

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN this sudden and tremendous war, in which five of the Great Powers of Europe are engaged, while two of the Balkan States—Servia and Montenegro—are fighting on the side of the Triple Entente; in which Portugal has declared that she will follow the direction of England, and Italy hangs in the balance, the people on one side and the Government on the other, the people clamouring for war; in which only States of insignificant power, comparatively, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Spain, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, stand neutral; in which Japan and India have stepped to the side of Great Britain, and all the Self-Governing Colonies have risen in her support; in this huge war, enveloping the world in its flames, what is the position of the Theosophical Society? We see our comrades everywhere, amid the warring and the neutral nations; our French General Secretary has gone to his regiment; one of his sisters, a certificated nurse, has joined an Ambulance Corps, while the second is organising groups

of women for work; our Scottish General Secretary has volunteered for Home Defence—he is a Captain in a well-trained Scottish band; we have very many members both in the Army and the Navy, as well as on the Reserve; Major Peacocke is leaving us at Adyar, having volunteered for the front; the Master of Sem-pill has joined the Flying Corps; Mr. Basil Hodgson-Smith is gazetted for the Second Army. Dr. Haden Guest, our English General Secretary, has organised a Red Cross Ambulance Contingent in charge of Dr. Armstrong Smith and another doctor, to serve under the French War Office; our good worker, Mr. Herbert Whyte and several other Fellows of the T.S. go with it. Mrs. Whyte, so well known to Indians in London as the Hon. Secretary of the Friends of India Society, will have all our sympathy in the sacrifice she is making. Dr. Haden Guest has also organised and equipped a hospital of 100 beds in London, and it has been accepted by the Red Cross Society. Our Austrian and Bohemian General Secretaries are not yet called to the colours, but we may hear any day that they, and another, Professor Penzig, a nationalised Italian, have gone. Nor have we heard whether our German General Secretary has been swept up into the war-torrent; nor has news come from our Belgian brother, who was in Brussels. Our duty clearly is to draw our bonds with each other closer, and to remember our unity, despite warring nationalities. Let our thoughts of peace and love mingle in the mental atmosphere with the thoughts of hatred that fill it, and while doing our national duties fearlessly and fully, let us remember the spiritual world where all is peace.

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A most beautiful story, one of those exquisite examples of the Divine in man, that shine out from time to time in the world's history, comes to us from Badonviller, a town on the French frontier. The Germans, instigated, it is said in the official report of the Prefect of the Department, by one of the Kaiser's sons, bombarded the place, though it was unfortified and undefended; the inhabitants took refuge in their cellars, and when the Germans entered, these were shot at. One of the persons murdered was the wife of the Mayor, M. Benoit. A French force was approaching, and the Germans left. On the following day, a French patrol brought in a German prisoner, and the furious population sought to drag him from his captors to murder him. The Mayor threw himself between the mob and the prisoner, and he, made a widower only the day before by the comrades of the German, calmed the fury of the people and saved the man from injury. Praise of such nobility would be unseemly. Let it suffice to say that the President of the Republic and his Ministers have given to M. Benoit, as sign of their profound admiration, the knighthood of the Legion of Honour "for heroic behaviour". The warrant declares that he is admitted to the Legion because "his wife having been assassinated and his house burned, he continued to discharge his duties with cool devotion, and also saved the life of a prisoner threatened by the just wrath of the inhabitants, giving thus a magnificent example of energy and greatness of soul. M. Benoit will live in history. His action will light up one of the most inspiring pages in the record of the war." Truly of M. Benoit it may be said that the Divine Spirit, dwelling in every human heart, has shone out in him with glorious

effulgence, pardoning the most awful wrong, returning life for death.

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Profoundly interesting is this world-tragedy of conflict to those who see in it a necessary preparation, a clearing of the ground, for the Coming of the World-Teacher and for the New Civilisation. Already from many sides is arising the idea that this war must usher in a settled peace, and that the States of Europe must form a definite Council, in which the representative of each Nation shall find his place, and the Concert shall be recognised as the highest Power, to which each autonomous country must bow as to the supreme authority. The terrible lesson now being taught, the widespread suffering, the devastation by sword and fire, the poverty caused by the dislocation of trade, the tension, the bankruptcies—verily, it seems as though those who die by swift stroke of shot or bayonet-thrust on the battle-field have the happiest fate. But through this Armageddon the world will pass into a realm of peace, of brotherhood, of co-operation, and will forget the darkness and the terrors of the night in the joy that cometh in the morning.

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One great good is coming from the war; Great Britain is seeing India as she is, and the two mighty Nations have joined hands in a clasp which will never be forgotten by either. For so many, many years some of us have worked to draw them nearer to each other, and now, as by a lightning flash, they are fused into one. India's place in the Empire is secure; she is bearing the responsibilities of it before she is enjoying the

privileges, but England will be an honest debtor, and act as generously as India has done. The good day of union, real union, is dawning upon us, and details will be easily arranged when principles are acknowledged.

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In common with all other magazines, THE THEOSOPHIST is bound to suffer in its circulation during the war. We have sent out a notice to Continental subscribers that we will hold their copies for them unless we hear to the contrary, for mails are uncertain, and, in the welter of war, magazines are hardly likely to be delivered. Under the difficult circumstances, we have decided to temporarily reduce the bulk of the magazine, which we have increased from time to time since it came into our hands, and we know that our readers will not grudge this lightening of the burden which we, in common with all others, have to bear. *The Adyar Bulletin* will remain unchanged. *The Young Citizen* we do not propose to carry on after the present year expires; its programme has been most admirably taken up by *The Herald of the Star*, and it is enough to have one journal for that programme; in fact, I should have stopped it last December, when *The Herald* decided on the wider work, but for some wishes expressed for its continuance. So far as India is concerned, the programme is covered by *The Commonweal* and *New India*, and, outside India, *The Herald* can do all that is needed.

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We welcome our good colleague, Mr. A. P. Warrington, on his re-election as General Secretary of the T. S. in the United States of America; his earnest devotion to the cause serves as an inspiration to our

members there, and we hope that his coming term of office will be full of work and success.

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A friend in London sends me some articles from *The Electrical Review* which criticise M. Bachelet's "flying train". It complains that the press has grossly exaggerated its reports in dealing with what *The Review* terms "a scientific toy". M. Bachelet, it says, has only combined old ideas: the levitation of a body—often shown in the lecture-room—and the propulsion of a car by solenoids. Many experiments have been made on similar lines, but none have succeeded, and *The Review* thinks that M. Bachelet is doomed to suffer disappointment. The cost of installing such a system as he proposes would be prohibitory, and the resistance of air is forgotten when a speed of 300 miles an hour is suggested. Nor, as said, are the ideas new; Professor Thomson, in 1887, put forward the laws of electrical repulsion, and experiments were shown of bodies supported in the air by means thereof. No claim has been made by M. Bachelet, so far as we know, to the discovery of electrical repulsion; he has utilised the knowledge, not discovered it.

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We have before drawn attention to the remarkably able work which is being carried on in Kashmir by Mr. J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Cantab.) Viḍyāvāriḍhi. He has made the Research Department of the Kashmir State a reality, and the most favourable criticisms of his work have come from well-known Orientalists. His researches into Kashmir Shaivism are practically unique, and the wealth of material present in the great northern Indian State has been utilised by him in the

most able and painstaking fashion. It may be remembered by some of our readers that Mr. Jagadish Chandra Chatterji's degree at Cambridge was a Research degree, and the admirable thesis by which he won it drew forth, at the time, warm encomiums from the world of scholars. That it was not merely a thesis written to win a degree has been proved by his devotion since to the work of original research. The kingdom of Kashmir is very fortunate in having the services of a scholar so able, who brings to it credit in the outer world, and the Theosophical Society profits by one of its Fellows doing such excellent work.

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Kashmir Shaivism is the title of the volume just issued, and it is the second of the series. It is described as "a brief introduction to the history, literature and doctrines of the Advaita Shaiva Philosophy of Kashmir, specifically called the Trika System". The first volume was reviewed by Dr. Schröder in our pages, and this second volume will also find fitting tribute from his pen next month. Meanwhile, we chronicle its issue here. The *Shiva Sūtras* formed the first volume, alluded to above, of the "Kashmir Series of Texts and Studies," of which *Kashmir Shaivism* is the second. Mr. Chatterji remarks that: "The peculiarity of the Trika consists in the fact that, as a system of Philosophy, it is a type of idealistic Monism (Advaita), and as such differs in fundamental principles from other forms of Shaiva Philosophy; for instance, from what is described under the name of the Shaiva Darshaṇa in the *Sarva-Darshaṇa Saṅgraha* of Māḍhavācharya". This form of Shaivism only appeared in Kashmir towards the end

of the eighth century of the Christian era, or the beginning of the ninth, but it may be regarded in its essence as being of unknown antiquity, as part of eternal truth. There is a most important Shaiva literature in Kashmir, which, for the western Orientalist, is practically an unexplored mine of treasures ; it is from this mine that our scholar has dug out the gems which he is presenting to the outside world. H. H. the Mahārājāh of Kashmir should feel proud that his kingdom's ancient store of precious literature is being thus studied and published, for a monarch always gains glory by research which sheds lustre on his reign. The book is written in a very interesting style, which makes it attractive to the ordinary serious reader ; we leave the Director of the Adyar Library to estimate its value from the standpoint of the scholar.

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We may expect a record attendance at our Convention this year, for the Indian National Congress is also being held in Madras, and very many of our Fellows are Congressmen. I have asked Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa to deliver the four Convention lectures, as it is well that these should, when possible, bring the ablest of our younger generation to the front. I shall myself give two lectures, one the day before the first day of the four regular days of the meeting, and one on the fifth day. This was the arrangement followed in the memorable Convention of 1910, when Mr. Arundale was our lecturer. We shall revert to the early morning for the lectures on this occasion, as in the days of Colonel Olcott.



S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(*Concluded from* Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 790)

THE Kingdom of Jerusalem and the neighbouring principalities and counties, which had been established in the Holy Land at the conclusion of the First Crusade in 1099, had become much weakened during the half-century which had elapsed. Jealousies and contentions had arisen amongst the Christian rulers, and they had become more interested in attacking each other than in consolidating their hardly won possessions. Meanwhile the Muhammadan world had been silently growing strong and united, and the appearance of a new and vigorous leader, in the person of Zenghis, Emir of Mossul, became the signal for a great and concerted effort against the alien invaders. In 1145 the news reached Europe that the great stronghold of Edessa, the key of the Frankish dominion, had been taken, lost, and finally retaken by the followers of the Prophet.

Louis VII was celebrating Christmas in high state at Bourges, when this appalling news arrived, and it at once occurred to him that here was an opportunity of absolving his conscience of one or two sins (particularly the burning of a church at the siege of Vitry, when thirteen hundred souls had perished in the flames), which had for some time been weighing heavily upon it. He determined to go to the Holy Land to the assistance of the Christian cause, and, having determined, sent to Clairvaux for the one man whom he could profitably consult on such a matter. Bernard answered that it was for the Holy Father to advise in a case like this, whereupon Louis despatched a messenger to Eugenius III—a Cistercian and disciple of Bernard's, who now occupied the Papal throne. Eugenius replied, approving warmly of Louis' pious resolution, and assigned to "his spiritual father, Bernard" the task of preaching the Second Crusade. (A. D. 1146.)

"Fifty-five years of age," writes Morrison, "and old for his years was Bernard at this period. The last fifteen years had been full of heavy labour and gnawing care. Eight years of worry about the schism, three journeys to Italy, the controversy with Abelard, the recent vexations arising out of the quarrel between Count Theobald and the King, and finally 'that which cometh daily, the care of all the churches,' had well-nigh broken down the feeble body, in spite of the strong spirit which supported it." And yet, when the summons came, he threw himself into the task with that almost superhuman energy of which he seemed ever capable. At Vezelai, whither, at Easter time, a huge concourse of people had flocked at the invitation of the Pope and the King, his burning words aroused an

enthusiasm comparable only to that historic outburst which, half a century earlier, had greeted the oration of Pope Urban at Clermont. But this time, instead of the cry of *Dieu le veult, Dieu le veult*, it was a shout of *Crosses, Crosses*, which rent the air; and Bernard was at length compelled to cut off pieces from his monkish robes to make crosses for those who clamoured for them. At Chartres, later in the year, the Abbot of Clairvaux was enthusiastically elected commander-in-chief of the crusading army, but wrote to the Pope begging to be excused from that office. The Pontiff accepted his excuses and set him, instead, to preach the Crusade in Germany and North-Eastern France.

The story of Bernard's mission to Germany is one of unbroken and astonishing success. "Fribourg, Basle, Constance, Spire, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence, and numerous other towns of North-Western Germany, were visited and preached in by him. A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then, the assumption of the cross by the greater portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard himself says that scarcely one man was left to seven women."

Only with the Emperor, Conrad III, did Bernard experience a temporary check. Conrad was out of sympathy with the Crusade, whereas his co-operation was essential for its success. The difficulty vanished with the same miraculous suddenness which years before had marked the overcoming of the resistance, at Liège, of Conrad's predecessor on the imperial throne. An impassioned sermon by Bernard, in the Cathedral of

Spire, drew from Conrad a sudden proclamation of his adherence to the cause, and, amid the shouts of an enthusiastic multitude, the Emperor was invested by the Abbot of Clairvaux, on the steps of the high altar, with the sword and banner which he was to carry at the head of the crusading army of Germany into the Holy Land.

The story of the Second Crusade belongs to history, and it is unnecessary to go into the causes which made it the tragic failure that it was destined to be. Suffice it that in 1149, when Louis returned from Palestine with an escort of 200 or 300 knights—the sole remnant of that great army with which, a little more than two years before, he had set forth—the awful truth became known to Europe, that the great enterprise, for which the redoubtable man of God had prophesied so certain a triumph, had ended in complete disaster.

Bernard had not been idle during those years while the army was away. Once again the dreaded growth of heresy had called him from his retreat. In 1147 it is a monk of Perigeux, named Pontius, who is the source of danger; later in the same year, it is Henry the Cluniac who is corrupting Languedoc; still later it is the Bishop of Poitiers, Gilbert de la Poirée. Appealed to by terrified churchmen, Bernard had responded and, although his health and strength were now visibly failing, had met each movement in turn and prevailed against it. He had travelled through the affected districts of Perigeux and Languedoc, undoing by his eloquence, and by the still more convincing evidence of miracles, the work of Pontius and Henry; and he had sustained the whole burden of the Council at Rheims, which had led to the condemnation of Gilbert. He had

thus kept his record of success unbroken up to the very point when the news of his one great and overwhelming failure was published to the world.

An inevitable reaction followed. A great wave of anger and indignation broke upon Bernard from all over Europe. All who had lost fathers and brothers and sons in Palestine, all who had had their hopes of a great Christian triumph shattered, laid their misfortunes to the account of the Abbot of Clairvaux. He had prophesied success, and there had been one disaster after another; he had shown signs and wonders in support of the Crusade, and now it had failed.

It was a dark and trying time for Bernard; but he bore it with his accustomed humility and serenity. Frankly, he could not explain to himself why the enterprise had failed. It may, he thought, have been due to the sins of the Crusaders: or it may have been only one of the great, inexplicable judgments of God. That it could have been in any way the result of a lack of discipline, of cohesion between the leaders, and of generalship and organisation, was not a theory which could commend itself to that age, in explanation of the failure of a Holy War.

Bernard found relief and occupation, during this period of darkness, in writing for his pupil, Pope Eugenius, the five books, entitled *De Consideratione*, in which he advises him on the right discharge of his papal duties and warns him against certain tendencies of the time—notably against excessive centralisation of the pontifical authority and against the worldly and covetous spirit which was, even now, beginning to creep into the Church. But the health of the Abbot of Clairvaux was now rapidly failing, and soon he took to his bed.

