among men, when Jesus reigns over all. The one thinks and prays ; the other works and gives. The one lives in the inner world of the soul ; the other in the outer world of deeds.

Was Jesus mistaken about this contrast, or are the records confused ? We are not prejudiced about the matter, but we demand certain proof. For one thing, Jesus was not careful to make it always easy for people to understand Him, but would rather provoke thought than give information, as witness His beatitudes. But it is a great unfairness to Jesus, as often to Bible authors, not to observe the whole of His teaching or speech, and to take one verse for a complete utterance. In the first text, speaking of stumbling-blocks and the man who should cut off the unruly members, it is said he should do this rather than stumble or cause others to stumble. The radical or resolute suppression of self was not

wholly for self or heaven, but also for God's children. And in the second text, it is the believer that has the practical power, the large service is caused by great grace.

1. *Self-Suppression*: Col. Younghusband in the *Hibbert Journal* of October, 1913, has a very keen criticism of Christianity because it seeks to dismember humanity instead of training and ennobling it. The end of life, he properly says, is not to limit, restrain, and crush, but to fulfil and perfect. Similarly Mr. Churchill in *The Inside of the Cup*, makes Miss Parr demand the right to live out her own life, and not to cripple or limit it. There is danger of confusion here. There is a difference between self-discipline and self-mutilation, just as there is between liberty and licence. While Jesus' words indicate self-mutilation, if taken literally, it would be unjust to the poetic method, the prophetic mood of Jesus, to affirm the literal is His meaning. Interpreted by His own actions and those of His apostles, we know that thorough self-discipline, unflinching and resolute, is the full scope of His intent. He evidently considered this one of the providential ends or goals of life. He Himself suffered being tempted: He offered up prayers with strong cryings and tears unto Him that is mighty to save; He cried: "Father, not my will, but Thine," after asking for His own will. So he speaks of the Father pruning the vine that it might bring forth more fruit, etc., etc. Now one of the greatest mistakes of to-day is the prurient optimism that refuses all self-discipline, and substitutes a kind of moony Pickwickian good-nature. Of course, morbid self-introspection is a very serious fault; but not to look in at all is even worse. We all have wrong inheritances, educations, and plenti-

ful other defects, and it is well to know and understand them; great needs, and it is well to have them supplied. Let us not be willing to be shut off from any true side of life and experience by any well sounding theory of thought. The cosmopolitan is the complete man. Let us remind ourselves what the great Ascetics and Mystics have done, and let them contribute to the fullness of our lives. Buddhism, with its strong quiet ways and moods, has reached and held some of the greatest races and intellects of the world. And is it not a grievous weakness of the modern practical man to-day that he is often blind and dead to the wonderful Christian experience of God? To know the mystic reality of union and communion with the Divine is beyond him; to see God with the heart in everything, to find the strength immortal poured forth into his Spirit, effusions of love, joy, peace, life consciously received, are experiences unknown. The great spiritual Mystics would be a queer phenomenon unless supported by the facts of life and reality. We may, with Tennyson, ridicule Simon Stylites and such men, but there are many others quite different. Recall S. Anthony, S. Francis, S. Bernard, and many more, who by strenuous sufferings strove to break through the walls of the spiritual world, and gain revelations of the highest. Out of them still flow rivers of living water. And it came by faith, by the culture of the inner life, by prayer, trust, love, and by thought and patience. Jesus would deal, they concluded, with the self-destroying senses ruthlessly, fight, sacrifice, suffer, for truth and holiness. A limited life is better than none, for the reign of evil is death. It is a Gospel applicable to-day to many conditions of life: no quarter to wrong, no parleying, no half-measures.

Strike down the wrong in yourself ; arise, and go to your Father ; look not back.

2. *Self-Expression*: The failure of the merely suppressive was never more clearly shown than in the history of the monks of the Middle Ages and in the community houses of to-day. Their ideal of holiness, as personal purity of thought and desire, to be secured by constant spiritual culture, prayer, meditation, penance, charity, etc., has often signally failed. Often, too, we are sorry to say, their success has been a mere caricature of genuine Christianity. They have set themselves to defeat and suppress nature, and nature has had her revenge in illness, morbidity, and gross reactions. Inhibiting thought on things of the flesh has fixed the thoughts on such things, and made them more mighty than in the normal man. Time hanging heavily on the hands of the pious has led them to all sorts of mawkishness. These are the very antipodes of Jesus' standards. In His own life, which is the greater side of His Gospel, greater than His words because more surely understood, action took the larger place. He had his own difficulties with Himself and circumstances, and the need of times of prayer and thought, but He wore Himself out in the service of men. The men who follow Jesus here have no time for morbidity. They are healthy of thought and desire. The things of the flesh, the mere animal man with his lawless passions, have no chance with such men. They are full of bigger interests, the burdens and sorrows of others, and these crowd out the mean and vile. They live in the liberty of Christ, the liberty of the sons of God.

A Christian according to Christ is a man who has received a great power, a heavenly fullness of life, so

that he cannot contain it. The life is love, and demands expression, opportunity to give itself, for only so can it be itself. This is far too little known and understood. Religion is deemed to be the merely doing right, instead of a passion for right, an irrepressible joy in it. This is the splendid conception of Christ: a man overfilled with God, from whom the grace flows forth in copious streams of life. Here is the man's proper Self-expression, for he has come to his fullest Self in God and from God, for service and sacrifice expression. Man, like Jesus, is a Word of God, and that Word is the light and life of men. He is God's and his own, as he gives himself forth to bless others. This is salvation through expression. And as Carlyle says in *Sartor Resartus*: "Nay, if you consider it, what is man himself and his whole terrestrial life but an emblem, a clothing or visible garment for that Divine Me of his, cast hither, like a light particle, down from heaven." Every life, then, is a message from the Infinite and for it; and as we can only speak by speaking, think by thinking, walk by walking, that is, as we do them we do them better, so only by true living we live in larger and larger measure. Every thing we do should therefore make us, improve us, liberate us. "Every deed, however simple, sets the soul that does it free." All our work, then, of whatever kind, in church, home, school, business, should be creative, help to bring to expression that fuller Self we are designed to be. So sorrow, trouble, burdens of all kinds, even faults and failures, should be used for the attainment of that real Self, the Word of God. But let us not overlook the Christian view here. Self is not self apart from God, the true life of its life, and its expression must be, in its limitation, to utter

God, in business, pleasure, thought, in conduct, temper, character. We must believe that all creations are the effort of God to utter Himself, and that is the true significance of men, communities, nations, changing ideals, etc. We must feel too that God is best expressed in men through service to men, brotherhood, friendship, love, and that God is to be identified with all good, beauty, joy, love, holiness, truth, grace. It is well to recall George Eliot's words through Stradivarius: "While God gives them skill, I give them instruments to play upon, God choosing me to help Him." "What, were God at fault for violins, thou absent?" "Yes, He were at fault for Stradivarius' work."

Every life is an artist, a musician, an orator. We think of Michelangelo, Shakspeare, Beethoven, etc., and regard their works as revelations. But it is true of all lives that are true to their high calling, and every one is really called from above. In this faith and its services there is freedom from all littlenesses, meanness, insignificance. All life leaps up to a great worth.

We conclude that all men are entitled to all the resources of their natures and the purposes and grace of God. The Christ way is so to live as to be a message of God, so to work as to have no time for the base things of life, so to set the glory of goodness before us as to have no taste for the unworthy and ignoble. But then we may also realise the whole of life's opportunity is ours. We should add to our faith and works and ideals intense self-culture, self-discipline, self-sacrifice. All are yours, and you are Christ's.

M. M.

NATURE'S MUSIC

The world is full of Music : mortal mind
Discerns not half the vital harmonies
Of subtle sound in Nature's depths enshrined.

The air thrills through with Music : tiny cries
And pulsing throbs of daisy-waking morn
Touch the responsive heart to glad surprise.

All growing life makes Music : ripening corn
Scatters quaint chimes of haunting melody,
Of glistening, bowing ears and leaf-blades born.

Nature resounds with Music : the strong sea
Is one vast instrument of wondrous range,
Which pours abroad its music ceaselessly.

Everywhere Music : endless interchange
Of manifested song ; each season's round
Accompanied by cadence new and strange.

Rhythmic, magnetic Music : the low sound
Of rippling streamlet falls in sweet refrain ;
And quivering pine-trees lead a fugue profound.

Mysterious, magic Music : rustling rain
Sobs symphonies ; the hidden pipes of Pan
From all points echo their invoking strain.

God's thought flows down in Music. His vast plan
Of life called out of chaos by His Word
Forms forth in music : nebula to man,

And man to God. On angel-heights is heard
The song of songs, set free from earthly heaven,
The mighty song of triumph, rapture-stirred.

Cosmical Music through the mystic Seven
Vibrates eternally from star and clod,
Reflecting here the harmonies of heaven.

From grain of dust to the last symbolic ' Yod,'
Creation chants evolving hymns of praise—
Ladder of sound up which men climb to GOD.

Margaret Theodora Griffith

IS REINCARNATION TRUE ?

By ERNEST WOOD

THERE is a curious tendency, which springs up now and again in our ranks, to criticise occasionally the early writings of Madame Blavatsky, and to take a delight in finding therein a certain amount of what might be called error. And yet the last few decades have taught us, again and again, that where Madame Blavatsky seemed wrong it was not really so, but that we were wrong in misunderstanding what she wrote. Our present leaders have cleared up one by one many of the obscurities of her writings and doctrine, and now present them to us in pre-digested form in simple terminology since invented and perfected. We are beginning to learn that Madame Blavatsky was face to face, in her attempt to launch, as gently as possible, the Ancient Wisdom once more upon the world, with the stupendous difficulty of conveying accurately to other minds, in a language almost unknown to her, many unfamiliar things which she knew to be true. That she could have been less in error than many suppose is evident from her words in a little article 'My Books,' which she wrote in *Lucifer* shortly before her passing from the body. There she says, with reference to *Isis Unveiled* :

Save quotations and misprints, every word of information found in this work comes from our eastern Masters, and many a passage in it has been written by me under Their dictation.

And speaking of the proof 'corrections' that were often made in her absence, she adds :

Witness the word 'planet' for 'cycle' as originally written, corrected by some unknown hand (i, 347), a 'correction' which shows Buddha teaching *that there is no rebirth on this planet (!!)* when the contrary is asserted on page 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to 'avoid' reincarnation ; the use of the word 'planet' for *plane*, of 'monas' for *manas* ; and the sense of the ideas sacrificed to grammatical form, and changed by the substitution of wrong words and erroneous punctuation, etc.

Sir Thomas More and the Nilgiri Master, who are spoken of in *Man : Whence, How and Whither* as Adepts, are both said to have taken part in the writing of *Isis Unveiled*, and They certainly understood what They were about, and most surely knew what They were attempting to describe. And without deification on the one hand or irreverence on the other, we may say that Madame Blavatsky was at least this much advanced, that she could not deliberately pretend to knowledge where she had none. Yet sometimes smaller minds, unable to leap the obstacles of terminology which her unusual difficulties of exposition involved, and unable to intuit the meaning behind her words, strike their heads against the barriers, and blame her for the carelessness, ignorance or pretension with which they have hurt themselves. Let us rather find what foothold we can in the heap of rubbish that our imperfect language has raised in our path, so that presently we may reach the top and, peeping over, obtain a glimpse of the realms of truth that she had explored.

Perhaps in no subject more than that of Reincarnation has Madame Blavatsky been so misunderstood. Again and again we hear it said that Madame Blavatsky denied the truth of reincarnation when she wrote *Isis*

Unveiled, or at least that she did not know it to be a fact. We venture to affirm that she would not have categorically stated: It is not true, unless she had known herself to be speaking truth. That she, a true Messenger of the great Masters, could have pretended to knowledge which she did not possess, or could have blankly denied what she did not know to be false, is absurd; and to say that she did not know of the Indian beliefs on the subject is ridiculous, when she speaks of them so definitely in the same work. But did she say that reincarnation was not a fact? If so, then in the sense in which she was using the word, she spoke truly. Let us see what she has to say on the subject in *Isis Unveiled*. In the first volume, on page 351, Madame Blavatsky writes:

We now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of reincarnation—as distinct from metempsychosis—which we have from an authority. Reincarnation, *i.e.*, the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet [plane], is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant.

Here she indicates that the doctrine of reincarnation is a mysterious one, that it is not the same thing as metempsychosis, that she has it from an authority, and that she is prepared to give only a few fragments of it. What does she mean here by reincarnation? The appearance of the same astral monad, that is to say, of the same ego working in the same astral body; and this, twice on the same plane, is not a rule in nature.

Does this disagree with the highly philosophical conception of reincarnation that we have at the present day? First of all we have the man living in what we call the causal body, on the higher mental plane. When he is ready for birth he puts forth a ray (a

minute fragment of himself) into the lower mental world. That ray draws round itself the matter of that world or plane until it has gathered enough to form the mental auric egg for its new earth-life. After the short stay necessary for this purpose, the ray of consciousness, not the whole ego, descends still further into the astral world, and again stays long enough to draw round itself enough matter of that plane to form its astral auric egg. Once more the ray of consciousness descends on to the earth-plane, as it attaches itself to a body which is being prepared for birth, so that presently this centre of consciousness, this 'I' within the body, is born and it looks forth and says: "This am I," and it identifies itself with the body in which it sees and feels and thinks and moves. Then, as it grows in experience, it builds a new personality round the 'I,' and, as its body grows, its counterpart also appears in the middle of the astral and the mental auric eggs. This personality, when complete, manifests in its life its triple capacity of acting, feeling and thinking, all three of which *ought* to be developed in the course of the life, and to be to some extent harmonised as the personality grows to old age.

Then the man dies. He loses his physical body. But the counterpart remains on the astral plane, and on that he finds himself living, feeling and thinking just as before, though he can no longer move the dense physical objects of the world that he has left. In other words, such part of him as is fitted to exist in the astral world as a conscious being survives, and he lives on for some time according to his desires. Then comes the death of the astral body, and the person now lives on the mental plane, in the devachanic state. There

he has all that is the outcome of the higher emotions and thoughts that he had during earth-life, and he has lost only the power to move the objects of the lower planes and the ability to be swayed by lower feelings and emotions. And, once more, he loses his mental body on the mental plane, and all that is left of him is with the ray of the man which was put forth at the beginning of this cycle of necessity. Just as a swimmer, diving from a high bank into a lake with cliffs on one side and a sandy beach on the other, must swim to the low shore on the opposite side or be drowned; so must the soul, the ego, the man, having plunged a ray of himself into birth, permit that ray to pass through the cycle of necessity of that birth, through the mental to the astral and then to the physical; through the physical to the astral and then to the mental, and through that back to its true parent—or else lose that birth altogether.

Then, when the personality has finished this cycle of necessity, and the ray is thus indrawn again, then the personality, having left to it only such part of itself as is pure enough to live in that high state—all that is noble and true and wise, and is fit to be immortal—will enter into that immortal life of the true man, and will *never come forth again, but enjoy for ever the immortality of the spiritual life.* Yet the same man, thus enriched, will again put forth a ray to enrich himself with still further experience; but it will be another ray, not the same one, for that is joined with its parent and can never be reincarnated again. The immortal man thus does not reincarnate; the personal man does not reincarnate; but the immortal man puts forth from time to time a slender ray from himself, until he no

more needs or seeks further experience or traffic with the earth. He is then free from any desire for worldly objects, having fully realised the greater value of the things of his spiritual life; he no longer needs successive births; he is an Arhaṭ and, as Madame Blavatsky says: "At his death the Arhaṭ is never reincarnated"—unless, of course, he chooses to descend.

So then, was not Madame Blavatsky right in saying that reincarnation, in the sense in which she used the word, is not the rule, but the exception? Let us see how this bears out the rest of her statement on the subject:

It [reincarnation] is preceded by a violation of the laws of harmony of nature, and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. Thus, in cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and of congenital and incurable idiocy, nature's original design to produce a perfect human being has been interrupted. Therefore, while the gross matter of each of these several entities is suffered to disperse itself at death through the vast realm of being, the immortal spirit and astral monad of the individual—the latter having been set apart to animate a frame and the former to shed its divine light on the corporeal organisation—must try a second time to carry out the purpose of the creative intelligence.

It is perfectly clear that the writer is here referring to the reincarnation of the man in the same astral body. She gives some of the reasons for what she here calls reincarnation—what we usually now call rebirth from the astral plane. We can easily see that unless there is in the personality at least some fragment of experience which is good enough for immortality, for union with the immortal man, the whole birth will be a failure, and that this something can only be gained when the three principles of bodily experience, feeling

and thought work together, or are to some extent harmonised. If the earthly body is injured or destroyed before the intelligence has thus harmonised itself with the lower principles, a new attempt must be made to reincarnate with the same astral body, so that the ray may come back enriched. Madame Blavatsky interprets the words of the Christ as given in the Gospel-story in exactly the same manner, emphasising the divine man within as a worker through bodies on earth, and denying any recurrent incarnations of the personal man, the illusive and essentially decaying personal self. In *The Secret Doctrine*, iii, 66, she writes :

The most suggestive of Christ's parables and "dark sayings" is found in the explanation given by Him to His apostles about the blind man: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered: "Neither hath this [blind, physical] man sinned nor his parents; but that the works of [his] God should be made manifest in him." Man is the 'tabernacle,' the 'building' only, of his God; and of course it is not the temple but its inmate—the vehicle of 'God' (the conscious Ego, or Fifth Principle, Manas, the vehicle of the divine Monad or 'God')—that had sinned in a previous incarnation, and had thus brought the karma of cecity upon the new building. Thus Jesus spoke truly; but to this day His followers have refused to understand the words of wisdom spoken. The Saviour is shown by His followers as though he were paving, by his words and explanation, the way to a preconceived programme that had to lead to an intended miracle. For such is the true sense of the words "that the works of God should be made manifest in him," in the light of theological interpretation, and a very undignified one it is, if the Esoteric explanation is rejected.

Returning once more to the text of *Isis Unveiled*, we find that the passage continues :

If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no reincarnation on this earth, for the three parts of the triune man have been united together, and he is capable of running the race.

To the words "there is no reincarnation on this earth," we must add "for this personality". Now,

what is this race of which she speaks? For a clue to this we may turn to pages 345 and 346 of the same volume :

This philosophy teaches that nature never leaves her work unfinished ; if baffled at the first attempt, she tries again. When she evolves a human embryo, the intention is that a man shall be perfected—physically, intellectually, and spiritually. His body is to grow mature, wear out, and die ; his mind to unfold, ripen, and be harmoniously balanced ; his divine spirit to illuminate and blend easily with the *inner* man. No human being completes its grand cycle, or the ‘circle of necessity,’ until all these are accomplished. As the laggards in a race struggle and plod in their first quarter while the victor darts past the goal, so, in the race of immortality, some souls out-speed all the rest and reach the end, while their myriad competitors are toiling under the load of matter, close to the starting-point. Some unfortunates fall out entirely, and lose all chance of the prize ; some retrace their steps and begin again. This is what the Hindū dreads above all things—*transmigration* and *reincarnation* ; only on other and inferior planets [planes], never on this one.

That he is capable of running the race means that he is capable of entering the immortal life and sharing in that effort of the man within, who is at once his father and himself, to gain that immortality which is called Arhaṭship. The average Hindū greatly fears the opposite possibility, his sinking back into a lower condition of life, or becoming a Bhūta or Spook, an unwholesome class of entities left severely alone by self-respecting believers ; whereas the human birth is regarded as giving an opportunity to reach mokṣha or liberation (truly, Arhaṭship), and thus to cease reincarnating.

Our author does not say that when a man has united his three parts and has perfected or completed his human or personal nature, he has *finished* the race and become an Arhaṭ, but that he is capable of running the race for the achievement of perfect immortality. There is a vast field of growth between the imperfection

of an idiot and the perfection of an Arhat, as we may see by her further explanation :

But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of Monad, or when, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to re-enter on the earthly plane as it was frustrated in its first attempt. Otherwise, the mortal or astral, and the immortal or divine, souls, could not progress in unison and pass onward to the sphere [plane] above.

The Monad which was imprisoned in the elementary being—the rudimentary or lowest astral form of the future man—after having passed through and quitted the *highest* physical shape of a dumb animal—say an orang-outang, or again an elephant, one of the most intellectual of brutes—that Monad, we say, cannot skip over the physical and intellectual sphere of the terrestrial man, and be suddenly ushered into the spiritual sphere above.

Does the writer not here show that the Monad which passes through the animal kingdom must incarnate in the human kingdom, and that before that which is now in the lower animals can do so, it must pass into and through the highest order of animals, such as the orang-outang or the elephant, and is this not what we now mean by reincarnation ? And does she not mean that the essence of which the personality is built in the astral and lower mental planes cannot enter into the spiritual sphere above (the higher mental, the plane of immortality) then or at any other time, without passing through the development of the intellect in the human kingdom ? And she winds up with a strong statement in favour of reincarnation :

No need to remark that even if [regarded as] hypothetical, this theory is no more ridiculous than many others considered as strictly orthodox.

One more passage and we have done. On page 347, we read :

This *former life* believed in by the Buddhists, is not a life on *this planet* [cycle], for, more than any other people, the

Buddhistical philosopher appreciated the great doctrine of cycles.

It is on this paragraph that Madame Blavatsky comments in the note to 'My Books':

Witness the word 'planet' for 'cycle' as originally written, corrected by an unknown hand, a 'correction' which shows Buddha teaching that *there is no rebirth on this planet (!)*, when the contrary is asserted on page 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to 'avoid' reincarnation.

And the cycle that is here mentioned is again the cycle of necessity, which the ray must go through in the course of one birth.