He could neither eat nor sleep, and he found himself unable to use his feet. Yet, as though the fates had conspired never to allow him any rest, it was in this condition that he was suddenly visited by the Archbishop of Cleves, who came to beg him to settle a great dispute which had arisen between the citizens of Metz and the nobles of the surrounding district. This had already led to bloodshed, and the Archbishop could do nothing. Indomitable, Bernard dragged himself from his bed, travelled with the Archbishop to the banks of the Moselle, reconciled the warring parties, and returned to his bed of sickness at Clairvaux.

The end was now near at hand. He still continued his correspondence, so far as his strength permitted, and the last letter he wrote is dated only a few days before his death. But slowly his interest in outer things faded, the worn-out frame grew weaker and weaker ; and at last, surrounded by his weeping friends and disciples—in the sixty-third year of his age—he died.

Twenty-two years later the Church set her official seal upon the life of the Abbot of Clairvaux ; for in the year 1174 he was canonised by Pope Alexander III.

The foregoing sketch, meagre though it is, will have given some idea of the activities of this remarkable life. But it has been far from telling all. It has simply related, in the order in which they occurred, those more public happenings which link on the Abbot of Clairvaux to the outer history of his times. Behind this pageant of imposing incident, however, there was another world of labour and of care which, though it contributed little

to secular history, must have been none the less arduous and perhaps even more exacting, for it was continuous. To this belonged the management of the monastery of Clairvaux, no light task in a sphere of life where everything depended upon the incessant attention and the personality of the ruler; and there was, in addition to this, the regular business of the Order, of whose Chapter Bernard, as an abbot, was an *ex-officio* member. Still more arduous, for Bernard as an individual, was the care of that whole army of monasteries and nunneries which, in the course of his career, he was personally instrumental in founding. Of these there were no less than one hundred and nineteen in England alone,¹ and, at the time of his death, it is computed that there were in different parts of Europe one hundred and sixty of such institutions under his auspices and supervision. Nor was this supervision a merely nominal one; for there is ample documentary evidence to show that he kept himself actively in touch with, and interested in, the affairs and fortunes of these scattered dependencies.

When to all this we add the labours already recorded, together with the letters and the treatises and the sermons, and over and above these, in turn, the care of the host of individual souls who, in that age, from Popes and Kings down to humble monks and peasants, looked for their spiritual direction to the Abbot of Clairvaux, we marvel that any single mind could have attended to so much, and we are conscious of being face to face with a phenomenon, which—in its blending of

¹ Nineteen of these were in Yorkshire. The first Cistercian monastery established in England was that of Waverley in Surrey, founded in 1128; the second, that of Rievaulx, near Helmsley in Yorkshire, founded in 1131. The latter contained 300 monks. Perhaps the best known of Bernard's foundations in England is Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, now a magnificent ruin.

public and private, of spiritual and secular, activities, and of things greatest and smallest—can be paralleled, perhaps, only once in history.

The truth is that such a phenomenon only becomes possible when to a great soul, already superbly gifted, there is added the compelling and sublimating force of a single dominant ideal. Only when every energy of the nature is fused in one mighty aim and purpose, can there be that astonishing fecundity and variety of work achieved, which is the mark of the master-spirits of the race.

In Bernard's case we have not far to seek for such an ideal. Through the whole of his stupendous life of diversified labour there runs but a single aim, and that is the glory of God in, and through, His Church; and it is only in so far as we relate all his actions to this great ideal that we shall interpret them aright.

It was an aim which appealed to him in two capacities—as the statesman, and as the mystical idealist. As the practical statesman, whose business it was to deal with facts, he saw clearly enough that for the Europe of his day there was only one salvation; and that lay in the possession of a great and powerful Church, feared and revered not only in the person of its Head but in the person of the humblest of its representatives, and strong enough to impose, as no other agency could then impose, some kind of restraint upon the turbulence and savagery of the age. The Church was the one abode of sweetness and light, the last stronghold of the ethical sanction, the ultimate hope of discipline, humanity and civilisation, in the midst of that wild and predatory animal life which made up, for the most part, the secular Europe of the twelfth century.

Practical *Welt-Politik*, therefore, demanded that the Church should be strengthened.

But, as a Mystic and Idealist, Bernard saw in this exaltation of the spiritual power something more than a mere guarantee of civilised security. It meant for him, if perfectly achieved, the realisation, in the concrete world of men, of that great corporate Christ-life, that "Kingdom of God upon Earth," which was, for the Mystic, the ideal possibility behind the Holy Apostolic Church. The Church on earth was but a body: behind it was a Soul; and to Bernard this Soul was a felt reality, a living, organic concept, hovering as yet in a divine world of ideas above the stir and conflict of human life, but near and ready to descend, and needing only the right conditions in order to objectify itself, in all its transcendent majesty, in the world of everyday.

And so it was to the bringing about of these right conditions that he devoted every energy of his being; and the conditions which he sought to realise were, by an instinctive wisdom, those which, in an age of biology, we know to belong to all healthy organic life. For he saw that, if the Church were to become the vehicle of that loftier Ideal—if that hovering Soul were really to descend upon it, take possession of it, and transform it—it must first of all, as a body, become *organic*: for only an organic body can ever be made the vehicle of a higher life. Consequently, it is this conception of an *organic Church* which, sensed rather than formulated by Bernard himself, yet determines, with the utmost precision, the whole policy of his life. It is the one unifying principle which enables us to co-ordinate the bewildering chaos of his activities; and it explains, in the light of an inner consistency, some of those passages

in his life which have most commonly puzzled his admirers.

Thus when we find him exhorting his disciple, Eugenius, in one place to uphold with all his strength the dignity and authority of the Papacy, while in another he warns him not to centralise that authority too much; when he defends one Pope against the King of France, while he rebukes another on behalf of the French bishops—these are not, as they might seem to be, the marks of a shifting and inconsistent policy. The explanation is rather, that he has, at the back of his mind, through all these changing circumstances, that ideal of organic authority, which works out, in practice, in a hierarchical system. It is true that all authority must flow from above; the Pope must be, in the truest sense, an autocrat: but it is equally true that it must also, by a system of graded distribution and delegation, permeate the whole body, so that every officer of the Church, in his own place and within the limits of his office, shall wield the authority of the whole. For only an authority of this kind is truly organic.

Similarly, when, as he does so frequently, he takes up arms in the cause of ecclesiastical morals; when he inveighs against the election to the bishopric of Langres of a man of whom rumour has breathed an ill report; when he writes sternly to a brother abbot about an unchaste monk; when he thunders against the luxuries of Cluny—it is not the voice of the censorious which is here raised. It is the voice of one who realises that, in an organic body, the health of the whole body depends literally on the health of each of its parts, and that the man who, in his own person, introduces

unhealth into that larger life, is guilty of a sin out of all proportion to the mere quality of his private offence. And that is why, through all his life, Bernard is so uncompromising as to the grounds upon which admission to ecclesiastical office should be allowed. One of the last letters which the Abbot of Clairvaux ever wrote is worth quoting here, as illustrating, very admirably, his attitude on this point. Theobald, Count of Champagne, Bernard's lifelong benefactor and protector, and one of the greatest nobles of his time, had written asking him to procure ecclesiastical preferment for one of his sons, who was still an infant. "Bernard," writes his biographer, "firmly but courteously refused. 'I consider,' he said, 'that ecclesiastical honours are only due to those who can and will, by God's help, worthily fill them. For either you or me to procure such for your little son by means of our prayers, I consider, would be an act of injustice in you, and of imprudence in me. If this appears a hard saying to you, and you are still bent on carrying out your intention, you must be so good as to excuse me. I doubt not but that your other friends will be able to obtain what you wish. Truly I wish well in all respects to our little William; but God above all things: that is the reason why I am unwilling he should have aught against God's law, lest, by so doing, he may not have God himself.'"

So too, when we come to deal with what is, to us, the least sympathetic aspect of Bernard's life-work—the part, namely, which he plays as the great opponent of heresy in that age—we shall think more truly of it, in relation to his personal character, if we dissociate it largely from other manifestations of the kind in later

Church history, and consider it rather in connection with that great organic ideal which was the real secret impulse of his life. Bernard was not illiberal; he was not cruel; nor was he a "heresy-hunter" in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, his opposition was not based on selfish fear. He was simply the apostle of a great organic spiritual life which, in his opinion, could only be realised "whole" or not at all. The Abelards, the Gilberts, of his time were not his personal enemies: they were merely the men who, for the sake of a selfish and (to Bernard) mistaken craving for intellectual autonomy, were ready to render for ever impracticable his great impersonal dream for men. They and their views were alien and unassimilable elements in the great organism of the Church and, as such, potential causes of disease. In a word, they were toxins, of which, for its health's sake, the body must needs be purged.

It is hard, of course, in the twentieth century, to claim sympathy for any man, however eminent, who has opposed the passage of free thought; and perhaps it is too much to hope it for Bernard. But let us, at least, remember (what, in dealing with so developed a nature it is sometimes easy to forget) that it was in the twelfth century, and not in the twentieth, that Bernard lived; that, before the birth of the idea of a perpetual "becoming," which the discovery of the law of evolution brought with it, there was really every excuse for a static conception of religious truth; and that Bernard himself was the man who, when Europe was still ringing with the echoes of the great controversy, was ready to "make it up" with Abelard, and who, while preaching the Crusade in Germany, stopped, at the imminent risk

of his life, something which that age thought nothing of at all—namely, an organised religious massacre of the Jews.

The mention of the Crusade suggests the further reflection that we shall do well to observe the same historical perspective in dealing with this portion also of the work of Bernard's life. The fact that a Crusade would no longer be possible to-day is no reason for condemning it eight hundred years ago. Every age has its own way of wedding the martial and the spiritual impulses, its own form of "battle for God"; and in the Europe of the twelfth century this took the natural shape of a Crusade. Nor need we feel that Bernard himself, saint though he was, must have been troubled, when faced by this kind of spiritual blood-thirst, with any of those qualms and scruples which might reasonably assail the saint of later times. Every man, no matter how saintly, is, nine-tenths of him, the child of his age; and there are two particular reasons for supposing that the fiery eloquence of Bernard's exhortations, as he passed through Europe preaching the Holy War, was no disguise of his true sentiments, but was an index of his own enthusiasm.

The first is, that a war between the Crescent and the Cross forced, as nothing else could, that organic and self-conscious unity upon the Church which was the ideal of Bernard's life; and Bernard must have realised this.

The second is that it is hard to read Bernard's life and not to see in the man, from first to last, the very type of the warrior spirit. He was a soul who loved battling for its own sake. At school, at Chatillon, it is "a vigorous rivalry with his fellows in verses and

repartees": a little later begins the sterner battle with himself; and later still, when the poor "self" has been so mauled and vanquished that there is nothing left of it, it is the great and stirring battle with all the serried forces of the world, into which he plunges with a passionate zeal which cannot but have in it something of joy. When we see him tearing up his monkish robes to make crosses for the soldiers of Christ; when he is formulating for the Templars the statutes of their Order, and unfolding to them, in sonorous language, the stern ideal of the *sæculare bellum* which it is their office to wage—we are conscious, on such occasions, of something germane and congenial, of the touch of the born fighter, who warms at the hint of battle, and to whom a conflict is not a disagreeable necessity but a delight.

This then, for the student, is the key to Bernard's public life—the dream of a Kingdom of God upon earth, to be realised in, and through, a great and organic Church; the dream which, having its birth in the secret heart of the Mystic, gave a policy to the far-sighted statesman, to the carrying out of which he devoted himself, throughout his career, with a consistency the more notable by reason of the variety of its manifestation.

So much, then, for the publicist. But what of the man himself? How shall we account for the extraordinary spell, which the Abbot of Clairvaux cast over the mind of his age? What was the secret of that wonderful personal ascendancy, to which not merely the unanimous record of his contemporaries but the solid evidence of facts bears witness?—for it is written in flaming letters over the whole story of his career.

What qualities were these in the character and make-up of this monk of an obscure and newly founded Order to lift him, within a few short years, into the position of, beyond all question, the foremost man in the Europe of his day?

First of all, there were his natural endowments. He had a great brain, and he was naturally gifted with eloquence: he had, too, that indefinable quality, called "magnetism," which carries victory locked up within itself. Many of his achievements seem to have depended largely upon this: he came, he saw, he conquered. But, in Bernard's case, all this was enormously enhanced by a number of other qualities which definitely compelled the wonder and the reverence of his age.

To begin with, he was absolutely fearless. With only a single companion he sets forth to tackle the formidable Count of Aquitaine, famous for his cruel ferocity even in that ferocious age; at Liège he confronts an Emperor without a tremor; and at Mayence he faces with intrepid courage an enraged and blood-thirsty mob. The result is that all give way before him, as though quelled by some mysterious influence. The Count of Aquitaine falls speechless at his feet, grovelling and foaming at the mouth; the Emperor does public homage to Innocent; and in the case of the mob we read that "the jury of the men of Mayence was hushed into calm submission when met by the holiness of the Abbot of Clairvaux".

Then, in addition to his fearlessness, there was his complete sincerity and his disinterestedness. There was no monk in his monastery who did not know that he practised, in his own person, austerities harsher than he would ever demand of a younger brother;

while all men knew that the Abbot of Clairvaux had successively declined three archbishoprics—those of Milan, Genoa and Rheims.

And lastly there was that more than earthly sanctity, which set him apart from ordinary mortals and gave him—in the sight of an age which, in spite of its savagery, yet knew how to be docile in the presence of holiness—an authority all his own. And the proof of that sanctity was afforded to his contemporaries in the manner which, all through the spiritual history of the ages, has ever been regarded by the great majority of mankind as the most convincing; that is to say, by miracles. Of Bernard's miracles there is overwhelmingly ample evidence. They began when he was still a young abbot, newly established at Clairvaux. Even then he could cure blindness and ulcers and fever, either at a touch or by prayer. Later on such wonders became continual, the constant accompaniment of his daily life. During the crusading tour in Germany he would work as many as twenty or thirty miraculous cures a day. But perhaps the greatest of his miracles was the way in which he could force a physical body, utterly wrecked by the fierce austerities of his early monastic life, to do the work of ten men. Indeed so ghastly was his pallor, so attenuated his frame, that, says an old chronicler, "the mere sight of him was sufficient to persuade one, even before he spake," and thus what, in one sense, was a terrible handicap, became in another, an asset. But it is a fact that, for the last forty years of his life, Bernard was never well. All his work had to be done in despite of a frail and tortured physical vehicle, and the several grave illnesses which prostrated him from time to time were not so

much breaks between periods of health as accentuations of a condition of suffering which was always there.

A man with such sovereignty over frailty will always win respect. When to this faculty of utter self-mastery are added the other qualities, which we have mentioned, and to them that wonderful natural endowment which gave a splendour and a magic to all the rest—it is little wonder that Bernard of Clairvaux has come down to us as one of the most magnetic personal forces which have swayed the imagination and the destinies of mankind.

There is one other Bernard, to whom we must make reference before we close; and that is the Bernard of private life, the more intimate Bernard, whom his friends and associates knew.

How different is he, at first glance, from the Bernard of the Council chamber and the market-place!—A recluse so utterly detached from his surroundings that, in his absorption, he can travel all day long by the banks of Lake Geneva and yet, when in the evening his comrades speak of the lake which they have passed, does not know to what they refer; and who can live a whole year in the monastery of Cîteaux without noticing that the chapel has a curious roof: a stay-at-home who makes a resolution that, except on the business of the Order, he will never set foot out of Clairvaux, and is then flung about all over Europe by a cynical Destiny, in despite of his resolve: a man so modest and diffident by nature that, as he himself often confessed, “he never lifted up his voice in any company, however humble, without a feeling of awe and fear coming over him”.

But the Bernard of private life is, before all else, a man of friendships. Not only are many of the most

eminent men of his time his friends and write to him, or visit him, repeatedly—such men, for example, as William of Champeaux, the celebrated logician; the famous Abbot Suger, Louis VII's chief minister of State; Theobald of Champagne, who has already been mentioned so frequently; Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, afterwards canonised as S. Malachi; William, Abbot of S. Thierry, Bernard's adoring devotee and biographer; and many others—but he is equally ready to open his heart to a humble monk or disciple. "As a mother loves her only son," he writes to an absent friend, a young disciple and abbot, "even so did I love you, when you clave to my side, and rejoiced my heart. And now I will love you when far from me, lest I should appear to have loved my own comfort in you, and not you yourself." William of S. Thierry has the good fortune, on a visit to Clairvaux, to be taken ill at the same time that Bernard is stretched upon a bed of sickness, and afterwards writes ecstatically of those days. "Gracious God," he writes, "what good did not that illness, those feast days, that holiday, do for me! For it happened that during the whole of my sickness *he* also was ill, and thus we two, laid up together, passed the whole day in sweet converse concerning the soul's spiritual physic, and the medicines which virtue affords against the weakness of vice."

One last personal touch. A few pages back we had occasion to speak of Bernard's miracles. Let us hear what Bernard himself thought of them. "I cannot think," he says, "what these miracles mean, or why God has thought fit to work them through such a one as I. I do not remember to have read, even in Scripture, of anything more wonderful. Signs and

wonders have been wrought by holy men and by deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor deceit." And he concludes: "These miracles, therefore, have nothing to do with me; for I know that they are owing rather to the extent of my fame than to my excellency of life. They are not meant to honour me, but to admonish others."

With these words in our ears let us take leave of Bernard of Clairvaux. May it not be, perchance, that, in the time which is before us, that great and noble soul who, eight centuries ago, laboured so untiringly for the Kingdom of God upon earth—returning from his long rest—will take up once more his labours and, in the splendour of his wondrous power, be not amongst the least of those who, in the great world-movement that is upon us, will prepare the way of the Lord?

E. A. Wodehouse

THE WAR

[The following has been issued by our General Secretary in England.]

TO THE FELLOWS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Stand by ready to help. Become a strong centre of calm and helpfulness. That is the need of the present moment. Distress is inevitable, disease and great suffering among the masses of the population very probable. Distribution of relief, organisation of emergency hospitals and refuge camps, these and many other duties may come before us in our own localities. Many men may be needed in active military operations. Let those incapable of discharging active military duties be ready to replace those who can in their ordinary occupations. Many things men ordinarily do women might well do. Let each one think what he can do, think what help he can bring.

A meeting of the Lodge, Centre or Group of Theosophical friends (as the case may be) should be immediately called to discuss ways and means of helping in each separate locality. Try also to understand the meaning of the war. All wars are conflicts of interest. This great war is terrible because it is a conflict of such gigantic interests. Our western civilisation is the outcome of the intensification of that side of man's nature we call

the concrete and scientific mind. That mind has poured gifts in profusion into the lap of the nations. And the gifts have been used for selfish ends.

On the basis of scientific inventions the great structure of our production, of our commerce, is reared. The towering fabric of credit is based on our modern type of industry. And the structure is rotten through and through because it puts "business," "profits," and a hundred other things first and the well-being of mankind second.

The great structures of industry and credit created by the mind are like the monsters of a Frankenstein—it is they who war the one against the other; the men of the nations are only their slaves.

We have to learn to make mind serve man, we have to understand that the inventions and the science of man's mind are to be used as servants of all mankind, and that human considerations must always come first in the plans of statesmen.

And we have to learn the lesson of human solidarity. Already the collapse of the credit system of the world demonstrates our solidarity with grim emphasis. We must build a new civilisation on the recognition of that solidarity, of the oneness of Humanity, when the war is over.

The shattering blows the world civilisation is receiving are striking away much that is evil as well as some good. Let us be glad for the evil gone and mourn not for the good which can be built up again.

But let us be ready when this war is over to help build up our civilisation on a new basis. The needs of man must come first, the fact of human solidarity come first. Science, invention, business, commerce, these

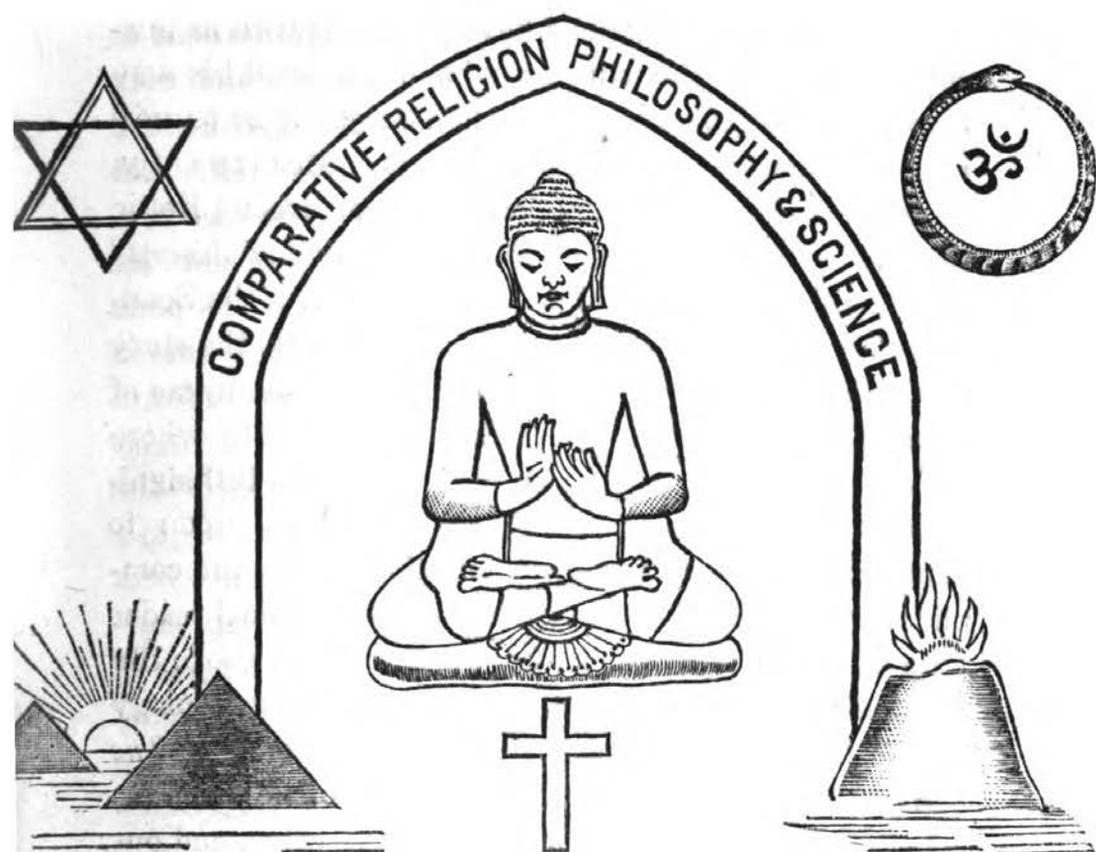
are only instruments to be used for the service of human needs.

We have put mankind second, the brotherhood of man second; the result is this war—war which may teach all men the need of brotherhood. How far the collapse of our civilisation may go we cannot tell. Let us then as a Theosophical Society keep close together. Let each Lodge, Centre or Group appoint a leader, let that leader write to me once a week, or report to me once a week, what is being done to help. It is help that is needed, help in the place where we are. The order of the day is “Stand By!”

If any large number of members can be used by the Government in any special way—in the staffing of a Field Hospital, for instance—I will communicate with you at once. Meanwhile call the meetings, steep yourselves in a calm common sense, be ready with plans of help, be ready to act if called upon, search out what needs doing in your own localities, and let all who have suggestions write to me at once. For the moment Stand By!

L. HADEN GUEST

19 *Tavistock Square, W.C.*



ĀRYAN MYTHOLOGY

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS NORTHERN FORM)

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

THE borderland where myth and fairy-tale meet is a happy hunting ground for the childish imagination, and educationalists, both of our own and of preceding generations, have used the classic allegories of Greece and Rome, simply told in English prose, as "Books for the Bairns"; realising that the memorising of such lore

generally requires the minimum of effort at the kindergarten stage, and that if Hercules and Hermes and other great personifications have had their turn as nursery favourites, the student who has to spell his way through their adventures in alien tongue later on will find his labours considerably lightened. More recently, good work has also been done in popularising Keltic legends; and Miss Keary's book *The Heroes of Asgard*¹ has familiarised many of our little folks with the Scandinavian version of the fairy-tale of fairy-tales, the story of the beginning and middle and end of the drama of manifestation. But few of the teachers into whose hands these books have been put realise the full significance of the teaching they are called upon to expound, and even the most intuitive among the compilers themselves is apt to leave the Theosophical reader with a feeling that the author has failed to get to the heart of the matter, for lack of the key to the symbology which lies ready to the hand of the student of *The Secret Doctrine*. Careful comparison of the form as well as of the teaching is of immense value, and our leaders have given us a splendid starting point for such a study, by pointing out the recurrent presentation which we should be prepared to recognise.

The evolution of the race is the underlying theme in most scriptures, as well as the basis of most ethical codes; and the stages of that evolution are generally represented racially, as in the wanderings of the children of Israel, though sometimes individually, as in the journeyings of Ulysses. The steps in the pilgrim's progress, the stages on the path, are recorded everywhere for those who have eyes to see. Fundamental

¹ An excellent sketch of Scandinavian Mythology, often used in schools. Published by Macmillan.

principles are also universal. The three essential Qualities—the Guṇas of India—meet the student in many a myth, and their four modes of manifesting give him the twelve great Beings—Thrones, Gods, Devas, Archangels—which astrologers recognise as underlying the symbology of the Zodiac, and the names of which vary according to the scale on which they are conceived, and the language in which they are uttered. Realising this, let us examine some of the ancient allegories in the sacred books of the world, and see how far the gates of our understanding can be opened by the application of an old astrological key.

“In the beginning,” says the old Voluspa Edda, the most ancient of the sacred writings of the North, “were three things:—Fire, and Frost, and the All-shaping Wisdom.” Here we have the three essential qualities of the Astrologer aforesaid—the sacred Trinity in a fundamental form. Fire symbolises the outgoing energy or force, motion or *Rajas*, and is not infrequently the metaphor used to express spirit. Frost suggests stillness, solidity, condensation—inertia or *Tamas*, and is thus a fitting symbol for matter. The all-shaping wisdom may be associated with the third Guṇa, *Satṭva*, the vibratory or rhythmic activity, which blends, combines and harmonises the two others, producing the Cosmos out of Chaos. In addition to this descriptive rendering of the three, we find a still more vivid word-picture of them in the North in a more elaborate presentation as (a) the fiery kingdom of *Muspellheim*, guarded by Surt of the flaming sword; (b) the kingdom of *Niflheim*, a region all darkness and cold, whose slow poisonous streams freeze as they flow; and (c) the great abyss between, *Ginnunga-gap*, the space in which the universe

is destined to be built, through the interaction of the forces of the two kingdoms already mentioned. The radiating positive force of the fiery kingdom sends forth heat, which melts the ice piled up on the outer edge of Niflheim, and the drops, flowing from it into Ginnunga-gap, become endowed with life, and assume the gigantic form of the first giant, Ymir, also called Augelmir, the Ancient Mass, or Chaos. He is nourished by the four rivers of milk flowing from the udder of the great cow, Audhumla, who is sent forth by the power of Surt; and from the drops of sweat¹ that fall from under his left arm, are born the first founders of the race of the frost giants; after which he is slain, and his huge body carried into the middle of Ginnunga-gap, to be used as the material out of which the Gods are to build the world as we know it. The emergence of these Creative Forces or Gods is also ascribed to the energy associated with the sacred and mysterious Cow, which once more wanders across our stage at this juncture, licking the salt icicles from off the rocky stones, disclosing, after three days, a colossal form like that of a man,² very powerful, and of comely countenance. His name is Buri, or the producer; and his son Bör—the produced—is the father of the personified Trinity, Odin, Vilje, and Vê, who, working together, fashion all things, giving birth to the lesser Gods, and creating men, dividing the kingdoms of day and night, establishing the order and place of the various lights in the heavens, and giving the winds their several regions; in short carrying on all *constructive* processes and activities. The race of the frost giants, on the other hand, is held

¹ This imagery of the sweat-born is familiar to us in *The Secret Doctrine*.

² Cf. the Old Testament assertion that man was created in the image of God.

responsible for the *negative* and *destructive* work; consequently, in spite of a close kinship between them and the Gods, there is war between the two great orders; and they are naturally, in the minds of men, regarded as heading the opposing forces of good and evil.

The heroes among men are, we are told, always upon the side of the Gods. That is to say, the work of man is, in the main, constructive, or, if destructive, should be a conscious preparation for constructive work in the future.

It may, perhaps, clear the mind of the student to range the Christian, Scandinavian, Classical and Hindū names of the older conceptions alongside of each other in tabular form.

<i>Christian</i>	...	{	Chaos	The Holy Ghost and Re-generator.
			The Infinite	Christ, the Saviour.
			The Eternal	God, the Father.
<i>Scandinavian</i> ...	{	Ymir	Vilje, or Lodur.	
		Buri	Ve, or Honer.	
		Bor	Odin, the All-Father.	
<i>Latin</i>	{	?	Pluto, the Judge.	
		Coelus	Neptune, the Saviour.	
		Saturn	Jupiter, the All-Father.	
<i>Greek</i>	{	Chaos	Hades, the Judge.	
		Ouranos... ..	Poseidon, the Saviour.	
		Chronos	Zeus, the All-Father.	
<i>Hindū</i>	{	Yoga-Mâyā ?	Shiva, Destroyer and Re-generator.	
		Varuṇa	Vishṇu, the Preserver.	
		Īshvara	Brahmā, the Creator.	

Grouped in this way, it is easy to see the similarity of the fundamental forms of expression in these various faiths. Misconceptions and misunderstandings are more apt to arise when the later stages of manifestation are described; for then the aspects of deity are more definitely differentiated, and the element of local colouring is always apt to creep in. Many

scholars in the past have contented themselves with reducing all prominent figures in mythology to expressions of one class of natural phenomenon, and seem to feel that the last word has been said when they have once more reached the phrase "a solar myth"; while, in discussing minor personifications, they not infrequently descend to mere talk about the weather. The average theologian dismisses all dramatic imagery as rank superstition, and turns from it as from something unworthy of serious consideration.

Nothing is better calculated to preserve the student from errors of that kind than the attempt to classify for himself, in any system of mythology, the deities of the different planes, according to their attributes, special note being taken of the family to which they belong, and of the parts they play in the myths in which they appear; and by far the simplest and most helpful key to such a classification is the astrological one, dividing the Powers according to the elements or realms in which they manifest most clearly—a method which gives us four very distinct groups.

(a) Those Powers or aspects of deity revealed in the laws or principles which can be most easily recognised through their working on the physical plane, symbolically described as the *Kingdom of Earth*.

(b) Aspects more easily identified or sensed through the exercise of the feelings, as principles at work on the emotional or astral plane, symbolically described as the *World of Waters*.

(c) Aspects most easily apprehended through the exercise of the reason, as functioning in the realm of thought or mental plane, symbolically described as the *Kingdom of Air*.