There is thus more than enough to show that Madame Blavatsky, at the time of writing *Isis Unveiled*, had nothing to say against the great truth of reincarnation as we hold it to-day, and she certainly did know a great deal about the cycle of birth. Is it not clear that the writer desired most emphatically to deny the doctrine of metempsychosis, but yet not launch suddenly upon an unprepared world the full and staggering truth? Even more is this evident when we are told, in the midst of a mass of misunderstanding, by Colonel Olcott, that the passages relating to the subject were approved, if not actually written, by one of the Mahātmās. He writes in *Old Diary Leaves*, i, 288 :

Why she and I were permitted to put the misstatement into *Isis*, and, especially, why it was made to me by the Mahātmā, I cannot explain They certainly did not teach us what we now accept as the truth about Reincarnation; nor bid us keep silent about it; nor resort to any vague generalities capable of being now twisted into an apparent agreement with our present views; nor interpose to prevent us from writing and teaching the heretical and unscientific idea that, save in certain few cases, the human entity was not, and could not be, reincarnated on one and the same planet.

Madame Blavatsky was not a tyro, and surely the Mahātmā was not ignorant, for we read in Mr. Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers* that an Initiate of even the

first degree is required to learn, not theoretically but of his own certain and direct knowledge, of the truth of reincarnation. The conclusion is obvious; Madame Blavatsky was neither deceiving nor deceived; but she was misunderstood in this, as in many other of the teachings that she offered to an unprepared world.

Ernest Wood

NEAR BISKRA

The sun withdrawing from the barren lands,
A lonely Arab bows above the sands
And prays unto the Prophet, head on hands.
His murmured words, within the desert spell,
Are like the ocean echoes in a shell,
Commingling with the camel's fitful bell.

Beyond, where lies the city like a flower,
A mosque upshoots its slender jewelled tower
And there the Muezzin cries the sacred hour,
His voice floats forth from earth to evening star,
Intoning to the Faithful near and far:
"La Allah il'Allah Akbar
La Allah il'Allah Alahu Akbar
Alahu Akbar."

G. W.

THE RIGHT OF CRITICISM

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are often told not to criticise, but it does not seem to have been explained to people why criticism does harm. They have merely had it insisted upon very strongly that they must not criticise, and that it is impertinent to criticise their neighbours. This is so diametrically opposed to the civic virtue of responsibility and seems so in a line with the remark of the first murderer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" that many excellent members of the T. S. rebel strongly against the teaching. Quite naturally and rightly rebel, as it seems to me. Also many criticisms appear in the T. S. organs and other papers, and if the anathemas against criticism were effective in putting a stop to discrimination between right and wrong action, speakers and editors would both stop tongue and pen.

A little explanation, which will easily be understood by those who have read *Thought Power : Its Control and Culture*, may help us to understand better what is meant by not criticising. It is a hard saying for members of the T. S. who have not yet determined to sacrifice every little sin however dear, and to pare down every virtue that threatens from its excess to turn into a vice, and yet strongly desire to help forward evolution. It is for these we wish to explain. It is not for the

determined souls who have made up their minds to go onward and who find in such an imperative *dictum* something of interest to be examined, and the valuable qualities in it used as "stepping stones to higher things". It is his knowledge of the power of thought and of the workings of human nature that makes the teacher declare: "Judge not. . . . that ye be not judged." Experience shows us how often we are wrong in our criticism of conduct. Half the man's actions and half his reasons for acting are alike hidden from us, and when a corner of the veil lifts, we may sometimes have to hail as a hero one whom we have looked down upon as a scamp.

But apart from this there is, in the power of thought itself, a very grave reason against ordinary criticism, which means fixing on the bad points and thinking and talking them over.

Those of us who believe in the power of thought realise vividly that we increase the power for good or ill of that about which we think.

As the *gunas* revolve and the panorama of life unrolls before us, it is our duty to look with wide-eyed attention on all, and if we confuse right and wrong we mix things up and the truth is not in us. In order to find the way to truth, we have to test all things and learn by our mistakes. So we properly decide: "This is right," "That is wrong," on every action that comes before us. But having decided we must take care. Here comes the "razor edge," discrimination of the Path. We have already made up our mind that we will throw the whole force of our nature on the side of good, and we have to guard against wasting any force on evil. So while we must put out enough force to make up

our mind as to the good or evil tendency of each act or word that comes before us, we must at once shut off all force from that which we judge to be evil, otherwise we make ourselves in part responsible for it. Most of us go on examining the evil, thinking about it, talking about it, drawn by the terrible attraction of dislike, and it is this that our teachers warn us against so constantly. They do not warn us against discrimination; they merely charge us not to use our power of thought to increase the evil in the world. We can think about and talk about the good, morning, noon and night; but let us beware of talking of evil things "lest they gain dominion" over the man in whom we see them, as over ourselves.

In cases where it is our public or private duty to interfere, the skilled use of thought becomes like a rapier in the hand of a master of fence. Enough force is put forth to turn the evil aside and, where possible, transmute it into good; but, as also in Japanese jujitsu, the destructive force must come from the other side. Our force is consecrated to the service of good only.

The ideas involved are somewhat subtle; but if followed a little way they may enable us to understand the constant reiteration of the dangers of criticism, and to learn to avoid them, lest our "thoughts become an army and bear [us] off" as captive slaves.

A. J. Willson



CONSCIOUSNESS AS CONDITIONED BY THE BODY

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M. D.

MANY books have been written on the subject of the relations of Soul or Mind to Body, and, doubtless, many more will be written before the difficult problem is definitively solved. But, of late, considerable progress has been made towards an intelligible standpoint; at any rate, this much may be said, that the nineteenth century formula, "psychology without the soul," is now obsolete. There can be no relations between an entity and a non-entity; modern psychologists find the assumption of the soul's real existence indispensable to

explain the facts they have to deal with ; it is therefore an assumption as legitimate as that of the ether or the electron is to the physicist. McDougall defines the soul—a wider term than mind, by the way—“as a being that possesses, or is the sum of, enduring capacities for thoughts, feelings, and efforts of determinate kinds, or of definite capacities for psychical activity and psychophysical interaction”. But Consciousness must not be identified with the soul, nor even with mind, in neither of which is it met with in its pure form. Pure consciousness, or simple awareness, is not a fact of experience but an abstract conception ; we know nothing of consciousness otherwise than as a strictly conditioned activity. As such I shall accordingly deal with it, and the first point that is to be noted about it is that it is of real value to its possessor. This may safely be inferred from the fact that the higher we rise in the evolutionary scale of species, the higher the degree of consciousness we find organised and manifested. If consciousness were not a real power, if it made no difference to its possessor, it would have no “survival value,” and its long slow evolution would never have taken place. On the contrary, it is hardly too much to say that the provision of means for the deepening and widening of consciousness, and for the consequent extension of its power, seems to be a paramount result of organic, if not of cosmic evolution.

Here, on the threshold of our subject, we are met by a question of the very first importance. What precisely do we mean by the evolution of consciousness ? Is consciousness a mere product of the material organism ? I have already indicated my belief that it is not. Consciousness is, so far as our everyday experience

is concerned, a product of the conjoint activity of the body and the soul. Except under very rare and special circumstances, we have, during our earthly lives, no consciousness in which the co-operation of soul and body is not necessarily involved, although, probably, the proportion in which the two factors contribute to a given act of consciousness varies considerably according to its nature. Some states of consciousness are predominantly physical in origin, others almost purely psychological. Mc Dougall even suggests that there may be states of consciousness to which the physical organism contributes merely their point of departure, but this problem need not detain us here. Not much need be said in favour of the conclusion that ordinary consciousness is conditioned by bodily changes. To quote Bain:

We have such facts as the dependence of our feelings and moods upon hunger, repletion, the state of the stomach, fatigue and rest, pure and impure air, cold and warmth, stimulants and drugs, bodily injuries, disease, sleep, advancing years. These influences extend not merely to the grosser modes of feeling, and to such familiar exhibitions as after-dinner oratory, but also to the highest emotions of the mind—love, anger, æsthetic feeling, and moral sensibility. . . . The association of brain-derangement with mind-derangement is all but a perfectly established induction.

Conversely, to quote the same authority:

The influence of mental changes upon the body is supported by an equal weight of testimony. Sudden outbursts of emotion derange the bodily functions. Fear paralyses the digestion. Great mental depression enfeebles all the organs. Protracted and severe mental labour brings on disease of the bodily organs. On the other hand, happy outward circumstances are favourable to health and longevity.

In short, the interaction and mutual dependence of body and soul, so long as their partnership continues, is a fact from which there seems to be no escaping.

It is far from easy, however, to form even a provisional conception of the mode in which this interaction takes place. The first thing we have to realise is that, as Bradley puts it, "mere body will never act upon bare mind," nor bare mind upon mere body. But both mere body and bare mind are not realities but abstractions. Whether they exist at all is more than doubtful; at all events they are not met with in our actual experience. The living human body (and presumably all living bodies, human and sub-human, too) has, in virtue of the fact that it lives, a psychic as well as a physical existence. And, similarly, the human soul has a substantial as well as a psychic existence. The body has a mind of its own, distinct from the personal consciousness, although no doubt it contributes to that consciousness. And the mind has, I believe, a body of its own, distinct from the body that is visible and tangible. To say that the mind has a body is, after all, merely to recognise thought as a form of energy, since there is an unmistakable tendency in modern physics to identify substance and energy. The body and the mind, or, to use a wider and vaguer term, the body and the soul, are therefore, although doubtless of widely diverse nature and function, by no means devoid of any common factor. Action and reaction between them, however difficult to conceive, is not unthinkable. But the gulf between them seems to me, nevertheless, too wide to be spanned without a bridge of some sort. I therefore incline to the belief that between body and soul there may be a connecting link of intermediate nature. The material atom, inconceivably small as it is, is no longer regarded as a solid and inert particle, but as a system of infinitesimal negatively

charged electrical corpuscles revolving at a speed of sixty to one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second around a central positively charged electron. Under certain conditions these corpuscles, which in size are a thousand times less than that of an atom of Hydrogen, escape from their atomic orbits by radiation. Countless myriads of them undoubtedly permeate the interstices of the material environment, and Henry Frank, in a work on *Psychic Phenomena*, adduces many reasons for the belief that our physical bodies are duplicated by a finer ethereal organism built up of these radio-active corpuscles.

A body of this kind would of course be quite imperceptible to our ordinary senses; it would occupy the interstices of the coarse-grained physical organism with the utmost facility; and, finally, if it served as a medium between the soul and the body, it would place at the disposal of the will an inconceivable amount of energy. For it has been estimated by Lord Kelvin that the amount of energy locked up in a single grain of Hydrogen would suffice to lift a weight of a million tons more than three hundred feet, the bulk of this energy being accounted for, presumably, by the movements of its constituent corpuscles. In his essay on 'Animal Magnetism and Magic,' Schopenhauer adduces two well-authenticated cases, in one of which a certain woman produced deviation of the needle of a compass by simply looking at it, while, in the second, another woman caused similar movements by turning her head. It seems quite incredible that the will could produce any perceptible effect by direct action upon an inert material object, but not beyond the bounds of possibility that it might do so through the medium of an ethereal

body. And many of the familiar phenomena of spiritist séances might, as Henry Frank suggests, prove more intelligible in the light of this hypothesis.

The next point to which I wish to call attention is also of a speculative nature. In speaking of the body I suggested that it has probably a consciousness of its own, a consciousness which may be regarded as the fusion of those of the myriads of separate living cells of which it is made up. I cannot go into the evidence favouring this supposition, but such evidence nevertheless abounds. The phenomena of heredity, growth, functional activity, and the repair of damaged tissues and organs, irresistibly suggest a psychic basis and a purposive control. "If we knew half as much chemistry as the liver has known these five million years past," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, "the secrets of the universe would lie before us like an open book." Of course a statement like that is not meant to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but it is a picturesque illustration of what I am trying to convey, namely, that the body has a mind of its own distinct from the personal mind, generally lying below the threshold of the personal consciousness, but sometimes invading its sphere. Similarly, I suggest, the soul has presumably a consciousness of its own, generally above the threshold of the personal consciousness, but occasionally contributing to its contents, or even merging momentarily therewith. Thus, as I conceive it, the problem of human consciousness involves the co-operation of three main factors, first the body, mainly physical but not exclusively so; second the soul, mainly but not exclusively psychical; and, as the connecting link or intermediary between these extremes, the supra-physical, ethereal or dynamic

replica of the body, whose existence I venture to assume. Of this last, however, I shall not on this occasion have much more to say, as we know so little about it. That it is or may be concerned in the production of consciousness is however suggested by the phenomenon of exteriorised sensitivity, experimentally produced by de Rochas. This observer found that in certain states of deep hypnosis a luminous mist, visible to clairvoyants, appears around the body of the subject, and that cutaneous sensation is transferred to its surface, so that when it is touched the subject feels as if the corresponding spot on his body had been touched. It was also found that a glass of water introduced within this luminous mist may become temporarily sensitive, a fact strikingly reminiscent of certain recorded feats of magic and witchcraft. The ethereal body may also be perhaps the seat of those mental images which Baraduc of Paris claims to have reproduced by photography, although I am not in a position to vouch for the authenticity of the claim in question.

Turning now to the consideration of the physical aspect of our problem, the first point to note is that consciousness is evoked by processes culminating in that thin layer of grey matter which forms the surface of the two hemispheres of the brain. Rather, I should say, in right-handed persons, processes culminating in the grey matter of the left half of the brain, and in left-handed persons, culminating in the right half of the brain. For it is a curious and, from the materialistic standpoint, inexplicable fact, that we only think with one side of our brains, with one of our two brains, that is to say. A normal right-handed person may have the whole of his right hemisphere destroyed by disease, and his

mental faculties may remain unimpaired, although he will of course lose all power and feeling in his left arm and leg. There is no appreciable difference between the grey matter on the left and right hemispheres; yet we think with the one and not with the other.

The mere existence of living and healthy grey matter is not, then, sufficient to produce consciousness; the co-operation of some other factor is essential to that result. It certainly looks as though the soul were this factor, as if the soul entered into some intimate relation with the grey matter on one side, and left the other unused and inert. If it were true that the grey matter of the brain "secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," then we should expect the amount of thought manifested by a man to be reduced by fifty per cent when half of the grey matter had been destroyed by disease, whereas it may not be reduced at all. We should expect intellectual power to vary directly as the size of the brain, but this is not the case. On the contrary, Karl Pearson, as the result of the analysis of 2,100 male and 1,034 female brain weights, concludes that there is no evidence that brain weight is sensibly correlated with intellectual ability.

The fact seems to be that we all have more grey matter than we make use of. Meyners calculates that the central nervous system contains 3,000 millions of nerve cells, 1,200 million of these being situated in the large and 10 million in the small brain, or cerebellum, while the remainder are distributed in the spinal cord and elsewhere. Microscopic examination of the grey matter which covers the surface of the brain shows that it consists mainly of layers of such cells, which may be described as minute masses of living protoplasm giving off numerous fibrils which interlace with one another. Some

of these fibrils are continuous with the nerves which come from or go towards the skin, muscles, and other parts of the body through the brain and spinal cord. And the mass of the brain's bulk is made up of such nerve fibres. A typical nerve cell, or *neurone*, consists of a nucleated mass of protoplasm with one main process continuous with a nerve tract and other branching filaments interlacing with those of its neighbours. Waves of disturbance, set by external stimuli of various kinds, are constantly travelling up the nerves of sensation from the surface and interior of the body to the cells of the grey matter of the brain. The great majority of these nerve impulses affect only imperceptibly our state of consciousness: it is only those which cause a considerable or sudden change in the normal course of events to which we attend and respond by action, immediate or deferred as the case may be.

The neurones, or nerve cells, are of two main kinds, the sensory neurones which receive impressions from without through the nerves of sensation, and the motor neurones which transmit them through the motor nerves to the muscles. And it is now believed that those nerve impulses which evoke consciousness do so *after* they have emerged from the sensory neurones which receive them, and *before* entering the motor neurones which pass them on to the muscles if action is to ensue. This point is of the utmost interest and importance, as it was, until recently, supposed that the *body* of the neurone or nerve cell was the seat of consciousness. In describing the neurone, I said that it consists of a central body with a number of branching processes which are really prolongations

of its living protoplasm. Some of these branches end in a brush-like structure of fine twigs, each terminating in a tiny knob. These brush-like bundles of terminal filaments sometimes touch the body-surface of another neurone; in other cases they approximate to or interlace with similar filaments terminating one of the branches of another cell. In either case the result is a linking up of two separate neurones, and the point of junction is called a *synapse*. Between the opposed parts of two neurones constituting such a synapse there is probably a thin layer of highly-specialised cementing substance, the so-called "psycho-physical substance," and it is believed that the passage of the nerve-impulse through this layer, from one neurone to another, is the physical concomitant of consciousness. The nerve impulse in traversing a synapse encounters a resistance, and in the overcoming of this resistance consciousness is 'generated,' as light is generated by the passage of an electric current through the filament of an incandescent lamp. That is the modern theory, and an extremely pretty theory, too; but by no means favourable to any materialistic view of the origin of mind. For since the synapses are scattered through the grey matter at the points of junction of innumerable neurones, if it is at these scattered points and not at any single point that the sparks of consciousness are generated, where but in the soul do they come together, as we know that they do, so as to constitute a single personality that remembers, feels, wills, and builds up its life-experience into an ordered whole?

Some further points must be mentioned with reference to these highly-interesting structures. When a nerve-impulse traverses a synapse which has never

been crossed before, it encounters a considerable degree of resistance, and has to force its path, so to speak. The next impulse that comes that way will get through somewhat more easily, and the degree of consciousness accompanying the transit will be proportionally less acute. After frequent repetition of such transits, the resistance of the synapse will be reduced to a minimum: the nerve-impulse will flow through smoothly and uninterruptedly: no consciousness will be evoked. The psychological aspect of this physiological change is, of course, the oft-cited fact that, whereas familiar mental processes can be carried on almost automatically, new and untried ones monopolise attention while they are going on. This gradual diminution of the resisting power of the junctions between nerve-cells gives us a rough idea of the way in which the nerve-impulses find their way through the labyrinthine maze of the brain. A weak impulse will on arrival, naturally flow smoothly through the comparatively narrow channel of nerve tracts that have so often been traversed before. It will result in some familiar thought or action, if it have any immediately perceptible result. A stronger impulse will find this smooth road too narrow, and will spread into less familiar pathways, overcoming the moderate resistance of the synapses barring its way. A very strong impulse will spread yet farther, will open up untried paths like a veritable pioneer, evoking a degree of consciousness that will be even painfully intense, ideas that come in the light of a revelation, and actions perhaps of revolutionary significance in the life of the person concerned. Not that I wish to imply that the process is adequately described in terms of this kind. Possibly this is only one half,

and not the more important half. There are reasons for suspecting that the direction of the flow of nerve impulses through the brain may to some extent be modified by the intervention of the will.

The simplest and most obvious manifestation of will is what we call attention; and it seems that by means of attention the waves of nerve energy may be drawn from the path of least, to one of greater, resistance, be made to flow *uphill*, so to speak. This fact is closely related to the exclusive nature of attention; everybody knows that it is impossible to attend closely to more than one thing at a time. If one is listening intently for the approach of a certain foot-step, one will not *see* much of what happens around one. Soldiers in the firing line are so engrossed by the excitement of battle, that they may be severely wounded without feeling anything at the time. Consequently, so long as the attention is kept fixed upon a given mental or perceptual object, only that portion of the brain which is directly or indirectly involved can function at all. All the other parts of the brain are inhibited; all the free energy of the brain will be drained out of them into that system of nerve tracts to which the ideas or sensations under the focus of attention pertain. So long, for example, as the attention is concentrated upon a sound, say a waltz tune, all the available energy in the brain will flow towards the auditory centre, and spread thence by the path of least resistance through the channels diverging therefrom. An impulse to get up and dance may result, which may or may not be carried into effect.

Now, it is wellnigh impossible to conceive that the direction of attention is determined by purely physical

conditions or can be explained in mechanical terms. Here, surely, if anywhere, the psychic factor comes in, and manifests its indispensability and power. If, therefore, as I have suggested above, the direction of the flow of the free energy in the brain follows the lead of attention, it appears that the psychic factor takes the lead in determining the activity of the brain. But it does far more than this in all probability: it also takes the lead in determining the organisation and growth of the brain. Professor Stout calls the attention, "the growing point of the mind". It is a fact whose importance cannot be overestimated, that we do all of us, in great measure, make our own brains. But, before dealing with this important matter, I should like to explain further my view as to the mode in which, through the partial control of attention, the soul manifests its power over the body. I say its partial control, because it is evident that, in the case of most people, attention is largely determined through their sensations by the objects and events of the outside world. But so long as, and to the extent that, this is the case, that the attention is at the mercy of the sensations and emotions evoked by this, that, and the other, the life of the person concerned will be lacking in purpose and unity. If the person is ever to become a real individual with power over his environment, the soul must take the helm. For the soul has its own aims and ends; and only in so far as these are expressed in the life of the body, will that life be truly human and significant. Let us take as an example the case of a boy who is destined to become a great composer. His father was, we will suppose, like the father of Mozart, a musician of considerable talent, and his mother a woman of charm and temperament. He inherits, therefore,

an organism exquisitely adapted to become the instrument of his musical soul, his genius, when that shall once have been awakened. Let us suppose that such a boy is taken to a concert, where he hears for the first time a magnificent performance of Beethoven's ninth Symphony. His brain, like all other human brains, may be likened to a house fitted with electric lamps and with its own dynamo, so arranged that when one room is illuminated all the others are gradually and automatically switched off until the full power of the available current is concentrated upon that one room. As the light in that one room rises, that in all the others grows dim, because the current is drained into the wires that supply the former. Now, while such a boy is listening to the strains of the symphony, that part of his brain which, being congenitally the strongest and best developed, may be compared to the largest and handsomest room in the house—we will call it the *music room*—will be irradiated by its own intense activity, drawing to itself all the free energy streaming up through the sensory nerves into the brain. Not only so, but there will be a correspondingly vivid and intense emotional and intellectual consciousness of the beauty and significance of the music; the attention will be absorbed in the contemplation, and the soul in the enjoyment of these. It will be as if the soul, suddenly awakened, were whispering from the silence where it lurks to the personal consciousness of the future composer: "Yes, listen carefully, greedily: do not let a single note escape you. *This* is what you were born for, what you can do better than anything, what alone will make life worth living for you—to create such beauty and harmony as this, like it in these

respects, yet different, because you are not Beethoven but yourself, you and I, or, rather, I and you, I the soul and you my destined instrument. *Attend! attend! attend!*" Thus fancifully, no doubt, yet, I believe, accurately enough, we may picture to ourselves that *reinforcement* of attention by a purely psychical output of will, which, by frequent repetition, ends, in favourable cases, in the full realisation of the highest innate capacity, and in the subjection of body to mind.

Now, if it be once admitted, as no believer in the existence and superiority of the soul will care to deny, that attention is at least in part a manifestation of psychic as distinct from merely cerebral activity, it inevitably follows that the soul as such takes an active part in determining the lines followed by the structural development of the brain. For, to quote a medical writer, "the personal will is a specific brain stimulus more potent than all the afferent (or sensory) stimuli together in producing changes in brain matter by which the brain acquires new powers". Under the stimulus of the will the nerve cells actuated thereby send out through their branched processes new filaments towards other hitherto unconnected nerve centres, thus linking them up and binding them into co-ordinate systems. Thus, as the writer just quoted (Dr. W. H. Thomson) puts it: "As the child by practice learns to use its hands and feet, new nerve fibres by the thousand grow down and make connections with the motor centres in the spinal cord." It is also a fact familiar to physiologists that "the brains of highly cultivated men show much greater complexity in the convolutions with much greater depth of the fissures" than those of average individuals. This is no doubt attributable to the extra

growth produced in the grey matter of such brains by the stimulus of the will, acting through a disciplined habit of attention. For it is a fact well worth remembering that the structure of the brain is not fixed or predetermined at birth. Especially is this true as regards that part of it which comprises the arcs of the highest or association level, that which combines and organises the lower congenital centres into systems which work together, constituting new dispositions to modes of action peculiar to the individual.

It is in learning to do things which require severe and concentrated effort that these changes in the higher portions of the grey matter are brought about. "Conation is essentially the putting forth of psychical power to modify the course of physical events"; and the first event so modified is the actual growth of the brain. For, says Mc Dougall: "Clear consciousness and conation are invariable concomitants of processes that occur in nervous elements not yet organised in fixed systems; and whenever a new path has to be forced through the untrodden jungle of nerve cells, there and there only is conscious effort, true mental activity involved." It is therefore not claiming too much for the soul to say that, by its reinforcement of attention, it takes a leading part in the building up of the brain, or at least of that highest and most plastic region of the brain upon which are largely based those powers and characteristics which distinguish one individual from another.

I should like now to describe very briefly the idea I have gleaned of the mode in which perception takes place. For, of course, perception is the basis of all thought; one might call it the food of the mind. And

sensations are its raw material. When a sensory nerve is stimulated, say by a touch on the skin, a molecular change is produced in the nerve filaments which end there, and a wave or impulse travels up through the core of the nerve towards the brain. Such waves travel somewhat slowly, at the rate of 160 to 180 feet per second, and cannot therefore be of an electrical nature. One must think of the brain as receiving a constant stream of sensory impulses, derived from myriad sources, most of which pass unnoticed, no doubt. Their main function may be to pass on through the brain and the motor nerves to the muscles, keeping these toned up for action when required. But when an impulse of exceptional intensity is sent up, it demands and receives attention at once.

Imagine for example a man standing in a road on a dark night, who suddenly sees the light of an approaching car. The light impinging on his retina produces changes there whose effects are transmitted through the optic nerves to the centre of vision at the back of the brain. A sudden change is in fact produced in the nerve impulses reaching this area and traversing the synapses therein. It is this change that attracts the attention of the mind, so awakened; the mind is, in Binet's expressive term, a 'dialyser' of the nerve undulation, rejecting the constant element which conveys nothing to it, and laying bare the new element which corresponds to the object. "The object to be perceived is," Binet explains, "contained in the nerve current. It is as it were rolled up in it; and it must be made to go forth from the wave to be seen." This last is the work of the mind.

I wish now to deal with a still more obscure problem, namely, what is generally called the subconscious

mind or self. I have already called attention to the fact that owing to our inability to attend to more than one subject at a time, only a small minority of the innumerable impressions which are constantly pouring into the brain from the outside world, as well as from the various internal organs, come within the focus of consciousness. It must not, however, be supposed that only those impressions to which we consciously attend achieve entrance to the mind or produce any effect thereon. On the contrary, the evidence points rather to the conclusion that every vague sensation of touch, taste, odour, sound, pleasure, discomfort, whether heeded or not, attains its goal in the mind and leaves its permanent impress behind. The subconscious mind, or transliminal self, is fed and energised by these innumerable unheeded sense-waves from without and within, and possibly by influences from other sources of a subtler and more mysterious kind. Thus there is in every human being a duality: on the one hand, the waking life, consisting of that thin central stream of events and actions to which we "give our minds"; and, on the other, a much more massive subconscious life, always growing in volume and power, and always apparently awaiting the chance to assert itself as against its favoured rival. For it seems that there is a constant antagonism between the waking and the transliminal self; each strives to get or keep the upper hand; as the one increases the other is diminished. The waking self has aptly been compared by Sidis to a warm gulf-stream flowing through the ocean, continuous therewith, yet in a measure distinct. In certain abnormal states, the transliminal self not merely encroaches upon the waking self, but even ousts it altogether for a time, taking

on a sort of spurious personality of its own. Such are the strange cases of alternating personality, of which so much has been heard of late.

It is worth mentioning, also, that the most powerful and lasting impressions upon the subconsciousness appear to be those produced through the medium of those senses—for example, that of smell—which are of comparatively little importance from the point of view of the waking self. Everybody knows how the scent of some particular flower may call up vivid recollections of childhood which for years have been buried in oblivion. For the transliminal self never sleeps nor forgets; and childhood is one of the periods—adolescence, the grand climacteric, and old age are others—in which its impressionability or activity is at a higher than the normal level. Moreover, it seems to well up from the depths in hypnosis, when the waking self is in abeyance; and the more we study it, the vaster and stranger its potentialities appear. The facts observed suggest that through it we are in unconscious touch not only with our own past but with that of the race, with all parts of the universe, and even with the future.

The difference between the waking and the transliminal self may be roughly defined as that between character and temperament, between mind and soul. And in view of the fact that we possess in the transliminal self an apparently inexhaustible reservoir of emotional power and (under ordinary conditions, inaccessible) knowledge, I think that its further study may furnish a key to the mystery of genius. I am inclined to commit myself to the axiom that the man of genius is just the man who can draw upon this reservoir in a way that is impossible to ordinary

people. It is a dangerous gift, for there is always the possibility that an uprush of the unconscious into consciousness, coming at a time when the power of control is weakened by disease or emotion, may swamp the latter altogether, and that insanity may be the result. As to the question of the possible seat of the unconscious mind or self in the body, I have unfortunately little to say. No doubt the sense-waves which flow towards it from the surface and interior of the body reach the corresponding sense-organs in the brain; and the prevailing view is that they are in some, at present inexplicable, way permanently registered therein. On the other hand—and it is for this reason that I prefer the term *transliminal* to *subconscious*—there are good reasons for suspecting that some impressions reach and enter the soul otherwise than through the channel of the ordinary senses—telepathically. If this be so, it seems to me very questionable whether the *transliminal* self can have a basis exclusively physical in the ordinary sense of the word. For telepathy from soul to soul is, to my mind, a more natural hypothesis than telepathy from soul to brain. But, here again, the assumption of the existence of an ethereal body, intermediate between body and mind, seems to provide a way out of many of our difficulties. But, even if we regard the brain as the head quarters or physical terminus of the *transliminal* mind, we must surely admit that it is also more deeply based in the organism. Its ultimate physical basis may be, as Henry Frank suggests, that clear semi-fluid gelatinoid plasm, which, forming the vital core of the constituent cells of the body, permeates like a living network those portions of the organism which have, so to speak, died into structure

and frame work. It is there, perhaps, that the ancestral memories reside by which our personalities are in psychical continuity with past ages inconceivably remote.

The unity of personality depends primarily upon that of memory. This is clear from the fact that, in cases of alternating personality, the subject manifests a dual memory, one for each condition of consciousness, each remembering exclusively the events which occur during that condition. The problem of cure consists mainly in bringing about by suggestion a fusion of these two memories, whereby the ruptured unity of the self may be re-established. Since, then, the *rôle* of memory is of such fundamental import, let us consider to what extent it admits of a merely physiological explanation. When we remember an object which we have once seen but which is no longer before us, we do so in virtue of the fact that the same part of the centre of sight at the back of the brain as was concerned in the original perception has been aroused in some way other than actual vision, perhaps by some one mentioning the object, to similar activity. In other words, the physical basis of a memory-image is the re-excitement of the central portion of a perceptual arc or system.

Now, as to association—the trump-card of those who would explain mental life on mechanical principles. When two objects A and B are perceived for the first time simultaneously or in immediate succession, the perception or recollection of A will on future occasions tend to evoke a memory-image of B. This is because the withdrawal of the attention from A to B has opened a path of lowered resistance from the brain-centre A to the brain-centre B, and, consequently, a nerve impulse which reaches

and excites A will always tend to flow thence towards B. This is the process of memory by association, and but for the fact that a movement of attention is a necessary part of its initiation, and that attention is mainly a psychical function, it might be regarded as an instance of passive habit-formation. But there is a great deal more in memory than admits of so mechanical an explanation. Consider the difference between learning a string of nonsense words and learning the same number of words connected by a definite meaning. Experiment proves that in every act of memory these two factors, habit and meaning, co-operate in various proportions, and that the vividness and permanence of a given memory are in proportion to the predominance of the latter. For purposes of memory, an ounce of meaning is worth a ton of habit. Now meaning is a purely psychical phenomenon—you cannot even conceive it as in any sense or degree physical. Consequently, memory, the nexus of personal consciousness, has its basis in the soul rather than in the body—a most important generalisation.

Take, now, the case of abstract thought, and let us consider whether it lends itself to a materialistic explanation. The raw material of thought consists, of course, of perceptions and the memory-images of perceptions ; and, if that were all, it might seem that the course of thought was mechanically determined by the flow of nerve impulses from one part of the brain to another along the paths of lowered resistance determined by habit. But there is little doubt that a trained thinker learns to dispense largely with actual imagery, and to think in terms of imageless meaning. If this be admitted, and Mc Dougall claims that the conclusion has been justified

by introspective studies made under test conditions, it follows that thought may in a measure be emancipated from the brain-process, and that conduct may be affected by purely psychical activities. For thought which is an interplay of imageless meanings is the very antithesis of any mechanical process. It may be worth while to remind you that Henri Bergson, whose philosophy is at present so greatly in vogue, rejects the supposition that, either as regards memory or thought, the cerebral functions are the equivalent of the mental activities.

Similarly, in the case of æsthetic enjoyment, there is, in the full appreciation of any great work of art, a something over and above the pleasure derived from the sensuous element. Edgar Allan Poe defined poetry as the art of awakening the soul. What the soul does, when so awakened, is to seize and apprehend the harmonious relation of the parts to one another and to the whole; to see the one in the many and the many in the one; and to realise the beauty and significance of the conception and its expression in the work before it. The sensuous factor may no doubt be more or less indispensable in the evoking of such a synthetic psychical activity, but, once evoked, it can have, Mc Dougall asserts, no immediate correlate in the brain.

Starting, then, from the current assumption that the waking consciousness is a product of the co-operation of body and mind, we have found reason to believe that the mind is, at least potentially, the more important partner; that it not only takes the lead in determining conduct and brain-organisation, but also tends to emancipate itself in various ways and in increasing degree from the hindrance involved by the term of the

partnership. If, as I believe, the soul has a life and at least a potential consciousness of its own, distinct from and superior to the everyday waking consciousness, it would seem that the great problem for all is to assimilate the one to the other ; and that those will be least disgruntled by the shedding of their bodies who have been most successful in the achievement of this primary aim.

Charles J. Whitby

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ON PARTING FROM DEARLY LOVED COMRADES

INFINITE LOVER of all Thy human children, Uniter of men, Spirit of perfect and ineffable peace, we give Thee thanks that, abiding in Thee, we can never be separated at any time. The sweet physical presence of these our loved ones shall indeed go from us in this outer world of limitation and parting and strife, but in the inner Home of Peace, where the lotus blooms in its white beauty and purity, in the Temple of Love where all tears are dried and all sorrow is turned into joy, we know that we shall walk together continually as friends, in intimate and perfect communion for ever. We know that we can never lose what is our own and that all things are ours in Thee. Great One, we are infinitely rich. Thou hast clothed us in the sunshine of Thy Presence and hast made us heirs of a land of inexhaustible treasure. We thank Thee especially for the love of these our comrades who are now apparently to leave us, and grieve not at their going; for we know that, though the work whereunto we are called may set us as far as the East is from the West, we shall carry with us in our hearts perpetually the assurance of complete at-one-ment with them in the spiritual kingdom of the great Ideal.

Lord, what have we in heaven but Thee and what is there in earth in comparison of Thee? We have learnt to know Thee, dear One, under all forms; therefore is our satisfaction infinite and the fullness of our joy can never end.

X.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY AS A MENTAL EQUIPMENT¹

By PROFESSOR R. K. KULKARNI, M.A., LL.B.

THE study of any subject in order that it may serve as a mental equipment must be conducted on such lines as will make it supply proper food to the mind.

Mental nourishment and growth on definite lines are facts in human nature capable of being accomplished by regular and well-directed effort, though as yet imperfectly recognised by western psychology.

Just as regulated doses of food or medicine bring about a change in the physical body, so does the study of subjects like Mathematics, Classics, History, and Logic, exercise and develop the assimilative and reasoning powers of the mind.

The critical and—at a later stage—the intuitive faculties of the ego are brought into play by contact with pursuits which are scientific in their nature, i.e., those dealing with the why and how of things material and spiritual; those that seek to establish causal relations between the sequences or co-existences of phenomena. The spirit of enquiry and search after truth arouses the soul to its latent possibilities. Its refusal to take things blindly or on authority, and its assertion of the right to know and to feel for itself, combined with an intense and selfless longing for truth,

¹ A paper read at the Theosophical Educational Conference, December 31st, 1913.

gradually build into it the powers of discrimination, poise and judgment, until finally its eyes are opened to the vision of Truth, immediate, and unhampered by the slow and circuitous processes of ratiocination.

Let us now see whether historical study is as scientific as it is humanistic, and whether it is capable of broadening and deepening the mind and endowing it with prophetic vision and decision of judgment.

Like natural science, history has passed through the mythical and heroic stages. The chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. The chronicler is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials that he finds ready to his hand. He is still under the influence of fancy. During the progress of history from the legendary stage to the heroic, and from the heroic to the chronicling, facts are coloured by imagination only.

With intellectual expansion and the advance of social and political life, the imaginative elements which had converted history into romance dissolve before the more violent emotions with which the mind of mankind is disturbed.

Now history becomes the favourite weapon with which contending religious and political parties make war upon each other. So wide is the contrast, so different the aspect of the same facts as seen from opposite sides, that, even at the present hour, it is enough to know that any particular writer belongs to a particular party, Catholic or Protestant, Tory or Whig, to be assured beforehand of the view which he will take of any one of the prominent characters or incidents of the period.

One after another, partisans of religious and political factions made history their pulpit, and preached their

sermons from it on the respective values of authority and liberty, faith and reason, religion and science, protection and free trade. The next manipulators of historical facts are the philosophers, giving us views of history corresponding to their theories, purporting to explain the origin and destiny of humanity. The idealist attributes everything to divine providence or communication, while the materialist reduces everything to the influence of the environment.

History, in short, suffered in succession from superstition, blind hero-worship, ignorance of the laws of probability, and religious, political or speculative prejudices.

The dawn of the scientific study of history—the first widening of the general horizon, the awakening of the true historical sense and spirit, the commencement of historical research and a clear and correct view of the relation of one part of history to another—dates from the publication of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1776, a year which ushered in that last quarter of the eighteenth century, which is associated in the memory of scholars, historians, economists, politicians and occultists with the inauguration of an era of undreamt-of development and progress in almost every department of life. "Gibbon's design," as Professor Freeman remarks, "is encyclopædic and his execution so accurate, so broad, so free of the distortions of prejudice, founded upon so vast a knowledge of documents, that it can never become antiquated." "He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century," the same authority continues, "whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside."

But in his "history repeats itself," Gibbon saw nothing deeper than the rise and fall of nations. He says

that human passions at play are the same everywhere, and therefore history will again and again repeat the same story of birth, development, decay and death, whether the stage for action is a city State in Greece or a country State in the modern world of the growth of the representative idea; whether the struggle is a nation's birth-throes in the West or a despot's attempt at reconciling to his yoke a docile people in the East. Gibbon's genius did not penetrate beyond the haze of passions, prejudices, ideas or conditions of men in the mass to the "increasing purpose" running "through the ages," that law of spiral progress which carries the mounting entity, at the first turn of the spiral, to a point exactly above its starting point, but one turn higher up—a law of universal application, and as true of the growth of individuals, nations, and humanity at large as of the octaves of colour and sound, the arrangement of chemical elements according to their atomic weights, the setting of leaves on the stem of a plant, and the weeks and months and years in their ceaseless revolutions in the everlasting round of Time.

Perhaps we may have to wait another century or more before the operation of this law is recognised by historians. As it was, Gibbon's great work gave rise in the nineteenth century to two eminent schools of history, which held sway over civilised minds till the growth of the critical and comparative study of human sciences, chiefly initiated by the Germans.

1. The first school, headed by Hallam, Macaulay, and Green, may be called the *literary* school. The 19th century is a century of the most active historical investigations. Hallam and Macaulay like Grote and Thirlwall, Milman and Lingard, are the most painfully laborious researchers

in the field. Macaulay actually visited the places he had to describe. In the diffusion of the historic spirit, he brilliantly follows the example set by Gibbon. But his Whig bias, and the inborn inclination to *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, makes him by no means a trustworthy standard-bearer of the historical truth. The popularity of this school was very great, but the reaction against it is now as violent. "History is poisoned by the literary effort," says Principal F. W. Bain of Poona. "Neither economic profundity, nor political insight, nor social sympathy, nor knowledge of human nature, but style, and style only, is the qualification for a classic."

2. The next school, I may be allowed to call the *positivist* school, represented by Buckle and Draper, and influenced by the philosophy of the French thinker, M. Comte. The peculiarity of this school is its recognition of the grandeur of the doctrine that the world is governed by law; social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth. Individual man is an emblem of communities, nations and universal humanity. These exhibit epochs of life like his ages of credulity, enquiry, faith, reason, retrospection, or decrepitude and death; and like him are under the control of physical conditions and therefore of law. But the 'law' of this school is merely the environment, the physical or physiological law. To quote Principal Bain once more:

Buckle's theory begets a vicious mechanical notion of historical progress, for the necessity which obtains in history is not an absolute, but a conditional, necessity. Society develops not according to a fixed, unalterable, pre-determined law, runs not along an inexorable predestined iron line, but proceeds by constant self-adjustment in conformity with ever-changing conditions. The element of personal character and

the play of living passions and motives of men in action are as essential and decisive as the other component natural causes.

3. The third school, of *historical criticism*, which revolutionises the whole aspect of the study, is a continental school having the German Van Ranke as its master, preceded in his comprehensive work by giants of criticism like Niebuhr, Mommsen, Guizot, and Michelet. Ranke's mind was eminently fitted for both minute researches and large speculations. His example of close observation, careful analysis, sustained and sceptical scrutiny, equitable interpretation and impartial judgment gave an altogether new turn to historical investigation, which became international as much as national. Bryce and Lecky, Freeman and Seeley, who thought and wrote under the ægis of this school, have taken great pains to sift truth from falsehood and appreciate the bearing on historical progress of the international relations of the States of Europe. Dr. Cunningham proved in his great work, *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, the interdependence of political, economical and social activities, though historically epochs are marked out by political changes. Darwin's conception of evolution and the growth of the science of biology further transformed history, as they transformed every other branch of human knowledge. History and sociology came to be regarded as having a biological basis; the attention of scholars was turned to the organic growth of every institution they had to examine. Max Müller's labours on 'The Sacred Books of the East' revealed to the western world the existence of solid philosophies, religions and literatures in the East, the relics of great civilisations that had risen, and gone down in the incalculable past. Communication

between different parts of the world, closer contact between the West and the East by the growth of the British Empire and the rise of the eastern power of Japan, the spread of the Theosophical idea of human unity and the consequent necessity of better mutual feeling and understanding between the inhabitants of the two hemispheres of the globe, the most startling scientific discoveries of the last twenty-five years—all these are pointing to the rise of a new historical school, the motto of which has already been given by Emerson in the middle of the last century, viz., “the genius of humanity is the right point of view of history”.

This new school can be appropriately called the *synthetic* school. Its master is yet to come. The archæological excavations in India and elsewhere might perhaps lend an impetus to it. Fresh materials and sources of information may come to light to aid some master-mind, imbued with the spirit of continuity, and fixing its gaze on the infinity of progress lying stretched before the ever-varying gradations of race succeeding race, and civilisation following upon civilisation, on the face of this globe. Such a master-mind will prove to the Philistine world that the different races and civilisations in the East and the West are but recurring phases of one continuous evolution of life, improving and progressing at each successive incarnation. Such a view of history will be unitarian and universal, subordinating to its single purpose the multifarious manifestations of human races, propagandas and ideals.

A remarkable beginning of this prospective era was made by Lord Acton in Cambridge in 1898. His death, three years later, nipped the attempt in the bud. Lord Acton's mind was concerned with the greatness of

human affairs, with the moral aspects of political and ecclesiastical achievements; above all, with the final supremacy of the soul over circumstance, and with the sacredness of Truth and inalienable glory of Liberty.