(d) Aspects intuitively guessed or perceived, especially in moments when the consciousness is quickened or extended beyond the normal, on a plane beyond the mental, *i.e.*, the spiritual realm, symbolically referred to as the Circle or *Kingdom of Fire*. To this plane belong our happiest inspirations and most brilliant strokes of genius in science or art,—our most perfect and complete moments of manifestation. For though interaction never ceases, and *all* our faculties are awake at such times, it is the Spirit that dominates, and makes itself most clearly felt.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water. After all, the quaint old classification is simple enough, and belongs to our every-day speech as well as to all that is finest in literature. The man who is said to be *of the earth*, *earthy*, is concentrating his energies too much on the physical plane, and allowing many beautiful opportunities of experience to pass him by. He who is always *in the clouds* is also too closely confined to one plane of activity—the mental—to the exclusion of the others. The *waters* of the emotional or astral plane are familiar to us in the poetic imagery of all lands. Yet another elemental kingdom—using the word ‘elemental’ in this special sense, as connected with four astrological elements—we associate with the things of the Spirit. A man is fired by enthusiasm, ardent in his work, burning with zeal for a cause. True he may also burn with resentment and be aflame with desire. But if the symbol of fire is correctly used at all, there will be some sort of outward manifestation of inward energy, for good or evil—spirit dominating matter and altering material conditions, for better or worse.

What then should we expect to find in the works of the prophets and poets and dramatic writers who attempt

to place the action and interaction of the different types of divine powers simply and clearly before the people? Surely something in the way of religious drama; a large number of personages, or personified aspects, grouped in families or clans, having in the beginning one common origin, coming by degrees into a state of warfare as the struggle for more complete manifestation goes forward on every plane; and further, some sort of classification or differentiation of these personages or deities, according to the planes on which they manifest most easily. As a matter of fact that is what we do find all through the great Āryan religions. The warfare placed before us in these wonderful poems is not perpetual. The deities of the astral plane—the world of waters—allow themselves their times of truce with the deities of earth and air. The Fire-God is sometimes kept in chains in the physical realm, or underworld, but at other times is found communing freely and on equal terms with the dwellers above the clouds. Once get the symbology clearly into our heads, and half the difficulty¹ disappears. Above all, let us realise that the wondrous warfare with its rhythmic recurrence of peace is going on here and *now*.

In such a classification the Earthy Gods—the deities of the under-world or physical plane—will naturally be the sternest, the most rigid and implacable. The physical plane is associated with the struggle for existence, with the survival of the fittest, with discipline, disease and death. It is Satan² in the book of Job who

¹ The most unsatisfactory of all the many muddled ways of treating the subject is that which tries to sort out the deities as a long procession of passing fashions in theology with which man has occupied his imagination in successive seasons of his childhood.

² Another expression met with in the Bible is the *Prince of this world*. The Devil promises to our Lord *all the kingdoms of the world* if he will fall down and worship him.

is described as going to and fro *in the Earth*, and walking up and down upon it. The Recording Angel, the Lords of Karma, are other expressions for the same power viewed from a different angle. As a rule no temples are reared to this aspect of deity, and no worship or adoration is given. Propitiation and penance, the kissing of the rod or the bearing of the cross are all that can be done ; for when once a thing is physically worked out on the plane of action, it has reached its limit, and there is nothing for it but for those involved to take the consequences, and do better next time. Yet the Gods of the under-world, if severe, are just ; and although they give us all the ills we have deserved, they also bestow upon us all the good that we have earned. Hence we find them also functioning as the Gods of wealth and of worldly success. They insist that by the sweat of a man's brow he shall eat bread ; but arduous toil will be rewarded by them, in due time, by a plenteous harvest.

The earth in itself is dry and barren—an arid wilderness, a desert, and a place of exile. When well watered it becomes a fertile ground ; consequently we shall find close interaction between the physical and astral planes suitably typified by the rising of springs, the breaking forth of waters from the rocks, the flowing of healing or purifying streams ; and the multiplying of physical forms is also associated with the union of the emotional and physical elements in nature. When overdone, this fertilising has its dangers too. The swamps that grow the rice also breed malaria ; and we all know the sloughs of despond and of discontent that arise from the sudden and excessive watering of an arid environment by a passionate desire for betterment of some kind. Interaction between the astral and the

mental, will be found expressed by equally striking metaphors. An old Norwegian folk-tale describes mental depression as a dense, dark fog, blinding and choking, thus indicating the union of water, earth, and air. In mythology such inter-communication is described as the inter-visiting or intermarrying of the minor deities, or by their temporary association, as when two of the Gods who usually work apart, undertake the same piece of work—generally exploration, or warfare of some kind.

The deities and devas of the mental plane are easily recognised. They dwell upon the mountain peaks in the clear upper air, ride upon the clouds, wear winged¹ sandals or the plumage of birds, are served by winged messengers, or mounted on winged steeds; and in the Āryan race, which is working especially at the evolution of mentality, they are usually exalted in poetry and legend as the highest and the greatest and the best, their ruler being the All-Father, or Father in Heaven, the personification of the Divine Creative Mind.

The deities of the fire are found functioning on all the planes; in dense smoke and glowing coal on the earth, dancing as the will-o'-the-wisp above the marshes, gleaming through the colours of the rainbow, shining as the pillar of fire that rises from the crater of the volcano, or lighting up the region of air as the circle of flames that guard the sacred mount.

¹ The wing symbol is given a very large place in Christian poetry and art, though its significance is rarely grasped. The aspiration expressed in the refrain of the children's hymn:

Oh that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and Heavenward fly!

is the symbolic expression of the natural human longing for increased mental ability, enabling one to rise to higher levels of thought, and ultimately to those planes of higher consciousness described as being *beyond the starry sky*. We Westerners make a glib use of Eastern imagery, but how seldom do we really appreciate it at its true value!

We have only to turn to an ordinary biblical concordance to realise the importance of this fire imagery in our own religion. Cruden gives four long closely printed columns with reference to fire and flame, and classifies the various uses of the element by the sacred writers. Moses is described as having a vision of the angel of the Lord as a flame of fire, in *a bush which burned but was not consumed*; a vision granted mentally, as Dr. Steiner has pointed out, to the devout student of organic chemistry in modern days, who observes that in connection with the miracle of growth in plants there is always present the process of chemical combustion and the destruction of waste tissue. That is part of the beneficent work of the Spirit in its aspect of the life-force. Wherever it touches something that is useless or obsolete, wherever it comes up against a form too rigid, which cramps or hinders its operation, the obstruction is swept away, but the life goes on. The bush burns with an inward fire, but it is not consumed; only the useless particles or portions die from day to day, and for them the Lord God *is* a consuming fire. The purging away of dross and the purification of metal is another constantly recurring illustration, and the ungovernable fury of the element when it gets beyond control, and the intense suffering with which it is then associated, have given rise to a great deal of theological imagery, formerly fairly effective as a deterrent, but too often also a mental torture to imaginative souls, especially of the humble-minded type. In these latter days it is proving absolutely ineffective; for the robust type of sinner simply takes refuge in a comfortable scepticism. Rightly understood, the symbol of the ordeal by fire is a very impressive one,

and plays a large part in religious teaching all over the world.

The evolution of forms is a gradual process, and even those that are inefficient have their value. Experiment is necessary, although it may involve an advance in a wrong direction now and then. Hence, though the Spirit must never be quenched, its impatience must sometimes be curbed in order that temporary aspects may have full justice. Therefore it is that Prometheus, who stole the fire from heaven is chained and bound by Zeus; for Mind must come into its kingdom and reign, before the fires of intuition can be allowed free scope. Yet the gift of the fire—the Spirit—once given to man can never be wholly taken away again, and its work will go on till the energies of all the planes are synthesised, and brought into harmony at last. In Theosophical literature we are told that the buddhic plane—Dante's *circle of fire*—is reflected in the astral; and hints of this are often to be found in the symbology of the sacred writers. We see it in the *Sea of glass mingled with fire* in the *Revelation of S. John*; a wondrous vision, suggesting the translucent waters of the purified emotions, refined to clearest crystal, through which the Spirit gleams.

Isabelle M. Pagan

(*To be continued*)

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 827)

V. ORGANISATION

JOSEPHUS and Philo are in agreement that the Essenes lived in isolation. They separated themselves from public life and did not wish to be mixed up with it. They were an association of themselves—as Lucius says, a state within a state, a church within a church. Josephus is assured that they lived outside of towns, because they were afraid that if they mixed with ordinary citizens, spiritual pollution, by reason of the wickedness of town dwellers, might ensue. We find, however, in other passages that Essenes did live in towns, and there was, of course, the Essenes Gate¹ in Jerusalem, named after them.

It may very well be that the members of the sect who observed the strict rules (*i.e.*, the non-married ones) lived in isolation, but that the free members had no special place of living. This may explain the difference between two pieces of information which have come down to us regarding the number of the Essenes. One gives the number as 4,000, while another puts it at

¹ Though this fact is often given as a proof of the fact that the Essenes must have lived in Jerusalem, it seems possible to me that this gate was so called because it led from the town towards the place where the Essenes had their dwelling place.

many thousands. It is quite possible there may have been many thousands of free Essenes, while the number of those who observed all the ascetic rules—forming as it were a sort of inner section—may not have exceeded 4,000. These latter lived apart from the rest of the world, and what we know of the organisation and regulations of the Essenes probably refers to them.

The separate communities of the Essenes rarely counted more than one hundred members; and although in administration they were distinct, yet the members of the different communities did not regard each other as strangers. On the contrary we find that they visited among themselves very frequently. Essenes, who had never previously met, behaved, even on first acquaintance, as if they had known each other a long time, and an Essene visiting a community had at once equal rights with the permanent members. As property was held entirely in common, a visitor need not bring any luggage with him; we find that special functionaries were detailed off to take care of visitors. This great hospitality is a direct consequence of the fact that the Essenes in reality formed one great association or family. No member of it had any private property. On entering the sect they gave up all their belongings to the community for the common good, and it is stated that none of them might consider even his dwelling place as his own. Into the common treasury were put the earnings and the products of their work, and from it were distributed the necessaries for each person—food, clothes,¹ as well as benefits given to sick or old persons. The same

¹ Besides the white linen garment, worn at meals and on the Sabbath, they had a special working dress. In winter this was a cloak made of hair; in summer, a thin covering without sleeves. These garments were not renewed until entirely worn out.

rule of life was applicable to all members. The day began, as we saw before, with a common prayer before sunrise, after which each went to his daily work ; no difference was made because of the weather, and an overseer detailed to each his daily task. At the fifth hour, they met again, changed their garments and partook of a common meal, after which they repaired to their work again, finishing the day with a second meal in common. The nature of their occupation was any peaceful manual work, which had no connection with commerce, trade or navigation, as these were supposed to awaken covetousness. They might not make weapons of war,¹ and their work consisted chiefly in agriculture, cattle breeding, rearing of bees, and handicrafts. In the *Talmud* it is said by Rabbi Jehudi the Nasi that it is good that one should learn manual work, and also in *Ecclesiasticus*² there is a reference to this matter. Their activities seem to have been divided into three parts : the study of their doctrines, prayer, and manual work. Some say that winter time was devoted to the study of doctrine, while manual work occupied the summer.³

There was no slavery among the Essenes. All were free, and helped one another as much as possible. They held the opinion that the connection between master and servant is unjust, because it corrupts the principle of equality, and impious, because it destroys the order which nature has given to man. This order is absolute equality and brotherhood—not merely in name but in reality and truth, because nature does not

¹ They were allowed to travel armed, for the sake of safety.

² *Eccleus.*, ix, 9.

³ Weinstein, p. 69.

distinguish between one man and another when bringing them forth. Weinstein remarks that in *Leviticus*¹ it is even said that no Levite might ever be sold as a slave, and comments quite rightly that people who observed a law of purity so rigid that a touch from a member of a lower degree necessitated purification by a bath, would be constantly subjected to pollution if they were surrounded by slaves.

Somewhat in disharmony with the endeavour for the principle of equality seems the very pronounced and severe hierarchical order which was observed.² The highest officials were the priests, and it is more or less in accord with the idea of equality to learn that they were elected by the whole community, and that it was not a question of descent, as amongst the Jews. Those priests it was who acted as stewards and curators, and in their charge was the direction of the whole community.³ They assigned the daily work to each member, and they received the product of his work; they took care of the visitors and brought sacrifices of food. The grace and prayers at the beginning and termination of a meal were recited by them; the food⁴ eaten was prepared by special cooks and bakers. The curators commanded implicit obedience, but they all met together when any important matters regarding the members of the sect had to be decided.

¹ *Leviticus*, xxv, 39.

² Zeller thinks this question of the Hierarchy to be one of purity: at the religious gathering which took place on the Sabbath in the Synagogue the Essenes sat in order according to age.

³ We do not know for how long they were elected.

⁴ Joseph. in *Antiq.*, xviii, 1, 5, says that priests and good people had to look after the food. From several passages it seems as though the aged people had also a certain authority; in any case they were much respected. Joseph. *Bel. Jud.*, ii, 8, 7, states that it was considered a good thing to obey ancient people.

It is said that members of the sect had a certain liberty in giving assistance to those in need, and in works of compassion; but it is added that they may not give anything to their relations without authorisation from the curators, and as we know already that the curators decided everything regarding the expenses and income of the sect, I do not see very well how this supposed liberty was carried into practice.

To become a member of the sect, the candidate must have attained a certain age—reached his full growth; he must have developed a sound character and be possessed of a healthy and undamaged body. He must not be approaching old age. We have seen already that, in a special section, children were admitted.

The candidate had to pass a few years of probation before he was definitely accepted. He had to live three years out of the community, however, observing very carefully the rules according to which the members of the sect lived. After one year of probation—if satisfactorily passed through—the candidate received the little spade, the white apron, and the white garment already referred to. He then came into a closer contact with the real members, and might take part in the common bath of purifying water. Only two years later could he become a real member of the sect, living with the other members, and partaking of the same food. But before this was allowed, he had to take the oath in which he promised to strive after the ideals of the Essenes.¹

An Essene, who had committed any very serious sin, was excluded from the community. This was done by a court of justice, composed of over a hundred Essenes,

¹ For contents of oath, see foot-note to Chapter III.

whose decisions were final. We do not find any indications as to the connection of Essenean justice and that of the official court, or as to how far the official court interfered with the decisions of the Essenes. Some of the decisions of this court were very important, for we learn that the death penalty was awarded to those who spoke disrespectfully of God, Moses, or the Law.

Those who were excluded from the sect sometimes died in misery, because not being allowed, as we have already seen, to eat anything that was not prepared by Essenes, they had to live on grass and food of that nature. However sometimes before actual starvation it happened that the excluded member was readmitted, if the community thought that he had sufficiently expiated his offence.

Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)



IMMORTALITY

By W. D. S. BROWN

BY immortality most people probably mean survival of the death of the physical body. In fact at the zenith of the recent materialistic wave the possibility of such survival was so mercilessly challenged that even this bare belief called for no ordinary exercise of faith. The result was that the phenomenon of death diverted attention from the nature of the life beyond. It was assumed that, if only that apparent end of all things could be tided over, there would remain no question of a future dissolution. On the other hand the information regarding the next world that came from spiritualistic sources, though comforting to many in positive doubt, failed to attract the larger number of spiritually minded

people, to whom the glowing accounts of a Summerland appeared to be anything but final satisfaction.

At first sight also the Theosophical teaching of re-birth often seems to make matters worse for such people, so that one continually hears the objection: "But I don't want to come back." And yet on further reflection this teaching really brings home the conception of immortality to an experience possible in the physical body amid all the changes of physical surroundings.

But, it will be said, if we do not remember past lives, how can we know that we are immortal? The obvious answer is to point to that future stage of development at which past lives can be remembered. To some, however, this may appear still a long way off; so I venture to suggest a philosophical sense in which immortality may be experienced here and now, a condition of mind which may be the prelude to development of the causal consciousness, but which in any case is a source of great peace and power in itself.