Acton, by his birth, his career and his studies, above all, by his detachment, was driven to regard History from a standpoint neither English nor German, but Universal. As he told the contributors to the *Cambridge Modern History*: "The recent past contains the key to the present time Our Waterloo must be one that satisfies French and English, Germans and Dutch alike." By Universal History I understand that which is distinct from the combined history of all countries, which is not a rope of sand but a continuous development, not a burden on the memory but an illumination of the soul. It moves in a succession to which the nations are subsidiary. Their story will be told not for their own sake, but in reference and subordination to a higher series, according to the time and the degree in which "they contribute to the common fortunes of mankind".

I have taxed the readers' patience so long with a rather detailed account of the growth of historical science and historical criticism in the past and in the present, just to show how the growth of history and the progress of the world are closely interdependent, how it is impossible to be a real student of history without a proper appreciation of the relation of the present moment to its predecessor, i.e., "History making" and "History made"; how history is but politics in the past, and how politics is but history in the present; how criticism is a constructive faculty of the mind whose function it is to separate truth from falsehood,

for no other object than a clearer and brighter apprehension of Truth; how, when thus exercised, the critical faculty is a step from reason to intuition; and how the abuse of this divine quality in picking faults, and making "the worse appear the better reason," leads to the coarsening and degradation of human nature. We are endowed with faculties in order that we may use them for the discovery of Truth. Their abuse not only impairs the faculties at present possessed, but puts the acquisition of new faculties beyond our power.

Besides the right and temperate use of the critical faculty, the study of history ought to teach us to control affirmation, to do the best we can for the other side, and to avoid partiality or emphasis on our own. Both sides to a controversy contend for the affirmation of Truth, and they are both but partially true. Ideas in politics and religion are not only truths but also forces. They must be respected; they must not be affirmed. Let us therefore avoid dogmatising, and think and work in such a way that our opinion may grow towards the ideal rather than restrict the ideal to the opinion.

It is said that societies are not made, but grow; revolutions are but moments in evolution; similarly history is a course of action depositing knowledge like grains of gold in the sand of a river. Let us therefore follow the advice of Dr. Arnold in consenting to act together, though we may not consent to believe together. The study of history according to Ranke is meant for the awakening of national self-consciousness, and when that is aroused it is possible to create the bond of a common object and common action. Action, action, is the thing most emphasised, whether it be by the *Bhagavad-Gītā* or the lay

scripture of history. We are induced to unity of action by any number of motives, and right action in the right spirit does lead us on to right belief. We, Indians, make haste to believe and rest contented in an idle and inoperative belief. Let history, I mean living history, teach us to appreciate the beauty of action preceding belief, and the force and vividness of the belief that is induced by action. It is thus that we can make error minister to truth, and failures to success.

The study of history in our schools and colleges is not conducted along the proper lines. It ought to promote the growth of what may be called historical-mindedness, to produce a historical frame of mind, to help forward the cause of truly historical thinking and action. History lectures should suggest rather than diminish the need of reading. They should not only inform or instruct, but also inspire. Students must shake off their flip-pant cynicism towards study and reflection, and approach history as a Goddess whose gift is a true grasp of the whole as a container of parts, and a sense of proportionate value and relation of the parts to each other, straightening the mind to the point of clear and unprejudiced receptivity; for history, as Mrs. Besant has so often declared from the Theosophic platform,

... is not a mere mass of dates and names utterly uninteresting, a matter of memory as distinct from thought; nor is it even the realising of the movements of peoples, understanding the great forces by which nations rise, rule and fall, and so play their part in the theatre of the world. You only begin to understand the fascination, the enthralling interest of history, when you see the events on earth as the projections thrown down on to the earth of spiritual realities in higher and mightier worlds. When you begin to see in the events of history the working of a mighty Plan; the shaping of a great purpose; the carrying out down here of the thoughts conceived in the spiritual world; then history rises up before you, and you realise that the outer events are but the shadow of realities, and that

the realities that cast the shadows are the spiritual truths of the universe. And as that thought begins to show itself, history becomes illuminated, and the outlines of the Plan shine through the tangle of events.

Let us, therefore, impress on our minds the supreme duty of growing more and more reverent as our knowledge of Reality makes us profound and far-sighted in action. In the words of Tennyson :

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But deeper.

R. K. Kulkarni

The Hell of Priests—A thing for scorn of men,
And for the hearts of little children, fear.
A lure obscene to bait the traps of Faith,
Where bloody reek of dead men done to death
Cries yet to man for vengeance, drawing near—
When Truth shall cleanse the world of creeds again,
And all their impious calumnies that sere
The unctuous lips of priests with lying breath,
Grown slanderous professing to revere.
A God whose love is half a hatred fell—
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

John Helston

JUDAS—HIS EXULTANT DEATH

INTERPRETED IN THE LIGHT OF THE "MYSTERIES"

By GWENDOLEN BISHOP

" Master, to Thee is this sacrifice
Offered ; this of my body. Lo !
I, Betrayer of Man, to the Godhead bow.
Blood-spillers handle the sacred dice,¹
As I sow myself for sesame seed,²
In that same field where the barren tree
Was cursed ; since it bore no fruit for thee.
Ah, Little Ones!³ Hasten ! Bid me God-speed !
I pass, to rejoin Him in Paradise !

" Yea, Comrade, yea ; Thou art slain indeed !
Elect was I to hand⁴ Thee to shame.

¹ The "sacred dice" were among the seven sacred "playthings" of Bacchus, and used to instruct the mystae in the evolution of matter and form ; they represent the five planes of being ; the five Platonic solids.

² "Sesame seed." Fragments of a cake made from sesame seed were eaten by the mystae at the Orphic ritual. To this day it is strown upon little cakes sold in Greece at Easter time. In Turkey and Arabia a white sweet-meat largely composed of sesame and honey and called "manna"—the symbolic "bread of heaven"—is also made and eaten at that season.

³ "Little Ones" are the neophytes, or mystae. "The Little Child" was the ordinary name for a candidate just initiated, *i.e.*, one who had just been "re-born" ; in India called the "twice-born". Christ is reported to have said that "unless a man be born again" he cannot partake of eternal life.

⁴ The Greek word translated in the Gospels as "betrayed," or the "betrayed" is the same as one used in the Mysteries of Dionysus, and having the peculiar significance of "handing over". This "handing over" denoted the passing of the sacred foods, etc., from the hands of the epoptai to the hands of the mystae ; they might symbolise their recognition of their true significance by kissing them ; in this manner Judas "handed over" Jesus, and signalled his recognition with a kiss.

—God! It consumes; this dazzling flame!—
 Their laughter rose when they saw Thee bleed
 On the trunk of the cross-tree's bitter wood,
 And the whole of the mystery was told
 As the Graft from the Apple of Shining Gold¹
 Blossomed and fell in a shower of blood,
 To nourish the root of the lowliest weed.

“This be Thy praise—that the dark-eyed brood
 For ever shall offer me up to scorn:
 —I, who have kissed the lips of the Dawn!—²
 At my grave they will stumble and shuddering, hood
 Their eye³ from the auriole Light; from the Sun
 Stripping my bones of corporeal blame;
 From the winged soul perched on their cairn of
 shame.
 Behold now, ye mockers! The last coin is spun!
 Jesus slain—the Law—Christ, Christ Himself
 understood!”

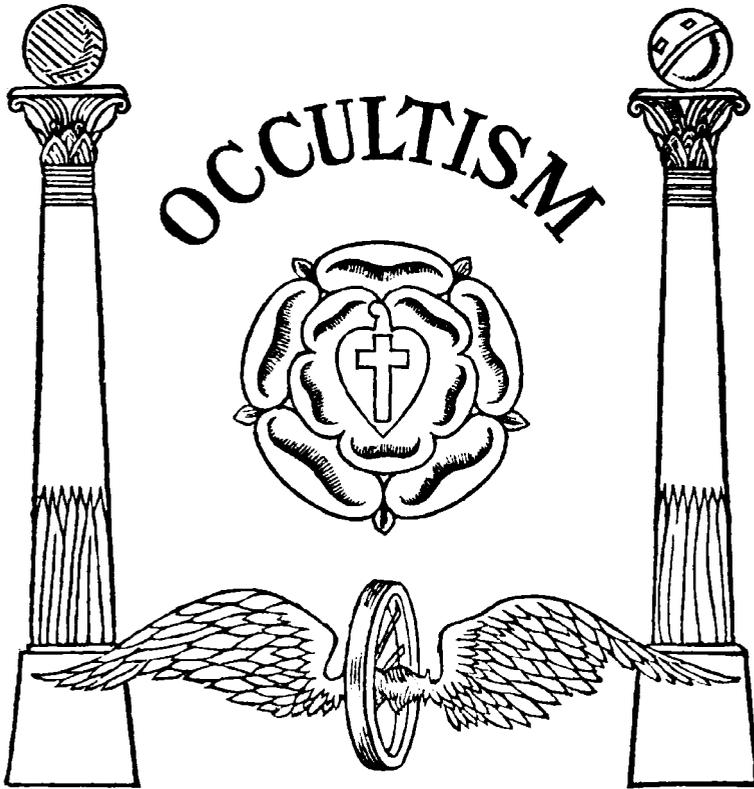
For information contained in notes 4, 6, I am indebted to an article by Slade-Butler on “The Greek Mysteries and the Gospels” *Nineteenth Cent.*, Mag, 1905.

Gwendolen Bishop

¹ The Golden Apple was one of the sacred playthings of Bacchus which denoted the inner knowledge—pure gold.

² “I who have kissed the Lips of the Dawn”—the Greek word used in the Gospels to denote the kiss of Judas is not the word used ordinarily for a kiss, but an one that describes the most tender, intimate kiss of the lover; the word used to describe the salutation of sacred things in the Dionysic ritual.

³ “Their eye,” alludes to the third eye; the eye of higher and occult vision, supposed to be placed in the crown of the head, and always looking upward.



GHOSTS AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS

By LACY COLLISON-MORLEY

Author of *Greek and Roman Ghost Stories*

It has been maintained that no man in his senses ever saw a ghost; that these are the delusive visions of women and children, or of men whose intellects are impaired by some physical infirmity, and who believe that their diseased imaginations are of divine origin. But if Dion and Brutus, men of strong and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity—if such men could place so much faith in the appearance of spectres as to give accounts of them to their friends, I see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients that men had their evil genii who disturbed them with fears and distressed their virtues.

So wrote Plutarch.

It is true that the ghost-story has never occupied the important position in the clear atmosphere of the Mediterranean which it has held in the vague and more mystical North. Even to-day ghost-stories are not

common in Italy, as compared with tales of the were-wolf. But though they are rare in classical literature, even after the invasion of the West by the cults of the East, there are more of them than is generally supposed. For one thing, the dead in antiquity were never regarded as entirely cut off from the living. Outside every Latin town a hole was dug before the walls were traced, which was regarded as the entrance to the Lower World for the dead of the town in question, and was opened on three days during the year to give them access to their old homes. Moreover the souls of those who had died violent deaths were condemned to haunt the spots where they had been slain, for the span of their natural life. They were malignant spirits and were therefore propitiated at a special festival, the Lemuria, besides being entrusted with the carrying out of curses.

Hence, as we should expect, necromancy was frequently practised, particularly during the later days of the Republic and the early Empire. Nero called up the shade of his mother, whom he had murdered, and endeavoured to appease it, and we are told that not even the charms of his own acting and singing gave him such delight as the raising of the dead. Caracalla, a later Emperor, indulged in similar practices, and a Greek philosopher even succeeded in raising the shade of Achilles. Throughout the ancient world there were a number of soul-oracles at places where the presence of mephitic vapours gave rise to the belief that they were entrances to the Lower World. Here the dead were regularly consulted by sensible men of the world, like Cicero's friend, Atticus.

Warning apparitions, often gigantic women, are recorded on several important occasions. Shakspeare

has made the vision which appeared to Brutus on the eve of Philippi known to everyone, but few people are aware that a man of heroic size and beauty, according to Suetonius, was suddenly seen in Cæsar's camp while he was still hesitating whether to cross the Rubicon or not. Seizing a trumpet from one of the men who had run up to listen, he blew a loud blast and began to cross the river. Cæsar hesitated no longer, and his men followed him with great enthusiasm.

Lucian is among the scoffers, and his delightfully amusing dialogue, the *Philopseudos*, ridicules the superstitions of his contemporaries. But it is none the less a mine of information and contains instances of almost every kind of supernatural belief held in his day, and with its aid we can find instances of most modern ghost-stories scattered up and down the classics. We read of haunted baths in Chæronea, and of a haunted house at Athens let at a ridiculously low rent, because no one else would live in it but a philosopher. He refused to move from the table where he was working late at night till the ghost actually clanked its chains over his head; then rose and followed it till it vanished. He marked the spot with leaves and had the ground dug up, when some bones and some rusty chains were discovered. These were duly buried and the ghost was laid to rest for ever. Sounds of fighting were heard at Marathon, as on other battle-fields, and Philostratus has left a beautiful description of the activities of the Homeric heroes revisiting the glimpses of the moon round Troy. The worst of the Emperors, Caligula and Nero especially, appeared after their death, and a church was actually built by a mediæval Pope in Rome to lay the latter's restless

shade. The spirit of the wife of Periander, the famous tyrant of Corinth, refused to answer his questions till he had given her all the clothes she needed, and in order to satisfy her he made all the women of the city strip off their clothes and ornaments at a great festival and burnt them in her honour. Lucian also tells us of a wife returning to upbraid her husband because he had omitted to burn one of her slippers on her funeral pyre. She vanished when a little dog barked under the bed. Then there is the well-known story of the poet Simonides being warned in a dream not to sail upon the ship he had selected, by the spirit of an unknown sailor, to whom he had given peace by throwing the obligatory three handfuls of earth upon his unburied bones by the sea-shore.

But there is only one instance of the commonest and best-authenticated kind of modern ghost-story, the apparition of a person at or near the moment of death, generally to some one to whom he has been peculiarly attached or to whom he has promised to appear after death, if such a thing be possible. A traveller put up at an inn at Megara with a quantity of gold upon him, which he carried, as was then usual, concealed in his belt. The host discovered this and murdered him during the night, arranging to take the body outside the walls in a cart-load of dung on the following morning. Meanwhile, however, the ghost of the murdered man appeared to a citizen of the town and told him what had happened, though we are not informed whether the two men had previously been acquainted. But the citizen of Megara was so impressed by his vision that he immediately caused a search to be made, and the murderer was caught exactly at the spot indicated, with the body in the cart.

It cannot be said that this is a very remarkable or a very interesting case, and the general impression left upon us by the majority of the stories that have come down to us is much the same. Their very simplicity makes us realise that we are face to face with the phenomenon in its infancy. They are wholly uncritical, and would be quite useless to a scientific investigator. The only tale which in any way approaches the standard required by a good modern ghost-story is that of Charito and Demonstratus, told by Phlegon of Tralles, which supplied Goethe with the material for his *Braut von Korinth*. It is, however, too long to quote here. But Apuleius' account of the bride who is warned in her sleep by the wraith of her husband that he has been murdered by his treacherous friend, Thrasyllus, might have been taken from the plot of a modern novel. Thrasyllus is courting the widow, for love of whom he has committed the crime, and she pretends to encourage his suit, inviting him to visit her by night, and then she blinds him. As soon as she has accomplished her vengeance, she rushes to her husband's tomb and slays herself. Thither Thrasyllus follows her, filled with remorse, shuts the gates and starves himself to death. Very interesting, too, is the speech of Quintilian, supposed to be delivered on behalf of a mother, whose son had appeared to her every night after his death. She told her husband, meaning him to come and share her joy at the interview. But he was afraid, and sent for a diviner to mew up the boy securely in his tomb with spells. So powerful were these that he had not appeared again and the mother is suing the father to have them removed.

Quintilian's speech at least shows the strength of the belief in apparitions of the dead which prevailed in some

quarters, and is noteworthy because the apparition is of a comforting character. This is quite the exception in the ancient world. To the Greek or the Roman the future life was at best a vague shadowy copy of the life upon earth. All his joys were centred round this world, beneath which his spirit would one day be forced to dwell. Christianity first taught men to take refuge from the miseries of life in the contemplation of future bliss. Hence the marked change in the purport of the modern ghost-story.

Ghosts formed a regular part of the theatrical machinery in the Roman comedies; in Plautus they are frequently found. But, as we have seen, the phenomenon is regarded differently by different writers. Lucian laughs, but the Younger Pliny is ready to discuss the subject seriously with a friend, while his uncle, the Elder Pliny, and Suetonius are also believers. God-fearing men like Aelian or Plutarch regard ghosts as the result of the direct intervention of Providence, and it was commonly believed that no spirit could return to the world above except by Pluto's permission and under the conduct of Mercury. Obviously there was a popular idea abroad, shared by a number of educated persons, even after the decay of the old religions and the founding of the various philosophic schools, that death did not cut off the dead man entirely from the world he had left, and that his wraith could, under certain circumstances, return to it. But it is not possible to arrive at very definite conclusions about the character of the beliefs held by the ancients upon the subject from the information at our disposal.

Lacy Collison-Morley

THE BAND OF SERVERS

By C. JINARAJADASA, M. A.

FOR a large number of Theosophists the idea of reincarnation has revolutionised their lives. Reincarnation has been an integral part of Hindūism and Buddhism for centuries, and its proclamation by Theosophy as a part of the evolutionary process cannot therefore be said to be entirely new in the history of thought; nevertheless the way in which that idea has been applied by Theosophists to the living problems of life is undoubtedly new. So far as the Western world is concerned, reincarnation may be said to have come to it, some day to become an integral part of its philosophy, by means of the Theosophical Society.

Much as reincarnation is bound to be for most merely a splendid hypothesis, yet, when that hypothesis is shown to be an inexhaustible reservoir of solutions to problems of life that occur every day, the hypothesis may be said to have passed beyond the stage of a mere theory, and to have become a great living reality. To those who have moulded their lives in the light of reincarnation, and who find their lives therefore more purposeful and dynamic, the supreme proof of reincarnation perhaps lies in the fact that they cannot any more consider a mode of life for themselves wherein the thought of reincarnation has no part. It has been truly said by Herbert Spencer that the inconceivability of the negation of a scientific truth is the last criterion of its validity to an individual. This same general statement is absolutely true concerning the idea of reincarnation.

One powerful element that has made reincarnation a more living truth is the recognition that the past history of individuals in previous lives can be deciphered. Whether this comes to an individual by dreams or visions, or by the direct reading of the records of the past in the memory of the LOGOS, the fact that the past is not unrecoverable is a most inspiring solace to those who desire to understand life. To many Theosophists such brief glimpses into the past lives of certain individuals as have been published have been most illuminating; they have given hints and clues as to those unseen guiding Intelligences, who out of men's circumstances and capabilities weave the tapestry of life.

The first definite series of investigations into past lives was begun in May, 1893; these form the lives of Erato published in THE THEOSOPHIST in April 1912. Since then several series have been investigated, and some of them recorded. The most important of all series recorded are the *Lives of Alcyone*.

When permission was given by the Masters to investigate the past lives of Erato, it was then mentioned that we would gain from them instructive ideas as to the general working of the laws of reincarnation and karma. This has proved to be the case with each series investigated; we have clearer ideas now than we had twenty years ago concerning both these laws of evolution as they apply to re-birth in Root-races and sub-races, and as to the necessary adjustment of karma to give the experiences needed for each soul to make the best out of a given situation.

With the investigations into the past of Alcyone, however, new light has come to us concerning the evolution of men *en masse*. We see now something of a plan

of evolution formulated by a Hierarchy that governs the world, and carried out by its agents who found races and religions. And the later investigations recorded in *Man : Whence, How and Whither* have given us a vast ground-plan of evolution, wherein we may duly place the facts we have so far gathered from our Theosophical studies, and erect that magnificent structure of the Divine Wisdom that is a never-ending source of inspiration. In the light of these latest researches, we begin to see that one aim achieved by reincarnation is the training of souls to work in groups, under leaders and guides, all bent on a common beneficent work, yet co-operating with a willing obedience to carry out the orders of those wiser and greater than themselves.

One such band of Servers have been instrumental in ushering in the Theosophical movement to-day. Under the leadership of the Masters of Wisdom, two great Servers, H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, founded the Theosophical Society, the nucleus of that future World-Empire of the Spirit, under whose fostering care men shall realise in daily life something of the Divinity within them. Since then, many a Server has entered the ranks to take his part in the Great Work, and year by year new Servers are joining to give of their best to the proclamation of Theosophy.

There are now in the Society hundreds of these Servers, who for many lives in the past have worked under one or other of the Masters. They congregate round some elder soul, like one of the Masters, or round one of Their pupils; and in recording the past lives of some of these pupils, a few have been recognised. The following list gives the "star-names" given to them in the book *The Lives of Alcyone*, now in the press and soon to be published.

Names of Characters in the Lives of Alcyone

A	Bootes Boreas BRIHAT (BRIHASPATI) Bruce (Brunhilda)
Achilles Adrona Aglaia * Ajax Alastor * Alba Albireo Alces (Alcestis) * Alma (Alcmene) Alcyone Aldeb (Aldebaran) Aletheia Alex (Alexandros) Algol Altair Amal (Amalthea) Andro (Andromeda) Ant (Antares) Apis Apollo Aqua (Aquarius) Aquila Ara Arcor Arthur (Arcturus) Argus Aries Atlas (Atalanta) * ATHENA Aulus Auriga Aurora * Auson (Ausonia) Abel (Avelledo)	C Callio (Calliope) Calyx (Calypso) * Cancer Canopus Capella Capri (Capricorn) Cassio (Cassiopeia) Castor Cento (Centaurus) Cetus Camel (Chameleon) Chanda Chrys (Chrysos) Circe Clare (Clarion) Clio * Colos (Colossus) Concord (Concordia) Corona * Crux * Cygnus Cyr (Cyrene)
B	D Dactyl * Daleth Daphne Demeter Deneb * Dharma DHRUVA Diana Dido (Daedalus) Dolphin Dome (Diomedea) Dora (Dorado) Draco
Baldur Bee (Beatrix) Beatus Bella (Bellatrix) Beren (Berenice) Betel (Betelgeuse) Beth	

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

E	Echo Egeria Elektra Elsa Epsilon Erato Eros Eta Eudox (Eudoxia) * Euphra (Euphrosyne)	Iris Ivan Ivy (Iphigenia) Ixion (Centurion) *
		J
		Jason Jerome Joan Judex Juno JUPITER
F	Fabius Fides Flora Flos Fomal (Fomalhaut) Fons Forma (Formator) Fort (Fortuna)	K Kamu Kappa Karu Kepos Kim Koli (Philippa) Kös Kratos Kudos
G	Gamma Gaspar Gem (Gemini) Gimel Gluck (Glaucus) Gnostic	L Lacey (Lacerta) Laxa (Lachesis) * Leo Leopard (Leopardus) Leto Libra Lignus Lili * Liovtai Lobelia Lomia Lotus Lutea (Lutetia) * Lyra
H	Hebe Hector Helios Herakles Hermin (Herminius) Hesper (Hesperia) Hestia Holly Horus Hygeia	
I	Ida Inca Iota Irene *	M Madhu * Magnus MAHAGURU

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

Sirona		V
Sita		
Siwa †		Vajra †
Soma		Vale (Velleda)
Spes		Vega
Spica		VENUS
Stella		Vesta *
SURYA		Viola
Sylla		VIRAJ
	(644373)	Virgo
		Vizier
	T	VULCAN
		W
Taurus *		
Telema (Telemachus)		Walter
Theo (Theodoros)		Wences (Wenceslas)
Theseus		
Thetis		
Tiphys		X
Thor		
Tolosa †		Xanthos
Tripes (Trapezium)		Xulon
Trefoil		
Tulsi		Y
	U	
		Yajna
		Yati
		Yodha
		Z
Uchcha		
Udor		
Ullin		
Ulysses †		Zama
Una		Zarathushtra
Upaka		Zeno
URANUS		Zephyr
Ursa		Zeta
Ushas		Zoe

It must be clearly understood that these are not all the Servers; they are but a fraction of the number that compose a particular band. The fact that a person is not "in the Lives" merely means that a given

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

† Passed over but returned to incarnation immediately.

investigator has not so far noted that person, or has not looked for that person ; for often we have changed considerably as causal bodies during long periods of time, and it does not at all follow that the investigator knowing us now would recognise us at first sight as we were then. Every earnest Theosophical worker is "in the Lives," grouped around one or another of the present and past leaders of the Theosophical movement ; if he is not in the list published above, it merely means he has not yet been definitely traced. In reality, to be found in the Lives does not necessarily signify much ; there are many who have not yet been "found," who are far nearer to the heart of the movement and nearer to Discipleship than some recorded in this list.

The names given above are only names to serve as mnemonics to designate the egos concerned ; they have no occult significance whatsoever. As an ego takes incarnations as man and as woman, it is unsatisfactory to use the name of his present incarnation, if the investigator is describing an incarnation of the ego when the sex was different. Hence it was found more convenient to use some other symbol than the actual name of the present personality. At first, the names of stars and constellations were used ; and for easier recognition, the names of the planets were used for those Egos who are now on the Adept level. Later, as more and more Servers were recognised, designations other than names of planets and stars were used ; hence the curious jumble of names from many tongues in the present list.

During the earlier investigations, certain egos were noted as repeatedly appearing in a particular series of lives, but they were not recognised through their

present personalities; to these were given names of the Greek and Hebrew alphabets—Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Aleph, Beth, etc. Some of these were later recognised, and their alphabet names, in some cases, were changed, as Alpha to Alastor, Beta to Cancer, Aleph to Aquila; in other cases the alphabet names were retained, even though the egos were recognised—as Gamma, Beth, Gimel, etc. There are some who are still not recognised.

In the list given it will be noted that some names are followed by names in brackets. This shows that the name in the brackets was that used in such series of lives as have been published in THE THEOSOPHIST, but that they have been changed for use in the series of charts appearing in the book *The Lives of Alcyone*. The changes are chiefly due to the need of curtailing the length of names so as to get them to fit into several parallel columns on a narrow page. The names of those who are Masters of Wisdom to-day are printed in capitals. As mentioned in the foot-notes, the asterisk denotes an ego who has passed out of incarnation, since the founding of the Theosophical Society; the names of those egos who have passed out, but have almost immediately returned to incarnation, are followed by a dagger. No doubt several more of the former type of egos will return quickly to incarnation, without the period in the heaven-world, as suitable opportunities for re-birth are provided for them by the Masters.

Hitherto in the past lives of the great band of Servers, they have mostly lived in one country, or fairly close to each other, so as to permit of intercourse with such means of locomotion as existed in the past. For the

first time, the Servers have now been scattered into many nations, as will be seen from the following chart:

Distribution of the Characters

Country.	Male.	Female.	Total.
India	55	4	59
British Isles... ..	44	42	86
United States	22	21	43
Australia and New Zealand	10	4	14
Holland and Dutch East Indies	9	4	13
France	5	8	13
Italy	4	4	8
Russia	2	3	5
Austria	3	1	4
Germany	2	...	2
Parsi	2	...	2
Spain	1	...	1
Switzerland	1	...	1
Burma	1	...	1

Unrecognised : 9

In the analysis of the characters, none of the Adepts have been counted, nor Proteus, who is now in a Tibetan form. One difficulty in the analysis lies in the fact that a character may belong to a given race, as for example, the English, and yet be settled down for life in a foreign land and make that his home, and find there too his part of the great Theosophical empire which is his heritage. In such cases, disregarding nationality of birth, we have counted as an ego's present country that in which his chief Theosophical activities lie. A vast amount of information concerning all these matters of the past will be at the disposal of students when *The Lives of Alcyone*, now in the press, is finally issued. Preceding the first life of Alcyone, 22,662 B. C.,

published in THE THEOSOPHIST, eighteen new lives are given, two dating as far back as 70,000 B. C. In two of the lives we meet again the great "Mahāguru," during His ministry as Thoth in Egypt 40,000 B. C. and as Zoroaster in Persia 29,700 B. C. A detailed chart of the relationships between the various characters is given after each life. A novel element (furthermore will be some dozen pictures of Alcyone as he looked in some of his past lives.

Whether we are in these charts or not, we who are Servers can gain this lesson from the past—that in spite of our weaknesses and lack of ability along certain lines, we do possess to some extent the supreme ability to serve. In service there is neither small nor great; the spirit of our service makes us one with God, who as He is the Master of us all is yet the Servant of us all too. Follows then the lesson for the future, that lesson so significantly expressed in the verse of the Talmud :

The day is short and the work is great.

It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it.

C. Jinarajadasa

A TRUE GHOST STORY

By ARTHUR E. A. M. TURNER,

[Before presenting the following true story to my readers, I would like to describe the circumstances under which it came into my possession. Being a somewhat technical student of Occult and psychic affairs, I was tempted to comment in a lengthy manner on a review of a work by a sensational ghost-monger in a weekly paper with a considerable circulation, explaining several different kinds of ghosts and the reasons for seeing them. This letter drew me into correspondence with readers almost all over the world, and among their communications I received the following story from a business man in the Argentine Capital.]

THE paragraphs under the subheading 'Haunted localities and houses,' in your letter on 'Ghosts,' which appeared in *T. P's Weekly*, of February 28th, interested me greatly for the reasons stated hereunder.

Let me state, by way of preamble, that I am a commonplace, somewhat unimaginative business-man. The Occult holds no attractions for me, and I have never dived into the depths of psychical research.

On Monday morning, January 13th last, I arrived at my home—a department-house, situated in the Calle Jujuy in this city—after spending the week-end in the country. I noticed a *vigilante* standing on guard a few yards from the door, and asked the porter, who chanced to be in the courtyard, what had happened. He told me that a man had been murdered in the street the previous night, about half-past 11 o'clock. The *vigilante*, hearing our conversation, came forward and explained to me how the police had 'reconstructed' the crime. Here, where a few drops of blood bespattered the pavement, the fatal shot had been fired; there, in the kennel on the opposite side of the roadway, the larger pool and smears as of blood-stained hands showed the victim had

fallen and struggled to his feet; yonder, beneath the bracket gas-lamp, where the flags and kerb bore ample traces of the tragedy, he had collapsed and died. The body was removed by the police, who had been attracted by the sound of the shot.

The recital did not impress me greatly, as, unfortunately, such scenes are only too common in this cosmopolitan city, and soon the occurrence faded from my recollection.

Some weeks later I arrived home on a Sunday night about 11-30, and, just after passing the corner of the block in which my house is situated, a young fellow, dressed in a brown suit, passed me in the roadway. He crossed in front of me on to the pavement, and looked back, not at me but, apparently, at something beyond me. I had not heard his approach, and I remember idly speculating as to whether he had rubber heels on his shoes. I saw his face distinctly when he turned round, and noticed that he looked pale and agitated. He crossed to the bracket-lamp I have before mentioned, and although I was feeling no particular interest in his doings, and certainly was not keeping my eyes fixed upon him, I saw, as I placed my key in the lock, that he was no longer in sight. I wondered vaguely where he had disappeared to, as the whole of the opposite side of the block is bordered by the high wall of an orphanage playground. No other person besides our two selves was passing through the block at the time.

Not the slightest idea of anything supernatural had occurred to me in connection with the incident, but, while shaving at the open window of my flat the following morning, I heard two women in the courtyard

volubly discussing the appearances of the *Espiritu* of the murdered man. Not, I confess, without a tremor which placed my epidermis in serious jeopardy, did it suddenly strike me that the man I had seen the previous night must have been the apparition of which they talked. I spoke to the porter later, and he assured me that it was the common talk in the neighbourhood that the ghost appeared every Sunday night at the same time, although he could name no one who had actually seen it. The following Sunday I was at a biograph-exhibition, when the shooting of a man on the screen reminded me of my experience. I looked at my watch; it was twenty minutes past 11. By walking quickly, I reached my block a couple of minutes after the half-hour. I wheeled sharply round the corner and, almost under the bracket-lamp, I saw the same figure I had seen the previous Sunday. This time I stood still and watched intently. Beneath each bracket-lamp there is naturally a small patch of shade, and although I cannot say I saw the figure actually disappear, I saw it pass into the shade from which it never emerged. When I reached my door, a few yards from the lamp, there was nothing to be seen.

Now follows the most extraordinary part of the story. A few nights after, I was sitting with a group of friends in a neighbouring café, when somebody jestingly mentioned the reported appearances, and when I said I had seen the apparition, the laughter was general and unrestrained. The *cafetero* asked if I could recognise a photograph of the face I had seen, and on my replying that I thought I could, he beckoned a gentleman over from another table, and introduced him to me as the Secretary of the sectional comissaria, Senor

Duportal. When the latter heard my tale, he requested me to accompany him to his office, and there produced from a pigeon-hole a stack of photographs. With a sweep of his hand he spread them over his desk and said: "Now, see if he is among that lot." All the photographs were of dead bodies. I ran my eye along the line and, without hesitation, pointed to one and cried: "That's the man." Duportal picked up the one I indicated and, turning it over, referred to some typed particulars pasted on the back. "Dios mio!" he exclaimed, "You are right. That is the photograph of the body of an unknown man, who was shot in the Calle Jujuy on the night of January 12th."

Up to date, the murdered man has not been identified, and no arrest has been made in connection with the crime. Both Duportal and myself tried to find others who had seen the shade, but without success. I have since left the neighbourhood, but on several Sunday nights before doing so I passed through the block at the same hour without again seeing the figure.

As you are evidently much interested in such matters I thought I would send this report to you, and should be much obliged if you will let me know if you consider it a case of thought-projection on the part of the criminal?

Arthur E. A. M. Turner

[The appearance, in this case, would be of the man himself, *minus* his dense physical body. It may be noted that the man was not seen later on. This would indicate that he had shaken off the etheric, but still physical, matter which remains in contact with the subtler bodies for a short time after death. He would be more easily seen while this remained, as etheric vision is but an extension of the normal physical vision. When the 'etheric double' had dissipated itself, the man would not be visible to any sight lower than astral vision.—ED].

SOME INDIAN EXPERIENCES

By ELISABETH SEVERS

THIS particular series of Indian experiences began on Saturday, December 13th, 1913, at 12 P.M., at which time Mrs. Stead, Miss Noble and myself arrived at Bhuvaneshwar to be met and hospitably housed by Dr. Harrison.

Next morning we drove to Bhuvaneshwar proper, a village some two miles distant, to see the celebrated Orissa Temples. Dr. Schrader was responsible for our visit; he himself had been there lately, and had assured us that it was one of the most interesting districts of India. It is said that Bhuvaneshwar was intended to be a second Benares, and that at one time 7,000 Temples fringed the sacred lake; but now only about 100 remain, nearly all in various stages of ruin. The Temples are dedicated to Shiva, the place was a centre of Shaivism, and are mostly in the liṅgam form with much outer fluting or convolutions. The Great Temple, walled securely all round, which being Mlechhas we could not enter, is according to Mr. Fergusson, "perhaps the finest example of a purely Hindū temple in India". We mounted a small stone platform which commanded a view of the interior of the Temple, which certainly looked a most imposing structure. Like many of the

other smaller Temples, it consists of a Vimanah and porch and Nat and Bhog Mandirs, Hall of Offerings, and Dancing-hall. It was originally built 617-657, and is still in use. It is most elaborately carved, every individual stone, it is said, having a pattern carved upon it. The trident, the symbol of Shiva, crowns the spire, and lions, the symbol of the Kesari or Lion dynasty of Orissa, are everywhere. We explored the ruins of some of the smaller Temples, and then, having picked up the old chief priest of the place, started on a walk down a village street to another Temple. In the village were many pilgrims resting on verandas, Sādhus telling their beads, and the inevitable leper holding out maimed hands for alms. I wish the Indian mind and the official world would rise to the necessity of segregating all lepers. Madras seems trying to do so, but lepers are much in evidence in India, and each is a potential cause of suffering and danger to the community. By favour of the old priest we were allowed to enter a very elaborately carved Temple and spent some time inspecting its carving, and outside admiring the view over the large tank. We ourselves were the centre of a certain amount of interest. In one very narrow street leading to the Post Office, all the women and children came to the doors to see us, and I was also interested in them, for they were laden with jewellery, while the walls of their houses, instead of the threshold as is more customary, were decorated with intricate patterns of white lines making a dado; palaces in ruins we also saw. Big carved lions guarded the principal entrance to the Temple, and priests suggested we should give them alms and they would see the Temple for us, a sort of vicarious pilgrimage I suppose. The old priest,

astrologer, and Samskr̥t scholar, proceeded to try and tell our fortunes by palmistry but was not very successful.

Next day quite a little cavalcade left to see the Jain and Buddhist rock-caves at Udayagiri, a dog-cart, two little ekkas, three dogs and several servants. At the Dak Bungalow at Udayagiri we breakfasted, and then explored the Buddhist caves on the Udayagiri Hill. There were several of them at different levels, each cave with its own name and adorned with elaborate carvings, small low recesses in which pious Buddhists meditated and tried to escape from the thraldom of the I. They had good taste in choosing their retreat; unlike the Christian monks who generally built their monasteries in a hollow, the Eastern solitary chose the heights, and these caves possessed a beautiful view over the distant country with its celebrated groves of mango trees. The different Buddhas were sculptured round some of the caves, figures purposely defaced and desecrated in a later era of fighting and persecution. Round a row of the largest caves, a place also spoken of as a fort or palace, in ancient India often interchangeable terms, were sculptured a long series of incidents of some forgotten history. Pāli inscriptions were also to be seen. The figures of two small carved elephants guarded the entrance to one cave. We climbed to the top of the hill which ended in a wide plateau, and sat down to rest though the tropical sun blazed down. Another route revealed caves fashioned externally into supposed animal shapes. The Elephant Cave is a natural cave with a long inscription, supposed to date from 300 B. C. The Serpent Cave was decorated with a three-headed cobra, and close by was the Tiger Cave, said to resemble

a tiger with open jaws, and with an inscription of the Ashoka character.

The monkeys, whom our appearance interested very much, came leaping from bough to bough to follow our proceedings. They lent a pleasant "younger brother" touch to our ramblings. As a rule I do not like monkeys with their grotesque resemblance to the human kingdom, but these wild monkeys with their long fluffy tails, black faces and white beards were quite nice animals—from a distance at any rate.

Tea and a rest were both welcome; then we explored the Khandagiri Hill with its Jain remains—a much steeper climb. The Jain religion seems to be of unknown date; many authorities state it appeared about the same time as Buddhism, but Mrs. Besant in her *Four Great Religions* states it was coeval with Hindūism. However that may be, the Jain caves were decorated with elaborate carvings of Lakṣhmi and of Dhyāni Buddhas. Here and there were marigolds on shrines, showing pūjā was still performed. In one cave was an inscription no one, we were told, could decipher. The very summit of the hill was crowned with a modern Temple to Parasmath, built in the eighteenth century. Then we visited a tank cut out of the rock (a tank in India means an artificial piece of water and may be of any size), called the Heavenly Gaṅgā, and an old burial ground with cairns, to which we added stones. These two hills must be a happy hunting ground for archæologists.

On our way home we had—just to complete the day—an adventure. We were held up by a tiger! The sun had set, the moon had not yet risen, a long stretch of jungly road faced our little cavalcade. Suddenly the

dog-cart stopped, the mare rearing and refusing to advance, the bullocks drawing our ekka sidled across the road, while the horns of the following bullocks seemed pushing into our cart. The dogs barked, the servants all began talking at the top of their voices. Bedlam seemed to have suddenly broken out. "What is the matter?" we demanded. "Tiger, tiger on the road," was the decidedly unexpected reply. Until now every afternoon during our expeditions on the hills we had been accompanied by an individual whose dress was mainly a large red turban-cap fringed with quite official-looking gold fringe, and armed with a truly formidable double-headed axe. When we enquired why he and the axe came with us we were told: "Because of the wild beasts." I must say in this adventure, knowing we had no defensive weapon at hand and only Indian servants and one small lamp—the dog-cart lights had been forgotten—I regretted the absence of the axe. However there was no time for regrets. At the first alarm, Dr. Harrison had jumped from the cart and run to the rear to see to the dogs, thrusting the reins into Mrs. Stead's hands though, as she remonstrated, she knew nothing about driving; but the syce stood at the horse's head (afterwards he went into raptures over the behaviour of the horse, to which he was devoted). I heard Dr. Harrison calling to me from the back. "What is it?" I called back. "Will you take a dog?" she answered. Now I am fond of dogs, but I did not at that moment particularly covet a dog's company. It did cross my mind that dogs are regarded as precious tit-bits by hungry wild beasts in India, and that a dog might attract this wild beast to further undesirable proximity. However a servant came running up holding a fox-terrier and a cushion. He thrust both

upon me, saying, "Take the dog, hold it tight, cover it up with a cushion," and then returned with another dog and cushion for Miss Noble. So there we sat on the floor of the ekka cross-legged, it is the most comfortable position, each holding a struggling whimpering dog, trying to conceal his person and silence his whimperings. Miss Noble picked up her sun-umbrella, and suggested we should receive the tiger with that rather ineffectual weapon. The dog however was taking most of my energy; he kicked so vehemently that it required both my hands to hold him and cover him at the same time. However, after what seemed like a long delay, nothing more happened. I should imagine the tiger—it is much more likely I think to have been a panther, the road we were on was known to be a panther-haunted road—was quite frightened by the commotion. We moved off, the dog-cart in the rear and our ekka leading the way, and when we came to the village of Bhuvaneshwar with some difficulty borrowed a man with a large lantern to see us home. But our adventures for the evening were not yet over. When we were quite near our destination, the dog-cart suddenly gave a lurch, and we beheld Mrs. Stead flying through the air and falling on the road. Mercifully she fell on a heap of soft sand, and was not hurt beyond the inevitable shock. The wheel of the dog-cart had come right off. The horse was unharnessed, Mrs. Stead transferred to an ekka, and we were, after these excitements, able to catch the midnight train for Calcutta.

But Bhuvaneshwar is a very wild beast place. A tiger had been seen on the very veranda of the bungalow in which we slept. Some wild animal had, one night, come into the bathroom and drunk water.

We were exhorted to be careful in consequence in shutting all our doors at night. Dr. Harrison's mine manager is always seen home every night by a band of his coolies, because of the animal-haunted roads. I had no idea, until I found myself in India, that so many wild beasts still roamed close to civilisation, as represented by a railway station which was only a few hundred yards from our bungalow. Mrs. Stead was extremely plucky about her accident, never complained, was quite ready to go on that night, and spent a very fatiguing day in Calcutta next day without injury, though her pallor betrayed a discomfort she would not own.

A friendly voice had greeted us when we boarded the Calcutta train, and we discovered Mrs. John and Mrs. Forsyth, like ourselves on their way to Benares and sight-seeing. We hoisted ourselves to our top-berths—it was the first time I had ever inhabited one—and slept the sleep of fatigue.

I had been rather struck with Miss Noble's presence of mind *re* the umbrella, so I remarked to her while jogging home that I was not used to this sort of thing, as my life had been spent practically between Bath and London, but that I supposed she was more so, having lived ten years in South Africa. But Miss Noble, jealous for South Africa's good fame, declared she had never been so near to a wild beast before, except in a Zoo, and was highly amused by my supposition that wild beasts roamed quite freely in South Africa. I must say that next day I contemplated a fine tiger at the Calcutta Zoological Gardens with distinct satisfaction that substantial iron bars were between us. But in the fracas on the road, it really seemed to me such an extraordinary and story-book sort of thing that a wild beast was

actually menacing us, that there was no time to feel frightened—one just wondered what would happen next.

In Calcutta we did the usual things during the hours one has perforce to spend waiting for the evening train. We shopped, we visited the Zoological Gardens, we had a meal at Peleti's, we drove about; the many motor-cars, the high-storied buildings of Calcutta are slightly reminiscent of the West.