Probably at the root of the desire for immortality is the fear of consciously coming to an end, though the prospect of going on for ever is almost equally alarming when approached by the brain consciousness. But in this case, as ever, fear results from a want of logic, because if we could really cease to exist we could not be aware of such cessation, still less could we find it unpleasant. We do not fear to fall asleep, simply because we are used to it and remember nothing unpleasant on waking, yet we certainly cease to exist for a time as far as our physical consciousness is concerned. In the case of death, the absence of any reliable information regarding the future state generally causes a certain reluctance to leave a state of

comparative comfort for one containing possibilities of serious inconvenience; but, alas, to some the present conditions of life are so intolerable that they are ready to welcome relief in any form, even if it be annihilation. But is not the very fact of their enduring such conditions in itself a witness to the immortal nature beneath?

I do not believe that a preponderance of trouble is necessary to a realisation of that independence of outward circumstance which is the outcome of matured experience. But fairly constant change of some kind is necessary at our present stage, and change involves the sense of worse as well as of better. Hence we can regard outer changes as in accordance with a beneficent cosmic order, for it is only in survival of change that we can recognise the changeless element of our being. In one sense, therefore, Bergson is justified in regarding change as the measure of life, but we have to go deeper and see it as the antithesis of the real life, the phenomenal perpetually declaring the noumenal.

The root of all our trouble is that we have always been trying to find permanence at the wrong end of the scale, in the phenomenal. For sooner or later, either the form is snatched away from us while we are still clinging to it, or else it persists after we have tired of it; and, instead of welcoming a new form as revealing a further aspect of life, we either resent it or attach ourselves to it again.

Hence the stress laid in Buddhism on the impermanence of all phenomena. To some, especially in the West, this appears to be sheer pessimism, or at least a very negative gospel. But Buddhists were not told to despise or disregard phenomena, but to use them rightly and so learn from them. In Hindūism, again,

the word "avidyā," though commonly translated "ignorance," is not confined to the grosser forms of human ignorance, but extends right up to the first differentiation of primordial substance. It is therefore no sacrilege to say that the universe came into being through avidyā, as might be imagined if the word ignorance were used ; it is merely the statement that conditions ever latent within the Boundless or Unconditioned became manifest or active.

Similarly the word "māyā," or illusion, is applied to every condition up to the highest, and any state of consciousness subject to the māyā, or illusion, of condition is spoken of as avidyā. But we must remember that every form of māyā is real on its own plane and conforms to the One Law ; so we are not justified in pronouncing any phenomenon to be illusory in relation to our consciousness until we are consciously able to master it. But the knowledge of having mastered even one phenomenon carries with it the promise of ability to master all, and the acceptance of a belief in the inseparability of the phenomenal and noumenal on all planes of manifestation emboldens us to sever the Gordian knot here and now, by seeing the true nature of life as super-phenomenal.

It is this true nature of life that is referred to by the world's teachers as eternal life or immortality, in contradistinction to the apparent life of the senses which is of the nature of change, and which "ceases" or is "annihilated" to the spiritual perception when once the true nature of life is realised. Therefore I suggest that any man, woman, or child, who can appreciate the value of a crisis when first faced with it, has consciously or unconsciously succeeded in reaching this vantage ground of the Spirit that is immortality. It is to stand at the

centre of the wheel of life, and see orient and occident, zenith and nadir, as the mystic cross within the circle.

But it is not merely in the sense of time that change throws us off our balance. The sense of space or extent is also inseparable from the ravages of change. For instance, it is well known that sudden access of prosperity may sometimes prove as disastrous as a sudden plunge into adversity; the unwonted expansion of pleasure may deceive as much as the resented contraction of pain. The remedy for this condition lies in getting beyond that sense of separateness which is the great illusion of space, as the sense of impermanence is the great illusion of time. For to one who has discerned, if only intellectually, his identity with the Source of all life, the phases of the personal consciousness assume a subordinate value when related to his unlimited capacity for beneficent influence and response to all around him. Every time we perform an effective act of service, or respond to the true and beautiful in the world around us, an exchange of life has taken place that confirms the intuition of our own immanence. To empty ourselves, as the Christian Mystics put it, is to expand ourselves to the point which is everywhere because it is nowhere.

But, it will be said, it is easy enough to identify oneself with the true and beautiful, when it is seen; but how can one identify oneself with the false and ugly, of which there is far more to be seen; and is it even to be recommended? Now I do not intend to open up the vexed problem of evil, that is closely involved in such a question. I only suggest that everything that we call evil has within it the potentiality of good, if it can be re-directed or reversed. "Demon est Deus inversus,"

is the key to regeneration for the practical Occultist ; and here we come to the most important sense of all in which immortality may be realised—or rather practised, for it is the active aspect which arises out of the passive aspect that has been so far stated. I remember hearing a Theosophical lecturer say : “ If you want to know you are immortal, act as immortal beings.” This seems to me to express the spiritual life in a nutshell. Having found the “ Deus,” we have to re-invert the “ demon ”. And so the sight of evil, whether in ourselves or elsewhere, no longer repels us, but summons us to put forth our inner powers. A thankless task it may seem, so far as outer results go, for it requires an immortal patience ; but when we give up trying to do everything all at once and in our own little way, we fall back on the irresistible cosmic forces that are ever making for progress, and know that their strength is working through us. I have heard it said that Theosophists are always thinking too much of the future and not enough of the present ; but the spiritually minded man does not dwell on what is going to happen to him personally, but on that which eternally inheres on the boundless plane of duration, from which he endeavours to shower down all that he can on to the planes of time and change. To the Theosophist it is the Great Plan, a portion of which has been indicated to him, and in accomplishing which he finds his true Self as a thread on the loom of life stretching from eternity to eternity.

Blessed is he who has become an embodiment of truth and loving-kindness. He conquers, although he may be wounded ; he is happy and glorious, although he may suffer ; he is strong, although he may break down under the burden of his work ; he is immortal, although he may die. The essence of his being is immortality.

W. D. S. Brown

INSPIRATIONS¹

THROUGH MAUD MANN (MAUD MACCARTHY)

[These breathings of a higher life—of a Deva-life—through an instrument of rare delicacy, are full of suggestive ideas, and will, we hope, prove useful and helpful to many.—ED.]

ALL machines, inventions, musical instruments, and externalisations of human powers are the preliminaries to acquiring their several functions *in the human nature itself*.

The singers of ancient India sang with the ascetic head-breath. Tell people about the head-breath, but say no more; they will realise how to use it when the Master comes. The long breaths of the old Indian singers were obtained by filling the lungs with ether, not with air. The ethers could only be obtained from the upper portion of the body. This is only the beginning of breathing. When the etheric breath becomes normal, the astral etheric breath will begin to awaken, and so on.

The breaths of the astral and mental planes [bodies?] will awaken quicker than the etheric breath; the turning point [*i.e.*, the change from gross physical to etheric] is the difficulty. None of you must work along the old lines.² They belong to the Pravṛṭṭi

¹ Throughout these inspirations square brackets indicate words or passages of which I was not quite certain, or explanations. Words italicised were given with especial force.

² The meaning here seemed to be that we could work at the old *music* but not by the same method.

Mārga. If you are to do anything, you must be content to learn the ABC of the arts on the Nivr̥ṭṭi Mārga. You must not depend on the physical body at all; it must be controlled from within. In practising art, carry this out in detail. *Do not talk about it, but do it.* You must sing with your etheric breath, and play with your etheric fingers. You ask "how to begin to stimulate the etheric breath". Reach up [out] to the Ideal.¹

In the music of the future the same instruments will be used, and the main groundwork of technique [of to-day] is correct, but to this [? these] will be added the etheric, etc. As for harmony, there has been too much individualism in the last 500 [?] years, and much of that will have to be relinquished. The development however, has not been without the merit of achieving manipulative skill in sound-combinations. We will keep the skill, and throw aside many of the combinations. You must return to the modes. None of you know what the modes really are.² The existing Indian modes are only survivals. The Greek Church, and Western Folk-modes are likewise imperfect. The modes, as they exist in the world, are dim reflections of the principles of sound from which the spheres depend; hence the persistence of these types of melody in all parts of the world. They belong to the cosmic consciousness in the Race. If you are going to combine these modes as they are combined in that consciousness, and so produce the only true harmony, which is the harmony of the spheres—you may follow either of two ways, according to your temperament. Both ways are

¹ Each one's ideal is different, but only union with that, as it were, frees the inner forces.

² The sense of this was, that we do not know the pure modes, but only degenerate forms.

equally certain of leading to success. The first is the way that the folk-song collectors¹ are following : *i.e.*, becoming thoroughly familiar with all the modal music you can get hold of. By brooding upon it, the harmonies of combined modes will dawn upon you. The other way is to ignore the outer, and to enter into the consciousness in which modal harmony exists in its purity. You will take as long to reach the goal one way as the other.

Do not learn modern harmony, or teach it. Learn and teach modes and modal harmony. The message to India is that she is not to embrace all the harmony, but the harmonic principles of the West, and to Europe that she is not to embrace all the modes, but the modal principles of the East.

All forms are beautiful ; the art of man synthesises these beauties in order that *more* of the Beauty of God may become manifest. *We* mean something more by "artist" than you do [mean]. There are forms on all planes. The Master-Artist works on and with causal forms as well as with the lesser forms [astral, etc.]. He prepares these, helps them to form themselves into great basic ideas—in sound, in "form," in picture. The true artist who worships the Master simply endeavours to bring his works, *already there in the inner worlds*, out into the physical. It is a hierarchy. The reason that true art is always "before its time" is because the forms which the Master makes are for the instruction and uplifting of humanity. He makes other forms too, for other types of Being [Deva, etc. ?].

The ritual of the new religion will bring the artistry of its High Priest through more perfectly than has hitherto been done. In ancient times there were no

¹ Cecil Sharpe and others.

“artists,” but only priests and priestesses. When religious ceremonial was no longer performed by *these* artists, it lost its power. They wandered out into the world ; but what could they do, divorced from religion ? Ever since they lost their function in the temples, they have drifted miserably between the anguish and despair of unsatisfied natures, and the shame of prostituting their art to worldliness. The time is come when they must resume their ancient function.

I have told you that you must re-establish the priesthood. I cannot work without it. Since priest-craft has been separated from art it has become hypocrisy. An artist cannot be an hypocrite. If he or she *is*, there will be no power in the art. No wonder that bad priests denounced art—it would have discovered their wickedness had they tried to follow it !

Do not trouble because you cannot piece the fragments of the Tradition together on the outer plane. Study them, I will put the material together for you. *Give me the rough material*—that is your whole duty, and I will build.

RULES FOR HEALTH¹

1. Give up sensuousness, physical and spiritual.
2. Make the body, emotions and mind a *vacuum* for the inwelling of the Spirit.

¹ This came at about 8.40 a.m., when A. B. must have just received a letter from me asking some definite questions. It was preceded by a sense of physical warmth spreading rapidly all over my body (which had been cold before) and by a sense of exquisite interior harmony. Possibly it may have come from A. B.'s thought.

These rules were evidently for the writer, and might not apply in other cases. It is important for students to realise that in things psychic, as in things physical, “one man's meat ” may be “another man's poison ”. Thus, spiritual “sensuousness”—the tendency to dream, and to enjoy meditation just for one's own inner gratification—while a grievous error for one person, might be a potent means of development for another. It might draw him on

3. Make the centres of action to be within.

4. Proceed with what work you can do from this standpoint. Leave the rest.

When singing, produce voice through centre in the forehead. With each breath, offer the forces of lower centres¹ previously gathered at base of neck² to the Power over top of head.³ Now you see why utter purification is necessary.⁴ Every breath, by degrees, should become such an offering and such an outpouring.⁵

This breath, flowing out of the centre of the forehead—which cannot be made without the offering afore-mentioned—is the Purifying Breath. Ordinary lower physical breath, with air, is sufficient to keep comparatively pure the bodies of comparatively insensitive people.⁶ This higher breath, *with ether*, is indispensable to purify the physical bodies of highly developed people.

to contemplate the divine beauty, where otherwise he might remain inert. It would be time enough to strike away this means of unfolding, when the realisation of the divine beauty had become his one object in life. So also, to make the bodies “a vacuum” might stop growth for people of certain stages. And nobody—even if its owner is temperamentally inclined that way—is ready to be made “a vacuum” until there is a strong, clearly defined character to be offered out of it. The Master does not want an inert body, but one stilled through its own very intensity of nature. The centres of action, again, must be built without, before they can be made to be within.

¹ This refers to nerve centres and chakrams below that at base of brain.

² This does not mean that the lower powers should be gathered there before the time of offering—though this also should be done—but that they should be offered at all times in preparation for this sacrificial practice.

³ “The Power over top of head”—the light, the spiritual centre, consciousness, call it what you will, of which the sensitive person gradually becomes aware as being focussed above the head, and raying down its force upon the man who dwells in the body physical.

⁴ According as he is able, by the sacrificial aspiration which is based primarily on purity, to draw it down upon his brain and nervous system.

⁵ When bringing this inspiration through I experienced a definite circular or rather elliptic action of the breath—the rushing up of force in the indrawing, and the pouring out and down of the reinforced breath in the outsending. The last stage was like a kind of prāṇic renewal, but depended for its efficacy on the intensity and efficacy of the first stage.

⁶ That is, persons who do not definitely recognise and to some extent practise Occultism.

When food is taken into the body, it either becomes impure through contact with impurity, or it gives of its natural grosser¹ physical qualities to a body ready—by natural grosser breathing,² etc.—to assimilate them. Or it is transmuted into its etheric components (bases?), mainly by a body which is vibrating through sacrificial breathing at the proper rate to do this.

Here is the secret of Biblical sacrifice. *Burning up*. Ethers burn up. The body built out of finer matter consumes and transmutes poisons and waste-products. The body of the high Yogī is extraordinarily pure, and cannot disintegrate. Hence the eternal youth of the Masters. The smoke of Their sacrifice never returns upon the sacrificial altar—the physical body—but ascends into that region whence the destroying and regenerating flame is evoked. *Spiritual* regeneration is only possible through *physical* regeneration. “As above, so below.” Purifying Breath burns up, literally. Remember the Hindū musical theory about the vital airs—ethers, Theosophists would say—producing *heat*, and then *rising up*, producing sound.

But when food goes into the highly organised body,³ in which the sacrificial breath is not being practised, an aggravated state of putrefaction is set up, because (a) there is no strong lower breathing to aid assimilation, etc.—for such a body cannot normally breathe lower breath⁴ without exhaustion; (b) contact with the impurity thus set up, and absence of purifying breath, causes further unpleasant complications.

¹ Solid, liquid and gaseous constitute the grosser physical qualities. The finer are the four ethers beyond.

² Ordinary breathing without ether.

³ This referred to the writer's body.

⁴ That is, air-breath without ether.

Purifying breath will, through internal impurities, rise to the surface. When indulged in, careful bathing, exercise,¹ and diet are essential. There must be conformity of life, or there can be no cure.

The state of the modern "neurotic" body is not one of inherent disharmony, but of transition. The reason that most cures fail is that they use old helps for requirements which are beyond such helps. Massage, for instance, is merely irritating to some persons.² So also is "feeding-up". In this last connection, it is recognised that more force is needed for the nerves, but then that can only be wisely put into the body in proportion to the inner force—soul, call it what we will—which is already there, and able to assimilate it, to use it.

We must always "die" in that part of our being, which is not in subjection to the life of the Spirit. That is the law of life—death for all that goes against the soul.

Remember that there must be no forcing and straining for healing by the purifying breath. The Spirit deals gently, like a mother who takes her sorrowing child to her breast, and soothes his tears away with her own sweet song, and gives him rest and confidence. Mother is God to the little child. God is mother to us. We are apt to forget the motherhood of God.

We are not worthy to be healed, unless we ourselves would heal others. Let us in turn help those who are nearest to us to realise the motherhood of God. While the mother feeds her child, her busy mind plans

¹ But *never* to the point of fatigue.