But next morning found us at Gayā, *en route* for Buddha Gayā, distant seven miles. First of all we visited the Hindū Temple of Viṣṇu Paḍ or the Footstep of Viṣṇu, because in it is the God's Footstep, though how it got there our questioning did not reveal. The Footstep is thirteen inches long and six inches broad. It is of silver and is set into a silver vessel inserted into the pavement. We had to leave the gharri to get to the Temple; the streets were so narrow. A good many of the inmates of the narrow high houses accompanied us, and a guide who announced he always took all Europeans. As it was certain some one had to take us, as we did not know the way, he took us also. We were of course not allowed to enter the recess where the Footstep is preserved, but looked at it from the doorway. The Temple itself was interesting with its courts and carving and picturesque view over a river below, and a ghat with pilgrims and devotees bathing, and almost naked fakirs, lining the steps of the ghat, with their matted hair and ash-covered bodies clamouring for alms. After a rest and a meal at the Dak Bungalow—there are no hotels at Gayā—we drove to Buddha Gayā, a long slow dusty drive, diversified by the little bands of pilgrims, who looked at us with a kindly interest, recognising we were doing—with a difference of method—what they too had done.

The great pagoda-like structure of Buddha Gayā towers up from a hollow depression. Before we descended the very steep flight of steps which took us into the grounds, we looked at some carved figures of the Buddha behind a railing on the other side of the road. The largest was a decidedly impressive representation, sitting in meditation, adorned with a jewelled ornament on the hair, yellow marigolds on shoulders, neck, and head. The long pendulous ears, the Mongolian eyes, could not deprive the figure of a certain dignity, an impressive serenity.

A crowd of would-be guides fell upon us at the bottom of the steps. It was a slight drawback that no one at Buddha Gayā could speak a word of English. However, the man who took us round was quite persuaded that if he talked sufficiently we should understand him. At least he acted on that principle, and we got on tolerably well. He struck the big gongs or bells outside the Temple, which, rather to our astonishment, used to the exclusiveness of Hindūism, we were allowed to go all over.

The chief object of worship—it practically amounts to that—was the huge gilt figure of the Buddha in the largest shrine on the ground-floor. It was carefully sheeted, but our guide tucked up a corner—rather a sacrilegious proceeding I thought—to show us the figure was all gilt. Marigolds were of course everywhere; little butter figures with a flag stuck into them were prepared outside in the porch and bought by pilgrims and presented at the shrine (I wanted to buy a flag for a memento, but was not allowed to do so, they were only for pūjā I was told). Buddha Gayā struck me as very un-Indian both in feeling and to sight, but as

extraordinarily interesting. It is of course the chief place of pilgrimage in India for Buddhists, but Hindūs pilgrimage there also. A good deal about the Temple itself struck me as meretricious, gaudy and in bad taste. What did impress me was the devotion shown by the pilgrims. Devotees of many nationalities seemed present in the gardens and in the different shrines; it was the pilgrim season. There were many there of a distinctly Mongolian type, with women wearing full trousers. They prostrated, some of them, at the entrance to the Temple; they made offerings at the different shrines; they burst into vocal prayer; they circumambulated round the Bo-Tree with clasped hands and lowered eyes; they seemed very full of religious zeal. We visited all the shrines, seeing many different gilt Buddhas, and saw 42 little butter-lamps being lighted before one shrine. The effect was pretty, like a sea of pale yellow flame, the smell horrible. In the marigold garden outside, the place was ablaze with marigolds, we saw the celebrated Ashoka railing (Murray says it is of later date than King Ashoka) of which Fergusson says: "it is the most ancient sculptured monument in India". One is surprised to see it decorated with western mythological mermaids and centaurs. Perhaps however this shows the solidarity of mythology, or did the West borrow these conceptions from the East, one wonders.

Finally we halted under the Bo-Tree, which has a small gilt Buddha in the wall, making part of the great square platform on which the shrine stands. A small stone platform stands in front of the tree which itself is adorned with gilt splotches, while overhead shreds of cloth flutter in its top branches—a Tibetan offering

perhaps. The men who were following us about—we were the only Europeans there—sat down also. But frankly I did not find my surroundings conducive to meditation. All around me were people performing some sort of pūjā, mostly vocal. On my left was a small band of pilgrims sitting round a fire. One, a priest I supposed, was chanting manṭrams or prayers, the others responded at intervals by a simultaneous exclamation, at the same time throwing some grain from a heap by them into the fire. On the other hand, was another set of pilgrims sitting, praying, or talking. In the rear close at hand was a large tree and a large platform, on which many people were resting, eating, praying. Different persons kept walking round the tree. One was evidently an elderly Hindū of some position, and his demeanour was very reverent; he finished by saluting the Tree with a deep bow and clasped hands. Then came a trousered woman followed by a servant, who seemed to treat the pilgrimage as something of a joke; she had a decidedly roguish look upon her face. Yet despite all these external phenomena, the vicinity of the Bo-Tree imposed its own deep feeling of peace, of its conviction of an inner certainty. The voices, the figures of the passing pilgrims, were as finite ripples of vanishing sound under which sounded the note of lasting serenity. Personally instead of the gorgeous many-storied, pagoda-fashioned Temple Shrine, I should have preferred to have seen only the quiet country scene on which the eyes of the Lord Buḍḍha Himself must have rested when He sat in the hallowed country-spot under the sheltering tree, and found for Himself Deliverance and for others the noble Eight-fold Path. I left the precincts of the Temple with regret.

We then went to the Post Office, from which thirty beggars saw us off. I counted them carefully. The East has a mania for begging; it begs when quite well off, apparently.

The next afternoon found us at Benares, and after a few hours spent at the T. S. we went on to Lucknow. There we devoted ourselves to the usual sight-seeing with ardour. Lucknow is a beautiful town, the city of parks, as it is called, as it is full of large open places. But I should myself have described it as the city of palaces. For the Kings of Oudh had a perfect passion for building, and in consequence their capital is full of their palaces. Wherever you look or drive, most imposing buildings externally meet your eyes; I say imposing externally, for internally they are most disappointing, full of huge chandeliers in the worst of early Victorian taste, and of tawdry representations of Muhammadan shrines or tombs. First of all, of course, we went to see the Residency, now a beautiful well-kept garden, or rather park, for it covers a good deal of ground. Its green turf was a delightful treat to English eyes. We saw all the Mutiny sights; the ruins of Dr. Fayerer's house where Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded while lying ill, the Gate of the Bailey Guard, the Water Gate, the Banqueting Hall, the ruined Residency, with the flag flying over it which during the siege was never lowered, immortalised by Tennyson:

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised
thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our Banner of England
flew.

We saw the dark underground rooms in which the ladies and children were sheltered, and the room where

Jessie had her celebrated dream of the coming relief. We walked round the cemetery, ringing the ruined Church in which nearly two thousand are buried, and where lie General Neill and Sir Henry Lawrence.

Here lies

HENRY LAWRENCE,

who tried to do his duty.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul!

Born 28th of June 1806

Died 4th of July 1857

So runs the well-known simple inscription.

But personally I was very glad to leave the Residency; for directly I got there an extraordinarily deep sense of depression—it was more acute than depression, it was like an active keen sorrow—fell upon me, until I felt it would have been a relief to have wept aloud. None of the other Mutiny places affected me, I am thankful to say, in the same way. Why Lucknow did I don't know; it was a purely psychic influence of course and a very trying one. The scene itself was beautiful and peaceful in appearance, but the dreadful scenes of suspense, suffering and death experienced here have evidently still left abiding and deep traces on the atmosphere.

We next went over some of Lucknow's many palaces, so many; one is now used as a club (where, in the afternoon, we saw European Society disporting itself at tennis), and another as a Museum. We took a great deal of exercise in the great Imambarah, climbing up to many roofs for views and over the building itself, to see where the Haren sat; through curious narrow little winding passages and very steep flights of steps we

toiled. It is most imposing outside, this Imambarah with its huge Court within; its large inner Hall is said to be one of the largest rooms in the world, boasting the peculiarity of an arched roof without supports, and built by the Nawab Asaf-ud-Dowlah in 1874 to afford relief to the famine-stricken people.

The Mosque, which they would not let us enter even if we took off our shoes, is at a curious angle to the main block of buildings. We saw palaces, with intervals for rest and refreshment all day, and I am very confused as to their details. One palace was interesting, the Talukdars' Barahdarri, as it contained the portraits of the Kings of Oudh with the background of the palaces each built. The deposition of the Kings of Oudh by Lord Dalhousie contributed to the breaking out of the Mutiny. Near this Picture Palace was a beautiful tank, differing from all other tanks I have yet seen, in that its sides, instead of being square, were curved into double bays. Some of the tombs in the Palaces and Imambarahs were fine; one had a silver tomb; but their general effect was lost by the gaudy rubbish which crowded their vicinity. Beautiful chrysanthemums were also everywhere to be seen in the gardens, parks, and adorning the Palaces.

At Cawnpore our next halting place, we were met by two Theosophical friends and a motor, which soon took us to the Memorial Church, built on the much disputed position of General Wheeler's lines and full of memorials to Mutiny victims. Then we went to the Massacre or Sati, Chaura Ghat, where the British survivors of the siege embarked on Nāna's safeguard, to be fired on and massacred, while the women and children who were so unfortunate as to escape that death,

were massacred later in the Well tragedy. In the present country-scene, a quiet and deserted spot, it was difficult to picture the historical scene of treachery and slaughter. A half-ruined Hindū temple dedicated to Shiva stands by the Ghat, and near it an old Sati ground.

In the afternoon we motored out to see the Government Agricultural College, where we found a few young men going to dissect dead frogs after a lecture on the heart, though what that employment had to do with agriculture I wondered. A kindly Professor showed us some microscopic slides. The College was an imposing looking place; at the present moment, owing to a change in the rules, it is much in need of more students.

Later in the afternoon we visited the famous Memorial Gardens, containing the well of tragic memory, now situated in spacious and well-kept gardens. Over the former well itself stands now the figure of the Angel of the Resurrection, with arms crossed and hands holding palms. I had been told that the Angel's face was supposed to be dual in expression, that one side bore a look of sorrow and the other an expression of almost joy, but I was unable to detect this subtle difference. A carved screen wall, octagonal in shape surrounds the well with the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nāna Dhundu Pant of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below on the XV of July, MDCCCLVII." Round the arch is written: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." A memorial cross also marks the site of the Massacre House where Nāna's butchers, —his soldiers declined the work—spent the night

butchering the helpless victims. These horrors one really cannot trust oneself to dwell on, on the actual spot where they occurred ; they are much better forgotten or ignored.

But the neighbouring cemetery struck me as much more emotion-provoking than the actual Memorial. The rows of neat green unnamed mounds, each with a little rose bush planted at its head, had a strangely pathetic look, though I must say the soldier who accompanied us (no Indian is allowed to enter the Memorial Garden), did his best to vulgarise the scene by his gabbled version of events, in a tone void of any expression, and with adjectives demanding a good deal. But doves were cooing in the Memorial Garden, birds were sitting happily on the Memorial screen, gardeners were mowing the grass, a monkey was running over the ground, carrying its young one ; the whole scene was a beautiful and peaceful one. For rest always follows after labour and joy succeeds on sorrow. The victims of many years ago, whom the Memorial commemorated, *had* come out of great tribulation and won to rest.

Elisabeth Severs

A VISION

By Z.

THE following narrative seemed a dream, yet so clear and vivid in all the details were the happenings, that it was as though I lived the experience. What it may have portended, I cannot tell—perhaps nothing—yet it came so distinctly, just before my awakening, that it bears telling.

It was approaching the evening; the sun was setting, and I, with many others, stood in the large upper hall of a huge, new building, standing on an eminence, looking out toward the West. We all seemed to be intent on watching the sun set and all were silent. Suddenly, the sky in the West was covered with a huge cloud, black and threatening, which reached from northern to southern horizon. At the base of the storm was a large, copper-coloured area. Some one among the people spoke about that copper-coloured cloud, fearing it meant a great wind-storm and suggested that we hurry to the basement of the building for protection. The people began to go below, while I hurried about warning others who did not know of the storm. I was the last to go below, and just before descending the stairs I took a hurried look through the huge windows and saw that the storm had risen rapidly.

My memory recalls nothing more until I found myself in the large basement, which was partitioned off

into many rooms, with brick walls, floors, and beamed ceilings, but all new, smelling of fresh lime. No human being was in sight. I could hear my father's voice in conversation with another man, but was unable to find him. So I went about from room to room, looking for the others, but found no one. At last I arrived at an outside room containing windows in the walls. The wind was terrific and I could see the trees bending and rocking, and feel the earth vibrating with its force, but strangely enough, the building in which I stood remained perfectly still. I stood looking through one of the small basement windows, watching the storm, and as I watched, the copper-coloured cloud suddenly parted, leaving a bright blue patch of sky, in the centre of which was a brilliant star. As I gazed, pondering the strangeness of it, a slight wisp of cloud floated across the star, but still it could be clearly seen. I asked myself, "What does that mean, what does it portend?" and out of the stillness above me a voice answered: "Why! do you not understand? This storm ushers in the Coming of the Great Teacher and the Star is His sign"; and I replied: "Of course? How stupid of me not to understand." Then I awoke, still with the feeling of wonder and awe inspired by that strange vision.

Z

CORRESPONDENCE

As the author of *The Bible and Christian Science* reviewed in your December number, will you kindly allow me to correct what is likely to give a wrong impression of Christian Science teaching. I refer to the last lines of the said review in regard to the educational value of suffering.

I am the more anxious to do this because I know a number of Theosophical students hold such view of the teaching—that it does not appreciate the value of suffering and that its only object is to get rid of it regardless of the lesson to be taught. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mrs. Eddy states that we must all come to a knowledge of the Truth by suffering or by Science. All discordant conditions are due to wrong thinking and doing, and that it is not until people learn to obey The Master's injunction: "Go and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee," that permanent healing takes place.

Christian Scientists from experience feel that it is a pity that "seekers after Truth" are sent searching through human wisdom set forth in theological, philosophical, theosophical or occult works to find it; or through the study of food values, hygiene, eugenics, and all the rest of it. The less we think of our bodies the less they trouble us; a truth anyone can test for himself. The laws of nature are instinctive with everyone. "Take no thought for the life," were the words of the Master. Those who disobey are governed by the body and lose power spiritually. Misery is the result on which doctors thrive.

The wisdom or "knowledge of God" comes from above to the receptive mind, to those who live the life. There seems to be a sad confusion of this divine wisdom (spirituality) with Occultism and all its subtleties of the human mind.

The Master was an illiterate, and yet He overcame all the physical laws, but by spiritual means alone, and many are finding to-day His teaching to be demonstrable in proportion to their understanding of the Truth, the infallibility of the laws of Spirit. Those who have gauged the difference between the pure and unadulterated teaching of The Master Jesus Christ, and that of Sectarianism with its 401 sects (which have proved a failure), will understand what is meant in the line drawn from its context in the review, *viz.*, that Mrs. Besant will return whence she started but free of Sectarianism.

ERNEST J. WELLMAN

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Wake Up, India: A Plea for Social Reform, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

To any student of the social conditions now prevailing in Indian Society, there is nothing inexplicable in the great popularity of the series of lectures which are embodied in this volume. The crowded audience that cheered every noble sentiment she expressed was, at first at least, largely composed of a number of people who were drawn to it by a curiosity, often malign, to know something of the strange personality who had been held up to ridicule in some influential quarters, and was in strong contrast with the sparse attendance which Madras Social Reform lecturers do generally attract. The key to this apparently inexplicable phenomenon is to be sought for, not so much in the lecturer herself, as in the line of argument she took up from the very outset. Indian Society requires a good deal of stirring up, but the day of denunciatory orations is happily past. The young men who form the strongest and the most impressive element in the audience at any lecture are as good denounciators as any of the Social Reform heroes themselves and thus find no charm in their ordinary tactics. They require more of constructive proposals, coming forward from any person who realises the necessity that reforms should grow out of the past, and who sympathises with their own feelings on any question. Such a one they found in Mrs. Besant. They felt that they were being advised by one who knew them and their past, and whose business it was not to gather cheap fame by reckless talk. She said in her very first lecture :

I am going to take the line with which you are familiar, of trying to persuade rather than to denounce, of trying to link on the present proposals to the history of the past in India ; because I hold that the greatness of its nation and its sequential growth can only be reached when one generation is linked to another, and when slowly and gradually, out of the growth of one time the growth of another succeeds.

This promise she has kept in her whole course of lectures, and that is why the audience lost its hostile character as one by one the lectures came to a close.

The constructive ideals which she preached in those lectures were strengthened by the sympathetic attitude she took up towards most of the intolerable social evils of the Indians. Though there is much which one can and should borrow to-day from English ideals, she referred her hearers constantly to their own past, thus assuring them that she was not there to put forward any exotic revolutionary proposals; and when the subject of her lecture happened to be very painful, she would cheer up the spirits of the audience by another stroke of sympathy. She would ask them to remember that the evil they were suffering from was not peculiar to their own society. She prefaced her stirring lecture on the depressed classes with the significant remark that "there is not a single nation which calls itself civilised which is not faced with this problem". In fact, throughout this series of lectures, she made the people of Madras feel that the ills they were suffering from were neither so desperate nor permanent, and that if they would accept the call of duty to the Motherland, they could expect to banish them without putting any undue strain on the nation.

The lectures are of as much interest to Englishmen as to Indians, though I cannot say how far they will be appreciated by Theosophists as such. I believe Mrs. Besant intended them primarily for people in general, but even Theosophists will, I think, be the wiser for studying the lectures. The questions therein dealt with are of general importance to the Indians and other readers; especially the citizens of the British Empire should read at least a few of its chapters. The lecture on the Colour Bar cannot fail to open their eyes to one of the most momentous dangers to the integrity of the Empire, and all its well-wishers will profit greatly by knowing the Indian point of view which Mrs. Besant explains. Englishmen should never forget "it is not possible that Indians shall remain for ever as they are to-day, shut out from so much of right, so much of good, and shut out on that most flimsy of pretences, the fact that because of their climate, the colour of their skin is dark". It is this simple fact which the people of South Africa, Canada and Australia refuse to believe. They perhaps believe that one-fifth of the human race is destined to remain eternally submerged, and that the day will never come when the Colonies will be asked, and asked successfully, to give up their selfish policy.

Though the primary object of the lectures was to encourage Social Reform, yet they are so full of references to ancient Indian life that their perusal cannot fail to create in us a pride in our past. The nobility of some of the social customs that prevailed in the Vaidik period is scarcely to be met with even in the most enlightened society of to-day. Women were the equals of men and wielded power far stronger than they do in countries where they enjoy the vote. One other feature that distinguishes these lectures from those we hear from our so-called Social Reformers is the copiousness of short and relevant disquisitions on knotty religious points. The argument that the child-widows owe their bereavement to their karma occasioned one of these. She said:

Karma is the result that grows out of causes in the past and is modified by causes in the present. You see a child fall down. The child has fallen down in obedience to the law of gravitation. Does that prevent you from picking it up again? It ought to do so, according to your view of Karma. you might as well think you cannot walk upstairs, because the law of gravitation tends to draw all things towards the centre of the earth. Karma can be conquered, as every one of you would know if you read your own writings instead of talking nonsense about them. What did Bhishma, the great master of of Dharma say? "Exertion is greater than Destiny."

A NON-THEOSOPHIST

The Magicians of Charno, by Geoffrey Williams. (John Murray, London.)

Dedicated to "the boys at Elstree School, interested listeners to my tales of Wildest Africa, told to them by the fireside on many a pleasant evening at Elstree," this stirring tale of adventure will, it is safe to prophesy, interest many besides boys. The author's personal familiarity with Africa gives his work a vivid setting. He has himself witnessed the very barbaric dance of cannibals here pictured. The Magicians of Charno are two individuals who play the part of principal advisers and witch-doctors to a very bloodthirsty and ancient potentate of Central Africa. The plot of the story rests very largely on the machinations and rivalries of these two individuals, respectively the White and the Black Lorio. The hero and his *fidus Achates* have many narrow escapes from peculiarly unpleasant forms of death—the magic of the white practitioner prevailing over that of his black *confrere* in effecting this result, it is pleasant to note. Several illustrations add to the interest of the book.

E. S.

The Present Relations of Science and Religion, by the Rev. Prof. P. G. Bonney, Sc. D., F. R. S. (Robert Scott, London. Price 5s. net.)

This book is valuable, both as a record of its title-subjects, and also because it speaks quite plainly about the difficulties on points of doctrine of the devout Christian of our day. In the make-up of the author, the Professor seems to keep such careful watch over the Priest that the latter sometimes appears to be put almost to comical shifts to obtain a scientific formula for each of his cherished beliefs. But until the tide of evolution has swept man beyond the limitations of humanity there will of necessity remain a debatable land where faith is not yet lost in sight.

The volume runs swiftly and clearly over the advances of science and of the Christian religion from early days up to the present time, and it should be read by all men who lack the time or opportunity to investigate for themselves. We only glance at one or two of the points whereon we think it possible that the expression of Christianity can be reinforced by up-to-date ideas.

Unless we hypnotise ourselves by mutterings of Arius, Nestorius, Eutychus, and such 'unorthodox' thinkers, the "Virgin birth" (pp. 158-164), that stumbling block between science and theology, needs no confirmation from the researches of Loeb into the birth of the sea-urchin, but rather requires a little more examination into the translation of the Nicene Creed. It is said that in the latest Greek form of that creed there is but one preposition for the two nouns, and that incarnation in finer intangible matter and into the coarser visible matter is the idea conveyed by "was incarnate *of* the Holy Ghost *and* the Virgin Mother (or matter)"; instead of "was incarnate *by* the Holy Ghost *of* the Virgin Mary". The question as to the confusion of Maria, Mary, with Maia, Mother, and any connexion of this latter with the Samskr̥ṭ Māyā and its connotations in the light of the latest science well repays study, though we have here no space to do more than draw attention to it.

Pages 175-6 scientifically demolish the doctrine of transubstantiation. "An hypostasis of that sort, which can divest itself of its accidents and transfer them to another hypostasis,

like a man taking off his clothes, may or may not be good in metaphysics, but it is bad in science, the students of which have a right to criticise whenever the theologian begins to deal with the phenomenal universe." Does it not cease to be bad in science if the theologian has grasped the fact of gradations of matter from the coarsest up to the most subtle? The argument on page 95 that the process of becoming and changing goes on all the time fits in with the "isomeric compounds" of modern Chemistry, and they should be studied to show how the arrangement of similar atoms under different ideas gives different bodies. The new idea is that of the Christ nature and life, fitted for the building up of the spiritual nature and life of man; the object remains unchanged in its "accidents," its physical material, but in addition it can now affect the subtle bodies of those participants whose own subtle bodies are attuned to vibrate at the same rate. To take up the illustration of the Reverend Professor on page 176; H₂O continues to the uninstructed to be mere water, even after a power of healing has been so strongly impressed upon it by a good magnetiser that the sick who drink it become whole. But science is only beginning to investigate the subtle ethers, and the hopeless materialist has still a little time in which to explain magnetic healing by declaring the patient to have been in good health all the time.

While very outspoken in condemnation of those who, "themselves ignorant of science, or with no more knowledge of it than an elementary text-book could impart," have flouted and denounced some of its most earnest and able students, not a few of whom were Christians not less sincere than themselves (page 206), the author is no less vigorous in condemnation of "the bald and rather blatant atheism," such as is proclaimed in Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, "which now finds its advocates chiefly among the smatterers and the ignorant".

Some of the ancient investigations into the regions, which in our modern days are occupied by blind faith, crude disbelief, or weary agnosticism, have been repeated during the last decades by members of the Theosophical Society with such illuminative results that we feel sure some of their publications would appeal to both sides of the author. *The Christian Creed, Esoteric Christianity, The Ancient Wisdom, and Occult Chemistry*

indicate lines of thought complementary to his own, and we have freely used them in our present remarks. We should rejoice to read another volume from the same learned pen—after a study of those books we have mentioned in the unbiassed frame of mind of the man who is ready to sacrifice all in order to know something more of the Real.

A. J. W.

The Philosophy of the Present in Germany, by Oswald Kulpe. Translated from the fifth German Edition by Maud Lyall Patrick and G. T. W. Patrick. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

There was a time, says Professor Kulpe, when philosophy stood in the foreground of the general interest. In all the exigencies of life men looked to it for guidance. "The impulse towards knowledge and science, the longing for happiness and peace, the hope for immortality and blessedness, the need of rules and regulations for conduct and action, all turned to philosophy, and were satisfied." Not so at present. In our own day philosophy has forfeited the claim to the proud position it once held and has become either a mere pastime or one among the many sciences of limited scope. Its scientific caution on the one hand, and on the other its pandering to the popular desire for happy modes of expression which make strenuous thought unnecessary, have dragged it down from the high place it once occupied in the estimation of the race. This change Professor Kulpe deplures, and in the present volume he intends to show that modern philosophy has not "renounced the task of constructing a comprehensive view of the world and of life," that its claim to supremacy is not an empty one.

The main currents of modern philosophic thought in Germany to-day are four, our author says: Positivism, Materialism, Naturalism and Idealism. Each of these, as embodied in the works of its chief exponents, is analysed and discussed in turn, Positivism and Idealism being treated at greater length than the other two. In conclusion Professor Kulpe sketches roughly the type of philosophic thinking that will satisfy the needs of the future.

A. de L.

Korean Folk Tales: Imps, Ghosts and Fairies, translated by James S. Gale. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net).

This charming little book contains translations from the writings of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk, who lived in the eighteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively. Three anonymous stories are also included. Mr. Gale says in the Preface :

To anyone who would like to look somewhat into the inner soul of the Oriental and see the peculiar existences among which he lives, the following stories will serve as true interpreters, born as they are of the three great religions of the Far East, Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism.

The translator has done his work well. One feels the difference in style in the work of the two authors he presents to us. Im Bang is the more interesting story-teller, but in some ways Yi Ryuk is a more finished artist.

The stories themselves are quaint, at times a little crude. Throughout there runs a genuine belief in imps, ghosts and fairies, and we find a curious superstition in the power of the fox to assume human form. The opening story of the book is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most human. It is a tale of love and self-sacrifice, showing how deeply these qualities are implanted in the Oriental. It is significant, in view of the western popularly accepted ideas of the position of women in the East, that these should be exhibited by a woman, who is the central character in the story. Women, however, play quite a leading part in the tales. Reverence for spiritual greatness is a marked characteristic of the stories. In some of the descriptions we are pleasantly reminded of the *Arabian Nights*, although the present volume lacks the prodigality of imagination of that favourite book of our childhood.

It is delightful to be brought into touch with the life and thought of a people so far distant from, and so little known to, us, and Mr. Gale has written notes, wherever necessary, which are an invaluable aid to the proper understanding of these stories of Korea.

T. L. C.

Shivajñāna Siddhiyār of Aruṇandi Sivāchārya. Translated with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, etc., by J. M. Nallasvāmi Pillai, B.A., B.L. (Meykaṇḍan Press, Madras.)

This is another fruit of the endeavours of Mr. Nallasvāmi Pillai, that indefatigable expounder of the Shaiva Philosophy of South India. This translation from the Tamil original appeared during the years 1897 to 1902 in the *Siddhānta Dipikā*, and it has now been republished in book form, enriched by many Notes and a most valuable Introduction as well as a useful Glossary and Index.

Shivajñāna Siddhiyār is the second of the fourteen basic works of the Shaiva Siddhānta, the first being the well-known *Shivajñānabodham* of Meykaṇḍadeva who appears to have flourished in about the 12th century. The thoroughly philosophical character of the work is evident from its very arrangement, the first Book (called Alavai or Logic) dealing with the means of knowledge recognised by the author, while the remaining chapters fall into a controversial and a constructive part called, respectively, *Parapakṣha* or Foreign Standpoints and *Supakṣha* or The Correct Standpoint. The controversial part, again, deals successively with the Materialists, the four schools of Buddhism, two sects of the Jains, three forms of the Pūrva-Mīmāṃsā, Māyāvāda, Bhāskarāchārya's Parīṇāmavāda, the Atheistic Sāṃkhya, and, finally, the doctrine of the Pāñcarātras, each chapter containing first a concise statement and then the refutation of the view in question. Then there follows the third Book on the 'Correct Standpoint,' i.e., an exposition of the Shaiva Siddhānta, consisting of twelve 'Sūtras' with several Adhikaraṇas (paragraphs) each: definition of God (*pati*), of the kind of monism (*advaita*) to be recognised, of the individual (*passu*) (two Sūtras), of the relation of God, Soul, and Body, of the nature of the Supreme, of Ātma Darshana, of the way *jñāna* is imparted to the soul, of the purification of the soul, of *pāshakṣhaya* (the vanishing of bondage), of the recognition of God and the nature of *bhakti*, and of the nature of the sanctified.

From the Introduction we notice the rejection of Dr. Barnett's view, viz., that the Tamil *Shaiva Siddhāntam* was derived from the Pratyabhijñā school of Kashmir in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Mr. Nallasvāmi Pillai is of opinion, and his arguments are weighty indeed, that "the

development in the North and South and West were independent of each other, though the authorities (the Shaivāgamas) they followed were the same”.

The long ‘Note on Nirvāṇa’ (pp. 57 ff.) contains some good remarks, e.g., that “there is always a danger in proclaiming and emphasising a half truth, however wholesome it may be at times,” but misses altogether the meaning of the Buddhist idea by comparing the Buddhist who has obtained Nirvāṇa with the blind man successfully operated on in a dark room but unable to leave the latter. The man operated on from the Samsāra has reached a condition so utterly different from anything intelligible to us that none of our categories (existence, etc.), can be applied to it; he does see the Light, but it is a something of which ordinary mortals can have no positive idea, but only the negative one that the three characteristics of what we call existence, viz., *anicca*, *dukkha*, *anattā* (transitoriness, sorrow, not-self) have nothing to do with it.

We ought to say much more on this book, of which every page is interesting, but our space and time are unfortunately limited. So we add only the hearty wish that the book may find the large number of readers it deserves.

F. O. S.

The Life of the Blessed Henry Suso, by himself. Translated from the original German by Thomas Francis Knox, Priest of the Oratory. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This new edition of the *Life of Suso* will probably meet with a hearty welcome, owing to the general present, keen interest in Mysticism and Mystics—in all varieties of religious experience. Dr. Inge’s introduction gives the work an additional value. He describes Suso as “one of the most lovable of God’s Saints,” and he sees “the mysticism of the fourteenth century with its fresh spiritual beauty and courageous speculative freedom as the first stage in the process by which the nations of Northern Europe came to self-consciousness, and evolved a form of Christianity more suited to the Teutonic genius than Latin Catholicism ever had been or could be”.

For Suso’s own books were condemned as unorthodox. His philosophy, as expounded to his spiritual daughter Elisabeth Staglin, a nun, in the concluding chapters of his life, is scholastic

in terms, a mixture of Aristotle's and Eckhart's teaching—Eckhart whose orthodoxy Suso stoutly upheld, and whose pupil he had been.

The frightful austerities Suso inflicted on himself (one wonders he survived; his nervous organisation must have been very different from that of the twentieth century) mark him out as a very mediæval Christian indeed. But each man must follow his own path, and when Suso was forty a direct command from God finally put an end to his self-inflicted tortures, though other outer troubles quickly took their place. 'The Servior,' as Suso designates himself in his autobiography, wrote the book to give information "respecting the proper way in which a beginner should order his outer and inner man so as to be in harmony with God's all-lovely will".

Suso was emphatically one of those whom William James designated "sick souls," who find inward peace only through suffering.

Mystical and superphysical experiences were a prominent and almost daily feature of Suso's religious life. Suso seems to have been of an amiable and even affectionate nature, and many disciples clustered round him when his character had been cleared from all charges and his reputation for holiness was well established. To his spiritual daughter Suso was kinder than he had been to himself, and stopped the austerities she was beginning to inflict on her body. "Such austerities suit not the weakness of thy sex nor thy well ordered frame," he wrote to her.

Elisabeth Staglin died some five years before her spiritual father, to whom, after her death, she appeared in a vision clad in snow-white garments, shining with a dazzling brightness and full of heavenly joy.

She drew nigh to him and showed him in what noble fashion she had passed away into the pure Godhead. He saw and heard this with delight, and the vision filled his soul with heavenly consolation. When he came to himself again, he sighed deeply and thought within himself: "Ah God! how blessed is the man who strives after Thee alone. He may well be content to suffer, whose sufferings Thou rewardest thus. God help us to rejoice in this maiden and in all His dear friends, and to enjoy His Divine countenance eternally. Amen."

Words which very fitly conclude the spiritual experiences of the Blessed Henry Suso, as he himself has given them to us.

E. S.

Symbolism and Astrology, by Alan Leo. ("Modern Astrology" Office, London. Price 1s.)

This manual is useful and serviceable, as an introduction to the Esoteric Astrology of Mr. Leo. The author has divided the subject into 14 Chapters, dealing in short with the explanations of the symbols used in Astrology, and has made the so-called dry subject exceedingly interesting and easy for those who want to study Astrology. Its notable feature is the tables of correspondences. They throw light on the hidden side of Astrology, and give quite a different standpoint from which to judge a horoscope. The Chapters on the nature of the zodiacal signs and the planets give some explanation of the fact that everything in nature is directly or indirectly affected by the vibrations of the planetary spheres, and of the possibility of man's response to those vibrations.

The Chapter on 'Individuality and Personality' is interesting to study, especially with regard to how the motto of the Ancients: "The Wise Man rules his Stars, the Fool obeys Them," is justified by the application of the real knowledge of Astrology, and how the really wise man will absorb all the discordant planetary vibrations into himself, and by the application of his knowledge will bring about that harmony and accord which will enable him to sound a higher note, and thus be the maker of his own destiny rather than be a slave to mere outward circumstances. In conclusion, the author tries to explain that Astrology does not lead to fatalism, but rather explains the natures of fate and free-will, that it demonstrates the idea that Character is Destiny, and that it shows the tendencies of the soul, and how the Spirit may be unfolded along the lines of least resistance. We strongly recommend this manual to all who are interested in Astrology, as a valuable introduction to the further study of the esoteric side of Astrology.

J. R. A.

Bergson for Beginners: A Summary of his Philosophy, by Darcy B. Kitchin, M. A. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London.)

The philosophy of Bergson is so much before the public of the present day that this book is sure to attract many readers. It being 'the thing' to know somewhat of the man and his philosophy, even the most unphilosophically minded are endeavouring to wrestle with the deep problems Bergson presents, in order to be up-to-date. The superficial enquirer will be disappointed in the book before us, for it is not easy reading. Mr. Kitchin writes:

The aim of this book is to give the reader a general sketch of the philosophy of Professor Henri Bergson, in the order of its development and in the simplest manner that is consistent with accuracy.

Still we cannot help feeling that the book might in some ways have been simpler. The Introduction, which runs over briefly the systems of thought of the great philosophers, is very useful and is well done, but it presupposes some former knowledge on the subject. Mr. Kitchin has summarised the main works of Bergson, with notes on them. He has tried to condense the philosophy of Bergson into a handy form, so that the reader of this book will really know something about it, and be able to compare it intelligently with other philosophies. A major portion of the book is devoted to a consideration of Time and Free-will, "since it gives an exposition of the ideas which underlie the whole of Bergson's philosophy".

It is not our province to enter into a consideration of that philosophy—but we may, at least, congratulate the author on the way he has accomplished the task he set himself, namely to trace the development of the Bergsonian philosophy, to give it its rightful place among the philosophies of the world. He is singularly sympathetic to Bergson, and endeavours to interpret his philosophy as the master would have it, but of course an interpretation, however good, ought not to make one forget to seek the original—that is the last thing Mr. Kitchin would desire. Finally, we cannot help thinking that the author might have chosen his title more happily, for it leads one to expect what one does not find—an elementary text-book on Bergson.

T. L. C.

The Secret of Shiva.

Perusing Dr. Burnell's admirable Catalogue of Sanskrit manuscripts preserved in the Tanjore Palace Library, we come across, on page 206, the following entry :

" *Shivarahasya*, a huge *tantra* containing 100,000 *granthas*, full of Shaiva legends, which appear to be collected from various sources, but as this *tantra* is mentioned in *Sāyana's Sankaravilāsa*, it must be earlier, at least, than 1300 A. D."

The publication of this gigantic work has now been taken in hand by Mr. K. Sadasiva Chettiar, B. A., with the help of Paṇḍits Gaṇeṣha Shāstri and Sundareshvara Shāstri, of Maruvūr and Varahūr respectively, and the first volume, neatly printed by the Vāṇinileya Press of Madras, lies before us for review. This volume contains, in 238 pages, the first of the twelve *Amshas* or parts of which the work consists.

The editors have not taken their task too easily : they have consulted, for this first part, six manuscripts, two in the Devanāgarī character (*i. e.*, probably coming from the North of India) and four in the Grantha character, and they have given in foot-notes the more important readings of these MSS. It appears from the limited number of these readings that the text is, on the whole, well preserved.

The proof-reading has been done with care, though a little more attention might be paid to it in the coming volumes, in which also the paragraphs should be more clearly demarcated ; for it is illogical, if, *e. g.*, on p. 15, the second half of the first Shloka appears before and not after the word *Nāradaḥ* (second line), and if, on the same page, the eighth line (*sa Nāradasya vachasā*, etc.), is not separated from the preceding ones by a blank line.

The prospectus and preface give a somewhat misleading and exaggerated idea of the character of the work by calling it an *itihāsa*, and comparing it with the *Mahābhārata*. An *itihāsa*, or epic, must have an *action* extending more or less through the whole of the poem and not merely confined to the frame-work. *Shivarahasya* is not an *itihāsa*, nor perhaps a *tantra*, but a *samhitā* of the *shaivāgama*. Nor is it "written in verses of exquisite beauty not excelled by any other work in the Sanskrit Language," though many of the verses are, indeed, very beautiful.

The poem is a dialogue between Shiva and his wife Pārvaṭī, which is related by their son Skanda to the great Yogin Jaigīṣhavya as a reward for his stupendous penance. This Jaigīṣhavya is, of course, the same as the one in that suggestive story of the Shalya Parvan, though we may be sure that the Guru of Asita Devala would be not a little astonished to find himself transformed into a Liṅga worshipper.

The transformation of the ancient unsectarian Vedānta into Shaivism seems, indeed, to be the most prominent feature of *Shivarahasya*. The following example may give an idea of the method. The seventh stanza of the second Valli of Kāṭhaka Upaniṣhad runs as follows : “ He of whom many never come to hear ; whom many, though hearing of Him, cannot comprehend—a wonder the clever man who finds and explains Him ; a wonder he [too] who, taught by a clever one, understands Him.” *Shivarahasya* makes of it (59, 84) : “ O Shivā (Durgā) ! it is the lot of many not even to hear of that Liṅga ; though hearing of it, O Shivā, many cannot comprehend that Liṅga,” etc.

The Upaniṣhads from which *Shivarahasya*, at least this first Aṁsha of it, seems to draw principally, are Shvetāshvātara, Bṛhājābāla (called Jābāla), and Atharvashiras. But besides, the “essence” of the ten older Upaniṣhads is given again and over again.

The contents of this Aṁsha consist mainly of hymns in praise of Shiva and descriptions of heavenly Liṅgas, and cannot, consequently, be very edifying or interesting to anyone except a Shivabhakta, the less so as “calamities and most frightful hells” are promised in it to all who do not worship Shiva, nor recite the Shatarudriya, nor wear the sacred ashes, etc., etc. (46th Adhyāya).

But since this is only one-twelfth part of the whole work, we may justly hope that the rest will be more interesting for the general reader.

This much is certain, that *Shivarahasya* as a document of the Shiva religion deserves to be published, and that, therefore, our thanks are due to Mr. Sadasiva Chettiar who has courageously undertaken to carry the work through the press.

F. O. S.

The Quest of the Holy Grail, by Jessie L. Weston. (THE QUEST SERIES. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Miss Weston has given us in this volume a concise and scholarly precis on a subject of perennial interest, the Grail Legend, while also propounding an original solution of its origin and interpretation. As she points out, the prevailing tendency has been to deal with the Grail story in pieces, sections, rather as a connected whole, taking into consideration every item of an admittedly complex problem—a method of treatment which it is hardly surprising to find has not produced very satisfactory results.

The various theories already in the field in connection with the Grail literature and legend: that it was a purely Christian ecclesiastical legend, the work of monkish compilers; that it was simply the automatic food-providing talisman of popular tradition and, as such, of purely Folklore, preferably Keltic, origin; and the latest theory, fathered by Professor Burdach, “that what Perceval sees is the Byzantine Mass,” are discussed, and reasons are adduced for their dismissal. The legends connecting the Grail with S. Joseph of Arimathea and with the Abbey of Glastonbury are, the present reviewer is sorry to find, regarded as untenable, and some mediæval writers were aware of the fact that the Church knew nothing of the Grail legend. The author’s own conclusion is that the Grail legend is of ritual imagery connected with the origin and propagation of life, which ritual later developed into a mystery. This hypothesis she works out in detail, bringing forward some very convincing reasons for her belief. She discovers a striking resemblance between the ritual of the Adonis cult and “both in incident and intention” with the *mise-en-scene* of the Grail story. Miss Weston clearly recognises that there was an esoteric side to the Grail story, and that esoteric side she connects very rightly in our opinion with Initiation, with regeneration and spiritual life.

A book to be heartily recommended to all—and there are many—who are interested in this famous and fascinating legend and symbol of the eternal verities.

E. S.

The Great Mother, A Gospel of The Eternal Feminine, by C. H. A. Bjerregaard. (The Inner Life Publishing Co., New York.)

The author writes :

In this book I mean by the Eternal Mother the personal realisation of the Deity as Mother. The Eternal Mother is not a god or goddess, but the power and ultimate foundation of all gods, goddesses, nature and man: The Deity, both cause and effect. The Eternal Mother is not the feminine side of the manifested Deity or God.

This mystic conception is illustrated, under three aspects, Nature-Mystery, Beauty and Art-Mystery, and Religious Mystery, by ideas drawn from many of the books in the Main Reading Room of the New York Public Library, of which Mr. Bjerregaard is Chief. To try to go behind the dual manifestations to the "ultimate foundation," and still to present us with one—the Mother-Side of a pair of opposites—is confusing.

"Woman is the soul of man. Man without his soul (—woman—) is but a mere animal. . . ." does not sound very mystic to students of reincarnation, who realise that the Immortal is neither man nor woman, but that He clothes Himself in either form at will.

Mother-Nature draws our love in all her gracious aspects, and as the author wisely remarks on the last page (325) : " To tell the whole story about the Great Mother is impossible."

A. J. W.

The Twelve Major Upaniṣhats, rendered into Tamil, by N. P. Subramania Aiyar. (S. Vaidya & Co., Madras. Price Rs.2-8.)

The late N. P. Subramania Aiyar, who was a member of the Theosophical Society and a practising pleader at Negapatam, had been studying, in the midst of his professional business, the 12 Upaniṣhats in the light of Shri Shaṅkara's *Commentary*. For the benefit of the public he translated them into Tamil, and died without publishing them. After his death his son, N. S. Rajaram Aiyar, had them revised and has now published them all in book form. *The Twelve Major Upaniṣhats* leave out *Kaushīṭaki* and include instead *Nṛsimhaṭāpani* (earlier portion). The translation is well done and the book is nicely brought out. It will, I hope, be a boon to the Tamil-knowing public.

K. N.

Studies in Shaiva-Siddhanta, by J. M. Nallasvami Pillai, B. A., B. L. With an Introduction by V. V. Ramana Shastrin, Ph. D. (Meykaṇḍān Press, Madras.)

Mr. Nallasvami Pillai has long been known to readers of the *Agamic Review* called *The Light of Truth or the Siddhanta Dipika*. He has laboured for many years to make the Shaiva-Siddhānta known to the world; and that at last western scholars have turned their attention to this mystic-philosophical system of the South of India is no doubt due, to a great extent, to his endeavours.