² To be massaged by one who is temperamentally sympathetic and who has the necessary etheric particles to give is of course delightful. But how few fulfil these requirements.

also how to help him to grow in activity and in vigour. Let our healing be active as well as passive.

* * * * *

Now the Sybils were not women: they were *Devīs*. They were incarnated in order to further the work of the great *Ḍeva* kingdoms among men, and their respective *Ḍevas*¹ influenced and spoke through them. Thus it was that the Sybils had to be kept apart from all worldly contacts. They lived half in the next world, and all their affinities, their "ties," were in that world. Notice how one Sybil was the consort of a *Karma Deva*, speaking through her to men of fate, *karma*, events past and to come, warning and guiding them. Another would illuminate the arts—music or poetry—and so forth.

The tragedy of the Sybils lay in the ties they made with earth. Some of them broke away from—for the time being forgot—their Lords, under the strong attraction of human passions. They fell under the law of human karma. They wandered for centuries, reaping the harvests of their sowing. . . . They will return, through pain, to their true affinities, their own people. Each *Ḍeva* will claim his *Ḍevī* at last, however long she has wandered from him, providing only that she has not entirely renounced her *Ḍevī* nature. One touch of that will bring her back again to her Lord.

The ecstasy of the Sybils—half, or wholly entranced—was very great² It was and is the ecstasy of creation in the *Ḍeva* region of the universe. They saw, they

¹ There is no such thing as a *Ḍeva* or *Ḍevī* who works alone; they always work in pairs, on all planes.

² There were long pauses between the words of this sentence. I was 'bathed' in an extraordinary atmosphere of warm yet unearthly joy. I was almost asleep, only awake enough to physical things to be able to write.

made, they became, and mankind felt the truths they proclaimed; the life of the Devas thrilled through the Sybils to humanity, and humanity was strengthened and blest. It flowed like milk from a mother's breast. It enfolded all who came near. They knew truth *by contact*, through the mediumship of the Sybils.

The real life of the Brotherhood of Arts must be centred in a veritable *Temple-service*¹ as of old. No need for much external formula²—just this: all conditions which subserve the gaining of *inspiration—and a constant access to the source of inspiration—a controlled activity in trance or semi-trance*—must be fostered. . . . This is X's work. X belongs to this Temple.³ You know the conditions: quiet, purity, harmony, dedication. *And I am with you.*

If you follow all this, your life will adjust itself.⁴

[After this I talked to X for awhile and was lying on my couch in the deepening twilight; and we fell to dreaming together. Waking dreams. Then silence came, and soon I began to feel so far away—yet conscious that X was there—and I began to tell her the

¹ This inspiration came with tremendous force. I had been seeing my Deva (for A.B. tells me He is a Deva) during most of that day. The room was pervaded with him. At about 7.30 p.m. I began to feel "drowsy". X sat with me. I asked for pen and paper and wrote this down myself. X was almost overcome. She was drowsy for the rest of the evening. The terrific force affected my heart and I nearly slipped out of the body at one moment. Each word brought a 'vision' with it. The words 'Temple-service'—to give one instance—brought the very atmosphere of some ancient and holy temple. For the moment I *became* or lived through each event or subject alluded to. From the standpoint of forcefulness and 'atmosphere' it was about the strongest inspiration I have ever had.

² This, in answer to a mental question: how can such a 'service' proceed under conditions of modern life?

³ Not, in this case, a temple built with hands, but the Temple of the life, common daily life, in this case the life of the writer.

⁴ This in answer to difficulties of the writer's karmic ties and obligations, which came into her mind whilst writing the preceding paragraph.

following, which, when I had finished, I wrote down. I described it much more fully in speaking.]

I can see a valley—two rather high steep hills—a long valley, opening wide at one end. About half way into the valley, a little way up one of the hills—a Temple—heavy, square, stone-low—the whole Temple does not appear on the surface of the ground. It is mainly subterranean, built, I think, into rock. Inside—far in—small rooms, filled with ethereal colours and lights, *self-luminous*—not lamps or fires—varying in intensity, shimmering, dazzling and changing. . . . Deep down underground, a large round room, dome-topped. The dome is cut out of the rock. Here people congregate—chosen people. Here, from time to time, a very great One appears. (I think He appears with flame, I cannot see clearly.) I seem to see—but I am not quite certain—a stream of water coming up from this room into the Temple. Perhaps it is healing water? The people who come from afar to the Temple—pilgrims—never go to the inner rooms. Men in flowing golden brown garments pass to and fro, carrying messages. . . . The people within have the power to perform *real* ceremonial. There is hardly any paraphernalia of ritual, the colours, lights, etc., are somehow *projected*. The place is filled with beautiful beings other than human. It is a centre of terrific psychic activity, pure, spiritual, dedicated to service.

Outside the hills are dark with very dark groves, pines or firs, I think. I see no people about, no houses. It is all so quiet. . . . The air is cool, not cold. . . . It is in Greece!

The bodies of the Sybils were, so to say, *projections*, into the mundane sphere, of Deva matter. *They* (the Sybils) *could not live* if not linked with their counterparts (their respective Devas) in the heavenly sphere . . . only the ether breathed by him (the Deva) was breathable by his consort; the food taken by him, she could consume with benefit to her organism, and none other. Hence the custom of offering food—especially important—vitaly so—in the case of the Sybils. Food was offered, magnetised by the Deva, and then only was it fit for her consumption.

The Sybils lived on milk, wheat products, and fruit.

* * * * *

It is your duty to personally¹ inspire all the chief officers of the Movement.² Bring them into touch with me through the appointed channel—music. Your music is to be used to inspire all the other arts. It will have the effect of vivifying bodies. Your most important teaching in the Guilds (teach all the Guilds, not only musicians) will be given through music, not through words.

As for words: cultivate your gift. The Master is the Chief of the Movement. He has formulated a great plan, of which the first part is to bring Deva-life to play upon the artists of the world, *and through them* to spread down through crafts to industries. This partially accomplished, He will come Himself to teach. His plan includes the educational system to be evolved for the Sixth Root Race. But that cannot be forwarded until the preliminary work of attuning the artists

¹ Not in the sense of gaining personal influence over them, but of sharing inspiration with them.

² Brotherhood of Arts.

has been done. (Here the writer was disturbed, and the inspiration abruptly ended).

Z's work is organisation. But it is organisation under *my* direction, and therefore closely linked with my plan. That is why she is with you. V's work is along lines of inner co-ordination. X must be near you physically. She is a natural healer.

Each *Deva* is summoned in a special way. Every art has within it the power to summon a special *Deva* or to evoke some answer in *Deva* consciousness, and most crafts are connected with the elemental kingdoms.

Music calls the *Devas* of the air; painting, those of water; sculpture, those of earth; poetry, of fire. But since these elements have corresponding planes in the cosmic order, music is of the higher mental; painting, astral; sculpture physical (and *ātmic*), and poetry *buddhic*. (Poetry is the language of love, and love is fire.¹) Music is of the nature of harmony, and harmony is order, proportion, which is the clear working of the pure mind. The ordered mind produces true music. Not the mind which from the lower planes seems to *know* a lot; but the mind which in its internal relations, is harmonious, and which refers all phenomena to this internal order of its own nature—that is the mind which is music. That mind *is* music.

You can summon your *Deva* by song. You can summon any *Deva*, if you know his song. You can bring to your aid the whole celestial choir of *Gandharvas* if you call them to you. Remember that if properly summoned (by true, pure, dedicated arts) the *Devas* **MUST** come. It is the call of their own "flesh". The

¹ A rather curious 'coincidence' is the following. Z, who had not heard of this inspiration which was written at about 10 p.m. dreamed, the next morning, of creating fire in some kind of ceremonial dance. Z is a poet.

arts are, literally, their earthly bodies. When they do not shine through the arts, it is because artists are not true, pure, and holy enough.

Rāga is a survival of the idea of a melody-form which has power to summon a Ḍeva or Ḍevī. All rāgas and rāgiṇis are personified in Hindū music.

Now every part of music has some correspondence in the physical body of the singer, and if the singer uses one "rāga," or type of melody (summoning thereby one Gandharva only), the effect will be to strain that part of the body of the singer which is played upon by the life flowing through the Gandharva. Avoid this strain by getting into touch with many Gandharvas, thus *harmonising* their interacting lives in your body.

The Ḍevas who rule the arts are Beings of splendid intelligence. Their own art is going on around us all the time, albeit we perceive it not. The life of the LOGOS pours like waves upon the shores of humanity through the ocean-life of the Ḍevas. The holy Masters are like boats coming to take humanity out upon that ocean.

THE DANCING OF THE FUTURE

This inspiration followed a dance which was suggested very strongly to the writer. The movement was confined within a small space. It was slow, except for occasional movements of the hands and arms; it suggested motion connected with ritual. It is noteworthy that in Z's dream of the same morning (see note on page 66) performed some kind of ceremonial dance. A few hours afterwards . . . ! *actually* did so, and wrote this inspiration.

The dancing of the future will suggest the action of various forces, Beings, etc., outside the physical body of the dancer (on the inner planes). Thus, for instance,

a dance might suggest the effect of its music upon the aura of the dancer, and so on; movement being thus used to stimulate in the beholder the sense of the real activity going on in subtler matter. The Apsaras will help dancers who work on these lines.

That Temple is His Temple who is the High Priest spoken of before. Nothing goes out from that Temple which is not of the Divine order of the Cosmos¹ consecrated through Him to the uplifting of the worlds. The great Devas serve Him in lowly obedience, for the will of the Lord of Lords Himself is His. It is perfect, it is their highest joy (to do that will). Even now,² as the great spheres roll in space, can you not hear the shouting of the voices of the Angels, can you not see the mighty globes of colour, mist, and fire, dancing in the space which is His breath, glorying in the glory of His life, who shall presently draw space into His Being again to dwell there in the consummation of Nothingness? Where the Breath³ flows forth from the Mighty One, the Lord of Lords, there is the Temple of your High Priest, of whom all ye⁴ who worship Him as Beauty are the followers.

And I who tell you these things am one of the servants in that Temple.⁵ You have heard my name,

¹ "Divine order of the Cosmos." This seemed to have some reference to Deva-life, great natural hierarchies, and so on.

² At this point, the speaker saw, and also seemed to dimly hear, what she was describing. There was a sense of infinitude. From this forward, it would be impossible to describe the feeling, the realisation, which prompted the words of the inspiration. These words are mere indications.

³ At this point there was a dim vision of a Universal Form, a glorified human form, the God of whom man is made in the image and likeness.

⁴ The attention was here directed to the world of artists and art-workers of all kinds, from the humblest to the highest.

⁵ These sentences came in answer to the question in the mind of the speaker: "Who is speaking to me, what is his name?" The name referred to is a melodic sequence and a chord which had become known to the speaker under peculiar circumstances, and which, at the outset of this inspiration, she had recalled and sung intuitively, not realising why.

though at the time you knew it not. Always by that name call me, as I spoke it to you to-night.

I live in a realm of gold,¹ bright gold, golden seas, golden sun, golden sunsets, in all-pervading pure fire, that fire which consumes all who are not pure enough to bear it. Purity is fire : fire cannot consume fire.²

The Lord Christ cannot speak but through our³ voices. Out of the notes, the chords which are our being, He maketh the supreme melody. We are the Golden Harp which He holds in His hands. Even now, His fingers strike the chords of our being, and the echo, reaching down into the deep gloom of earth's valleys, you hear. Only an echo. You could not live and hear His music. Our bodies temper the Divine pitch. All true Church music is an echo of His music.⁴

You have been singing music which He is making even now for the race that is to come. He has marked you with His Cross, which is a Cross of White Flame.

¹ Here there was a splendid vision of golden worlds. - It seemed as if the whole Being of Him who spoke manifested itself in gold, and shed golden light on all around it.

² At this point there was a long pause, and some change seemed to be going on in the Being who was speaking through M.M. It seemed as if some greater Being were about to descend into His, as if he in turn were preparing himself to be inspired. At this point M.M. asked W.M., who was writing down the inspiration, to put out the light, and he wrote most of the remainder in the dark. M.M. sang. (It seemed to M.M. as if the music she sang were a song-language, with words more of liquid song than ordinary words, and after each song-sentence M.M. translated it into the earth-words in which the inspiration is written. One had a wonderful feeling of some Being speaking in a celestial tongue.) M.M.: The music which came at this point was not that with which I am ordinarily 'inspired'. It seemed as if my inspirer were himself possessed by a mightier Being, and the song became an extraordinary melodic synthesis. It suggested at points what I may term, for want of a better expression, the celestial root of mediæval church music. (W.M. : It seemed to me what one might call in German "Urmusik".) D.L., who was listening in the next room, also had this impression of Church and Urmusik, and of what she called "Golden music".

³ "Our"—Devas. Here M.M. seemed to be drawn into the very essence of—to *become*—some mighty Being, who in turn spoke as if in the consciousness of His fellow-beings in some exalted state.

⁴ The singing was here frequently accompanied by, or intoned upon, the word "Iriou" (pronounced EE-ree-OH-oo). This word seemed to have great potency and suggestiveness.

Did you not see it to-night, before I spoke? ¹ This is the music of the Cross of White Flame ; and when you make the Temple for Me on earth, let the Sign of my Cross of White Flame be in that Temple. A White Temple for White souls, radiant with my Whiteness.

Do not fear to tell my words to all men, for they are hungering, and I send my children to feed the hungry, and my Spirit will speak to you through their Spirit, and my peace will come to you through their peace. Lead them into the vast Nothingness which is the vastest fullness. Escape sin by standing beside sin. Escape the little self by becoming the Christ-Self. The little self *is* the Christ-Self.



¹ Before the words of the inspiration began to come through, I had seen, or rather dimly apprehended, a vast White Cross, the ends of which faded away into nothingness. To D. L. it seemed as if the sound of instruments came through the singing, and the sound as of a great organ, and also a 'golden' sound.

(The remarks contributed by W. M. and D. L. were put in quite independently.)

TO A. B.

October 1st 1914

Lady, God gave thee once a priceless gift,
The gift of speech, and through the ages down
It hath been told of thee to thy renown
That thou hast ever used it to uplift
From out the darkness countless souls that drift,
Clouded with doubt, their earlier faiths outgrown,
Failing to make the larger truth their own,
Striving to find within those clouds some rift.

Then with thy message thou did'st come to cheer,
Thy voice hath charmed their restlessness away,
Thy hope dispersed the clouds so dull and grey,
Thy truth dispelled their half-acknowledged fear.
The gift that once upon thy lips was laid
Thou hast indeed a thousandfold repaid.

Lady, some incense we would burn to-day,
To bear to thee within its perfume sweet
Our love and gratitude, for it were meet
To tender thee what poor return we may ;
Greatly adventuring we dare to lay
Our simple offerings humbly at thy feet,
Bidding the flowered garlands to repeat,
With their rich fragrance all that we would say.

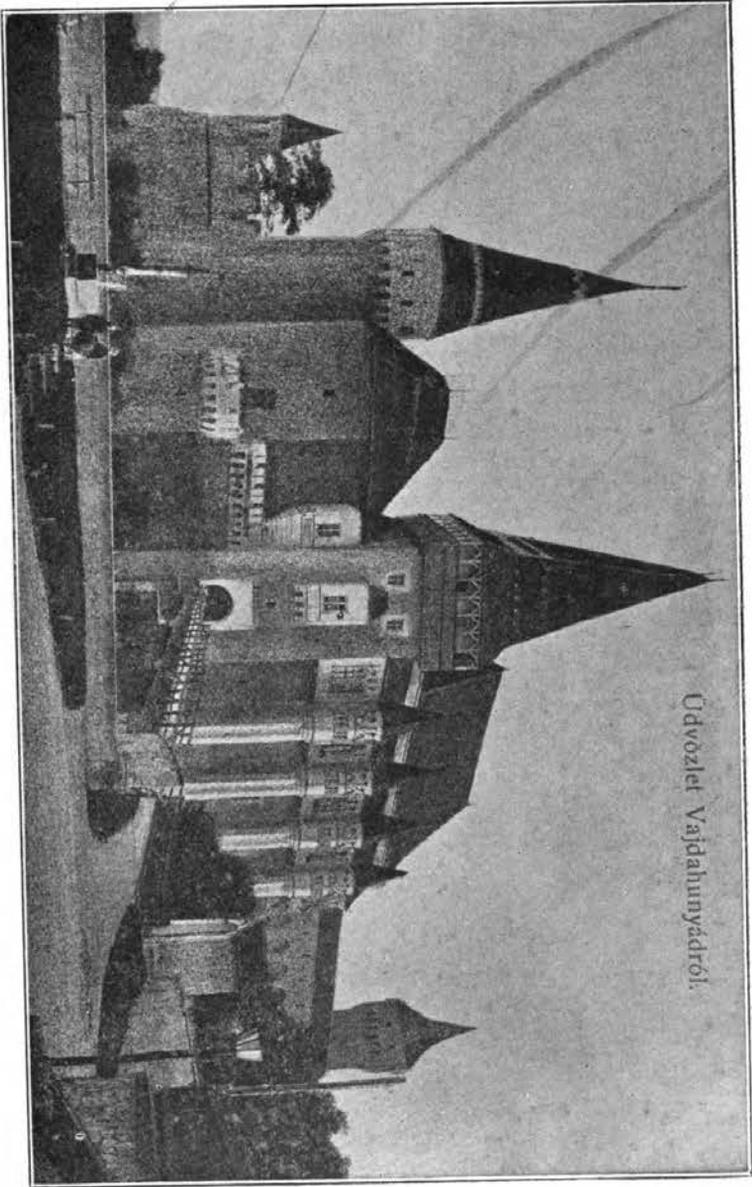
Lady, for many ages in thy hands,
(With tireless steps, and still more tireless love)
The torch of truth, with eloquence to prove
Thy message, thou hast borne to many lands.
The gift that once upon thy lips was laid
More than a thousandfold thou hast repaid.

T. L. C.

THE CASTLE OF VAJDA HUNYAD

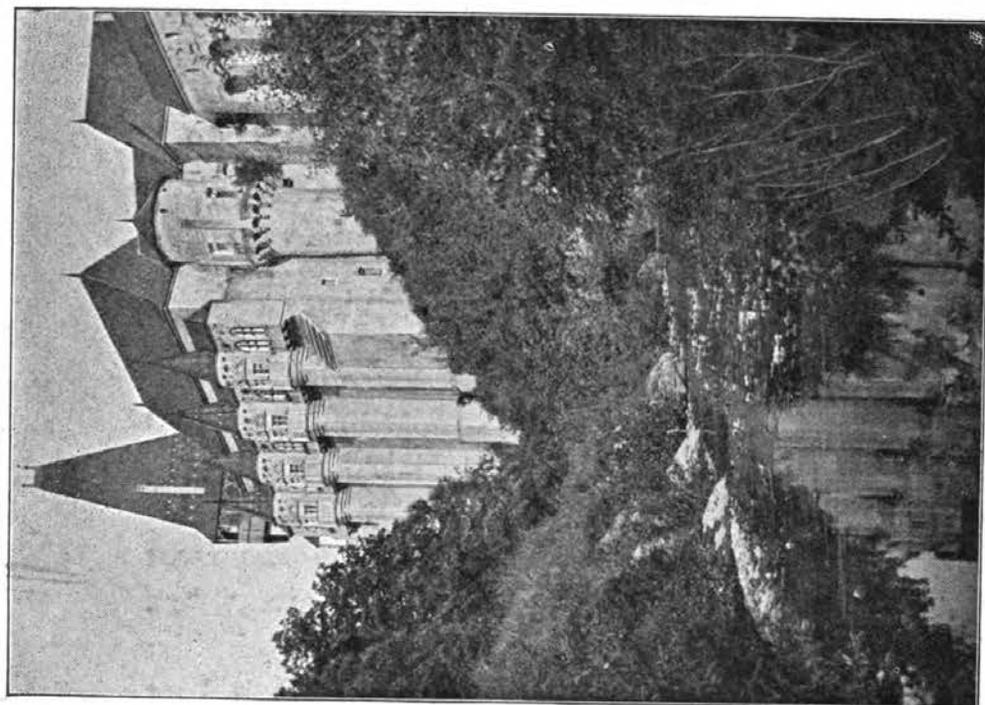
THE history of the castle of Vajda Hunyad takes us back into the so-called dark mediæval times, and perhaps it will sound paradoxical to say that those were nevertheless bright times for Hungary. If we judge mediæval times by the many wars, the unrest, and the consequent uncertainty to life and estate only, they seem indeed dark, especially to those old-fashioned people who regard history merely as a record of wars, and of the rise and fall of kingdoms; those, however, who take note of other signs of the times, and especially those who can appreciate the wonderful beauties of architecture, may not look upon them as so dark. They will ask in surprise: Where did the mediæval architects find that leisure which is indispensable to the thinking out of works of such dimensions. In the early Middle Ages there was quiet and leisure to be found in the monasteries, the indwellers of which were busy workers and spreaders of education and art; later discoveries tend, it is true, to disprove the idea that mediæval architecture was entirely in the hands of the monks, and seem to point to the fact that even in the early Middle Ages there were also laymen who were masters of the art.

In any case it is undeniable that the Christian monasteries of the Middle Ages, as a source of culture, can only be compared with the Roman Empire and its attitude towards education and art.

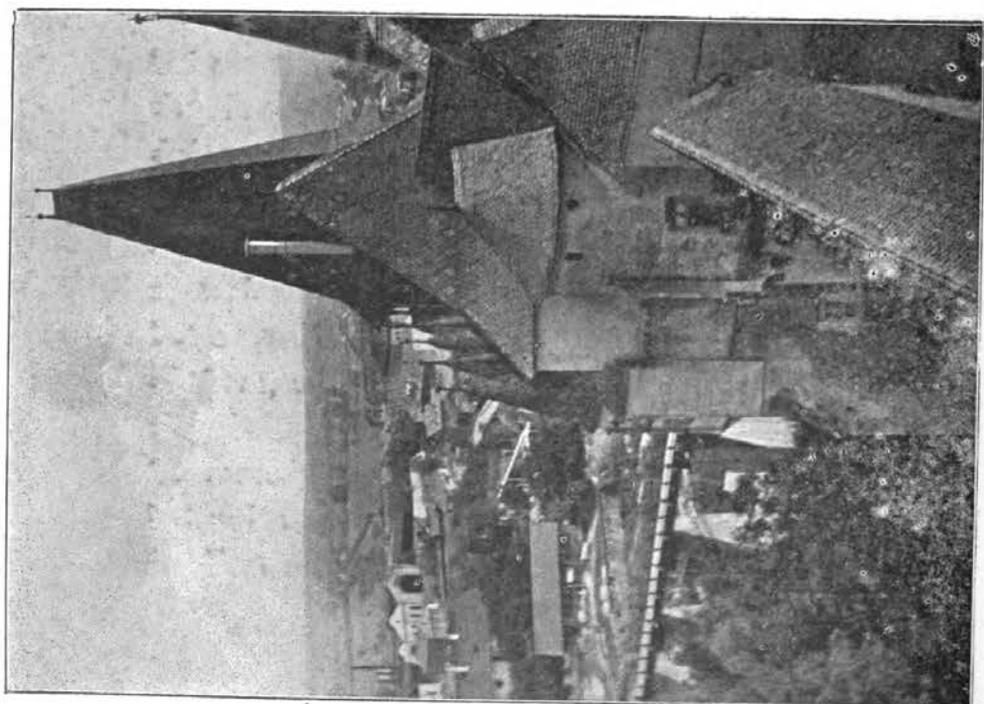


Üdvözlét Vajdahunyádról.

THE CASTLE.



THE KNIGHTS' HALL.



THE KNIGHTS' HALL AND GATE-TOWER

built according to the rules of mediæval fortress architecture, and the Mace-tower, formerly square, but now round in form, also originally followed those lines. Beside the Golden House, Hunyadi János built the Chapel in 1442—1446, the sharply cornered apse of which follows the lines of the fortress; it was also used for purposes of defence, as is shown by the loopholes in the upper part, which remained until Gabriel Bethlen altered it. On the right of the Gate-tower stands the Parliament House, with its two-storied and pillared halls, built by Hunyadi.

The hall on the ground-floor is of noble proportions, its arched roof resting on five octagonal red marble pillars; here Hunyadi János, during the time of his governorship, held his councils, so that at that time the castle of Vajda Hunyad was in truth a parliament.

The upper hall has a Gothic vaulted roof, also with five pillars. On the north side of this hall there is a row of beautifully carved, closed-in balconies, which form nine small rooms. Of these rooms four are built over the outside supporting pillars of the lower hall, with alternately semi-circular and semi-octagonal terminations, the others, which constitute the narrower and connecting portions, rest on projecting stone supports; the latter have cross-vaulted, and the former star-vaulted, ceilings. This suite of rooms formed the dwelling of the Governor, and it is probable that the great hall behind them was also divided by heavy curtains into several compartments. The walls of this hall were originally decorated with paintings in Renaissance style, of heads in round frames.

This beautiful row of balconies had its origin in the mediæval modes of defence. In the early Middle

Ages, before the use of cannon and fire-arms, the defenders of the castle had to protect themselves against a rain of arrows, against battering-rams, fire-brands, etc. They were protected from the arrows of the besiegers by the battlements, and the inflammable parts of the fortress were protected with fresh hides. It was found however that arrows shot from the upper loopholes did not reach those of the besiegers who succeeded in getting close to the walls, and to remedy this the so-called machicolation was invented, which consisted of passages and balconies, built out from the walls and provided with holes in the floors. In this way the foot of the wall could also be defended—that is for a time—until the invention of the tortoise, a little house on wheels, under cover of which the besiegers could come close up to the walls. By means of the tortoise the besiegers were enabled to fill up the moat, so that the wooden towers, from which the enemy could reach the top of the castle wall, could be rolled up close to the walls. At Vajda Hunyad the narrower balconies, which rest on stone supports, are the remains of the machicolation, but are no longer meant as a means of defence, as since the invention of fire-arms the science of siege and defence has totally changed.

The origin of the balconies already mentioned may also be traced to a mediæval means of defence. It was remarked that the defenders had, through the loopholes, but a small field of vision, and that only straight in front of them, while if they showed themselves on the walls, they became a mark for the arrows of the besiegers. To remedy this they built, especially near the gateways, balconies on the embrasured walls; these are called in French, *échaugettes*, which in mediæval French

signified a spy, or watch. These balconies built on the bastioned walls were therefore originally a protection for the sentinels; later on their decorative properties were recognised, and they were built simply as a decoration, without reference to their original use. These modifications are often found in the developments of architecture.

Beside the Knights' Hall stands the wing built by Kata Zolyomi, on the inner side the King's-tower and the King's-loggia, and on the outer side the Kapistrán-tower; beyond this a covered corridor supported on pillars and arches, and provided with loopholes, meets the fortress wall and is connected with it by a drawbridge. This corridor is also connected with the Nye-bojsza-(Fear-not) tower, which lies outside, and is separate from the fortress; it consists of four stories, the rooms of which could be used as a last refuge for the inhabitants of the fortress in time of danger. It is interesting to note that the remains of the original mechanism of the drawbridge show that the bridge could be raised either on the castle side, or on the tower side, its builders evidently intending to be ready for all emergencies.

The traces of several other watch-towers were found outside the castle, on the side of the Nye-bojsza-tower towards the Peter Hill, on the top of which was found the most distant, situated in such a position as to command the country for some distance.

The wing built by Kata Zolyomi ends in a round bastioned tower, the Lily or Janka-tower. The inner corner of this wing joins the wall of an older, second Gate-tower, and it was here that the second gateway to the courtyard stood, which served as an entrance for farm carts, etc. The remains of the pillars of the

bridge which led to this gateway are still traceable, and it seems as if the King's-tower, which stands before it, was originally the bastion defending this gateway, like the French barbican towers. Over this Gate-tower were the soldiers' dormitories and beside it the great kitchen.

The Bethlen wing has now a row of rooms, according to Steindl's plans, which were to have served as living rooms for the Crown Prince Rudolf. The loggia overlooking the courtyard is also new, and designed by Steindl; it was not originally there. At the end of this row of rooms is the round decorated tower; beyond that towards the Chapel, a little outside courtyard, in which is an old walled well with a Turkish inscription, and it is probable that the Turkish prisoners brought the water necessary for the castle from this well.

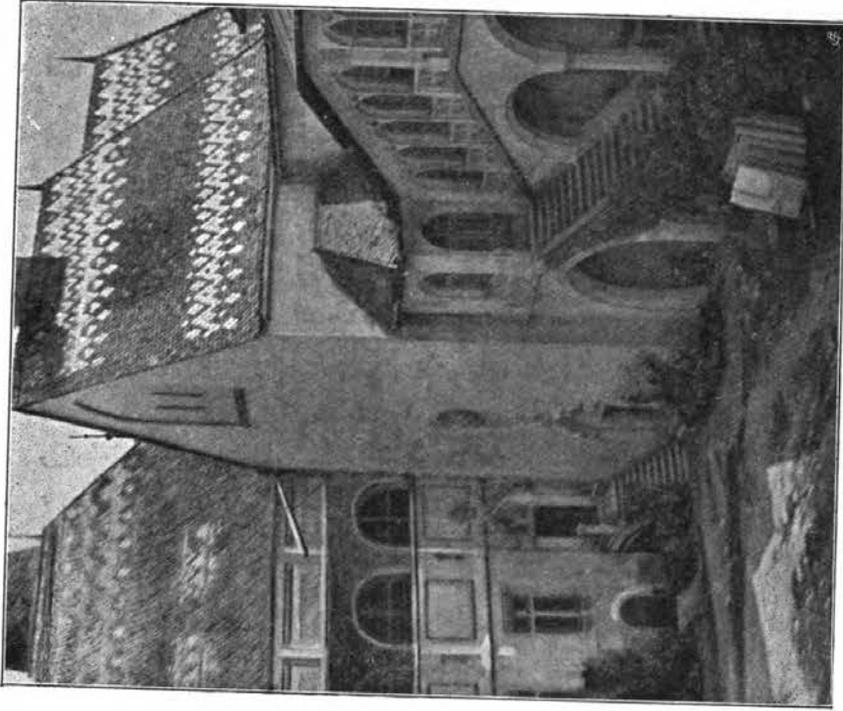
On the south and south-east sides of the castle may be seen several lines of earthworks, as well as on the west side, so that the opinion of some historians, that Vajda Hunyad was one of the so-called pleasure castles, is not tenable, as it was well fortified and supplied with every means of defence, well-defined traces of which are, it is true, somewhat hidden by the subsequent enlargements, but may yet be followed clearly and with sureness.

The castle is rich in architectural ornament; the row of bays on the Knights' Hall with their beautiful Gothic window frames (mullions), and the oriels on the Gate-tower and on the south side of the Golden House, give a richness and variety to the late Gothic style of the buildings.