The volume before us contains twenty-four papers which appeared first in the *Siddhānta Dipikā* and several other magazines. They embrace almost the whole field of the Shaiva Siddhānta, so that one who goes through them will get a fairly complete idea of this system. And nobody, we are sure, who peruses this book with some attention will be able to put it aside without confessing to himself that he has learned a good deal.

Nallasvami Pillai is a sympathetic and thoughtful writer: there is no tinge of sectarianism in his papers, and the wealth of ideas they contain is astonishing. Moreover, his style is free from that tedious prolixity so common in India, contrasting favourably in this respect even with *Der Caiva-Siddhānta* by the Rev. H. W. Schomerus, who, by the way, has not sufficiently acknowledged his indebtedness to Nallasvami Pillai.

The following articles may be specially mentioned: 'Flower and Fragrance' (No. 1), a contribution to the science of metaphors; 'The Light of Truth or Uṇmai Vilakkam' (No. 2), a translation of 54 stanzas forming one of the Fourteen Siddhānta Shāstras; 'Another Side' (No. 4), with pertinent remarks on Sāṃkhya and Vedānta; 'The Tattvas and Beyond' (No. 5), being an explanation of the 36 Tattvas and the Tattvātita; 'The Nature of the Divine Personality' (No. 6), being a criticism of the equation *nirguna* = impersonal; 'Vowels and Consonants' (No. 7), on a simile used in Shaiva Siddhānta to explain the *advaita* relation of mind and body; 'Some Aspects of the Godhead' (No. 10); 'The Shvetashvatara Upaniṣat' (No. 13); 'The Union of Indian Philosophies' (No. 16); 'The Personality of God according to the Shaiva Siddhānta' No. 19; 'Advaita according to Shaiva Siddhānta' (No. 20); 'Shaivism in its Relation to

other Systems' (No. 24). We have also read with pleasure the description of 'Shri Parvatam' (No. 23), the most sacred hill for the Shaiva pilgrim.

Among the things with which we cannot quite agree is the criticism, on pages 160 ff., of Prof. Deussen's "false analogy". Similes like that of the stream entering the ocean are never meant to be taken literally.

F. O. S.

Christ and His Age, by Douglas G. Browne. (Methuen & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In this book the author has tried to free himself both from the conventions of orthodoxy and from the conventions of scepticism; to shake off the accumulated theological dogmas of nineteen centuries, as well as the no less dogmatic prejudices of modern critics, and to try to conceive the Christ as He actually was, and to trace the life He led among His fellow-men. Putting aside the alleged miraculous birth and 'supernatural' powers, which many orthodox Christians seem to feel necessary to the greatness of their Ideal, the author endeavours to portray the Christ as Perfect Man, as the apex of the pyramid of religious teachers, embodying every human virtue, but raised to a higher power, an absolute perfection. We think that he has succeeded. In reading the book, we seem to feel the Christ as a mighty Hero, not the embodiment of passive or negative goodness suggested by many paintings of Him, but the embodiment of perfect Energy and all-knowing, active Love. To put it briefly—the Christ, imagined by the author—is the Christ of the paintings in Mount Athos, which were reproduced in the *Theosophist* a few months back. Theosophists may find the book useful to lend to Christian friends. It recognises the brotherhood of religions and of the great Teachers, but regards Christianity and the Christ as greatest among them.

H. T. R.

The Pharaoh and the Priest, by Alexander Glovatski, translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is an Egyptian historical novel of much interest, by the author of the celebrated *Quo Vadis*. The prefatory remarks tell us that Alexander Glovatski is "a true man of letters, a real philosopher, retiring, industrious and modest . . . who has written seventeen books which contain great and vivid pictures of life at the end of the recent century".

The Pharaoh and the Priest concerns the struggle of a young and progressive ruler, first as heir to the throne and then as Pharaoh, with the rich and powerful priesthood. "The ruin of a Pharaoh and the fall of his dynasty with the rise of a self-chosen sovereign and a new line of rulers are the double consummation in this novel." The plot is interesting and its action presents a vivid picture of the civilisation of ancient Egypt in the eleventh century before Christ.

The explanation given by a priest to the Pharaoh of the reason for embalming the mummy, that much disputed point, is: "When a man dies his shade, the ka, separates from his body as does the divine spark. If we burn the body the shade has nothing but ashes with which to gain strength. But if we embalm the body, or preserve it for thousands of years the shade ka is always healthy and strong; it passes the time of purification in calmness and even agreeably." The priest goes on to explain that "there are men who possess the uncommon gift that during life they can separate their own shades from their bodies. Our secret books are filled with the most credible narratives touching this subject." He relates how magicians have sent out their shades against men whom they hated and damaged their effects; instances of repercussion are also related, and the fact that when a man dies his shade lives and shows itself to people. A footnote remarks: "It is curious that the theory of shades, on which very likely the uncommon care of the Egyptians for the dead was built, has revived in our times in Europe." Adolf d'Assier explains it minutely in a pamphlet *Essai sur l'humanite posthume et le spiritisme, par un Positiviste* the pamphlet Colonel Olcott translated. For truth persists, and the theory of shades, or to give them their modern name, astral bodies, being true, Europe is likely

to hear a good deal more about these shades than when the truth was confined to an ambitious priesthood who used their secret knowledge, as is so often the way with priesthoods, chiefly to terrorise an ignorant populace. To any who are interested in ancient Khem—one surely of the most fascinating of all countries—this novel can be heartily recommended.

E. S.

A Handbook of Mystical Theology, by D. H. S. Nicholson. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

This is an abridgment of Scaramelli's *Il Direttorio Mistico*, to which Mr. Nicholson contributes a most thoughtful preface, stating the fact that the most vital element in Mysticism cannot be taught in books or communicated in any rite or ceremony, it being an experience to be undergone by each individual. The purpose of the abridgment is to give concisely the position held by the Church on the larger questions of mystical life, as expounded by one of its authoritative writers. It describes the successive stages the soul encounters in its progress from earthly struggles to its ultimate glory and union with the Divine. The use of meditation and the grades of contemplation are described, and stress is laid on the necessity of having a spiritual director. There seems to be no mystical experience of which the book does not treat, and although we cannot find ourselves in agreement with many conclusions of the author, we feel that it is impossible to dogmatise on a subject like Mysticism. The book can be recommended to those who are interested in these questions.

G. G.

The Vampire, by Reginald Hodder. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

When Mr. Bram Stoker wrote *Dracula* we felt that the vampire-story had reached its zenith, and apparently we were not mistaken, for even to-day it stands unrivalled. One must therefore attempt to put *Dracula* out of one's mind while considering the book under review. *The Vampire* tells of a Mrs. Valtudor, of whose origin nothing is known, who suddenly descends on a peaceful country-place in England. Everyone who comes into close contact with her soon becomes ghastly pale. By the third or fourth chapters, not

only the astute reader, but most of the characters even—including of course the hero, a young doctor—suspect her to be a vampire. But her method of vampirism is more subtle than that of Count Dracula. It would be unfair, however, to give away the secret of this. Suffice to say that the story is full of, one might say crammed with, incident. We have mummies, talismans, secret societies, new scientific theories, black magicians, etc.; indeed everything one can think of to provide sensations. The trouble is that the book can be read in the dark without a thrill. The characters are not convincing, nor are they the sort of people one would care to meet.

T. L. C.

King Desire and His Knights, by Edith F. A. U. Painton.
(R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price \$1 net.)

A book for children, in which under a slight form of fiction the basic ideas of New Thought are put forth in a manner suitable for the youthful mind. Two large families of children had worn their American mothers to almost breaking-point in the effort to provide for their material wants. One mother confesses—and from the Theosophical educational standpoint the confession appals :

I have scolded till I was hoarse; I have whipped till my arms ached for hours after; I have cried till my eyes were sore; yes, I have even prayed till my very faith was dead. Now I just let them go at their own sweet will, till my nerve and patience are utterly worn to shreds; then I get Ben to step in and give them a good sound thrashing all round, and after the noise of their wailing and yelling has died away, I have a sort of peace for another week or two.

How a New Thought Aunt Susie tames these unruly children by her spirited teaching on the power of thought, the law of suggestion, the Spirit of universal love and unity, etc., bringing "real miracles to pass" the reader will learn for himself. With the exception of the appalling doggerel figuring as "little poems" at the close of each chapter the New Thought teaching is very cleverly adapted to its purpose, and the book may be found very helpful in the education of their children by other than New Thought parents, for the New Thought—so called—is in reality the oldest of all old thought.

E. S.

Rearing an Imperial Race, edited by Charles E. Hecht. (The St. Catherine Press, London.)

This well-produced volume of over 500 pages is a report of the second Guildhall School Conference on Diet, Cookery and Hygiene; with special reports from H. M. Ambassadors Abroad. It consists of a series of exceedingly interesting papers, followed by discussions by experts thoroughly acquainted with every aspect of the subject. They deal with questions of hygiene and diet, from the practical point of view, as applied to schools for the poorest classes.

Representatives of various cities, such as London, Glasgow, Bradford, etc., give the benefit of their experience and tell us the outcome of their experiments, and of their efforts to deal with local conditions. A useful feature is that minute details are given, such as complete dietaries for meals at one penny per head, methods of cooking, cost, quality, finance, open air versus other schools, sleep, the effect of free or assisted meals upon the children and upon the parents. Reports are included of the work done in this direction by France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States. The volume is well illustrated with photographs. We know of no more useful book either for those who are in charge of schools for the lowest classes, or for the practical philanthropist.

The Conference by its deliberations and the publication of its reports is doing work of the utmost value to the nation, and we trust the National Food Reform Association, at whose instance the Conference was held, will meet with that measure of support from the public, to which the importance of its work entitles it.

C. R. H.

Gipsy Girl, by Beatrice Wrey. (Published by the Author, 59, Bank Chambers, 329, High Holborn, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

A little book of delicious child-play with sympathetic parents who understand the wordless emotions of the child-mind, and can leave room for it to expand itself without undue interference, while they guide the little ones along the best path.

A. J. W.

Customs of the World, Vol. I, edited by Walter Hutchinson B. A., F. R. G. S., F. R. A. I. (Hutchinson & Co., London.)

This book aims at giving "a popular account of the manners, rites and ceremonies of men and women in all countries". With this intent it is copiously illustrated, there being no fewer than 721 reproductions in black and white, in addition to 16 coloured plates. Mr. A. C. Haddon contributes a most interesting introductory chapter, in which he advises the world in general, and the Anglo-Saxon race, in particular, not to despise the manners and customs of other nations, but rather "to look for the wheat among the tares and not to condemn the good along with the bad".

The contributions on the various countries are written by eminent authorities whose names are sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of their information.

Three maps are included as a guide to the reader. The value of the illustrations cannot be over-estimated. They give a vividness and reality to the text which it would otherwise miss, and the reproductions from those countries which are personally known to us are faithful and accurate.

Such a book ought to find a place in every library, for there is no excuse now-a-days for ignorance concerning the manners and customs of our fellow-men. We observe the book under review to be but the first volume, presumably of a series. Like *Oliver Twist*, we "ask for more".

T. L. C.

The Crescent Moon, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

The collection of prose-poems, which are presented to us under this title, deal entirely with child life. Each poem has for its theme the child and its view of life, or the sentiments of the mother. In many of them, such as 'The Champa Flower,' the author has wonderfully well caught the real spirit of the child's point of view. 'Vocation' also sympathetically expresses the longings of a child, while in 'Authorship' we have delicate imagination and a gentle tender humour.

There are several illustrations by Indian artists, but they tend to mar the book. All of them are done by members of that small group of artists, emanating from Calcutta, who instead of developing upon Indian lines, have set themselves slavishly to copy Japanese models. Lacking the hereditary artistic sensibility of that race the results are, as might be expected, most unsatisfactory. 'The Merchant' for example might well pass for one of the crude efforts of a young Japanese art student. In 'Fairyland' the artist has even gone so far as to imitate the square red seal and signature of a Japanese artist. Such misguided efforts are deplorable, and greatly hinder the work of those who have at heart the revival of art in India.

C. R. H.

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

Pond Life, by E. C. Ash, M. R. A. C.

This book tells us in a simple and vivid fashion much detail of the teeming, but generally unknown, life inhabiting our ponds and streams. Among other of life's odd freaks it describes plants resembling animals, in that they are able to move at will. The microscope reveals to us the mysteries and beauties of the many lowly forms of life that water nourishes—tiny organisms with curious modes of reproduction, and convenient power of changing form. It shows us also some of nature's protective devices—for much struggle for life and food is waged in this watery element and many battles to the death are fought. Most people will derive both pleasure and profit from a perusal of this fascinating study of pond life, while to the young with a turn for natural science and natural history, the book will probably prove an inspiration and a revelation leading perchance to that most valuable of all possessions—a hobby of vivid and persistent interest.

E. S.

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

Principles of Logic, by Stanley Williams, B. A.

In speaking of his subject in the Introduction the author says: "If we can only master its names and phraseology, we shall find in it a subject of great practical value and interest, and shall cease to regard it as the useless mental gymnastics of effete pedagogism." An opportunity for such mastery is certainly given in this little book: it fairly bristles with the "names" referred to, and the concise explanations are well illustrated by diagrams and examples. It is a handy little volume for reference as well as a useful one to study by way of preparation for the consideration at greater length of the more vitally interesting problems of logic.

Schopenhauer, by Margrieta Beer, M. A.

For the general reader it is valuable, in starting upon the study of the works of a great philosopher, to acquaint himself beforehand with the main points of that philosopher's teachings. It is encouraging in the mass of new information to come upon a familiar fact here and there. Such little guide-posts in his future wanderings through the writings of Schopenhauer are furnished to the reader in this little book. Besides the Introduction the volume contains four Chapters: 'Schopenhauer's Life,' 'Pessimism,' 'Art,' and 'Virtue'. In these are sketched the general tendency and chief teachings of Schopenhauer's philosophy. The author has succeeded in making the subject very interesting, and has fitted her book admirably to the function it should perform as a very short treatise on a large subject, namely that of stimulating the reader's desire for more on the same subject. A bibliography is included in the volume.

Charles Lamb, by Flora Masson.

A book on Charles Lamb never comes amiss to those who have once fallen under the spell of the "most universally beloved of English writers". Those who have not yet so fallen should read Miss Masson's charming sketch. It is written with sympathy and understanding and presents a very vivid picture of Lamb and his surroundings.

A. de L.

A History of Rome, by A. F. Giles, M. A.

This excellent little book deserves all praise. We have presented to us in a terse and clear way a review, rather than a history, of the growth of the Roman Empire. As the volume is necessarily small, the author does not trouble us with a list of historical events, strung together. He cannot, in the limited number of pages at his command, possibly give an ordered and sequential history, nor does he attempt to do so. He, therefore, works with a broad brush, giving the causes of, and tracing the lines of development of a people who, first under the rule of Kings, formed themselves into a Republic, and later became the makers of one of the greatest Empires the world has ever seen. Two useful maps are included in the volume, and also a chronological synopsis. This little history should lead the reader to seek for the larger histories, and should prove an excellent handbook and aid to their study.

Spiritualism and Psychical Research, by J. Arthur Hill.

The author's name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of this little book. He states at the outset his own views on Spiritualism. He is not a spiritualist, but is "convinced that things do really happen which orthodox science cannot explain and which certainly seem to point to the continued activity of minds no longer functioning through their old fleshly body". Mr. Hill comes to the subject with an unbiassed mind, and argues for and against Spiritualism impartially. We are given its history, and then we have chapters on the 'Society for Psychical Research,' 'Automatic Writing,' 'Telepathy,' and the 'Subliminal Self'. We cannot sufficiently recommend this book to one who is desirous of knowing something of scientific researches into the unseen. There is not a dull page, and the history and results of investigations narrated are most happily chosen. The author takes nothing on faith, yet he is broad-minded enough not to deny a thing, simply because he doesn't see it. In short he has performed his task most excellently, and we have nothing but praise for this little handbook.

T. L. C.

Biology, by Prof. W. D. Henderson, M. A.

We have here, within 81 small pages of good clear type, a concise account of modern scientific conclusions about Life, its origin and the forms it uses. It is written so well that many a casual reader will be enticed to study further; and for that there is a well arranged bibliography at the end. We might perhaps wish that Dr. J. Beard's valuable researches into the morphological continuity of germ-cells from generation to generation had been referred to on page 83, as they seem to give the best scientific basis for heredity and fit in with the theory of the permanent atom.

A. J. W.

The God Which Is Man, by R. B. Stocker. (Griffiths, London. Price 5s. net.)

Earnest Theosophists must ever welcome any attempt to explain the riddle of the universe; and it should even be possible for them to be in sympathy with any honest attempt to explain it away, as is done in the latest volume by Mr. R. D. Stocker, entitled *The God Which Is Man*. Had one little word, by the way, been added to the title, so that it read: "The God which is *in* man," the book would probably make a wider appeal, even outside the Theosophical Society—but then it would no longer be rationalistic in aim and manner, as are all the later works from the pen of this versatile author.

It is, nevertheless, a useful book for Theosophists to read, as it is ever useful to read the works of those who look at the world from an angle quite different from our own; and as we are all apt to imagine, as we progress along a certain mental route, that the whole of thinking humanity is progressing side by side with us, it is helpful to be confronted, from time to time, with some of the views prevalent half a century ago, and to realise that there are still earnest students among us who accept Huxley's and Herbert Spencer's views as the last word in Philosophy and Science.

It is certainly a little startling to be informed that "it is no longer possible to look for purpose and design of any sort in the world. . .," one of those dogmatic assertions of nescience with which the various materialistic schools of the past century have already made us familiar, but surprising from the pen of one

not unacquainted with the 'Divine Wisdom' in East and West.

"To anyone who is abreast of modern thought," we read elsewhere, "to presume to place the universe under the guidance of a providential will must seem the very highest pitch of audacity and folly . . ." A curious statement, this, in view of the fact that it is precisely those who are abreast of modern thought who have discarded, or are rapidly discarding, the conception of a universe ruled by chance! Might one not retort that it is "the very highest pitch of audacity and folly" for any serious thinker to deny an intelligent direction to the world-scheme, for no better reason than that he has so far failed to discover it?

With the chapter entitled 'Modern Thought and the Soul,' most Theosophists will find themselves a good deal in sympathy; for it is free from the somewhat aggressive rationalism of the earlier chapters, and contains some beautiful and suggestive ideas; for instance the following, which has quite a Bergsonian flavour: "Thought, in one sense, must always be ahead of life. But while this is so, the function of thought must always be subordinate to the claims of life. And for that to be so, life must be spontaneous and instinctive. When we come to live aright, we shall not think much about it . . ."

In the very interesting chapter on 'Man, Morality and the Cosmos,' the author attempts to solve the problem of the origin of man's moral instinct, in the face of a non-moral nature—the old problem of a being evolved, according to Rationalists, by purely mechanical processes, yet attaining to moral conceptions and ideals totally at variance with the iron laws ruling the world of which he is a part—a problem which the genius of neither Huxley nor Tyndal could solve; nor indeed can it be solved by any theory of evolution which sees man from the form-side of things only, and totally ignores the divine life within the form.

The last chapter in the book is devoted to a brief resume of Socialism, which the author hails as the bringer of universal content, peace, and happiness to all the children of men. So mote it be!

JEAN DELAIRE.

Concentration. A Practical Course, by Ernest Wood. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Mr. Ernest Wood's many friends and pupils will all be glad to have their attention called to the fact that he has just published an excellent hand-book, embodying the results of 15 years' study and practice in the teachings of yoga. Mr. Ernest Wood not only passes on the great truths he has received from others, he has original, scientific and systematic methods of his own. On page 39 we find him advising the student to bring forward his 'visitors' or wandering thoughts for review. Here they are:

"... I wish it wasn't so hot or so cold; I wonder if I shall gain such a such a thing; how can I let my superior officer become aware of my many virtues; I wish my wife or my child were not ailing; O, when shall I succeed; I wonder if I am making progress or, in short why did God make things as they are, and why doesn't He carry out the improvements I have to suggest?" Says Mr. Wood: "Say to each: 'For the next hour I am otherwise engaged Good morning.' Treated thus politely the visitors will feel constrained to bow themselves out in silence."

We cordially wish this capital little handbook every success. K. F. S.

Allegorical Visions, by Katharine Harrow. (The New-Way Publishing Co., New York. Price \$ 1. 25.)

The author contributes an interesting preface as to how the visions came to be written. She had them presented to her in the form of pictures, which came at no particular time. Often while walking, she would lose all sense of present surroundings, and be transported in thought to other worlds. The writer is very much affected by nature, evidently, as most of the visions recorded describe with some minuteness the environment in which she finds herself. We have no doubt that these allegorical visions mean much to the author, and she is wise in letting us draw our own interpretation from them. They are nicely written, and have a rhythmic sense about them which is very pleasing. T. L. C.

NOTICES

Messrs. Elias Gewurz and L. A. Bosman are bringing out a little series of 'Esoteric Studies,' of which one entitled *The Cosmic Wisdom* (Dharma Press, 16, Oakfield Road, Clapton, London, N. E.) is before us. It deals with the 'Hieroglyphical Interpretation of the Hebrew Alphabet,' and gives on this information which students will find useful. The booklet contains teachings drawn from the Qabala. Two other pamphlets come from the same press, *The Teachings of Theosophy Scientifically Proved*, by Mr. Bosman, and *The Reason for the Hope that is in Us*, by Mr. Gewurz. The title of the first explains its contents, and the second relates to the Order of the Star in the East.

The Adyar Bulletin. The new volume of this little magazine, which began on January last, seems to point to the fact that it is going to improve even the standard it set itself last year. It has now become a 'Theosophical Journal for East and West,' and the first three numbers are very good. The series 'From Twilight to Dawn,' is still continued, as also 'Students in Council'. 'From my Scrap-book' has been renewed. Best of all, there is still every month an article from the pen of Mrs. Besant, and she continues writing the pages: 'From the Editor.' In the last number one of her last Convention lectures is published, and Mr. Leadbeater contributes a most practical article on 'Theosophy for Children'.