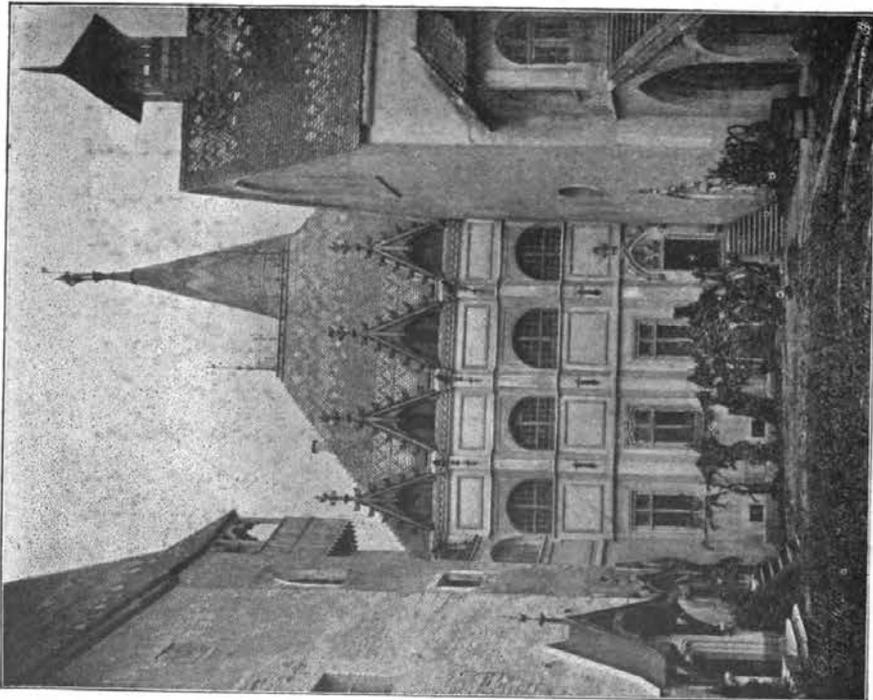
The castle courtyard too is most picturesque, with its three loggias, in marked contrast to the heavier and more serious exterior of the Knights' Hall and the



INNER COURT



THE CHAPEL.



THE GOLDEN HOUSE.

Chapel. Especially beautiful are the stairway doors of the Golden House, the Chapel and the Knights' Hall, above the last of which may be seen the arms of Hunyadi enlarged, the so-called Count of Besztereze arms, which had been presented to him with much pomp and ceremony by Ladislaus V.¹

The treatment of the border leaves of this door reminds one especially of the patterns at Amiens; the rest of the details are also rather French than German, and it would seem that the influence of the Viennese "Bauhütte" was no more prevalent in Hungary than in Bohemia, where too the influence of French architects may be observed.

From the times of Bethlen and Zolyomi Kata there are also interesting remains in Renaissance style. In Italy this style was noticeable already at the beginning of the XVth century; in all other countries, with the exception of Hungary, it appeared much later, so that in France we find the first traces of it in the Chateau of Chenonceau in 1515; in England, in Henry VIII's Chapel at Westminster in 1519; and, on German territory, in the Hradzin at Prague in 1534, whilst in Hungary traces of it are to be found in the architecture of King Matthias' palace in Buda, as early as 1467—the beauties of the Renaissance style which Bonfini cannot praise highly enough. To what heights might not Hungarian art have soared, had it not been for the Osman oppression and the neglect of Europe in the face of that menacing danger.

The art of painting was not left out either in the decoration of the old castles; on the outside walls

¹Pope Michael V offered Hunyadi the title of Prince, as a mark of distinction, but the latter did not use it.

of the Decorated tower, of the Kapistran and Mace towers, there are remains of coloured decorations, tessellations, painted embrasures and painted balconies. Inside, on the walls of the long vestibule is the great siege painting, which puts one in mind of the Wartburg tapestry, and represents the besieged and the besiegers hurling bombs of flowers, and tilting at each other with lances, the ends of which are tipped with blossoms. On the walls of King Matthias' loggia there is a series of figures, surrounded by hunting scenes and ornaments.

The castle of Vajda Hunyad is one of Hungary's greatest historical monuments, not only from an artistic point of view, but also because of its important historical associations with that brilliant leader of men Hunyadi János, his companion in arms John Kapistran; with Elisabeth Szilágyi and her renowned son King Matthias; with Valentine Pörök, the heroic mayor of Buda, and Sebastien Tinódy, the sweet-voiced minstrel, who lived there in the service of his lord.

And, just as the most brilliant parts of the castle are the work of Hunyadi, so his name shines out in the list of those powerful men, whose chivalrous deeds are mentioned with wonder by Pope Clement XIII, in the decree in which he gives the title of "apostolic" to the King of Hungary.

“ RIGHT OF WAY ”

TO THE EDITOR OF “ THE THEOSOPHIST ”

Probably there are few, if any, of the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST who will not feel regret at the decision arrived at by our President in ‘ The Watch-Tower ’ of the September number, as they realise—possibly for the first time—that should the new restriction be adhered to, the life of the paper would be gone, and with it, the chief pleasure of many in its perusal.

That this will seriously affect its circulation may not concern us, but the fact that its readers will be deprived of the personal touch with the President which means so much, is not to be lightly accepted. Most readers undoubtedly devour these pages first and eagerly, finding their chief interest therein. The rest of the journal may or may not be read, according to leisure, subject, and writer, but the news of the President’s doings and her remarks on passing events make the fascination of the paper, and the reason why we must see it every month.

Graciously and intimately has our President “chatted” with us every month, allowing the thousands who have never seen her, as well as the thousands who long to see more of her, to follow her doings, and, still more kindly, to glimpse her point of view on some of the subjects of the day, through those first pages which though so easily written give hints and suggestions according to our power of receptiveness, and above all link us strongly in thought with our Leader.

It is as if a “right-of-way” through our President’s heart were threatened; and we would seek to pull down the barrier raised by Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen, and ask again that which was so freely granted. To be silent now will be to allow the

reservation, while to object to be made to suffer for the temporary indisposition of our two critics may have the double result of giving expression to our grateful appreciation of the President's kindness to us, and to keep open this right-of-way which we value too highly to lightly see it closed.

The two who have brought about the danger are either resident in, or closely in touch with Adyar, so that not on them will the punishment fall, but on the thousands of distant members.

One who sees further than his fellows must inevitably lack their sympathetic understanding, though he may compel their trust. He is working for a future which might even be conceivably undesirable at the present, for the Pioneer has ever his eyes on the distant. We feel sure that our President understands that we grow breathless sometimes and that few, if any, can quite keep up with the terrific pace now set. We therefore confidently ask her to restore to us our Right-of-Way.

M. ROCKE

[I shall continue to "chat" in as friendly a fashion as before; it is only the question of touching on questions on which *international* differences of opinion arise.—ÉD.]

REVIEWS

The Secret Doctrine of Israel : A Study of the Zohar and Its Connections, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The author gives us in this book a critical study of the *Zohar* as a whole. The *Sepher Ha Zohar*, or the Book of Splendour, was translated for the first time into a European language (French) by Jean de Pauly in 1906-1911. The *Zohar* forms the basis of the *Kabala*. The later Kabalists, Isaac de Loria, Abraham Cohen Irira, etc., added mainly their personal musings to that great text. The *Zohar* is supposed to be an account of discourses between Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai and other masters of the mystic understanding of the Law and the Prophets, of whom he was leader and chief. Rabbi Simeon belongs by tradition to the first century of the Christian era or the period of the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian, A. D. 70. Embedded in the *Zohar* we find various texts and extracts or fragments of texts, which have little or no relation to that which precedes and comes after. They form parts of a lost work, which is thus partly preserved, and called *Sepher Ha Bahir*, Book of Brightness. Some scholars believe that the text major was invented at the end of the 13th century by Moses de Leon. In *The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabalah* the author gives full consideration to the questions of date and authority in respect of the *Zohar*. The present study approaches the whole question of the Zoharic tradition from another point of view. It is a work of critical analysis and collation for the exposition of Zoharic doctrine with the specific purpose of proving that behind its teachings there lies a single radical and essential thesis which is spoken of in general terms as "The Mystery of Faith". *The Secret Doctrine in Israel* is part of a long series undertaken by the author with one object in view, namely the demonstration of a great experiment, which has been always in the world, but has assumed particular forms during the Christian centuries—the literature of the Holy Grail, the texts of Hermetic Art, the pageant of the Rosy Cross, the symbolism and ceremonies of Masonry.

The *Zohar* does not represent an ordered system, it is a medley. It represents not only the conflicting views developed in the course of a symposium, and the occasional harmonies established between them as the discussion draws to its term, but at different stages of the text many irreconcilable points emerge into prominence ; and it cannot be said that the Sons of the Doctrine are left at the close of all in exact unanimity with themselves, much less with one another. The work is a development of secret doctrine, but the root-matter of that doctrine is presumed to be familiar throughout to the interlocutors. They are talking among themselves as initiated therein, and not for the elucidation of the subject before an assembly unversed therein. While the Secret Doctrine may therefore be found in the *Zohar*, it is so accidentally rather than systematically. The teaching of Zoharic Kabbalism upon a given doctrinal matter can only be ascertained by the collation of every reference thereto, occurring throughout the texts.

We are therefore extremely thankful to the author for the minute care with which he has performed the task he has set before him, and for the clear exposition of the Secret Doctrine of Israel he gives us in this book. For students of the Secret Doctrine, the *Zohar* is a storehouse of secret teaching which casts new light upon other forms of secret traditions in earlier and more recent writings. The *Zohar* is one of the great books of the world, one which stands alone, is comparable to nothing save itself. But as it contains in the French translation about 1,250,000 words, distributed through six volumes, for the ordinary reader it is frankly unreadable, vexatious and irritating to the last degree. The writer gives us here an account of its essence on the great subjects of its concern—things which a careful collation has lifted out of the mass of material. In the 324 pages of his book he explains the Kabbalistic view of Cosmology, the Myth of Earthly Paradise, the Fall of Man, the Soul, the Resurrection, the Occult Sciences, Later Kabbalism, Christian Kabbalism. One and all they give us a clear and precise exposition of Jewish Theosophy.

M. C. V. G.

Spirit Psychometry, through a Welshwoman and Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper. (William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book, presumably written down by a certain Mr. Jaybee, a *nom de guerre*, gives the accounts of the psychometrising of various articles, chiefly by the Welshwoman—who does not psychometrize in the ordinary way of mind pictures conjured up by the articles in question, but receives the impressions from spirits. This points at once to there being two methods of producing this phenomenon.

The first two accounts—one of a piece of crock, the other of a pre-glacial “flint-core”—are interesting, especially the latter, as the complete ignorance of the psychometer precludes the idea that she can merely be recalling vague and fragmentary bits of early lessons in geology. This cannot be said of Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper who also psychometrises this same “flint-core,” but who disclaims any previous knowledge of geology! Surely no one who is a “Doctor” can have *no* knowledge of geology, however rudimentary.

The later visions under trance conditions seem to us to be futile and uninteresting, like the majority of spirit communications; there is nothing of real value; they do not add one iota to our knowledge. Apparently spirits who have time for this sort of “control” work are of the illiterate class, who, finding themselves on the astral plane fully conscious, are tremendously anxious to communicate with those still on the physical, and so take every opportunity of doing so afforded by such mediums. They have nothing of value or interest to tell; we cannot see why their trivial sayings should be recorded in book form merely because they have lost their physical bodies.

In so far as the book points out several cases of impressions received from spirits which were obviously false, the articles psychometrised being imitations, it adds a useful signpost of danger to the traveller along these roads. But no doubt the volume will find space on the spiritualist's library shelf, and it may help in proving to the materialist that there *is* something beyond what he can see and touch. The book is clearly written, in good type, and there are several interesting illustrations.

G. J.

The Cult of the Passing Moment, by Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloomfontein. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is a very clear statement of "a theory of the spiritual life". The author, in the first four chapters, affirms his belief that an essential characteristic of the spiritual life is communion of the whole personality with God, each moment waiting upon Him for guidance and inspiration, "instead of solidifying and stereotyping such messages as we think we have received from Him in the past". To obtain this attitude moral and spiritual self-discipline must be practised, "which must not only accompany but interpenetrate belief". The fifth chapter 'Christianity as a Mystery Cult,' is one of the most interesting in the book, dealing with the Christian sacramental system as a means of bringing the soul into this living actual contact with God. The Bishop here traces the almost universal instinct for sacramental worship, approaching God through rites and ceremonies. From the earliest stages of primitive man and his vague and often terrifying religion, through the Greek and Oriental Mysteries, he shows how sacraments in various forms have been the vehicles of divine life, channels of supernatural grace, leading up to the great Sacraments of the Christian Church.

The author, of course, writes from the more or less orthodox Christian standpoint, but in his book urges with such plainness and with such a broadminded clearness of vision his point of view, that it can be studied with profit by one of any religion.

M. D. G.

The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education, by H. Thiselton Mark, M. A., B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 1s.)

There is in each child of man a certain primary nucleus, a something "given," an "I" that is presupposed in all experience, even the most elementary, which constitutes his "personality". That this should develop, unfold, by a process analogous to the process of growth, and come to perfection is the aim of education. What are the characteristics of this

primary nucleus, what the possibilities enfolded within it, what the methods by which it may be quickened and brought to perfection, these questions it is the author's purpose to answer in this book.

In the first two chapters he analyses this original nucleus of personality, and discusses the possibility of reconciling changes in it with self-identity. With chapter III begins the more strictly practical psychology and suggestions for the application of the results of psychological study to teaching. The subject is divided into two parts: Man's instructive tendencies, and the mental process. The balance is wonderfully well kept between the philosophical and everyday practical interest. The value of the book for students is very much increased by the "suggestions and illustrations" with which each chapter closes. Here the author gives in concise paragraphs important points in connection with the subject under consideration, referring the reader at the same time to useful passages in the works of other writers of authority. There is a somewhat detailed reference to self-determination, as one of the distinctive forms of the activity that belongs to the developing personality. The book ends with a chapter on the intuitional and supra-rational elements in experience.

A. de L.

*The Peoples Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Tolstoy, by L. Winstanley, M.A.

This brief sketch of the life, writings and contemporaries of Leo Tolstoy should be read by all who are not already familiar with his life and works. The book is well and sympathetically written, the first few chapters being concerned with an account of Tolstoy's life, and going on to a survey of his writings and books, his ideals and opinions, and ending with a summing up of the great and growing influence of Tolstoy in Europe. The author, while not blind to the limitations of the great man, realises his colossal power, and recognises in him one of the most powerful forces in favour of social reform and justice in Europe.

M. D. G.

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

The Industrial Revolution, by Arthur Jones, M.A.

The above title given by the writer is evidently a mistake, for the book hardly mentions industrial matters. What mention there is, gives one the impression that economic and industrial changes followed on political and parliamentary changes, whereas the reverse is the case. It is, however, a remarkably clear and concise description of the important political and parliamentary revolutions that took place from 1688 till 1832.

Land Industry and Taxation, by Frederick Verinder.

It is improbable that any fair-minded person would object to the land being taxed on its valuation instead of on its improvements, whether in the direction of building, or skilled cultivation. And if, as Mr. Verinder asserts, the financial result would warrant the abolition of the iniquitous "breakfast table duties"—may the reform come soon!

H.R.G.

Greek Literature, by H. J. W. Tillyard.

The writer has truly said that "the study of Greek literature is a proper element in a liberal education". Nowadays it is possible to get such magnificent translations of the Greek masterpieces that the study of its ancient literature is practically within the reach of all. Of course no translation ever can come up to the original—but the thoughts of the poets and sages of Greece may yet be transcribed into a "barbarous" tongue. Mr. Tillyard starts of course with "Homer and the Epic"; he then treats of elegiac and iambic poetry, giving short sketches of the chief writers. Tragedy and Comedy next engage his attention, and consideration is given to the plays of the three great tragedians. It is here we begin to feel keenly the inadequacy of a small book on Greek Literature. All we can say is that Mr. Tillyard has performed his task as well as it could have been performed, and has infused his book to a certain extent with the spirit of the country with whose literature he deals.

T. L. C.

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